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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Edited by George Harvey



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JULY 2 1904

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10

Don. Montalbano

HARPER'S WEEKLY



VOL. XLVIII

New York, Saturday, July 2, 1904

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COMMENT

THE appalling loss of human life by the burning of the excursion-steamer *General Sherman* in the East River, under the eyes of thousands of horror-stricken spectators—and the latest estimate of the total number of the burned and drowned souls near a thousand—is not by any means the only portentous feature of the catastrophe. The outbreak of a fire at sea is not an unusual phenomenon; we have been informed by officers of transatlantic steamships that, on an average, such an incident occurs at least once during every voyage. In almost every case, however, the fire is instantly controlled and quickly smothered. There was ample time on board the *Sherman* for the exhibition of similar competence to avert disaster. According to the testimony of one eye-witness before the Committee, the fire broke out when the steamer was between Fifth and Fifty-fifth streets, or, in other words, more than six miles distant from North Brother Island, where she was beached. According to another witness, the vessel was off Eighty-sixth Street, and according to a third witness off Ninety-second Street, or about four miles from the island just named. It is important to keep these facts, as well as others, in mind if we are to fix responsibility for the awful loss of life incurred. The captain and the pilot may or may not have evinced a grievous lack of judgment in not placing the vessel at right angles with her course, so as to prevent the flames, which started in the forward cabin, from being blown astern; or in not beaching the steamer on the Sunken Meadows, or at some other point much nearer than North Brother Island. It may or may not be true that it would have been imprudent to turn a vessel at right angles in a narrow and rock-fringed channel. It may or may not be true that if the steamer had been beached at any point nearer than North Brother Island the water would have been so deep that only expert swimmers could have reached the shore. As it was, a few strokes sufficed to bring a swimmer near enough to land to permit him to wade ashore.

These questions, though they have an obvious bearing on the possibility that the frightful proportions of the calamity might have been diminished, do not touch the core of the matter. First, how did it happen that the fire was not at once put out; and, secondly, when the fire was seen to be uncontrollable, why were not the life-boats, the life-rafts, and the life-preservers turned to account? These are the questions that must be answered, if we are to have any assurance of immunity from a repetition of the horror. So far as the evidence as yet forthcoming is concerned, it seems to be certain that no life-boats or life-rafts were launched; and the excuse for the failure to launch them is that they were so firmly fastened to the deck that they could not be loosened and got over the side in time to be of any service. Most of the life-preservers were thirteen years old—some are said to have been much older—and their canvas covers were not only mildewed and rotten, but they were filled with powdered cork. Under the circumstances, the life-preservers were worse than

useless. How was it possible, in view of the rigorous inspection prescribed by Federal statutes, that the life-saving apparatus of the *Sherman* should have proved, in the hour of trial, totally unserviceable? That is a question which President Roosevelt, we are glad to record, has determined to have answered, and to that end, he has ordered Secretary Cortelyou, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, to institute a rigorous investigation of the fire-extinguishing and life-preserving equipment of the steamer.

What is too likely to be the outcome of the inquiry may be guessed from the statement made in an interview by Supervising Inspector Usher. He declared that the regulations formulated by Federal laws were adequate, and that the Federal inspectors did everything in their power to enforce them, but that their efforts were thwarted incessantly by politicians. What, he asked, is the use of having wise precautionary laws, if anybody who has a "pull" can set them at naught? An inspector may discover that a steamer has bad boilers, worthless fire-extinguishing apparatus, and rotten life-preservers. All that the inspectors can do is to impose a fine for the glaring violations of law. Then what happens? The violator of the law appeals to a Senator or to a Representative, or to others high in official place or possessed of much influence. Thereupon the fine is reduced to a sum so decried that it fails utterly to act as a deterrent. Supervising Inspector Usher says that he knows of cases where fines were reduced from \$500 to \$10, from \$1000 to \$20, and even from \$1500 to \$25. For the failure strictly to enforce the Federal statutes relating to inspection, and consequently for a large share of the responsibility for the dreadful consequences of the tragedy whereof the *Sherman* was the theatre, Federal officials must be held to account.

It is pertinent to this point to note that after Secretary Cortelyou took hold of the new Department of Commerce, he had a bill drawn up providing for the reorganization of the Steamship Inspection Bureau. The bill passed the Senate, but failed to pass the House. One objection the Secretary made to the present law was that the inspectors were paid in proportion to the number of boats they inspected, and that the tendency was for them to give their chief attention to getting vessels to submit to inspection, regardless of whether such inspection was properly made. "The vice of this system," said the Secretary, "is obvious. It puts a premium on lax inspection." Mr. Cortelyou also tried to get \$100,000 from Congress for the pay of special agents to inspect the inspectors, but he failed. His position with reference to the *Sherman* disaster is better than that of Congress.

We note elsewhere some of the significant incidents attending or immediately preceding the calling to order of the Republican National Convention at Chicago. We would here direct special attention to the course which had been previously pursued by the Republican National Committee in the matter of nominated delegations. It is, of course, well understood that the decision of a National Committee is only provisional, not decisive. The utmost that this body can do is to recognize temporarily one of two contending delegations, and thus permit it to take part in the temporary organization of a convention. Its decision may be reversed by the Committee on Credentials, or, on appeal from the report of that committee, by the convention itself. Experience has shown, however, that the decision of the National Committee is seldom reversed. Now, there is no doubt that, in the case of three contests, that committee assumed grave responsibilities which it cannot shirk by pleading that it obeyed the peremptory mandate of the President. The fundamental conception of a national convention, and of the National Committee to which for a quadrennial term its representative functions are delegated, is utterly at variance with the notion that either the one body or the other should meet merely for the purpose of registering the bids of the man who is Chief Magistrate for the time being. Yet this is what was done when decisions were rendered with regard to the provisional recognition of delegations from Alabama, Delaware, and Wisconsin.

Not only was the President's hand felt more distinctly than has been the case on any previous occasion; but, in our

instance, Mr. Roosevelt failed to fulfil his promise to carry out the policy of his lamented predecessor. No feature of that policy was more characteristic or more exemplary than Mr. McKinley's avowed and persistent wish to conciliate the white citizens of the Southern States, and thus to promote the establishment of a white Republican party in those commonwealths. His kindly and broad-minded overtures were cordially received in many quarters, and especially in Alabama and Louisiana. In both of those States the so-called "Lily-White" Republican organization has shown itself to be much stronger at the ballot-box than the "Black-and-Tan" organization, composed almost exclusively of colored men. Accepting the principle that the organization which, nominally, was the more powerful ought to be recognized officially, the McKinley administration appointed "Lily-White" Republicans to office in Alabama. Many of these, however, including Mr. Bingham, the United States Revenue Collector at Birmingham, have been dismissed from the government service since the Republican State convention, held at Birmingham, evinced much hostility to Mr. Roosevelt, and by only a narrow majority endorsed his candidacy for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. It was in pursuance of this policy that the Republican National Committee decided to admit the "Black-and-Tan" delegation from Alabama to seats in the convention at Chicago, thereby doing their best to alienate the "Lily-White Republicans" in that State. In the case of the Louisiana contest, the Committee on Credentials reversed the decision of the National Committee, giving half representation to the Lily-White organization. In the Delaware contest, the National Committee proceeded on a principle diametrically opposite to that which they adopted in the case of Alabama. With regard to Alabama, the committee were constrained to admit that they entirely disregarded the relative strength of the two Republican factions, and considered only the wishes of the President. So far as Delaware is concerned, on the other hand, they may truthfully state that they admitted the Addicks delegation because the so-called Addicks Republicans have shown repeatedly at the ballot-box that, nominally, they are much stronger than the self-styled "Regular" Republicans.

It is, however, by the exclusion of the La Follette delegation from Wisconsin that the National Committee has ridged the estrangement of a faction representing a majority of the Republican voters in that commonwealth. There is no doubt that the Republican State convention was regularly organized by the followers of Governor La Follette, and that the so-called "Stabwarr" delegation, headed by Senator Spencer and Senator Quarles, was named by leaders. It is true that both conventions put forward the same list of Presidential electors, but a statute of the State forbids the name of any citizen nominated for a Presidential electorship to be inserted more than once on the official ballot. Now, because the National Committee decided to exclude the whole of the La Follette delegation, eleven of the Republicans designated for Presidential electors have signified a determination that their names shall be printed under the emblem of the La Follette faction. They are expected to put forward an electoral ticket of their own, in which event it is almost certain that the Democrats will carry the State.

In the week ending June 18, the Hearst workers failed to capture the six delegates from Indian Territory, but the loss was far more than offset by the gain of fifty-four delegates from Illinois. At this hour, the computations of the total strength on the first ballot thus far secured to Mr. Hearst range from 203 to 225. For the sake of argument, we will take the last-named figure, and add to it the sixteen delegates from Nebraska and the six delegates from Oklahoma who are controlled by Mr. Bryan. That would give Mr. Hearst 247 votes. We will even add the ten delegates of Colorado and the six of Montana, though the California candidate is by no means sure of getting them. That would give the Hearst-Bryan faction 257 delegates in the aggregate. It is hard to see where any further additions can be looked for, and so, therefore, adhere to the opinion that what may be termed the Radical element in the St. Louis convention will fall considerably short of a third of the vote, and, consequently, cannot hope to veto an unspectable nomination. Chief-Justice Parker, on the other hand, in the week ending June 18, had 278 delegates,

either instructed or endorsed, and a reasonable prospect of securing more than half of the 287 uninstructed delegates on the first ballot; and the thirty-two of Massachusetts, the six of Delaware, and the twenty-six of Wisconsin on the second ballot. All of the remaining Democratic State conventions will have been held before the close of the week ending July 2. Nobody seems to understand why ex-Mayor John T. Hopkins, who dominated the Illinois convention, and might have had the delegates instructed for himself, chose to have them pledged to vote for Mr. Hearst so long as the latter's name shall be before the national Democratic convention.

Shrewd observers of the situation are inclined to think that the Parker boom has now attained so much momentum that it cannot be side-tracked. Some of them concede, however, that, if the New York candidate does not obtain two-thirds of the votes on the first or second ballot, a "dark horse" may come forward and carry off the prize. We have seen no list of possible "dark horses" that has any pretensions to completeness. We observe, however, that every such list is headed with the name of Grover Cleveland. It may be a fact of some significance that, of late, in Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, which are now bracketed with New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey among the States confessedly doubtful, many influential Democratic newspapers have advocated the nomination of the ex-President, on the ground that his record and his personality would constitute an all-sufficient platform, and offer the only logical solution of the problem which Democrats have to face. The problem is, How shall conservative Democrats, who, we may now take for granted, will be predominant at St. Louis, draw sufficient votes from those Republicans who look with misgiving on Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy to more than offset the votes that will be lost through the disaffection, if not organized secession, of at least a part of the Bryanized wing of the Democracy? We, probably, may take for granted that in all of the doubtful States, with the possible exception of New York—the Southern States with the possible exceptions of Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, and Kentucky are committed irrevocably to the Democratic nominee, no matter who he is—a majority of the qualified voters are, as present, nominally Republican. It is not, therefore, enough to say of this or that Democratic candidate that he would be sure to pull the full Democratic vote. To be successful, the Democratic nominee must do better than that. He must draw thousands, nay, tens of thousands, of recruits from the Republican camp. That is what Mr. Cleveland did in 1892, and it may be that the triumph can be repeated by Chief-Justice Parker, possessing, as the latter does, Mr. Cleveland's thorough and outspoken confidence.

It is plain enough that whatever disapproval may have been privately expressed by veteran Republican politicians, it will not take the form of overt opposition to Mr. Roosevelt's known desire to place Mr. George H. Cortelyou, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, at the head of the new Republican National Committee. Those who criticize the selection say that Mr. Cortelyou has but a limited acquaintance with the great capitalists and manufacturers, on whom the Republican party has been wont to rely for its campaign funds. To this objection there are two answers: first, that if Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss shall retain the post of treasurer to the committee, as he is expected to do, he will be amply qualified to discharge the functions of superintendent-general and commissary-general. Secondly, it may do Mr. Roosevelt no harm in many States to have it known that he chose for chairman of the National Committee a man almost as much a stranger to financial matters as is Mr. Bryan himself. Unquestionably the designation of Mr. Cortelyou will be accepted in many quarters as conclusive proof of an intention to conduct the campaign with fairness, probity, and dignity. We should add, however, that it is of the utmost moment to Mr. Roosevelt's personal reputation, and to the future serviceableness of our present system of political machinery, that Mr. Cortelyou should resign his seat in the cabinet before beginning to perform the functions of chairman of the National Committee. The two places could not be held simultaneously without provoking a grave scandal. It would be needful to discover some method of nominating and electing a Chief Magistrate, other than the existing system, if it were proved possible for an

isting President not only to dominate so utterly a national convention that no opposition dared to show itself, but also to place the whole campaign machinery of a great party, all the principal organs and wheels of which are located in its National Committee, under the thumb of an appointee who has held the closest personal relations to the occupant of the White House, and still keeps a seat in the cabinet. We take for granted that no such blunder will be made by Mr. Roosevelt.

To another objection that has been made to Mr. Cortis's appointment we attach but little importance; the objection, namely, that, as he was at one time a member, though a subordinate member, of Mr. Cleveland's official family, his loyalty to the Republican party is open to some doubt. That Mr. Cortis has been a convinced and a zealous Republican since 1896 is, we believe, undisputed. Whether he voted against General Harrison in 1892 we do not know; but, if he did, he did so more than was done by the veteran Republican politician, Judge Greenham of Indiana. There is reason to believe that a similar course was pursued that year by a great many of Mr. Blaine's friends. How, otherwise, can we explain the fact that in the year named Indiana repudiated one of her own sons in order to give her electoral votes to a New York candidate?

It has been for some weeks evident that, on the face of things, there was no reason why the Republican National Convention, called to meet in Chicago on June 21, should be a long one. The candidate for the Presidency had been long predetermined, and the platform was believed to have been framed in advance in Washington. On that very account, however, it was foreseen by the party managers that it might be expedient not to hurry the proceedings of the convention, but to give them at least the aspect of free discussion; and to allow ample time, not only for speeches to be made by nominators and seconders of Mr. Roosevelt, but also for ostensible deliberation over the choice of a nominee for the Vice-Presidency, and, perhaps, too, over some details of the platform. It was felt by veteran campaigners that it might prove a mistake to let the impression prevail among the voters that the work done at Chicago had all been cut and dried. The Democratic politicians have no occasion to be on their guard against a like contingency. We presume that nobody expects that in less than two or three days a platform can be framed at St. Louis by the Committee on Resolutions, but ratified by the convention; or that two-thirds of the delegates can so quickly agree upon a nominee. There are those who predict that, as the Democratic convention does not meet until July 5, which is a Wednesday, it can scarcely hope to complete its work within the week, and, therefore, may be compelled to adjourn until Monday, July 11.

The longest convention in our political history was the Democratic national convention which met at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1860. At the end of ten days it had accomplished nothing, and adjourned to meet in Baltimore. Even when the majority of the delegates reconvened in the last-named city, they needed four days to nominate Stephen A. Douglas. In 1868, the Democratic national convention met in Tammany Hall, New York, on the 4th of July, which fell on Saturday. It did not begin balloting until the following Tuesday, and it was not until Thursday that the convention was stampeded for Horatio Seymour. In 1892, the Democratic national convention, which nominated Mr. Cleveland for the third time, was in session three days. Neither was it until the third day that Mr. Bryan was nominated by the Democratic national convention which met at Chicago four years later. The Kansas City convention also sat for three days, although, after the platform was carried through the Committee on Resolutions by one vote, Mr. Bryan had everything his own way. It will be surprising if the St. Louis convention should not require more time to arrive at conclusions, as regards both principles and men, than was needed at Kansas City.

On June 19, while delegates to the Republican National Convention were on their way to Chicago, their predestined nominee was visiting Valley Forge and taking part in the

celebration of Washington's evacuation of the Revolutionary camp. We are told that, curiously enough, never before has a President of the United States been seen in the place which witnessed a memorable crisis in our Revolutionary struggle, not even Washington himself having been there after he became Chief Magistrate. Possibly Mr. Roosevelt himself might not have gone thither, had he not been the guest of Attorney-General Knox, whose summer home is close by. Whether the address which the President delivered after his service held on Sunday afternoon near the Huntington-Rodolph was premeditated we know not; but it certainly was apt and interesting. He began by diverting the attention of his auditors to the noteworthy coincidence that Pennsylvania should have within its borders the localities which mark the two most memorable conjunctions in our national history, to wit, Gettysburg, which saw the high tide of the Rebellion; and Valley Forge, which witnessed the passing of the danger point of the Revolution. If the men who had taken up arms in 1775 had succeeded in the trying winter of 1777-8, there never might have been a free nation born upon this continent. Had, on the other hand, the men of '61 failed in their Titanic struggle for national unity, the work accomplished by Washington and his associates might almost as well have been left undone. Mr. Roosevelt, of course, would not deny that there have been great deeds wrought at other epochs in our national history, but in our, we imagine, will dispute his assertion that never has there been any deed positively vital to the welfare of the nation, except the two achievements of which he was speaking—the deed of him who founded and the deed of him who saved the Republic. There never have been any Americans whose lives can truthfully be described as indispensable to the commonwealth save those of Washington and Lincoln.

Mr. Roosevelt went on to point out how dire were the exploits commemorated at Gettysburg and Valley Forge—the former a single, tremendous, quickly triumphant effort—the latter a prolonged, persistent, patient, undiscouraged endeavor. He asked, what is unquestionably true, that, hard as it may be to rise to the supreme height of self-sacrifice at a time of brief but soul-testing crisis, it is harder yet to place and keep yourself at the level of a crisis when it takes the form of a need of protracted endurance, inflexible fortitude, and, steadily, unflinching work, maintained month after month and year after year. It was well to remind us of what we no often forget, that at Valley Forge Washington and his Continentals warred not only against foreign soldiers, but against themselves; against appeals which human nature finds the most difficult to resist; against despondency, discontent, the mean envies, jealousies and heartburnings that are sure to arise in large bodies of men when they have been long afflicted by defeat, disaster, and hope deferred; when the soldiers who uphold our national standard were suffering from cold, hardship, and privation, knowing the while that their opponents were well housed, and that things went easier for the invader, the hireling, and the traitor than for the unsundering patriot. If the men of Valley Forge were to re-appear, reborn, victorious on the field of Monmouth, and at last to capture Cornwallis at Yorktown, it was because they had confronted discouragement and misery with dauntless faces; because they had in them the indomitable spirit that made them steadfast and unflinching, not only on an occasional great day, but day after day and year after year, in a consistent lifetime of resolve and endeavor to do their duty. The conviction was expressed by Mr. Roosevelt that, of the lessons taught by the two battlefields named, the American people needed more to learn that of Valley Forge than that of Gettysburg. He had not the slightest doubt, he declared, that our fellow citizens, if the need should come, would be able to evince a heroism equal to that displayed at Gettysburg; but he added that, in his judgment, the vital thing for them to do was unweariedly to cultivate the quality exemplified by Washington and his comrades at Valley Forge—the firmness and the fortitude that are proof against reverses and calamities, the contempt of loss, "the unconquerable will; and courage never to submit or yield; and what is else not to be overcome."

Sir Harry Johnston is inspired by the spectacle of the Herero revolt against German rule in Southwest Africa

to lay down certain large general principles concerning the White Man's Place in Africa, in the *Nineteenth Century*. He sees the threat of an awful war between black and white, in the present tendencies, which are existent no less in the Congo Free State and Uganda, than in the German region west of the Transvaal. There are two alternatives: the white man's Africa, in which the European races will seek to dominate the negroes and negroid races, driving them out as far as possible from all the richer localities, and reducing them to a servile or wholly servile state. The result will be sudden submission, passing into revolt and rebellion, as it has been with the Hereros, and a series of slave wars, such as shook the base of the Roman republic. Or there is the other conception of Africa, as primarily the home and possession of the black races, and in which the whites will perform rather the part of an intellectual caste, than an army of monopolists and slave-owners; where the rights, privileges, and development of the black race will be given ample scope, and the negroes will be treated sympathetically and paternally, as is the best ideal in the Southern States. This is the view which Sir Harry Johnston subscribes to, and he hopes that Europe will make up its mind to demand no larger share, but will agree that the remainder of African territories should be allotted almost entirely to the ownership of the negroes and negroids who now inhabit them, with perhaps some degree of Indian colonization in those waste lands of East Africa which have a climate unsuited to Europeans. Sir H. Johnston thinks that if some idea of the scope of this partition could be brought home to the indigenous races, there would be "less risk of piling up the elements for an awful war between black and white." The ideal of justice between the two races, of mutual advantage, rather than an imaginary equality, which this gifted administrator supports, seems to be the true solution of the race-problem, not only in Africa, but also nearer home.

English opinion is divided over the Tibetan Expedition. The *Spectator*, which very many people in this country recognize as exceptionally large-minded and sane, looks on it as a conspicuous example of the destiny which pushed Kipland forward, when she would greatly prefer to go back, and very frankly points out the immense and unforeseen difficulties which Colonel Younghusband is compelled to face. It has proved far harder than was anticipated to approach Lhasa, and very large reinforcements are being hurried up the Himalayan passes, to support the diminutive original force. The Tibetans evidently fail totally to distinguish between a commercial mission and an armed invasion; or perhaps their antipathy to both is equally deep-rooted and invincible. But the *Spectator* points out that when Lhasa is reached, as it will soon be reached, even at the cost of frightful bloodshed, the real difficulties of the undertaking will only have begun. It is desired to make a treaty with the Tibetan government; but the government of Tibet is in the hands of the Buddhist Lamaic hierarchy, and the head of this system is the Dalai-Lama of Lhasa. Therefore the Dalai-Lama is the only representative of Tibetan government whose signature could make a treaty binding on the nation. But suppose the Dalai-Lama not only refuses to sign a treaty under pressure from Colonel Younghusband and the Calcutta government, but anticipates the arrival of the British force by a timely retreat from the Holy City of Buddhism! What will the British Mission do? What can it do? It is obviously impossible for Colonel Younghusband to pursue the Grand Lama over the Roof of the World, from monastery to monastery among mountains four or five miles high. If the Lamaic hierarchy elects to screen its spiritual head, helping him to pass from one monastery to another, the pursuit could be prolonged to the day of doom, or, to speak with local color, until the end of the Manvantara. Tibet is some 450,000 square miles in area, about equal to the whole of Central Europe, and all at a level higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. The possibilities suggested are perplexing in their vagueness and magnitude. The *Spectator* suggests that the Teshu-Lama, who is likewise a spiritual head of the Tibetans, may be found more friendly and conciliatory, and that a treaty may eventually be arranged with this high spiritual functionary.

The main excuse that Russia has made for the subversion of the guaranteed liberties of Finland, has been that Swedish

influence was strong in Finland, and had to be checked. The process of checking it involved the violation of the agreements made when Finland became a Russian dependency. The Finns became subject to Russian military service without restriction; their parliament lost its power, and Russia sent General Bobrikoff to rule the country as governor-general under the new system. General Bobrikoff died on June 17, at Helsinki, shot by a student named Schumann, son of a well-known citizen who had formerly been a Senator, but had retired because he was opposed to Russian domination. The assassin killed himself instantly. Finland is in a bad case, but assassination cannot help her. Russia has her bitten and curbed, and will drive her; ancient pledges to the contrary notwithstanding. Naturally the Finns, though outwardly loyal, are sympathizers with Japan in the present war. It is conceivable that a sufficient degree of Japanese success might so weaken the Czar's government that a revolution could overthrow it, and release from custody by force the Finns, the Poles, and the other Russianized peoples who have been driven against their will into the great Russian pen. This possibility—remote enough—is not affected one way or the other by the murder of a governor-general. The chief effect of the present Russian embarrassments on the situation at Helsinki is likely to be some prudent restraint in avenging Bobrikoff's murder. It is not a convenient time for drastic reprisals even in Finland.

The great event of this year's Commencement at Brown University, was the unveiling of the portrait of Brown's former president, Benjamin Andrews. They call him "Benjy" Andrews, at Brown, and seem to have kept a warm place in their hearts for the man who followed Bryan out into the free-silver wilderness. The portrait, by Chase, was the gift of the class of '90, the first class to enter college after Dr. Andrews became president. Don McKeel, who is spokesman of the givers, and said: "I wish that I could bring every future freshman before this portrait and let him behold a man and say to him, 'If there is any manhood in you, look at him and he will see it. If there is any meanness in you, he will see it and shame you out of it.'" Then the curtain was drawn from the picture, and all Brown yelled as from one throat, and kept long at it. Old graduates said they never saw such a tribute paid at Brown. Professor Tong, of Nebraska, brought Dr. Andrews' greeting to Brown. Through him the chairman of the dinner of the younger graduates sent this message: "Tell Benjy that so long as the light he lit on this hill shall burn, we shall hold in our hearts him who made Brown University what she is." These must be grateful words to Benjamin Andrews. He was an honest man, mislaid by figures. He was true to his convictions as long as he had them, and when he finally saw his mistake he admitted it.

Mr. William Dean Howells, a prophet not without honor in his own country, has received, in an honorary doctor's degree from Oxford, a new proof of the regard in which he is held abroad. If there is any living American writer better appreciated than he by the English readers it can only be Mark Twain. He is very much at home in England, and London is to him a town at least as friendly as New York. He will stay about the rest of the year, and is settled for the summer at Folkestone, a resort which he finds entirely acceptable and to his taste. Commenting on Mr. Howells' new honorary degree, the Boston *Transcript* comments him heartily as an American author "trained first in the American newspaper office, country and metropolitan, and then in the magazines of the United States, and wholly impregnated of the conventional 'education' afforded by American colleges." By all the commendation his, but can it be said with accurate truth, that a man who lived so long in Boston as Mr. Howells did, who lived so long in Cambridge as he did, who lived so near to James Russell Lowell as he lived, and whose most familiar associates in years when his mind was still plastic were Harvard professors, was "wholly independent of the conventional education afforded by American colleges." It is true that Mr. Howells was never graduated from a college, but he got his full share of college education; got it at second hand from men who had it; got it through the pores, and by word of mouth.

The Probable Issues of the Campaign

Of course the Democratic platform has not yet been framed, but even if, like its Republican competitor, it were already before the people, we could find no assurance that in either of the documents would be found the issues on which the outcome of the ensuing campaign will turn. Doubtless one of the two purposes for which a national convention is called is to set forth clearly the views and aims on which a given party means to appeal to the country. Practically, however, as our political history has shown in a majority of cases, the formulation of the issues on which a decision will be rendered is relegated to the voters themselves.

It is, indeed, not difficult to conceive a priori circumstances under which a national convention might deem it superfluous or impudent to proclaim too definitely its convictions and its intentions. When, for instance, the national convention of a great political party meets earlier than that of its opponent, it may not be wise, from a strategic or tactical viewpoint, to disclose its available points, or to assume advanced positions from which retreat would be impracticable. Or, again, there have been times when widespread discontent and disgust at the economical plight of the republic, at the suspension of credit, the prostration of industry, and the paralysis of business can be relied upon to sweep away, as by a tidal wave, the party in power, to whose measures, in whole or in part, and rightly or wrongly, the alarming state of things may be attributed. Such was the situation in 1840, when the Whig national convention forbore to put forward any platform at all, and when William Henry Harrison was elected President by an overwhelming majority of the electoral votes on a "log cabin and hard cider" issue. In 1844 it was no more by virtue of the Democratic platform that James K. Polk won at the ballot-box. On the contrary, the victory of the Tennesseean was due, first, to the unforeseeable penning of a letter in which his opponent, Henry Clay, expressed views touching the annexation of Texas and our attitude toward Mexico that cost him many electoral votes at the North; and, secondly, to the shrewdly calculated effect on Pennsylvania of the nomination for the Vice-Presidency of George M. Dallas, who was believed to be an inflexible protectionist. In 1848, when the quick conquest of Mexico—which Wellington termed the greatest feat of arms in the nineteenth century—was fresh in the popular mind, the Whig party, as Thurlow Weed forebore, would have had not the faintest hope of victory had it not virtually assumed its opposition to the Mexican war, and proclaimed for its standard-bearer one of the heroes of that contest, thus raising where it had had none. In 1852, had the Democratic platform revealed so much as the germ of the coming Nebraska bill, it is extremely doubtful whether Franklin Pierce could have been elected. Does any man who can recall the campaign of 1860 imagine that Lincoln could have been successful had the majority of voters in the Northern States deemed it possible, in view of his published utterances, that he would ever subscribe his name to an emancipation proclamation? What host Lincoln, in 1860, was it any statement of conviction or intention contained in the platform framed at Cincinnati. Or was it the candidate's inadvertent suggestion that the tariff, after all, was but a "local law"? What defeated Tilden in 1888? Was it any thought or phrase in the platform on which he stood, or in any utterance of his own; or was it a sordid and despicable transaction of which Congo Island was the principal seat? To that question an answer might have been given either by the late Senator Quay, who that year was chairman of the Republican National Committee, or by the secondarily (nominally Democratic), who subsequently was sent to Sing Sing.

In a word, platforms cannot always make the issues on which a campaign is to pivot, even if the framers desired them to do so. Nevertheless, it is possible for these leaders to be forewarned by intelligent observers of what the great mass of voters are thinking of and caring about! The Whigs, who were shrewd enough in 1840 to construct no platform for the hero of Tippecanoe to stand upon, had sense enough to see that the people had been rendered desperate by the consequences of the financial crisis of 1837, and that what, above all things, they wanted was a sweeping change of men and measures at the seat of the Federal government. Lucky once more was it for the Whigs that Thurlow Weed had sufficient discernment to perceive in 1848 that the real question before the country would be whether it would ratify or deprecate the rich harvest of a war policy, which had secured not only Texas but New Mexico, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, and California. However far-sighted or misled the conventions at Chicago or St. Louis may prove to have been, it is absolutely certain that, long before election-day shall dawn next November, American voters will know precisely why they are going to give their ballots to a particular candidate for the Presidency. Long before the arrival of the great issues when the people, in their majesty, will deliver judgment, the professional politicians will find out how much or how little sagacity they have evinced in fabricating platforms and agreeing upon manlines; and it will not be in the

least surprising if, in a large majority of cases, their hindsight shall prove much better than their foresight.

If, nevertheless, we leave out of view, as needs we must, unforeseeable events or revelations, and fix our eyes upon facts and truths that lie upon the surface, it should not be difficult for any thoughtful and unbiased man to recognize certain issues, which seem certain to be pivotal, when the mass of voters awaken to the consciousness that they are once more confronted with their one quinquennial opportunity of speaking decisively for themselves. Their hour, like Samson's, has grown once more; and, like him, if they choose, they can pull down the pillars of the temple. If they regard an onerous the maximum duties of the Dingley tariff; if they believe that Dingley himself framed those duties for little other purpose than to afford a margin for reciprocity; if they recall that the lamented McKinley, in the last public speech that he uttered before he was shot down, pledged himself and his party to an equitable reduction of those duties through reciprocal conventions; if, on the other hand, are their convictions they will be thinking themselves next November that, at last, they have their day in court, and that in the ballot they grasp an irresistible weapon of redress. How outlandish may possibly be the effect of a demand for a reasonable readjustment of the Dingley tariff, and for at least an installment of the promised reciprocity—even in States which, normally, are Republican strongholds, such States as North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Maine, and even Massachusetts—nobody knows better than veteran Republican politicians, who are thoroughly familiar with the local conditions in those commonwealths.

There, again, is Mr. Roosevelt's personality and his record in the office of Chief Magistrate; and his inevitable, that he, his temperament, his character, his recent past, his possible future shall be one of the principal pivots, if not the chief pivot, of the contest.

Judge Gray and His Latest Public Utterance

THE belief that Judge George Gray, of Delaware, may prove a formidable candidate for the Democratic nomination to the Presidency, has directed the public gaze upon a man who, when a member of the United States Senate, was recognized as the real leader of his party in that body, and who, now, as a diplomatist, as a jurist and as an impartial arbitrator has been lately and capital, has won golden opinions from multitudes of his countrymen. To those who have followed his career we need not say that any speech of his on an important public question would deserve the careful perusal which, under the existing circumstances, it is sure to challenge. Judge Gray's latest and most memorable utterance is the address which he delivered on June 1 at Lake Mohonk, New York, as presiding officer of the tenth annual conference on international arbitration. It was an address which faced him on that occasion. It included three members of The Hague Tribunal; ten judges of Federal and State courts, including Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, and Justice W. F. Potter of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. Fifteen presidents of colleges and other educational institutions, forty-two conspicuous business men from different parts of the United States, representing the Chambers of Commerce of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and other cities, and, finally, many well-known clergymen.

He began by directing attention to the extraordinary advance that had been made during the last decade in the direction of international arbitration. He recalled that ten years ago—all over the civilized world, with the possible exception of Great Britain—statesmen were indifferent, and practical politicians were aversely hostile, to the proposed substitute for war. Kindly and optimistic people, he said, carried the hope that a more enlightened method of settling disputes than by sword or battle might eventually be hit upon, but, in their hearts, they felt that the dream's fulfillment was far away. They did not perceive, or they did not recognize, the spiritual ferment which everywhere was stirring the minds and hearts of men, a ferment already on the eve of becoming so powerful and irresistible that to-day statesmen are chafing rather than directing the sweep of public opinion toward the goal of peaceful adjustment of international controversies, and toward a lively and poignant sense of the wastefulness and folly of international warfare. The speaker went on to point out how long, though sometimes overlooked, had been the preparation for such a happy consummation. For many a decade had the peoples of the world been drawn closer together by the wonderful achievements of theoretical and practical science in the applications of heat and electricity. The salt, unplumbed, strange seas no longer separate, but now unite, the nations of the Old World and the New, and a solidarity of material interests has produced at least an approach to a solidarity of thought and feeling. The old assumption which lay at the root of so much misguided legislation and so much procrustean diplomacy, the assumption that what was harmful to the well-being of one country might be helpful to

another, is far less prevalent than it used to be. No longer do intelligent legislators take for granted that the advance of an alien people in prosperity is a menace to our own. We are now much more disposed than we were formerly to divert in such advance an increment to the wealth of the whole world, an increment in which all of us now or late must have some share, however small. Conversely, we are far more willing than we once were to recognize that, just as the waters of a great lake cannot be drawn from or depleted at its remotest corner without affecting sensibly the general level of the great body of its waters, so the material improvement and destruction, and the moral deterioration, inseparable from international war—however distant, geographically, may be the contest—must, to some extent, affect injuriously the whole of the civilized world.

It is evident that the mature and sober intellect of Judge Gray, no less than the youthful and sensitive heart of the Czar Nicholas II., has been profoundly affected by the grim data and inexorable deductions marshalled by M. Bloch, the late distinguished Polish exponent of the suicidal significance of war. Far-reaching, indeed, though not, of course, as yet, irresistible, has been the effect of M. Bloch's appalling demonstration. It is true, as Judge Gray told his fellow conference, that the economic waste consequent upon the maintenance of great and growing military and naval establishments is beginning to make the due impression upon the enlightened conscience and intelligence of increasing numbers of observers in all countries. Altruism is no longer excluded from national policies and disregarded in national conduct; on the contrary, there is a widening appreciation of the truth that upon nations, as well as upon individuals, the obligations of civilization are the same. No longer to public opinion forced in by national confines. It has crept across such boundaries; and now an international public sentiment, making itself felt from one corner of Christendom to the other through the instrumentality of a free press, forewarns and controls the conduct and the policies of kings and cabinets. It was not, of course, disputed by Judge Gray that these phenomena are still but tendencies rather than accomplished results; but, considered merely as tendencies, they may well fill our hearts with encouragement and hope. The upward movement of man has been, at best, a slow one, and progress has often been followed by reaction. In the evolution of civilization there has been an ebb as well as a flow, a receding as well as an advancing tide; but if we take a broad survey of the past and compare the beginning with the end of a considerable period we shall seldom fail to note the preponderance of gain and of ascent. We need not, therefore, be discouraged by the imperfections and transient, untoward conditions. The salutary events occurring under our eyes in the thirtieth century remind us that war is a bad habit, not easily broken, and that it is still, perhaps, in some cases, unavoidable. But, although the Czar of Russia himself, who suggested the creation of a peace tribunal, is involved in an intestine contest that strains the resources of his empire, yet, even in the face of that event, Judge Gray is convinced that the establishment and the continued exercise of a permanent court of international arbitration will make it more difficult in the future, than it has been in the past, for nations to engage in war. He believes that the influence of The Hague tribunal will grow steadily, though slowly, and that each renewed resort to its decisions will tend to form and strengthen the habit of looking thereunto for settlement of international quarrels by an appeal to reason, instead of an appeal to arms.

After addressing the exemplary agreement of England and the United States to submit the Alaska boundary to delimitation by a court, in which each of the litigants was represented by the same number of judges, Judge Gray referred to the remarkable records of the progress of the principle of arbitration afforded recently by the treaties concluded, on the one hand, between France and Great Britain, and, on the other, between France and Italy. As for ourselves, he expressed the conviction that we are bound by our own past. He knew, he said, of no more glorious page in the history of our country than that which records the series of its arbitral agreements, and establishes its leadership in upright diplomacy and peaceful settlement of international disputes. To his eye, "the parliament of man and the federation of the world" is, at last, emerging from the mist of poetry into the sunlight of the Western Hemisphere. An aggressive, a sordid, a selfish national policy will more and more be recognized as out of date and supplanted in the annals of the United States. More and more must our national conduct conform to the enlightened conscience of the country, for with more and more rigor will be applied to it the test of morality as well as of self-interest. Judge Gray brought his address to an end by reminding his auditors that there is growing to be such a thing as chivalry among nations, as there has been a chivalry among men; and that, under the protection of that sentiment, the weaker nations of the world already are measurably secure from aggression and spoliation. Especially would he hold this to be true of the millicent. With characteristic approval he quoted, in conclusion, the words of an American President: "I mistake the American people if they favor the odious doctrine

that there is no such thing as international morality; that there is one law for a strong nation and another for a weak one; and that, even by indirection, a strong power may with impunity despoil a weak one of its territory."

Fourth of July

LINCOLN, in one of his speeches during his great debate with Douglas, stated what he supposed to be the use of celebrating the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. "We hold this annual celebration," he said, "to remind ourselves of all the good done in this process of time (1776 to date), of how it was done and who did it, and how we are historically connected with it; and we go through those memories in better humor with ourselves—we feel more attached to the one to the other, and more firmly bound to the country we inhabit." So much for the service done for those who were descendants of the Revolutionary fathers. But what, asked Lincoln, of the German, Irish, French, and Scandinavian who are in the country, who were born in Europe after the Revolution? What has Fourth of July for them? Nothing but that universal sentiment which makes them at one with men who believed that all men are created equal. Realizing that, "they feel that that moral sentiment taught in that day evidences their relation to those men, that it is the father of moral principle in them, and that they have a right to claim it as though they were blood of the blood, and flesh of the flesh, of the men who wrote the Declaration, and so they are. That is the electric cord in that Declaration that links the hearts of patriotic and liberty-loving men together, that will link those patriotic hearts as long as the base of freedom exists in the minds of men throughout the world."

Is the Fourth of July in most American communities used in any such educational way as Lincoln taught it should be? Has not Memorial Day come to take its place as a day of sentiment, and has not the Fourth of July in most towns and cities come to be more a day of sports, recreation, noise, and gaudiness? Moreover, what of the Declaration of Independence itself and the "electric cord" principle in it of equality of all men? Is that prized as it once was?

It must be admitted, we think, that the higher sentimental and spiritual possibilities of the Fourth of July have been allowed to fall into disrepute in cities and towns, being as such, and by most adults everywhere, but that the children of the country are led to think about it far more than they used to, and in more rational ways, no one who knows anything about school education or the contents of juvenile periodical literature would dare to deny. Just as instruction on temperance is passing away from the pulpit to the school, from education to education, an instruction on patriotism is passing from the orator's forum to the teacher's classroom.

So as to the Declaration of Independence. It is true that it is now said of it that "it can be read so as to make it the Bible of Anarchy." Professors of history in our colleges now bemoan that "to hold the doctrine of the consent of the governed as literally applicable to all societies and at all times is to main- tain political suicide." The president of Harvard University affirms that "the only possible equality among men is equality before the law." Henry Ward Beecher's successor in Plymouth pulpit holds that the Declaration of Independence "says nothing whatever about self-government"; that "what it affirms is that governments exist for the benefit of the governed; and this is very different from affirming that they must always be administered by the governed." In addition to such sentiments as these by representative men, we have such facts as these: essential nullification of the war amendments and the disfranchisement of most of the negroes of the South, and government of Porto Rico and the Philippines by Congressional decree departing from the principle of the fathers of the nation and of the statement of the civil war, and that we are on the road to national ruin.

When Rufus Choate declared that the Declaration of Independence had its "glittering generalities," Emerson replied: "Glittering generalities! rather blaring ubiquities." So today when such sentiments are uttered, there are those who reply that the nation is unfaithful to its ideal, that it is departing from the principles of the fathers of the nation and of the statement of the civil war, and that we are on the road to national ruin.

On this point former words by Lincoln relative to the Declaration of Independence may be illuminating. In the same great historic debate with Douglas he said: "I think the authors of that notable instrument intended to include all men, but they did not intend to declare all men equal in all respects. They did not mean to say all were equal in color, size, intellect, moral development, or social position. . . . They did not mean to assert the obvious untruth that all were then actually enjoying that equality, nor yet that they were about in

confess it upon them. In fact, they had no power to confer such a boon. They meant simply to declare the right, so that enforcement of it might follow as *fast as circumstances would permit*."

Several months later Lincoln said at the opening of the fourth joint debate:

"I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races. . . . I will say, in addition to this, that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which I believe will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality. And inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together there must be the positions of superior and inferior, and I, as much as any man, am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race."

The point of view that Lincoln held with respect to the Declaration of Independence as a setting forth of an ideal to be progressively—not immediately—realized was an essentially opportunistic point of view; and it was one that he held up to the time of his death on all the problems involved in reconstruction. Had he lived, how different the history of the nation and the relations between the North and the South, the Canadian and the negro! No one can read what he has to say about liberty for the individual, whether black or white, without seeing that it was unlimited in one sense, limited in another. To himself, his labor, his elemental needs and longings, every man—as Lincoln thought—had the right of absolute control. Hence he sought the extension of slavery. But that suffrage was an unalienable right for all men, that the ideal of the Declaration of Independence could be realized, then, among people of all sorts and all stages of development, he did not believe. Hence, had he lived, he would have fought the dualism which shaped reconstruction legislation, and today he would be, doubtless, on the side of responsible administrators who, whether in the South, in Porto Rico, or in the Philippines, believe that suffrage is a privilege to be earned by attainment in character, not a right going along with natural attainment of a specified age, and independent of character and possessions.

Analysis of criticism of the nation today will show that it comes in the main from men of radical temper or conservative mood. Whereas the more complex our national life becomes, the greater becomes the authority of the opportunist, the nationalist, the rationalist, who declines to be bound by written constitutions, doctrinal formulae, the letter of idealism.

Hence it may be that from the standpoint of the opportunist and nationalist we are truer to liberty to-day than we would have been had we obeyed strictly the letter of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution.

Congo Atrocities Again

THE discussion of the misdeeds of Belgian officials in the Congo Free State has reached a pass when contradictory questions are exhibited side by side, without apparent recognition of the absurdity involved.

We read, for example, that Sir Charles Dillke and the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Earl Percy, renewed this discussion in the House of Commons on June 9. The former, evidently convinced that the Congo officials had been guilty of the cruel practices ascribed to them, suggested that the United States should act with Great Britain in the attempt to put an end to the "horrible" scandal, presumably by investigation, to be followed by punishment and amendment. The latter said that the fair sense of Western civilization was on trial; and the British government sincerely hoped that the rulers of the Congo State would prosecute the inquiry which they had promised to make. He also expressed his conviction that the charge of inhuman cruelty was true. In the same issue of the same newspaper we read that the government of Great Britain is bringing forward these grave charges before English traders and adventurers come some of the rich equatorial African lands, or English contractors want to run the Cape to Cairo Railway across a corner of the Free State!

To us it seems that there is no thought whatever in the second assertion; that it is merely an attempt to evade the issue under cover of idle abuse. For, in order to attach any importance to it, we should be obliged to assume that the distinguished speakers in Parliament, at the very moment when they are insisting upon a thorough investigation, know in their hearts that their contention is false, and actually try to induce the United States to participate in an inquiry which is not designed to ascertain the facts, but only to play into the hands of British land grabbers.

Again, we read that a national association was formed some time ago to refute the charges against the Belgians and to create such impressions as should be satisfactory to the accused government. And yet we are asked in the same breath to accept, as a complete disproof of the charges, reassuring accounts of the

achievements of King Leopold's government in the Congo region which appear to have been prepared and spread abroad by that patriotic association.

Those who reflect on the exaggeration and harsh emphasis which in the past have so often disfigured reports from the outposts of civilization in savage communities will not prejudice the case of the Belgians. The right to separate truth from error through inquiry into the abuses with which the Congo administration is charged, and which, as we have before pointed out, are so injurious to the reputation of Europeans, resides in the powers that are responsible for the creation of the Free State.

Labor Rule and the Birth-rate in Australia

IT is a curious fact that the colonies and dependencies of England seem to have been so constituted and formed that each one of them might form an example in a book on economics and policy. The note of Ireland is sufficiently distinctive. India stands for the greatest experiment in administration, and the greatest success, since the Roman Empire. New Zealand has carried paternalism to such a point that the island colony of the Southern Cross has been made the field of a thousand socialistic sermons. South Africa shows the trend of the death between postulation and philosophy, as clear cut in principle as the historic fight of the ancient Greeks, where the people of the mountain were at odds with the people of the plain, and these, in turn, fought the people of the shore. In the same way, Australia seems to stand, with entire distinctness and absence of shading, for the domination of labor; a commonwealth wholly built up on the amalgamation of great labor-unions and the vote of the working-man.

A report just issued by a royal commission appointed by the government of New South Wales sheds much light on the conditions of Australian life which exist under the domination of the working-man and the voting woman.

Special attention is paid in it to the question of dwindling birth-rate and the retarded increase in infant mortality. The report examines every side of the question, and reaches conclusions drastic in their thoroughness. It is shown that, during the last thirty years, New South Wales has had a natural increase of population amounting to a quarter of a million; and, during the same period, the whole Australian commonwealth has lost no less than 940,000; or, let us say, thirty thousand a year. The royal commission went into the matter with the greatest care, and at first with the hypothesis that this alarming dwindling of the race might be due to natural causes, but witness after witness referred to the realness, and even spontaneity, of married people in admitting a deliberate restriction in the number of their children.

In no other part of the world are there so many holidays as in Australia, where open-air sports and amusements seem to absorb the great mass of the industrial population in an unprecedented degree. Early marriages are common throughout the commonwealth, but only a very limited number are followed by the birth of children. The whole drift of labor legislation during the last few years has been so largely to decrease the hours of employment, especially in towns, that the great body of workers, especially the younger ones, have placed before them every possible inducement to devote their leisure time to what may be described as the business of pleasure.

It would be unjust to say that the decrease of population, the dwindling birth-rate, is directly due to the tendencies of labor legislation; but it is by no means unjust to say that both phenomena are results of the same cause. The ideal of self-indulgence and selfishness which, expressed in legislation, enables the younger working-men and women to devote themselves to the business of pleasure, is palpably the cause which prompts these same young people to early and deliberately childless marriages. The desire to seek pleasure and avoid pain is the root of the evil; a concept of life which finds the aim of life in self-indulgence and not in duty.

It is curious and ominous to find that the restriction of the number of births is not accompanied, as is often claimed, by lessened attrition of the few children born. The report is quite definite on this. The artificially diminished birth-rate is accompanied by an increased mortality among children, which we are tempted to describe as almost equally artificial. It is due to the improper nurture of infants and the substitution of artificial foods for the natural nourishment of children; in plain words, it is due to the selfishness of the mothers, and their willingness to see their babies die, rather than make a sacrifice in order to keep them alive. The "struggle for the life of others," which enables and redeems so much of animal life, has in humanity reached its lowest ebb, and in the conditions which we are considering, has fallen below even the common level of standard of humanity.

It would be instructive to look to connect these phenomena with the other movement already discussed, as a result of which a million women recently voted in the Australian commonwealth. In both there is the disappearance of an old ideal of womanhood.



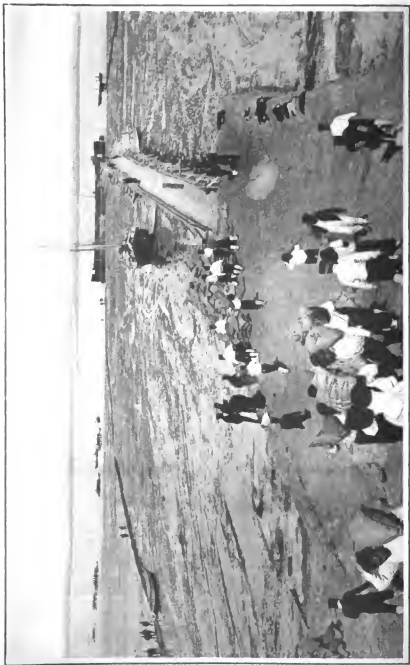
At the time these photographs were taken, the lineup of the Yale crew was as follows: Yale:—Bow, Weeks; 2, Daly; 3, Morse; 4, Scott; 5, Miller; 6, Whistler; 7, Cross; Stroke, Whitney; Coxswain, Le Blanc.



Harvard:—Bow, Duffingham; 2, Smith; 3, Flint; 4, Mier; 5, Lawson; 6, Shustack; 7, Huffy; Stroke, Filly; Coxswain, Chase.

THE YALE-HARVARD CREWS ON THE THAMES IN TRIALS FOR THE 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE ON JUNE 30

On the day when this issue of the "Weekly" appears the annual boat-race between the 'varsity crews of Yale and Harvard will have been decided at New London, Connecticut. Since 1859 there have been thirty-three contests between crews of the two colleges, Yale winning nineteen times and Harvard fourteen. In a practice spin a few days ago the Yale crew covered the four-mile course in 24.53. The Harvard crew, in a similar trial over the same course on the Thames, went the distance in 24.95.



COOLIES UNLOADING SUPPLIES FOR JAPANESE TROOPS AT RI-KA-HO

Winnipeg, the Korean port thirty miles southeast of Wiju, has been since April the principal disembarking harbor for troops and supplies of the First Japanese Army Corps. The tender is referred to a description of how the Japanese land their supplies in the article appearing on page 1010 of the "Weekly" a special correspondence in the Far East. The photograph shows a force of soldier coolies heading out at Ri Ka Ho (Port of the Plain Rice), the Japanese name for the harbor of Wiju.



Shipping Drugs and Supplies for a Hospital Train at St. Petersburg



Red Cross Nurses leaving St. Petersburg for the Front

RED CROSS PLANS FOR THE WOUNDED RUSSIANS

Active preparations are being made in Russia to aid Red Cross work at the front. The Czar's mother has directed the Society to provide for all the wounded, and working parties have been making clothes for the troops in the palace of the Grand Duchess Vladimir. Applications have been received from women all over the world to nurse the troops in the Far East.

With the Japanese Troops at Chinampo

By William Dinwiddie

Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in the Far East

CHINAMPO, May 16, 1901

THE "Port of the Plum Blossom," or Iika-ho, as it is known in Japanese, has been, since the sixth day of April, the great disembarking harbor for troops and supplies of the First Japanese Army Corps.

It is situated on the Kuro-shi coast, some thirty miles southeast of Wiju, and, but for an intervening island, one might look directly into the mouth of the Yalu River, about fifteen miles away.

The Japanese military officers at more southern ports never specify that such a landing place exists, and, in fact, until recently, an evasive answer would have met any direct question regarding it; however, though military strategy may have devised such secrecy necessary, it might have been frankly admitted that a great army and the requisite supplies thereto were being landed there, so far as any possible danger of the Russians finding it, or any save Japanese pilots being able to enter it was concerned, for it lies tucked away behind a maze of little islands, expansive mud flats and shallow, and is only to be reached by tortuous channels charted nowhere except on the secret coast maps of the Japanese government.

The tide goes wildly swirling out to sea and rushes rushing back in curling waves, exposing miles of swampy, quaking flats at low tide and creating beautiful sheets of navigable water at the flood. Twenty-three feet is the average tidal range of the water, and so it is the fate of any iron-hulled vessel if she makes the mistake of floating over these disappearing lakes, for she may find herself on dry land, helpless and careened, if not broken to splinters, a mile from the nearest sea water. Only the ponderous Santa-Maria fashioned Chinese junk can enjoy the situation, rocking gently on their curved flat bottoms as the waters freely, and then settling down for a quiet nap until the return of the tide, with their great upsurging sounds projected thirty feet in the air, while their great round appendage of a helm wave contentedly in the stiff breeze.

The Japanese have leased the ship and small boat channels for fifteen miles from the landing, and, without these guides, it is doubtful whether any iron ship could enter, as the windings of the narrow passage of deep water are very crooked.

All transports, at the best, must come to anchor four miles away from the landing wharves, and, from this point, soldiers and supplies are hoisted aboard the thousand-ton Japanese landing boats, or sampans, as they would be called on the China coast. Also, two great steel lighters, drawing five feet, are used for getting supplies ashore.

While in quiet weather or at the turn of the tides it is possible for the sampans men to woad their boats to and from the anchored ships, with their huge hand-hauled sweeps, when the current sets in or off shore, or the strong, western afternoon winds lash the waters, they are helpless, and the boats must be towed at least one way.

The army has been able to meet the towing problems with comparative ease, as many private ship companies—especially the one navigating on the Amulho River—own two-tonners, middle-tunnelled boats of three and a half to four foot draught, and all of these have been requisitioned upon by the government, and are doing excellent service in landing the Japanese armies, which are becoming as thick as bees in these northern waters.

These vessels can actually pass around in one place, by turning one propeller ahead and the other back, and are very powerful tugboats, handling two steel lighters with ease, and romping

away with twenty-five loaded sampans wriggling and twisting at their stern connecting buoys like the tail of a gigantic kite.

When Major Yamauchi was detailed as Commander of Anchorage, with his staff, to Iika-ho, there was presented to him, as his official boat for the time, a beautiful rocky promontory, covered with a magnificent growth of gnarled and grotesque pines, with slopes of rich green grass revealing in the spring sunshine and shaded little dells purpled with sweet violets and blue bells and the tiny wild rose, all harbingers of the kindly awakening of mother earth our north.

While he appreciated the beauties of nature—as is testified by his selecting the most picturesque and exquisite spot for his tents, and decorating his canvas house with wild flowers and sprigs of lovely trailing plants and pear blossoms—his problem was one of grim war, and, in less than three days, his corps of trained men had landed at high tide and erected at low, two wharves, half-spiked and half-floating pontoons, nearly six hundred feet long. The abutments, holding an earthen roadway for a few yards from the bluff front, are made of earth-filled grass-stem bales, and from them spring the tripod-legged piers, whose cedar piles are held firmly in place by sand-lugs deposited about their bases. When the point of deep water is reached at flood tide, pontoons of junks take the place of the solid structure, though at low tide the pontoons rest upon the muddy bottom.

It has taken an heroic effort to keep these wharves in good passable condition, for, on several occasions, the rushing waters have been followed by a howling wind, which has set the drifting bridge-booms heavily tugging at their anchor chains and backing in the waves to demolish the growing, creaking load of steel-banded flooring. The writer witnessed a night's fight, by this anchorage force, to prevent the complete destruction of one of the wharves, and a wild night it was, as the men lurched and swayed among the floor timbers, tightening up chains and carrying out supplementary keel-anchors. At daylight the wind died down, leaving the wharf a little askew, but it was now straightened, as the thousand toasting soldier-cooks went straining in and out over it, bearing army supplies upon their shoulders.

It is marvellous the immense quantities of military stores which have been landed at this port, in spite of all the physical and mechanical difficulties which impede the work.

On account of the tides and wind the work can be carried on only during about half the time, and yet a line, made up of stores and munitions of war, to say nothing of the fighting soldiers, extending thirty-five miles to the front on the Yalu River, has been kept going steadily forward since April 10, or until the crossing of the First Army, sixty thousand strong, for the supplying of which this port was established.

A corps of one thousand trained soldier-cooks is used for unloading the boats as they arrive at the wharves, and to carry the supplies ashore and stack them in well-arranged squares, which may be conveniently reached from the ramps. The whole proceeding is well ordered and carried on with true military precision, the men marching down in companies when the time comes to relieve those at work. They line up, the roll is called, and then, in single file, they march out on the right-hand side of the wharf to its extreme end. A detachment goes into the small boats which cluster, like flies, about the gangplanks, and immediately begins passing the bags, bundles, boxes, ammunition, shells, litter, wagons, harness, tinners, planks, pontoons, etc., to the wharf, where each load is taken up by coolies fling by and marching, loaded, ashore, on the opposite side of the causeway.



Japanese landing troop-boats on the beach at Chinampo



JAPANESE LANDING IN THE HARBOR AT CHINAMPO

All Japanese transports bound for the important Korean port of Chinampo, as described in the interesting letter from Mr. Overide in this issue, have to come to anchor four miles away from the landing-place, and from this point soldiers and supplies are landed aboard the landing-boats, or sambans. In addition, two steel lighters are used for landing supplies.

The wharf settles down, as a rule, pick up the bluff crew, but drop their loads at the end of the wharf and pass back again for another load. A company or two of men, who know the yard or the method of placing the piled supplies, take them from the end of the wharf.

As the unloading goes forward continuously, up in the yard is another activity in the shape of dispatching supplies to the front. Every pound of stuff unloaded must be checked up and accounted for even though it may not remain five minutes at the depot before it is again moving forward toward Wipa over the military highway, either in a tow-hauled, one-horse cart, in one pulled and driven by three soldiers, or on the backs of Korean coolies, in their straw shoulder slings or wooden back-ribs.

Thus two sets of checkers are required, whose business is distinct—but not confusing, that I could see—one set who check into the yard and another who check out or dispatch the property to the front.

To accomplish all the clerical work involved has necessitated the erection of quite a canvas village on the spot, and in the tents the clerks work incessantly, night and day in relays, at the tables, keeping the accounts straight.

The Commander of the Ammunition is a quiet, self-contained man, with a silent reserve which suggests that he is rather unapproachable, though the contrary is the case. The necessity of keeping his mind concentrated on the details of the work before him, in order to meet promptly the orders from headquarters for every conceivable thing likely to be used by an army, and not permit of his being half-fallen well met with every one, even if he were so inclined.

Three days before the battle of the Yalu the great steel pontoon bridge and thousands of long planks and rail timbers were still

at Hsien-to, but the men so timed the work that the bridge was built on exact schedule time across the river, and the last pontoon were still on the road when men had already been loaded. Behind the pontoon he put the medical corps supplies and men, and they went marching up before the final crash of battle, and in time to ready the necessary medical and surgical assistance.

Of all the multitudinous supplies going forward, one woman must at the need for the thousands and thousands of racks of sake—the native Japanese drink, it really seems to be as much in evidence as rice, on the march, and far more so than ammunition. The writer has not yet been able to get out of it is issued as so justifiable that the powerful rays reach far out upon the water, and the white light on land illumines every road and supply track in the yard.

At night this busy harbor—where Major Yamaguchi and his staff officers work nineteen hours a day, apparently without halt to their constitutions—is a blaze of light. A dozen or more powerful acetylene gas lamps, each with its individual gasometer, are so juxtaposed that their powerful rays reach far out upon the water, and the white light on land illumines every road and supply track in the yard.

When the tide falls, as it tanning under the reddened setting sun, the coolies on each wharf take up a vocal chant—a happy one and filled with smiles, for they laugh and jostle for one another against the bricking mud flat, as the vessels are landed back and forth.

Then a race of unloading begins, and the hollow wharf floors resound with the sound of running feet. Cattle and hounds and geese and laughter are flung at the opposite wharf, where the vanquished soldier coolies, who were at first so abundant, sweating under their heavy burdens, by the successful, empty-handed boats who romp back to their camp, always happy, tall men still happy by the slight triumph which they have achieved over their friends in labor.

A Colonial Career for Americans

By Sydney Brooks

London, June 25, 1904.

ADVENTURE to return again to Mr. A. R. Colquhoun on *Greater America*. Nor do I think I need apologize for doing so. It would perhaps be too much to say that what Mr. Bryce did for Internal America Mr. Colquhoun has done for external America. The mere fact that America is a rebelling power is still in the tentative and experimental stage would alone make the production of such a classic as the *America Compendium* impossible at present. Mr. Bryce had the advantage of dealing with a nation and a civilization already set and established; Mr. Colquhoun confronts a problem the depths of which are still unexplored, while its surface is agitated by a thousand fluctuating cross-currents. But if one cannot call *Greater America* an actual rival to the *America Compendium*, it is not too much to describe it as an indispensable supplement. When Mr. Bryce wrote, the United States, outside of the Monroe Doctrine, had practically no foreign policy whatever, and Imperial America was not merely unborn, but undreamed of. Mr. Colquhoun possesses many of the qualifications of his distinguished predecessor. For one thing he knows his subject both on its real and its theoretical side. He has himself been concerned in the solution of difficulties and unlike those which face Americans in the Philippines. He is thus able to bring to bear upon the discussion of American imperialism the invaluable outside and comparative point of view. He is thoroughly well acquainted with the domestic conditions that obtain in the United States; he both knows and admires America; and he looks forward to a time when Anglo-American cooperation in international politics will be an actual and tangible fact. Moreover, though an Englishman, he has none of that peculiar prejudice to which Englishmen so readily incline—the prejudice, I admit, this makes him so delightfully confident that because a thing is British it is therefore a law of nature. Any volume from a student of Whitpöth as detached and candid and well equipped mind, therefore, he is fascinating and readable and should be welcome. It should, indeed, be doubly welcome, because in the vast literature that has grown around the Philippines, Hawaii, Cuba, and Porto Rico a firm grasp of essentials and a knowledge of what has been done by other nations under similar or nearly similar circumstances have been curiously lacking. Much excellent work has been done in the way of describing the Philippines, but little in the way of explaining them or of examining the principles upon which their government is based. Previous writers, for the most part, have got too near to the details of their subject to be in a position to view it as a whole, and what they have had to say has been too often disfigured by dithyrambic eulogies or vapid generalizations or a narrow partiality. Mr. Colquhoun, at once philosophical and practical, frank and experienced, authoritative yet without dogmatism, seems by contrast to be promulgating that judgment of their peers—cold, edged with clear thought wisdom—which Mr. Kipling warned Americans to expect as a consequence of their share in shouldering the white man's burden.

I doubt in a previous letter I did some of Mr. Colquhoun's criticisms of American achievements and policy in the Philippines. I should now like to call attention to various remarks of his—rather wider question—the question how for a colonial career is likely to attract American youths. England is singularly fortunate in finding this problem more or less solved for her. France

and Germany are not so well off. In France especially it is particularly difficult to induce men of good quality to enter the colonial service. The forced conscription division of property makes most Frenchmen capitalists on a small scale. With a very little money they are able to provide themselves with a comfortable competency. They are thus deprived of one of the first incentives to an enterprising and independent career, and in ever-increasing numbers prefer to enter the home civil service, where they may be sure of a settled salary and of secure advancement with the minimum of personal exertion. Frenchmen are naturally not so naturally towards the dignity of *so-fortune* as an American's towards commerce. Consequently, as it is inevitably the case under a centralized government, others are multiplied to meet the demands of the place-holders. Again, the conscription division of property has given birth to a peculiar territorial form of patriotism, an intense passion for the actual soil of France. This is a feeling that can hardly be avoided when a large proportion of the population are able to measure their stake in the country in acres, rods, and prices. The result, however, is that France is made so comfortable and pleasant a place to live in, there are so many the kindling the citizens down to his share in the national heritage, that the seductive Frenchman, lured of much of his initiative in the schools which turn out excellent functionaries, but inadequate men, and finding himself in possessed possession of an income from his property, or whatever it may be his father has left him, has no ambition to better himself by emigration, either as a settler or as an administrator. A Frenchman away from France is always and everywhere the nonplus of his people.

None of these conditions applies to England. The custom of primogeniture throws upon the world every year a host of healthy, energetic young men, who, with the same way to make, they have a love of sport and adventure bred in their bones, and their school training has given them the habit of using power and authority. That perhaps is the best point about the English public schools, like Eton, Rugby, and Marlborough. Scarcely one of them is called "public" because they are reserved to the middle and upper classes, and they are called "schools" because they teach athletics. It is the bare truth that most of them fell technically. They do not provide an education suited to a competitive age.

On the other hand, they are, undoubtedly, splendid nurseries for a certain kind of leadership. The British Empire itself is administered on principles that are merely the extension of public-school methods. When all that can be urged against them has been urged, it is still to be said that the great English seminaries do lay the foundations of a sturdy and chivalrous character; they do inculcate order and the habits of discipline and command, to most responsible ability, and to a very great extent to certain rough and ready firms of honesty, justice, and "good form." "There is still," says Mr. Colquhoun, "even in these days of luxury, a certain element of Spartan discipline in the lives of British boys. The little chap who, at eight or nine, leaves his mother's arms for a boarding school has to cultivate in that tender age a self-possession, reticence, and decision which become second nature to him and lay the foundations of successful administration in later life. Not only does the rough and tumble of his school days make the boy hard and self-reliant, and develop in him that

knowledge of his own powers which will be so valuable to him, but he has, naturally, a capacity and love for ruling."

To a boy of these qualities and reared by this method, a post in the Indian civil service or in Africa or the Malay States or wherever there is governing work to be done, appears the most glorious thing on earth. In the first place, England is over-crowded to a degree hardly to be conceived by those who have not lifted some corner of the veil themselves and seen with their own eyes the really ghastly struggle that is being fought out behind the smiling, comfortable exterior of English life. That makes a career abroad seem doubly attractive in its prospectiveness. Secondly, government service confers a distinct social status. Thirdly, it gratifies that inherent spirit of adventure which no Englishness is without and which cannot be satisfied in England. Fourthly, as a further inducement to a colonial career, there is the certainty of a pension. "The Englishman, as a rule, looks forward with pleasant anticipations to the time when he can retire to a country house, and, with the steady of a small but regular income for the rest of his life, can indulge in one of his many hobbies, take a leading part in local politics, and see his name launched on careers similar to his own in their moderate expectations and honorable position." And, fifthly, the work itself is congenial to the average Englishman. "Their whole training has made them self-reliant in the sense that they are prepared to take responsibilities and to act independently. . . . They are not cowed or depressed by solitude if called upon to dwell far from any of their kind. Boys fresh from school or college go cheerfully to distant frontiers where, occupying one or two quiet offices, they may not see a white man for months. After this period of training they often go to a more complete isolation. Such conditions would drive a Frenchman crazy; but, though there are occasional cases of breakdown, some solid Britons even grow to enjoy their isolation, helped by the natural inclination and self-reliance of their race and class."

Turning now to American conditions, Mr. Colquhoun notes, to begin with, that the average American has no desire to rule.

It is not a part of his make-up. He has neither inherited it in the blood nor does his school training supply it. "Indeed, he is truly imbued with principles which make despotic government by one man repugnant to him." Again, "No pride to him is attached to an unknown civil life in the United States is far more valuable and gratifying than at Great Britain." Moreover, Mr. Colquhoun considers American youths to be "less hardy, more sensitive, physically and mentally, less able to endure the peculiar conditions of life in the tropics than their more phlegmatic English comrades." Besides this, what is there, failing any hereditary instinct, that would urge an American to expatriate himself to the Philippines? If he is ambitious there is no country with one-hundredth part of the opportunities to offer that America throws at his feet. If he is pining for adventure, where will he find it and in the United States? The ideal of a comfortable old age or a pension—none supposing that a pension were permissible in the Philippine civil service—is not one that captivates the fancies of young America. High salaries and liberal allowances are opposed to American theories of the lines on which a government service should be organized, and one need not therefore include these as features among the possible attractions of a colonial career.

In the United States to hold a post under government "neither confers nor is an honorable profession, nor as an interesting and engaging life-work, does the career of a colonial official appeal to the best class of young Americans," and that the service must therefore "be recruited largely from less desirable ranks."

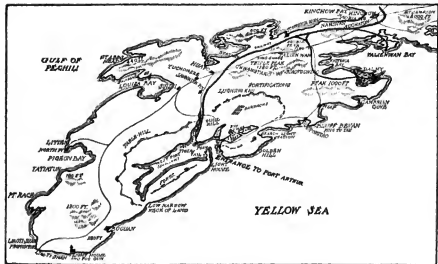
A painful conviction; and all the more painful if the saying be a true one that the Malays are all gentlemen, and that no one who is not a gentleman—both in the right and the conventional sense—need try to govern them.

The Approaching Doom of Port Arthur

By Charles Johnston

FROM the military point of view the coming attack on Port Arthur is certain to be one of the most splendid episodes in modern history. From the humanitarian standpoint it will be a terrible tragedy, involving human sacrifices of human life and human sorrow. The situation of the Russian troops, huddled in the extremity of the Kwangtung Peninsula is such, so deplorably weak that General Kuropatkin has said again and again to have urged the evacuation of the fortress as untenable; yet it is imperative on Russia to do all in her power to retain possession of her most important Manchurian stronghold.

This is not primarily because of the immense loss of prestige which Russia will suffer, if she is driven from Port Arthur by the victorious Japanese, nor the Chinese were driven out, just ten years ago. Russia is compelled to hold Port Arthur for far more serious reasons. It is not the fear of an insurrection, a revolution at hand, which haunts her with the authorities of St. Petersburg, but the immediate military necessity of the situation. Russia, as everybody now sees, never expected to go to war, but showed a bold front in the mishap negotiations which terminated last February, with a perfect expectation that Japan would give



Map showing the Strategic Situation of Port Arthur



WITH THE JAPANESE TROOPS—ON THE WAY

The photograph shows a detachment of Japanese infantry setting out for the front. The barracks and every available room and shed are occupied by the Japanese.



MARCH NEAR SEOUL, THE KOREAN CAPITAL

the road near Seoul. In Seoul, writes a correspondent of the "Weekly," the Korean
The Koreans receive the value of sixty cents a night from their soldier lodgers

in and althoher her large chains. Russia was in no degree ready to go to war, nor, it is quite evident from the hesitating and delaying policy of General Kuropatkin, is Russia ready to fight to advantage to-day.

The war began badly and continued disastrously for Russia. When the fleet was attacked, and very largely destroyed, we were told that everything would be changed when the fighting on land began; that the tactics of Plevna were irresistible; that the Cossacks would give a good account of the Japanese soldiers. No such revolution has taken place, and Russia has lost as decisively on land, at the Yalu and again at Kim-Chow, as she did at Chemulpo and under the Golden Hill. But we are once more told that the tide is presently to turn; that Russia is massing immense forces at Mukden, at Harbin, at Baidai; and that presently the fortunes of war will be reversed and the armies of the Mikado swept back thousands of miles to the island home. It is, unfortunately, there is little reason to believe that these sanguine hopes are based on a clear perception of the problems involved; nor can we see that such preparations are being made as will give any chance of their realization. But, in those plans of recuperation and revival, Port Arthur plays a vital part. Japan has complete control of the sea, and can continue to cut masses of troops into Manchuria, probably to a total of a million, just as easily as she has handled the two hundred thousand men now there. Russia's only hope is that, at some future time, she can regain control of the sea, cut off the Japanese army, destroy the Mikado's fleet, and then, from the straits of Korea, drive the Japanese from the strong positions in Manchuria they already hold. To do all this Russia is counting on the arrival of her Baltic fleet, of eight new battleships and several armored cruisers; these are expected to be able to meet the Mikado's new dispatches, which consists only three or four ships of the largest size, and two, perhaps one, of heavy weight. There are still six battleships, in varying stages of repair, at Port Arthur, as well as several cruisers and gunboats, destroyers, and torpedo-boats; and these, effecting a junction with the Baltic fleet, would perhaps be able to regain control of the sea.

But for the success of this plan a naval base is still indispensable; and besides Port Arthur, there is no possible naval base for Russia to look to. Vladivostok is ten days north, and a fleet operating from there could have small chances of getting through the Korean strait. To lose Port Arthur means, for Russia, to lose not only the six battleships now there, and all of which are believed to be nearly ready for more to go to sea; it would mean also the final loss of all hope of recovery; the annihilation of all chance that Russia's plan of recuperation and revival can be put in force. The loss of Port Arthur will mean what Sedan meant for France in 1870.

Small wonder, then, that Japan is straining every nerve to take the stronghold, which Russia is straining every nerve to keep. Let us begin by enumerating the resources of the defenders. First, as to situation: the position of Port Arthur, as a fortress, is by no means so naturally strong as we have been repeatedly told. The sea channel is very narrow, and the water is so shallow that heavy war-ships can enter and leave only at high tide, and it often takes half a day to bring a large ship safely to anchor or to get her out to sea. Hence, opposing the six Russian battleships are perfectly repaired and ready to come out, which are certainly the case. Japan would only have to choose the time to attack her, and she would have her enemy's ships far more securely "bottled" by nature than she could hope to bottle them by the expedient of sinking ships. So that there are only a few hours out of the twenty-four during which Port Arthur is useful as a base for a fleet. This applies, of course, only to battleships and large cruisers; the small fry of naval war can come and go more freely. In view of this, one wonders why the Russians did not long ago move their fleet to the deep waters of Tallinn Bay and Delny, where, at least, they would have been able to find at all stages of the tide, but the point is that the Russian fleet can only do this at the expense of the loss of its base with her army at Port Arthur, and this involves a much dead loss of power. Moreover, the fleet is badly protected while in port. There is no point, within the eastern basin, at which the ships are safe from high-angle fire, well directed from, perhaps, five miles off, by the Japanese fleet; nor is there any point within the fortress which is entirely out of range of the Japanese war-ships.

The Russians within Port Arthur are, therefore, "between the devil and the deep sea." Their position is naturally weak, and no amount of fortification has enabled to correct its natural defects. The modern war-ships, the largest of the latter, are so low that, at low tide, it is no expense of anti-forts. The fortress proper is, therefore, a hollow ring, broken at the entrance to the harbor, and everywhere under possible fire from the sea. The ring is oval, and is formed of hills from six or six hundred to eight or nine hundred feet high. Along these hills the fortifications are built.

There are three or four especially strong forts at different points along the hills, with the largest guns mounted in them; and the strong points are united by earthworks, in which are mounted guns of lower weight. Divided among the chief forts are thirty 12-inch guns, as large as the largest used on the heaviest battleships, supported by thirty-four 6-inch quick-firing guns, fifty-two 4-inch guns, and numbers of rapid-fire small-caliber guns, similar to the "pom-poms" which gained such celebrity in the Boer war. Altogether, in the fortifications proper, there were, at the beginning of the war, one hundred and forty 4-inch guns, and 12-inch calibre. We may confidently calculate that most of the guns from the battleships of Port Arthur will appear in the

fortifications, since it is unlikely that the ships can be of use in their proper element. This may add a dozen 12-inch and as many 6-inch guns, besides others of all lower-caliber; perhaps a hundred guns have been added altogether, bringing the total up to five hundred and thirty, before rubble and spent shells, and many more, at least, excepting on the Russian side have tumbled out rather badly, that there is ammunition enough to keep all these guns going, for as long as the siege is likely to last; so that, from this point of view, we may consider the defenses of Port Arthur adequate, as far as a naturally weak situation admits of. To make these guns there is a garrison which probably exceeds thirty thousand men, if we include the ten thousand or thereabout who manned the Port Arthur fleet. This is just about twice as many men as China had at Port Arthur, in November, 1894. Even in these days the fortifications were well planned, having been laid out by a distinguished German strategist, and, with powerful Armstrong guns. The Chinese were fairly expert in their use, too, but they had very little staying power, and succumbed to an almost equal number of Japanese, there being about eighteen thousand on either side. When we consider the immense girth of the Russian fortifications, nearly thirty miles in all, it becomes evident that thirty thousand is by no means too large a force to hold the fort. This gives only a thousand men per mile, at the beginning of the siege; a somewhat thin line of defense, and one liable to continual attrition, to use a phrase coined in the Boer campaign. There is reason to believe that the Chinese had this in mind, and that they were not so much of the various Siberian tribes who form a parallel to the very army of India. We cannot, therefore, count on them manifesting the tenacity and staying power which active Russian troops undoubtedly possess, nor the endurance and resourcefulness of the Chinese. We may expect them to show a fair average batch of bravery and skill; and ten thousand or more, of the Siberian rifle-brigades, who are said to be pretty fair shots.

We may, therefore, think of Port Arthur, with its garrison of thirty thousand men, along the rim of the hills that shut in the east and west basins of the harbor; the fleet, rather badly damaged, in the east basin, and the Japanese army approaching from the north.

The Japanese attacked Port Arthur ten years ago with only eighteen thousand men. Today they must have not less than eighty thousand men available for the attack. They are proceeding down both sides of the Korean Peninsula, and, when we remember that it is only thirty miles or so from Kim-Chow to Port Arthur, we shall realize that the investment of the latter is already pretty close; that the two armies are practically in touch; that the siege has in reality begun. For some time the Japanese were at Delny, but it will undoubtedly go towards Port Arthur, and will be the chief base of the attack. We may order service as material as that of the Japanese guns, which pointedly won the day at Nanshan Hill, south of Kim-Chow. The whole country around Port Arthur is hilly, and most of the hills are as much as 1000 feet high, thus crowding the fortifications close to the shore, and making it difficult for us to say with certainty that these high hills are within range of the Russian forts; but they seem to be so. If we consider the high powers of the Japanese artillery, and recognize the fact that they will undoubtedly bring guns of the heaviest calibre to bear, even supposing, what we need not suppose, that they have to land their heavy ships, and the English ship at Fushan.

The siege will begin, therefore, with a long-range duel of heavy guns; and if the Japanese can get close the Russian forts and bring their largest artillery to bear, they can certainly make things hot for General Suchoval and his garrison. The Japanese fleet will at the same time attack from the sea, and the fighting is certain to be intense.

The assailants have the advantage that they can choose their position and change it as occasion arises. The position of the defenders is fixed from the start, and the Japanese artilleryists will find a hundred purposes, aiming at a single point. The Russian must also, of course, choose a landmark within half a dozen miles of the fortifications on all sides, so that the shooting ought to be accurate. The aim of the Japanese will be to break the ring of defence formed by the oval of forts and earthworks, and to get into the centre of the ring. They may send one or two point until they silence the Russian batteries; then, or they may try attacking at all sides at once. In any case, their aim will be, first to pound the batteries of big guns into silence with their heavy artillery, and then to storm the separate forts at the point of the bayonet. Very much will depend on their getting good positions for their heavy siege-guns, and doing accurate shooting is a preliminary to infantry attacks. For the Russians much will depend on their keeping absolutely cool and letting slip no slightest opportunity of inflicting damage either on the land forces or the war-ships of Japan. General Suchoval will doubtless make a counsel of despair, and see that nothing remains for him but to sell the fire of his garrison as dearly and as effectively as possible. He is hemmed in on all sides, and cannot hope to increase his forces, while the Japanese can, without great difficulty, double the eighty thousand men they are already bringing in. But it will largely be a question of artillery to begin with, and the artillery duel may last for many days.

There is little prospect of relief from the north. General Kuropatkin is between the horns of a dilemma; if he sends a small force south to Port Arthur it will never get there; if he sends a large force he weakens his own defense against General Heikob, and endangers the right flank of the Russian army. The Baltic fleet could possibly arrive, but in the fall, so that relief from the sea is hardly a possibility.



THE CLUB OF UFER TRADES

The Noticeable Conduct of Prof Chadd

by
G·K·CHESTERTON

Part II.

"WHERE is Professor Chadd now?" I said, getting up in some agitation. "We ought not to leave him alone."

"Doctor Colman is with him," said Miss Chadd, calmly. "They are in the garden. Doctor Colman thought the air would do him good. And he can surely go into the street."

Rasil and I walked rapidly to the window which looked out on the garden. It was a small and somewhat ugly suburban garden; the flowerbeds a little too neat and like the pattern of a colored carpet; but on this shining and quiet summer day even they had the exuberance of something natural. I had almost said tropical. In the middle of a bright and violent but painfully circular lawn stood two figures. One of these was a small, sharp-looking man with black whiskers and a very polished hat (I presume Dr. Colman), who was talking very quietly and clearly, yet with a nervous twitch, as it were, in his face. The other was our old friend listening with his odd fascinating expression and untidy eyes, the strong sunlight gleaming on his glasses as the lamp-light had gleamed the night before, when the hostess Rasil had rallied him on his staidness of manner. But for one thing the figure of this morning might have been the identical figure of last night. That one thing was that while the face listened respectfully the legs were industriously dancing like the legs of a marionette. The neat flowerbeds and the sunny glitter of the garden lent an invariable sharpness and incredibility to the prodigy—the prodigy of the head of a hermit and the legs of a harlequin. For miracles should always happen in broad daylight. The night makes them credible and therefore consummable.

The second sister had by this time entered the room and came somewhat drearily to the window.

"You know, Adelaide," she said, "that Mr. Bingham from the museum is coming again at three."

"I know," said Adelaide Chadd, bitterly. "I suppose we shall have to tell him about this. I thought that no good fortune would ever come easily to us."

Gryce suddenly turned round. "What do you mean?" he said. "What will you have to tell Mr. Bingham?"

"You know what I shall have to tell him," said the professor's sister, almost fiercely. "I don't know that we need give it his wretched name. Do you think that the keeper of Asiatic manuscripts will be allowed to go on like that?" And she pointed for an instant at the figure in the garden, the shining listening face and the unsteady feet.

Rasil Gryce took out his watch with an abrupt movement. "He told you," said the British-Museum man was coming?" he said.

"There's what," said Miss Chadd, briefly.

"Then I have an hour before me," said Gryce, and without another word threw up the window and jumped out into the garden. He did not walk straight up to the doctor and fanatic, but strolling round the garden path drew near them cautiously and yet apparently carelessly. He stood a couple of feet off them, seemingly counting halfpence out of his trousers pocket, but, as I could see, looking up steadily under the broad rim of his hat.

Suddenly he stepped up to Professor Chadd's elbow, and said, in a loud familiar voice, "Well, my boy, do you still think the Zulus are inferior?"

The doctor knitted his brows and looked anxious, seeming to be about to speak. The professor turned his bald and placid head towards Gryce in a friendly manner, but made no answer, idly flinging his left leg about.

"Have you converted Dr. Colman to your views?" Rasil continued, still in the same loud and loud tone.

Chadd only shuffled his feet and kicked a little with the other leg, his expression still benevolent and inquiring. The doctor cut in rather sharply. "Shall we go inside, professor?" he said.

"Now you have shown me the garden. A beautiful garden. A most beautiful garden. Let us go in," he tried to draw the kicking biologist to the elbow, at the same time whispering to Gryce: "I must ask you not to trouble him with questions. Most risky. He must be watched."

Rasil answered in the same tone, with great coolness:

"Of course your directions must be followed out, doctor. I will endeavor to do so, but I hope it will not be inconsistent with them if you will leave me alone with my poor friend in the garden for an hour. I want to watch him. I assure you, Dr. Colman, that I shall say very little to him, and that little shall be as soothing as—um—syrup."

The doctor wiped his eyes with thoughtful.

"It is rather dangerous for him," he said, "to be long in this strong sun without his hat. With his bald head, too."

"That is seen with it," said Rasil, composedly, and took off his own hat and clapped it on the egg-like skull of the professor. The latter did not turn round, but dashed away with his eyes on his hands.

The doctor put on his glasses again, looked severely at the two for some seconds, with his head on one side, like a bird's, and then saying, shortly, "All right," started away into the house, where the three Misses Chadd were all looking out from the parlor window on to the garden. They looked out on it with wary eyes for a full hour without moving, and they saw a sight which was more extraordinary than madness itself.

Rasil Gryce addressed a few questions to the madman, without succeeding in making him do anything but continue to expect, and when he had done this slowly took a red notebook out of one pocket and a large pencil out of another.

He began laboriously to scribble notes. When the fanatic slipped away from him he would walk a few yards in pursuit, stop, and make notes again. Then they followed each other round and round the foolish circle of turf, the one writing in pencil and the face of a man working out a problem, the other leaping and playing like a child.

After about three-quarters of an hour of this incredible scene Gryce put the pencil in his pocket, but kept the notebook up. In his hand, and walking round the mad professor, planted himself directly in front of him.

Then occurred something that even those already used to that wild morning had not anticipated or dreamed. The professor, on finding Rasil in front of him, stared with a blank benignity for a few seconds, and then drew up his left leg and hung it bent in the attitude that his sister had described as being the first of all his antics. And the moment he had done it Rasil Gryce lifted his own leg and held it out rigid before him, confronting Chadd with the flat side of his head. The professor dropped his bent leg, and swinging his weight on to it, kicked out the other leg, like a man enfoncée. Rasil crossed his feet like a saltire cross, and then those three sport again, giving a leap into the air. Then before any of the spectators could say a word or even entertain a thought about the matter, both of them were dashing a sort of jig or farouque opposite each other; and the sun shone down on two madmen instead of one.

They were so stricken with the defiance and blindness of monomania that they did not see the eldest Miss Chadd come out feverishly into the garden with gestures of entreaty, a gentleman following her. Professor Chadd was in the wildest posture of a péc de quercy. Rasil Gryce seemed about to turn a cartwheel, when they were from in their folly he the steady eye of Adelaide Chadd saying, "Mr. Bingham of the British Museum."

Mr. Bingham was a slim, well-set gentleman with a pointed and slightly effeminate gray beard, unimpeachable gloves, and formal but agreeable manners. He was the type of the most civilized, as Professor Chadd was of the uncivilized pedant. His formality and agreeableness did him some credit under the circumstances. He had a vast experience of books and a considerable experience of the more delicate fashionable salons. But neither breadth of knowledge had accustomed him to the spectacle of two gray-haired middle-class gentlemen in modern costume throwing themselves about like acrobats, as a substitute for an after-dinner nap.

The professor continued his antics with perfect placidity, but

Gryce stopped abruptly. The doctor had reappeared on the scene, and his shiny black eyes, under his shiny black hat, moved restlessly from one of them to the other.

"Dr. Colman," said Basil, turning to him, "will you entertain Professor Chudd again for a little while? I am sure that he needs you. Mr. Bingham, might I have the pleasure of a few moments' private conversation? My name is Gryce."

Mr. Bingham of the British Museum bowed in a manner that was respectful but a trifle bewildered.

"Miss Chudd will excuse me," continued Basil, easily, "if I know my way about the house." And he led the dazed librarian rapidly through the back door into the parlor.

"Mr. Bingham," said Basil, setting a chair for him, "I imagine that Miss Chudd has told you of this distressing occurrence?"

"She has," said Mr. Gryce, said Bingham, looking at the table with a sort of curiously morose expression. "I am sure passed that I can say for this distressing calamity. It seems quite heart-rending that the thing should have happened just as we have decided to give your content friend a position which falls far short of his merits. As it is, of course—really, I don't know what to say. Professor Chudd may, of course, retain—I sincerely trust he will—his extraordinary valuable intellect. But I am afraid—I am really afraid—that it would not do to have the curator of the Asiatic Manuscripts—or er—dancing about."

"I have a suggestion to make," said Basil, and sat down abruptly in his chair, drawing it up to the table.

"I am delighted, of course," said the gentleman from the British Museum, coughing and drawing up his chair also.

The clock on the mantelpiece ticked for just the moments required for Basil to clear his throat and collect his words, and then he said:

"My proposal is this. I do not know that in the strict use of words you could altogether call it a response. Still, it has something of that character. My proposal is that the government (acting, as I presume, through your museum) should pay Professor Chudd £600 a year until he stops dancing."

"Each hundred a year," said Mr. Bingham, and for the first time lifted his mild blue eyes to those of his interlocutor—and he raised them with a mild blue stare.

"I think I have not quite understood you. Did I understand you to say that Professor Chudd ought to be employed, in his present state, in the Asiatic Manuscript department at right hundred a year?"

Gryce shook his head emphatically.

"No," he said, firmly. "No, Chudd is a friend of mine, and I would say anything for him I could, but I do not say, I cannot say, that he ought to take on the Asiatic Manuscripts. I do not go so far as that. I merely say that until he stops dancing you ought to pay him £600. Surely you have some general fund for the endowment of research."

Mr. Bingham looked bewildered.

"I really don't know," he said, blinking his eyes, "what you are talking about. Do you ask me to give this obdurate lunatic nearly a thousand a year for life?"

"Not at all," cried Basil, keenly and triumphantly. "I will say for life. Not at all."

"What for, then?" asked the maddened Bingham, suppressing an instant's nod to his hair. "How long is this endowment to run? Not till his death? Till the Judgment day?"

"No," said Basil, hesitating, "but just what I said. Till he has stopped dancing." And he lay back with satisfaction and his hands in his pockets.

"That this absurd payment is not only to run on with the absurd dancing, but actually to stop with the absurd dancing?"

"The must stop somewhere," said Gryce. "I tell you."

Bingham rose and took up his perfect stock and gloves.

"There is really nothing more to be said," said Mr. Gryce, he said, coldly. "What you are trying to explain to me may be a joke—a nobly unkind joke. It may be your sincere wish, in which case I ask your pardon for the former suggestion. But, in any case, it appears quite irrelevant to my duties. The moral probability, the mental desirability of Professor Chudd, is a thing so pointed to me that I cannot easily endure to speak of it. But it is clear there is a limit to everything. And if the Archangel Gabriel went and it would sever his connection, I am sorry to say, with the British Museum Library."

He was stepping towards the door, but Gryce's hand, flung out in dramatic warning, arrested him.

"Stop," said Basil, sternly. "Stop while there is yet time. Do you want to take part in a great work, Mr. Bingham? Do you want to help in the glory of Europe—in the glory of science? Do you want to enjoy your head in the air when it is held or while because of the part that you have in a great discovery? Do you want—"

Bingham cut in sharply.

"And if I do want this, Mr. Gryce—"

"Then," said Basil, lightly, "your task is easy. Get Chudd out a year till he stops dancing."

With a fierce flap of his shining gloves Bingham turned hastily to the door, but in passing out of it found it blocked. Dr. Colman was coming in.

"Forgive me, gentlemen," he said, in a nervous, confidential voice, "the fact is, Mr. Gryce, I—er—have made a most disturbing discovery about Mr. Chudd."

"I was afraid so," he said.

"Drink!" roared Colman, as if that were a much silder affair.

"Oh, no, it's not drunk," he said.

Mr. Bingham became somewhat agitated, and his voice grew hurried and vague. "Bismarck manner," he began.

"No, no," said the medical man, impatiently.

"Think, he's made of glass," said Bingham, feverishly, "or says he's tired—"

"No," said Dr. Colman, sharply. "The fact is, Mr. Gryce, my discovery is of a different character. The awful thing about him is—"

"Oh, go on, sir," cried Bingham, in awe.

"The awful thing about him is," repeated Colman, with deliberation, "that he can't read."

"Not and!"

"There are quite well-known physical tests of lunacy," said the doctor, shortly. "He hasn't got any of them."

"But why does he dance?" cried the despairing Bingham. "Why doesn't he answer us? Why hasn't he spoken to his family?"

"The devil knows," said Dr. Colman, coolly. "I'm paid to judge of families, but not of heads. The sun's not out."

"What on earth can it mean? Can't we make him listen?" said



Drawn by Will Gault

"The government should pay Professor Chudd £600 a year until he stops dancing."

Mr. Bingham. "Can none get into any kind of communication with him?"

Glyce's voice struck in sudden and clear, like a steel bell:

"I shall be very happy," he said, "to give him any message you like to send."

Both men stared at him.

"Give him a message!" they cried, simultaneously. "How will you give him a message?"

Basil smiled in his slow way.

"If you really want to know how I shall give him your message," he began, but Bingham cried:

"Of course, of course," with a sort of frenzy.

"Well," said Basil, "like this." And he suddenly sprang a foot into the air, coming down with crashing boots, and then stood on one leg.

His face was stern, though this effect was slightly spoiled by the fact that one of his feet was making a wild circle in the air.

"You drive me to it," he said, "You drive me to betray my friend. And I will, for his own sake, betray him."

The sensitive face of Bingham took on an extra expression of distress, as of one anticipating some disastrous disclosure. "Anything painful, of course," he began.

Basil let his loose foot fall on the carpet with a crash that struck them all rigid in their feeble attitudes.

"Blot it," he cried. "Have you seen the man? Have you looked at James Chubb going dizzily to and fro with his dingy home to your miserable library, with his futile looks and his damned umbrella, and never seen that he has the eyes of a

lunatic? Have you never noticed, struck usually behind his spectacles and about his ready old collar, the face of a man who might have turned lawyer, or died for the philosopher's stone? It is all my fault, in a way: I fit the dynamite of his deadly faith. I argued against him on the score of his famous theory about language—the theory that language was complete in certain monosyllables and was picked up by others simply by watching them. I also chaffed him about not understanding things in rough and ready practice. What has this glorious light done? He has answered me. He has worked out a system of language of his own (it would take too long to explain), he has made, I say, a language of his own. And he has sworn that till people understand it, till he can speak to me in this language, he will not speak in any other. And he shall not. I have misinterpreted, by taking careful notes; and, lo, heaven, so shall the others. This shall not be blown upon. He shall finish his experiment. He shall have given a year from somewhere till he has stopped dancing. To stop him now is an infamous war on a great idea. It is religious persecution."

Mr. Bingham held out his hand cordially.

"I thank you, Mr. Glyce," he said. "I hope I shall be able to atone for the source of the evil, and I fancy that I shall. Will you come in my cab?"

"No, thank you very much, Mr. Bingham," said Glyce, heartily. "I think I will go and have a chat with the professor in the garden."

The conversation between Chubb and Glyce appeared to be personal and friendly. They were still dancing when I left.

Baltimore's Makeshifts

How the Burned City Carries on Business—Churches as Grocery and Dry-Goods Stores—Baltimoreans and their Saving Sense of Humor—"What Happened to Jones?"

By Elizabeth Banks

A NORTHERN or Western city devastated by fire might rebuild more quickly than Baltimore, but it could not accept a tragic situation with more philosophy and good humor. For only an instant in February last was Baltimore's business interrupted. Then it went on again in strange and sundry places.

Very slowly—too slowly, according to Northern ideas—are the charred remains of the tragedy being removed from Baltimore, Charles, and other streets of the business section, but among the ruins you see the signs of the "ruling passion" of the American people—advertising. "It Got Too Hot For Us Here! Call And See Us At Lexington And Park Avenue." Is the sign of a toy dealer put up, even before bricks and mortar were firm, on the spot where their shop had stood in Baltimore Street. "What Happened To Jones?"—The Story Will Be Told At His Temporary Location, 528 East Lafayette Avenue."

There is the whitening legend on the one-time premises of a certain theatrical estimator.

"Oh, those lovely notions!" exclaimed a Baltimore woman when she saw a wholesale millinery establishment go up in flames, with hats of laces, flowers, and ribbons flying through the air.

"It may rain to-morrow—generally does after great heat!" said the owner of a store whose principal commodities were coats, as he picked out a pair of rubbers of the proper size and walked out when he was told there was no hope of saving his stock in trade.

"Kissed Against Our Will?"

This sign went up on the Wednesday following the fire in scores of places, and advertisements of the varied sorts are the most interesting landmarks of Baltimore. Baltimoreans seldom speak of the fire, and ride on the trolleys through the ruined districts without a change of countenance or a remark upon them. They are busy, quietly busy, carrying on business in their new quarters; and for their discomfort one might think that, for example, a certain firm of wholesale grocers had for years been serving out molasses, soap, and sugar from a pulpit over which is this arched scriptural legend in gold letters:

He that Believeth and is Baptized shall be Saved;
But He that Believeth not shall be Damned.

This firm is located in a negro Baptist church at the corner of Howard Street and Park Avenue. On the sidewalk outside the church are sticky molasses barrels.

Salesmen and cartmen went at first surprised to see passing strangers park in at the quaint grocery store, but in four months they have become quite used to it.

The old Methodist church near Lombard and Sharp streets has been turned into a store by some dealers in hosiery and underwear. The place is divided into floors and departments, the main floor being for the sale of pulpit platform, the second, and the galleries the third floor. The pulpit is the *pièce de résistance*, showing off the most attractive of the goods with the dim colored lights of the stained-glass windows shining upon them. At the side of the pulpit a small office has been partitioned off.

When a large banking-house was damaged the firm moved into Mrs. —'s bathroom and paid for a handsome rental for it.

The business house in whose place stood the fire which droned till the city have now the largest business establishment in Baltimore. They occupy the Fifth Equipment Armory, which takes up a whole block. Even that does not give them room enough, and they keep their sleeping books on the sidewalks.

The old post-office building that long ago set up an ancient row makes certain windows quaint and interesting sights. A firm of rubber dealers occupies half a store with a display in antiquaries, and in the show windows suitable statues of the Three Kings, paintings in the old masters, and Sebastian and Chippendale rarities share the honors with hot water bottles, rubber shoes, and air-cushions.

Baltimore Stock Exchange members have every opportunity for improving their minds, and their least is that they do business in the most cultured surroundings of any stock exchange in the country; for since February they have been meeting at the Academy of Fine Arts. The American Banking Company showed that were not good or particular when they took up quarters in the colored school children's schoolhouse on the corner of Saratoga and Lombard streets.

Women's clubs-houses have been in great demand, and as the members of such clubs did not want meeting in each other's homes, all kinds of businesses are being carried on in rooms where women used not to read and gossip and pursue culture.

Probably the most luxurious place of business is that occupied by the Standard Oil Company, who have the handsome Green Tree residence on Mount Vernon Place. The Baltimore and Ohio ticket office does business under the protection of the Young Men's Christian Association, while the Pennsylvania company occupies the Dissenters Art Rooms on Charles Street.

The keeping of restaurants and lunch rooms has become a popular method of earning an honest penny among the worthy gills of Baltimore of small incomes. Crops and streaks are served in business suits in pretty parlors.

The meetings and careers of Baltimore's newspapers have been many, varied, and interesting. It is a disputed point whether the News of the American is in the worst neighborhood and bringing out editions amid the most unsocial surroundings. The News is in an old factory on Hilditch Street, near Centre, and every sign on the staff insists a "lucker" for his personal belongings.

The Herald staff, on the night of the fire, moved from one of the finest newspaper buildings in the country on to and under a piano in a private residence. Each man carried his typewriter and with the piano for a whole office very beautifully out their first fire edition. The members of the staff now proudly inform you that they occupy an old cottage once inhabited by the coachman of John Carroll, of Carrollton, on South Charles Street, near Conway. It is a little two-story red brick house, with hardwood Colonial staircases and a general washroom at the top. This particular part of South Charles Street is given over to dealers in live chickens, old clothes, etc., and the little shopkeeping place with its sign of "Editorial Office, Baltimore Morning Herald," is the neatest-looking establishment in the neighborhood.

Correspondence

Opinions of Dr. Abbott's Advice to "A Troubled Wife"

PRESTON PARK, N. Y., June 5, 1891.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—With reference to Dr. Abbott's advice I do not think it was sound. Had his own daughter asked him for counsel under such circumstances he would have gone to his son-in-law and given him counsel to do his duty by his daughter, whether or not he asked for counsel. And it was Dr. Abbott's duty to take account of the wrong done to the husband in this case. Therefore his advice is unsound, because he fails to meet the whole issue. It is lamentable that there are so many partial truths stated by religious teachers, who seem so ready to instruct the public. Dr. Abbott could have given his advice to the distressed woman without publishing anything about it. Then also he would have been in duty bound to speak to the husband. While men both the husband and wife are affected by the well-known scriptural curse of the curse; perhaps the husband is little troubled because he is shielded. Dr. Abbott admittably excuses him or eliminates him. Ought a man to be added to the burdens of your mother?

Dr. Abbott should say privately, but especially to the public, that it is the duty of a husband to withhold affection from other women till death ends the tie, and that he is a coward who does not do it. But he has given to the public advice which tends to encourage low views of the marriage law. He has not the courage to bring out strong men by the well-known scriptural curse of the subject, but runs off into philosophy. Who cares whether a man can or cannot love more than one woman when he has sworn allegiance to his daughter? Has not Dr. Abbott injected into the mind of the public something which leads to the corruption of polygamy? What men and women both need is advice which will strengthen the marriage bond. When Dr. Abbott makes the case a public one he cannot escape his duty under the plea that the husband is not an adviser. The public has a part, and demands their duty. This is what happens when a case comes to the civil court. Dr. Abbott's advice is outside of the current of life, hence unsound.

I am, sir,

T. H. J.

CHICAGO, ILL., June 10, 1891.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—I think Dr. Abbott's advice good and sound. How many men under similar circumstances would have stood the test so well? It is easy for them who have not been tempted to say he did no more than right; neither did he, but had he gone the other way he would not have been handsome for want of company. This woman should be proud of her husband; she not only makes herself miserable, but in all probability her husband also, with her wailing and sighing, which, if voiced in the usual feminine way, are enough to make a man seek some congenial companion. If she had been plain, and without such a complexion, there is every reason to think she would preclude herself in her husband's heart and affection. Man is not attracted to a complaining, fault finding, wailing woman in truth, even though she may have some cause for grief. We are in the habit of expecting a great deal of women; she is the foundation of our house, the emblem of all that is good; something to love and cherish; the very center of our existence, while man has to be contented with being a very peculiar animal.

I am, sir,

CHARLES HAINES.

NEW YORK, June 8, 1891.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—In your issue of June 11 you discuss Dr. Abbott's reply to a letter asking what you do think of a husband who no longer loves. It may be at once admitted that men love what pleases them. Men are not pleased with ugliness, jealousy, and fault finding women. They are attracted by women who are cheerful and encouraging and who are always tidy, clean, and pleasant to look at.

When a husband is neglectful it is because some one pleases him more than his wife. The remedy is evident. Let the wife please him more. See that his meals are well cooked and tastefully served, let her learn to encourage him in talk and action, study his likes and dislikes, take care of her health by systematic exercise and fresh air, for men do not like unhealthy women. Let women please their husbands.

I am, sir,

GEORGE HARRY.

CANTON, ILL., June 10, 1891.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—As your reader's correspondence given on pages 5874 of the WEEKLY he gets the sense of strength fully matched by the sense of inadequacy in the answer of Dr. Abbott to the distressed woman. The latter arises from the light and half justifying treatment of the cause of her husband. He declines judgment and yet suggests defense of his conduct. But the husband had gone so far as to exchange declarations of love with the wife of another. Is such conduct a fault? How much more is added to make his conduct flagrantly sinful?

But we must take into account that Dr. Abbott understood himself to be addressing a distressed person, so sickly as to be unable to know facts truly or fairly judge them. That is, he felt himself unable to possess himself of the case he was called upon to treat. If the case had applied to Dr. Abbott for judgment and help, setting forth that he, the husband, had offered himself such relations with another man's wife as had led to mutual declarations of love which, if without obstacles, leads to marriage, and that he had thus brought down misery upon his wife of

such character that he could not honor her and love her doubtless we would have had a response far more satisfactory in our moral sense than the one he addressed to the woman. As a rule, men ripened to the declaration of love to women fully responding do not stop where this man did. Few have access to the vocabulary of the world free indulgence.

I am, sir,

HENRY MILLS.

OSHAH, N. Y., June 10, 1891.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—The question is not whether Dr. Abbott is a true or a false teacher, but how he came to write as he did, for it cannot be possible that a man of his intelligence and position could be false all the while. At all events, Dr. Abbott does not stand for what he previously did. To love a woman a man must give her the supreme position in his heart. Can two women occupy at once the supreme position? Obviously not. In assuming that the wife was partly to blame, Dr. Abbott assumed that for which he had no warrant. She must be considered as being true to her husband, and under such conditions he proceeded to advise of excuse for falling in love with another woman, whatever the other woman's condition; at least no excuse could be shown him that right.

Though a man, I am not a believer in one rule of conduct for men and another for women. This woman is entitled to feel righteous indignation, and to submit simply to such treatment as she received and smile and make up and give nothing of the knowledge of having been wronged would show a lack of spirit that would never commend the respect of the husband. It would have been well for Dr. Abbott had he shown himself more Christian.

I am, sir,

FRANK FARRINGTON.

NEW BRITAIN, CONN., June 9, 1891.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—I am very glad to find in your paper the query as to Dr. Abbott's answer to letter in *Outlook*. I could hardly credit my reading of the two articles, especially finding it in *Outlook*. My thought on reading it was this: "What a potent Christian letter of appeal for counsel, and given a stone for bread!" Was not Dr. Abbott conservative, at the price of real thoughtful intent?

I am, sir,

A READER.

ATTERBORO, MASS., June 9, 1891.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Certainly Mr. Lyman Abbott's letter of advice to a "troubled wife" is sound. When a woman is thus or so, as she complains, as the wife did, she shows themselves the chief of sinners. Jealousy and love never rest in the same heart. Where one lives the other dies.

Love may grow when the companion's love goes to another, but if that other is worthy love is glad for the happiness of the companion. That is, love finds its supreme joy in the other's good, with whomsoever the good may come. Of course, I mean here—good companionship. The phrases "for better or worse," "for sickness or health," and "love until death do us part," have full force on an unaltered plane. But in the spiritual sense, the only worthy sense, they can have no application. If they could be enforced they would result in the most blighting slavery ever known. As it is, "conventional virtue," in which the flesh denies the spirit, is the "social evil." A minister of experience knows that this is the use of our civilization.

The law of compensation is as absolute in marriage as outside of marriage. Yours or no yours, who loves is loved, who loves not is not loved. The characteristics of the individuals determine the matter. No third person can alter the affection. Prosecutions for "alienation of affection" are as unjust and absurd as prosecutions for libel. It is time the world ceased to condemn the flesh, more justly, and more humanely, and recognize the truth that there is a fault worse than loving too much, and that fault is loving too little. Neither one cannot really love too much else he would undo this.

I am, sir,

WILSON PIERCE.

WILMINGTON, N. J., June 10, 1891.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—As you issue of June 11 you invite short letters about the suppression of matrimonial disturbances such as indicated by Mr. Lyman Abbott's answer to a certain wife, a very good answer too. I may only need something as follows:

All human problems persist in so far as we refuse to look at the foundation of things. Love is the essence of human life, and fanatic, egotistic love to one or more individuals. Love must be altruistic; it must embody high perceptions of universal duties to help and realize a full life with all, for all to grow healthy in physical and spiritual manifestation. Then only will love alone be really give a high value to our individualized love towards husband, wife, children, friends, etc.

We can only have a full healthy domestic existence in so far as we work in earnest for a healthy national development with which to normalize the life of every one of us. When there is a sufficient number of us, important people, then the kingdoms of universal joy shall be at hand.

I am, sir,

JOSEF GROSS.

Correspondence.—(Continued)

A CALL FOR GROVER CLEVELAND

BRANNA, PA., May 25, 1891.

To the Editor of *Bosper's Review*:

SIR,—If Mr. Cleveland is not nominated at St. Louis it will be because of a few among the delegates that the third-term bugaboo or the Bryan opposition would accomplish his defeat at the polls. Remove these illusions and his nomination is a certainty, in spite of his own well-known opposition to being again a candidate for the Presidency. Were he the nominee, undoubtedly the opposition would raise the third-term cry, but it would meet with little response. With eight years intervening since he retired from the Presidency, the third-term scarecrow would have lost all the power to frighten that it ever possessed. Perhaps, in our beginning a nation, there may have been some ground for opposition to the continuous reelection of any one to the office of Chief Magistrate, but there is no such ground any more. It has often been admitted by mistaken people that Washington was opposed to any man holding the Presidency for more than two terms. He certainly was against accepting a third term for himself, but his opposition was based solely upon practical grounds, and not upon any other plea. Indeed, there is reason to believe that if the people had insisted upon it Washington would have yielded his desire for retirement and run to their demands for his continuance in office. The opposition to General Grant for a third term came, and would have come, from the same source, but was largely from those who believe that he had been a failure in the Presidency, and not because they were against a third term, *per se*. The third-term cry would not lose Mr. Cleveland ten thousand votes.

Could Bryan defeat him? He undoubtedly would beat the ticket were Cleveland nominated; but the probability is he will beat any nomination not dictated by himself. As one who loyally supported Mr. Bryan in 1890 and who admires his great abilities and high personal character, I am sincerely grieved that he should be playing the dog-in-the-manger part towards the party that has so highly honored him, and would have come to the rescue of the States where Mr. Bryan exerts his greatest influence: are States that no Democrat has any show of success this fall? And the States where Mr. Cleveland is strongest are the States where Bryan is the weakest. Very likely Cleveland could not carry Colorado, Nevada, Kansas, and Idaho, all of which were carried for Bryan four years ago, but he could carry New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and very likely Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin. Maryland and West Virginia would be back in the Democratic column again. It must be admitted that Bryan is strong in Kentucky and Missouri, but I don't believe that either of these two Southern States could be transferred to the Roosevelt column through his influence. The demand for a conservative, constitution-loving man in the White House is so imperative that I believe the nomination of Grover Cleveland would be equivalent to an election, and I hope the St. Louis delegates may be governed by a like faith.

I am, sir,

P. A. WERTING.

A DISCOURAGED VIEW OF MODERN WOMEN

ALBION, PA., June 6, 1891.

To the Editor of *Bosper's Review*:

SIR,—Reading in your June 4 issue, editorial comment on articles by Miss Thompson and Miss Thomas concerning woman in industry and modern female education, I thank you for the proper stand (perhaps in no man's hand). That woman's first duty to the human race is the reproduction of it. Whether she be child among the wealthy, the intermediate, or the working poor, and any education—college, commercial, or otherwise—that shows a tendency otherwise is not only a menace to the country that harbors it, but to the human race in general. Miss Thomas asserts that 50 per cent. of the intermediate and the college-bred women (and their recruits) don't marry, and these figures would remain the same regardless if they received college education or not, and fails to give any good reason for this status other than to hint that they fail to find a partner who may be financially well situated and who would be willing to enter into a matrimonial union with modern women of faith and fidelity was placed against the hard cash—in other words, he was to furnish the sentimental end while she held up the cold, hard business end of it, and Miss Thomas could truthfully say, without straining figures, that at least the other 45 of the 50 per cent. that do marry might as well just as leaving any progeny for future generations go. I have joined the 50 per cent. that won't contract marriage, and enter marriage more as a commercial asset to a life of desired ease than any desire to fulfill what marriage was intended for—"In joining the union of the sexes for the propagation of the human extreme wealth, and is gaining ground with the working poor. Simple education in almost every manhood will corroborate, even if misleading statistics may attempt to prove to the contrary. And it is the general tendency among the native Americans of today to live a life of ease devoid of any self-reliance that will not bring a monetary return, and in so doing the future of the pure American is being heavily mortgaged and in many cases sacrificed altogether. Civilization, combined with the general education of the last decade of years, is bringing us to the point where the female who claims to have received what is termed the higher education look on man as a natural born enemy and the interest of the sexes must always be diverging and not identical.

It is giving us those who claim to be Christian women, who assert that God displayed poor wisdom when he decreed that she become mother of future mankind. It is giving us a large number, so lacking in merely quantity, that they call a pig "our sweet thing" and a child a "brat," that from one to the next range to, and offer as substitute for it. Many that enter it only to legalize what if performed out of wedlock would make them amenable to the civil law, the moral being a secondary consideration. It is creating the idea among society that the only object the Creator had in placing these terms was to use the mortal man as a mold on which to display the handicraft of the milliners' and dressmakers' art, or to becom the latest fad. It has created a condition (that the writer found from his own experience) where a father and mother is debased from residence in an apartment house and other places, for no other reason than that it was objectionable and a bar to earthly power. It is spreading a doctrine that present generations owe nothing to the welfare of the future, that fruitful marriage is detrimental to social pleasures, and added to it is the education to avoid it, and many like the prominent dignities you mention cannot see a bright future for the genuine American race unless the next future brings a change. This may be, to your conservative eye, extreme or radical views and also lacking in polished English, but, nevertheless, comes close to truthful conditions that, as I said, needs no other corroboration than simple observation, and can be traced to modern education principles. What is lacking in my higher education, now, everything is taught for the material end, and the moral end is thrust on all of it is for the purpose of picking flaws in it or fitting to every shortcoming that human nature is heir to, and if education should be cut off would take about two generations to educate the American race of existence.

I am, sir,

G. R. D.

GERMAN INFLUENCE IN THE UNITED STATES

June 20, 1891.

To the Editor of *Bosper's Review*:

SIR,—The question why the German element in this country has exerted less influence upon the course of events than would be expected from its numbers is one to which my attention was directed many years ago. I spent my early life in a rural community in Pennsylvania, where about half of the farmers were of German ancestry and half were descendants of what are usually known as Scotch-Irish stock. My higher education, and Cooks and Smiths who could speak no German, and Smiths, Cooks, and Thomas who could speak no English, or at least very little. Evidently the name was no index of nationality.

Few of the latter knew anything of their ancestors, except vaguely that they came from Germany, a country which they never saw so indifferently as to be extremely amusing of class ignorance might even be regarded as amusing. The early German immigrants settled the border districts, avoiding the cities and large towns, for reasons that need not be given here. They found all their energies to improving their material condition as farmers of the soil, the same family often remaining on the same farm, or at least in the same neighborhood, for three or four successive generations. With anything that looked to intellectual improvement they would have nothing whatever to do. Many of these people, as I had abundant opportunities to see, had no more curiosity than a Turk, while their intellectual horizon was bounded by what they heard from the pulpit. They kept aloof from the stimulus of urban life; they read next to nothing, either English or German; thus the result was that while they prospered materially they remained stagnant intellectually.

I can well remember how bitterly opposed to the common-school system some of our neighbors were. It compelled them, as they said, to pay taxes for educating their own children, which they did not want to do, and for their neighbor's children, which was unjust. It is doubtless going to this opposition that the public school system of the Keystone State owes much less rapidly developed than in many of the States of the Middle West. I am aware that some of its most ardent champions were Governors of German descent; but the majority of their constituents were not in accord with them on this point. The aversion from books felt by many of our neighbors was so strong that it was easier to sell them a house for a hundred dollars than a volume for one dollar. But why should they buy books they could not read, or which, if they could read after a fashion, they could not comprehend? There is hardly a doubt that this abhorrence from the content of the works so thought, or so valued in books and periodicals printed in English, is the main cause of the comparatively small influence exercised by the Germans on our national life, except in things material.

Why should this be a matter for regret? The Germans, like all foreign-born people who come to this country to stay, do so for the purpose of bettering themselves. Few of them have any love for the political institutions they have behind. On the other hand, the principles underlying our government are English, or the Anglo-Saxons, if the latter term be preferred. It is only among the immigrants into a new country should we wish to preserve their native language and, to some extent, their social customs. Nor are they to be blamed for so doing. But experience has abundantly shown that where an alien element in a State resists assimilation and persists in maintaining a sort of imperialism in language, the results are more or less unfortunate.

I am, sir,

CHARLES W. STEIN.



THE TRUANTS

BY A. E. W. MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Marble is introduced as the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Into her early life has come a mysterious influence which dominates and directs her whole career. What this strange influence is only one of her friends suspects, a young schemer who knows her as a child at Highbury, and Alan Warfield, who is in love with her, and who, though his proposal of marriage is refused, determines to win her. Late one night at a ball, Pamela and Warfield, while seated on a balcony, observe a young couple leaving the opposite tower. They are Tony and Millie's sister, who live in a gloomy house provided over by the rich but wicked father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. This practice they keep up for a year, but finally both of them grow extremely weary of their anomalous life, and in a moment of exasperation Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune, while Millie is to be left behind and sent for as soon as her husband is able to establish a home. Millie becomes infatuated with Lord Calton, a gentlemanly adventurer. Pamela wishes to help her. She sends Warfield on a mission to find Tony and bring him home. Warfield brings back a friend of Tony's, a Mr. Chase, that Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea as a traveler. Warfield's new story argument to prevail upon him to come to him, but he refuses, and Warfield is forced to return alone. Tony remains on the tranche until the term of his exile is over, meanwhile having learned of his father's death, and then, after much perplexity and indecision, decides to return to London, feeling that he has seen a ray out of his difficulties. He reasons that he would desert Millie's contempt if he returned at the moment when she had suddenly been made wiser by his father's death, and decides to wait in the French Foreign Legion, as no other career seems open to him. The same evening John Mudge, a friend of Pamela's, while at a reception given by Lady Millington sees Lord Calton enter the Strickton's house, where Millie is living. He brings from Pamela of the perfidious Mudge has conceived a plan for getting Lord Calton out of the way and so saving Millie from perdition. He lays up all Calton's debts and places them in the hands of a single firm of soldiers, who insist on a settlement from Calton within twenty-four hours. Calton receives a proposition from Mudge to superintend an important enterprise of the latter's in Chile, at a salary of four thousand pounds a year, the term of his absence from England to be two years. He realizes that Mudge's intention is to get him out of the country, but his financial difficulties compel him to accept the offer, and he leaves England without having seen Millie Strickton again. Near Strickton goes with a sweeping expedition of the French Legion south of Georgia, while crossing the Sahara, they are attacked by fanatical Touaregs.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued).

NORTH OF ORANSA

THERE was no confusion, no noise. The square was formed about the well—the camels were knee-deep in the middle, the guns placed at the corners. But it was still dark. A few shots were fired on the dunes and the sentries came running back.

"Steady," cried Captain Tavernay. "They are coming. Fire on!"

The first volley rang out, and immediately afterwards on every side of that doomed square the impact of the Touaregs' charge fell like the blow of some monstrous hammer. All night they had been gathering noiselessly in the surrounding valleys. Now

they had charged with bow and sword from the surrounding crests. Three sides of the square held their ground. The fourth wavered, crumpled in like a piece of broken railhead, and the Arabs were within the square standing at the backs of the soldiers, loosing and stampeding the camels. And at once were deep silence had reigned a minute ago the air was torn with shrill cries and snorts and the clatter of weapons. The square was broken; but here a group of men stood back to back with cutlasses and bayonet held in its ground; three another formed; and about each gun the men fought desperately. Meanwhile the morning came, a gray clear light spread over the desert. Tavernay himself was with one of the machine-guns. It was dragged clear of the muck and up a slope of sand. The soldiers panted in front of it, and its charge began to sweep the Touaregs down like scythes and to put the sand hills like a fall of rain. About the second gun the fight still raged.

"Come, my children," said Tavernay. "Fight well. The Touaregs give us quarter."

Followed by Strickton he led the charge. The Touaregs gave way before their bullets on hand. The soldiers reeled the gun, fired about, and fringed steadily kept off the enemy while the gun was run back. As soon as that was saved the battle was over. All over the hollow, wherever the Touaregs were massed, the two guns rattled out their counter. No Arab could approach them. The sun rose over the earth, and while it was rising the Touaregs broke and fled. When it shone out in its full round there was no one left of them in that hollow except the wounded and the dead. But the victory had been dearly bought. All about the well, lying pell-mell among the Arabs and the dead camels, were the French Legionnaires, some quite still and others writhing in pain and crying for water. Strickton drew his hand across his forehead. He was stunned and dazed. It seemed to him that years had passed, that he had given very old. Yet there was the sun shining. There was a dull pain in his head. He raised his hand and drew it away wet with blood. How or when he had received the blow he was quite unaware. He stood staring stupidly at him. So very little while ago men were lying here sleeping in their sleep, quite strong living people; now they were lying dead or in pain; it was all inconceivable.

"Why?" he asked aloud of no one. "Now, why?" Gradually, however, custom resumed its power. There was a man hanging limp over the parapet of the well. He looked as though he had knelt down and strangled over to drink, and in that attitude had fallen asleep. But he might as easily be pushed into the well, and custom had made the preservation of wells from impurity an instinct. He removed the body and went in search of Tavernay. Tavernay was sitting propped up against a camel's saddle; the doctor was by his side; a blood-stained bandage was about his thigh. He spoke in a weak voice.

"Lieutenant Laurent?" Strickton went in search. He came across an old gray-headed soldier rolling methodically a cigarette.

"He is dead, over there," said the soldier. "Have you a light?"

Laurent was lying clasped in the arms of a dead Touareg. He had been stabbed by a lance in the back. One of the sentry-truants was killed, the other dangerously wounded. A sergeant-major lay with a broken shoulder beside one of the guns. Strickton went back to Tavernay.

"You must take command, then," said Tavernay. "I think you have learned something about it on your fishing-boats." And in spite of his pain he smiled.

Strickton mustered the men and called over the names of the two hundred and thirty men who had made up the two companies of the Legion only forty-seven could stand in the ranks and answer to their names. For those forty-seven there was herculean work to do. Officers were appointed, the dead bodies were roughly

(Continued on page 1296.)

(Continued from page 1024)

buried, the camels collected, litters prepared for the wounded, the gaudkins filled with water. Late in the afternoon Stretton came again to Tavernay.

"We are ready, sir."

Tavernay nodded, and asked for a sheet of paper, an envelope, and ink. They were fetched from his portfolios, and very slowly and laboriously he wrote a letter and handed it to Stretton.

"Send it," he said: "now, in front of me."

Stretton obeyed.

"Keep that letter. If you get back to Ouargla without me give it to the commandant there."

Tavernay was lifted in a litter on to the back of a camel, and the remnant of the geographical expedition began its terrible homeward march. Eight hundred miles lay between Bir-el-tihazano and the safety of Ouargla. The Touaregs hung upon the rear of the force, but they did not attack again. They preferred another way. One evening a solitary Arab drove a laden camel into the bivouac. He was conducted to Stretton, and said:

"The Touaregs ask pardon and pray for peace. They will molest you no more. Indeed, they will help you, and as an earnest

"Do not forget."

He lay for a while in a sort of contentment; then he said:

"Do not think this expedition has been waste. A small force first and disaster . . . the big force afterwards to retrieve the disaster, and with it victory, and government and peace, and a new country won for France. That is the law of the Legion. . . . My Legion." He smiled, and Stretton muttered a few insincere words.

"You will recover, my captain. You will lead your company again."

"No," said Tavernay, in a whisper. "I do not want to. I am very happy. Yes, I say that who joined the Legion twenty years ago. And the Legion, my friend, is the nation of the unhappy. For twenty years I have been a citizen of that nation. . . . I pity women who have no such nation to welcome them and find them work. . . . For us there is no need of pity."

And in a few moments he fell asleep, and two hours later, sleeping, died. A pile of stone was built above his grave, and the force marched on. Gaunt, starved, and ragged, the men marched northwards, leaving the Touat country upon their left hand. It struck the caravan route from Tidikelt to Ouargla; it stumbled



Drawn by William Hart Lawrence

"Steady," cried Captain Tavernay. "They are coming. Fire now!"

of their true desire for your welfare they send you a camel-load of dates."

Stretton accepted the present and carried the message to Tavernay, who cried at once, "Let no one eat those dates." But two soldiers had already eaten of them and died of poison before the morning. Short of food, short of sentinels, the broken force crept back across the stretches of soft sand, the grayish-green plains of half-grass, the ridges of red hill. One by one the injured succumbed: their wounds gangrened; they were tortured by the burning sun and the motion of the camels. A halt could be made, a camel made to kneel, and a rough grave dug.

"Pelissier," cried Stretton, and a soldier stepped out from the ranks who had once conducted mass in the church of the Madeleine in Paris. Pelissier would recite such prayers as he remembered, and the force would move on again, leaving one more soldier's grave behind it in the desert to protest unnoticed against the economy of governments. Then came a morning when Stretton was summoned to Captain Tavernay's side.

For two days Tavernay had tossed in a delirium. He now lay in a rough shelter of cloaks, in his right sense, but so weak that he could not lift a hand and with a face so pinched and drawn that his years seemed to have been doubled. His eyes shone out from big black circles. Stretton knelt down beside him.

"You have the letter?"

"Yes."

at last through the gates of the town. Silently it marched through the streets to the French fortress. On a soldier's face was there any sign of joy that at last their handshakes were met, their safety assured. All were too tired, too dispirited. The very people who crowded to see them pass seemed part of an unending show. Stretton went at once to the commandant and told the story of their disaster. Then he handed him the letter. The commandant broke the seal and read it through.

"Tell me how and when this was written."

Stretton obeyed, and after he had heard the commandant sit with his hand shading his eyes. When he spoke, his voice showed that he was deeply moved.

"You know what the letter contains, Sergeant Olsen?"

"No, my commandant."

"Read, then, for yourself," and he passed the letter across his office table. Stretton took it, and read. There were a few lines written, only a few, but those few lines recommended Sergeant Olsen for promotion to the rank of officer. The commandant held out his hand.

"That is like my Tavernay," he said. "He thought always of his soldiers. He wrote it at once, you see, after the battle was over lest he should die and justice not be done. Have no fear, my friend. It is you who have brought back to Ouargla the survivors of the Legion."

To be continued.

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The REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION



Chicago, June 23, 1904.

"You can't fight God!" ejaculated Louis F. Payn when the death of President McKinley and Senator Hanna had cleared the way of his old-time enemy Theodore Roosevelt to the summit of his ambition. It was the bitter reflection of a dauntless politician who, somewhat of a devil himself, had never hesitated to face his kind with intrepidity. Moreover, although not expressed in Mr. Payn's graphic language, his opinion was obviously shared by others greater than he. As recently as four years ago the Platts, Odells, Scotts, Spencers, Aldrichs, Allison, Olivers, Callom, and Forakers of the Republican party were factors. Today they are puppets, victims of a strenuous liver. It is the quickest and most notable transformation known to American political history. There have been times when a very few men, or even one man, has wielded great influence in national conventions, even to the point of actual control, in some respects, but never in all. Even Mr. Hanna was obliged to accept a platform he did not want in 1896, and a Vice-Presidential candidate whom he certainly liked less than the Almighty did, if Mr. Payn's diagnosis is correct, in 1900. So from the very formation of all great parties in this country have compromises, concessions, trades pervaded national councils. At this moment the new preparations of the untiered for the great tournament at St. Louis contribute to the gaiety of existence. But here, in Chicago, in the year 1904, in the entire body of nearly two thousand delegates and alternates, the chosen of the organization, "There ain't nobody who can do nothing," is the pat observation of a patriot from Alabama. Temporary chairman, permanent chairman, platform chairman, chairman of the National Committee, nominator, secondaries, each and all named in the White House. If it is not a Republican convention; it is not even a Roosevelt convention; it is no kind of a convention; it is a mess. "I never saw such a harmonious gathering," said Governor Franklin Murphy, sweetly satirical. "It moves as noiselessly as an airship, and the party is fairly floated to victory."

"Floating" is curiously exact, but the precise direction will be clearer to the naked eye later. The Chicago newspapers and observers generally have expressed surprise at the prevailing listlessness, the almost total lack of enthusiasm, not over the usual causes of emotional expression, because that was expected, but over the candidate himself. Mr. Root, in his splendid oration, evoked hearty applause, but all signs indicated that it was given as an appreciation of a masterful utterance rather than with spontaneity at the mention of a magic name. The Tribune, which is old enough to know better than to issue a distasteful admission within a petulant explanation, except from motives of necessity, makes a leading editorial upon this unexpected phase of the situation. But it says: "There is plenty of Roosevelt enthusiasm among the people who send the delegates to the convention. Even those who are engaged in howling with sanctimonious joy the look of noise at the present convention acknowledge that. Even the beginning of his career until the present date it has been the people who have forced Roosevelt on the politicians. The present instance is no exception." This is certainly frank, and, in our opinion, measurelessly accurate. A national convention is composed almost wholly of active workers in the organization, and these particular laborers have made

scarcely a gesture of joy at the prospect of "Four years more." It was well known that there was no great amount of satisfaction among the politicians over the prospect, but until they got together they realized the full measure of discontent. Whether the fact will eventually tend to help or hurt the President's candidacy is a question. It helped Cleveland's; it may help Roosevelt's; but a fact it surely is, and one to be reckoned with.

Precisely why this feeling should prevail we have not been and are not now able clearly to perceive. Cleveland was never a strong partisan; Roosevelt always was and is now. He did not wander from the path of "regularity" even when Blaine, who was admittedly most repugnant to his conception of the sort of man a President should be, was a candidate, and since he himself has been in the White House he has done many distasteful things for party's sake, even though at times, using his own expressive term, they made him "ang." His creed is simple enough. "I am," he says, "by inheritance and by education a Republican. Whatever good I have been able to accomplish in public life has been accomplished through the Republican party. I wish to act with it." This was no perfunctory announcement. It was a plain statement of sincere conviction and desire. He goes yet further both in words and in deeds. His real theory, expressed in a homely way, is that if he were a carpenter he would want to have in his shop the best tools made, but not having them, he would do the best he could with those he had. "The actual advance in practical politics," he insists, "must be made among the men who are sometimes rough and coarse, who sometimes have lower ideals than they should, but who are capable, masterful, and efficient." Of James S. Clarkson, Mr. Roosevelt, speaking for the Civil Service Commission, said: "We are undoubtedly hostile to Mr. Clarkson and the idea which Mr. Clarkson represents. We should fail in our duty if we were not. We can no more retain the goodwill of the spokesman than a policeman who does his duty can retain the goodwill of the lawbreaker. He and his friends believe that if they cannot get the office the party ought to disband. That is to say, he and his friends believe that they ought to be paid for supporting the party. That sounds like a harsh way of putting it, but it is a perfectly just way. There is a certain difference between being paid with an office and being paid with money, exactly as there is a certain difference between the salary of an Admittant and that of a Notary, but it is small in amount." When he became President Mr. Roosevelt appointed Mr. Clarkson to be Surveyor of the Port of New York. Speaking as a member of the State Assembly, of Jay Gould and his associates he said: "It is not a question of doing right to them, for they are merely common thieves. As to the resolution signed by Gould and his son, I would pay more attention to a petition signed by Barney Aaron, Owsen Goughman, and Billy McGilroy than I would pay to that paper, because I regard these men as part of an infinitely dangerous order—the wealthy criminal class." Mr. Gould—the son, of course—was a guest at the White House recently, and is on excellent terms with the President.

The point in Mr. Roosevelt's consideration is that the party needs the services of Mr. Clarkson and the friendliness of

Mr. Gould, and he is simply doing the best he can with what he has to do with, facing conditions, not as he would have them, but as they exist, to the best of his information. Such things he does as a Republican, as a practical Republican politician. It is doubtful if McKinley would have gone so far even for party's sake. And yet the politicians were for McKinley to a man. Was it because the martyred President himself was a past grandmaster of the art, and therefore appreciated as one of their kind? On the other hand, will not President Roosevelt prove to have been and to be a greater and louder and farther-seeing politician than even his predecessor? Is it the difference between Hill and Cleveland? We shall see.

Elihu Root is a great man. It is a pleasure to be able to say so. It is a satisfaction to have one. Of the six or eight speeches on similar occasions which we have heard and the many more which we have read, not one nor any two combined are comparable with Mr. Root's. A model of precise diction, a masterpiece of digested information, a comprehension of relative values in affairs of national importance, an appreciation of true American character, impulses, and ideals, it stands alone. But one thing more could be said. From the viewpoint of eloquence, as it might have been judged by the Greeks, two speeches in recent conventions stand conspicuously forth—the one by Bourke Cockran attacking Cleveland, and the one by William J. Bryan offering his own nomination. Of these Cockran's was the greater, being made under distressful circumstances in the face of an immense hostile audience, while Bryan needed only to sink the magic of his wonderful voice into the positions of his hearers. Each orator, however, filled his opportunity to the brim, and with a splendor that those who heard can never forget. We do not hesitate to pronounce Mr. Root's oration superior to either. It was a more accurate example of real American eloquence, for the simple reason that it rang true—was the honest, earnest utterance of an extraordinarily gifted and wholly manly man.

With some of Mr. Root's requests we could by no possibility agree. His method of dealing with the receipts and expenditures of the nation, designed to create the impression that economy has been maintained, when, as a fact, extravagance has run amuck, leaves an unpleasant impression of speciousness which would better have been avoided, by such an assertion as would have been characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt, had he been speaking, to the effect that we have grown so big and have so many more things to do and so far greater position to maintain that we have to spend more money—a good deal more—but are spending it honestly and getting the best results possible, with as little waste as may be in the conduct of an enormous business. Neither can we consider "trifling in amount" as fitting words to be used in connection with the shameful iniquities of the Post-office Department. That "we"—meaning the administration, of course—have advanced the authority of the "Morrone Doctrine" is undoubtedly true, but, if measured by the gauge thrown down by President Roosevelt in his letter read by Mr. Root himself at the Calum banquet, in a manner calculated to give rise to misgivings in those so less disposed to assume the responsibilities of policing a bureaucracy. These and other important points in Mr. Root's declaration will receive fuller attention next week.

But what more stinging slap could be administered to the question thus?—

A great political organization competent to govern is not a chance collection of individuals brought together for the moment as the shifting sands are piled up by wind and sea, to be swept away, to be formed and reformed again. It is a growth. Traditions and sentiments reaching down through struggles of years gone, and the stress and heat of self conflicts, and the influence of leaders passed away, and the ingrained habit of applying fixed rules of interpretation and of thought—all give to a political party known and indelible qualities, from which must follow in its deliberate judgment and ultimate action like results for good or bad government. We do not deny that other parties have in their membership men of morality and patriotism, but we assert with confidence that, above all others, by the influences which gave it birth and have maintained its life, by the causes for which it has striven, the ideals which it has followed, the Republican party as a party has acquired a character which makes its ascendancy the best guaranty of a government loyal to principle and effective in execution.

Herein is contained the crux of the underlying theory of the Republican party. It may impress Democrats and some newspapers as asserting somewhat of the familiarly arrogant "Hobbes than Thon" assumption, but it is clear, exact, and apparently temperate.

Who, too, except an irrevocable carper of the *Springfield Republican* or an unconvertible fault-finder of the *New York Evening Post*, could fail to appreciate and applaud the spirit of the following, in its relations to our undesired but, we trust, not unfortunate war?—

None can foretell the future, but there seems no reasonable cause to doubt that under the policy already effectively inaugurated, the institutions already implanted, and the process already begun in the Philippine Islands, if these be not reversed and interrupted, the Philippine people will follow in the footsteps of the people of Cuba; that more slowly, indeed, because they are not so advanced, yet as surely, they will grow in capacity for self-government, and receiving power as they grow in capacity, will come to bear substantially such relations to the people of the United States as do now the people of Cuba, differing in details as conditions and needs differ, but the same in principle and the same in beneficent results.

What finer personal tribute could come from a man of the mental stature and intimate knowledge of Elihu Root than this?—

It is no campaign of appearances upon which we enter, but the people know the good and the bad, the success and failure, to be credited and charged to our account. It is no campaign of sounding words and spurious pretenses, for our President has told the people with frankness what he believed and what he intended. He has meant every word he has said, and the people have believed every word he said, and with him this conviction agrees, because every word has been sound Republican doctrine. No people can maintain free government who do not in their hearts value the qualities which have made the great President of the United States conspicuous among the men of his time as a type of noble grandeur. Come what may—come what may in November—God grant that those qualities of brave, true manhood shall have honor throughout America, shall be held for an example in every home, and that the youth of generations to come may grow up to feel that it is better than wealth, or office, or power, to have the honesty, the purity, and the courage of Theodore Roosevelt.

There are the two essentials of the finest citizenship—the ideal and the fact. American does stand for "brave, true manhood," and Theodore Roosevelt, however his methods may be regarded at times, does personify that most desirable of qualities.

The President permitted the delegates to select a candidate for Vice-President, and, oddly enough, they designated a man whom neither he nor they wanted. Mr. Fairbanks is capable and trustworthy, but it is as near the antithesis of Mr. Roosevelt as Judge Parker himself. The nomination of Secretary Taft would have won thousands of votes in the States where they will be most needed, but the President had promised to keep his hands off, and kept faith so rigidly that there could be no more than a suspicion that he had a preference. Consequently, the nomination went by default to Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks. The chief topic of conversation in the days preceding the nominations was the Senator's reticence, but results demonstrated his sagacity, and have him, in conformity with his obvious design, under no obligation whatever to the administration and free-body to do as he likes four years hence. In view of this eminently successful political play of his colleague, it was interesting to note the emphasis with which Senator Beveridge, in his admirable speech, declared that the American people never had elected and never would elect a "mystery." Some thought, however, that he referred to Judge Parker, instead of Senator Fairbanks.

The tariff resolution is not worthy in that it does concede the possibility of conditions arising which would make a few changes in the present law desirable. But "only then" sets an alteration to be made under no circumstances by any but the most faithful of friends. This is a familiar expression of good old Republican doctrine, but pretty shrewd wits when looked at from all sides. It really leaves the whole matter in the President's hands. Being personally a low-tariff man and foreseeing a possible opportunity to put his belief into effect, he naturally did not want his hands tied by the "stand-patters." And they are not. His is the good

friend of the tariff law who can best judge when it ought to be changed, and then can act without stultification. Some timid protectionists will not quite like this open door, but what if they don't? As Senator Beveridge surely observed, what is the use of being a leader if you don't lead?

It was to be expected that the Monroe Doctrine and the President's method of upholding it would be approved, but we must confess to a sense of disappointment that his latest definition should have been completely ignored. We should have liked an expression regarding the following explicit declaration contained in President Roosevelt's letter to celebrators of Cuba's freedom:

Any country whose people conduct themselves well can count upon our hearty friendliness. If a nation shows that it knows how to act with decency in industrial and political matters, if

it keeps order and pays its obligations, then it need fear no interference from the United States. Brutal wrong-doing, or an impudence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may finally require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the Western Hemisphere the United States cannot ignore this duty.

This may not be Monroe Doctrine, but it is Roosevelt doctrine, and involves a broadening of national policy sufficiently momentous surely to have justified an expression in the platform. Possibly Senator Lodge made the omission out of consideration for the delegates from Mississippi, which has not yet "paid its obligations" in the form of State bonds held by British investors, and is therefore a fit subject for "interference" by the British government backed by its army and navy. But we have never believed that the President meant quite all he said in that paragraph. In any case, he should and doubtless will make his meaning clear in his letter of acceptance.

G. H.

Prominent Convention Visitors in Cartoon



Kindred of Senator Fairbank's
Chicago Tribune

Elkins Root
Chicago Tribune

Ex-Sec. Lusk
Chicago Tribune

Ex-Gov. Black
Chicago Tribune



Timothy J. Woodruff
Chicago Tribune



Senator Duffell
Chicago Tribune



Senator Scott
Chicago Tribune

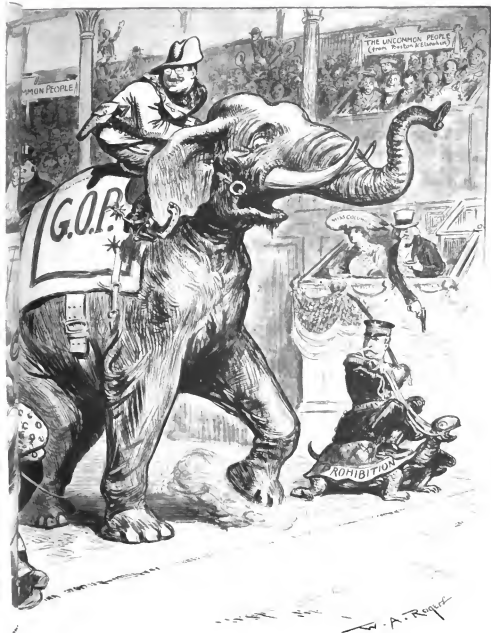


General Ayer
Chicago Tribune



LINING UP FOR THE GREAT

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W. A. Rogers

Drawn by W. A. Rogers

BEST RACE IN THE WORLD

Prominent Convention Visitors in Cartoon



Senator Dewar
New York Herald



1 Filipino Delegate
Chicago Tribune



J. Edward Addicks
Chicago Tribune



Senator Spooner and Senator Fairbanks
Chicago American



Senator Beveridge
Chicago Tribune



Senator Lodge
Philadelphia Press



Senator Platt
Overland Park Post



John M. Thurston
Chicago Tribune



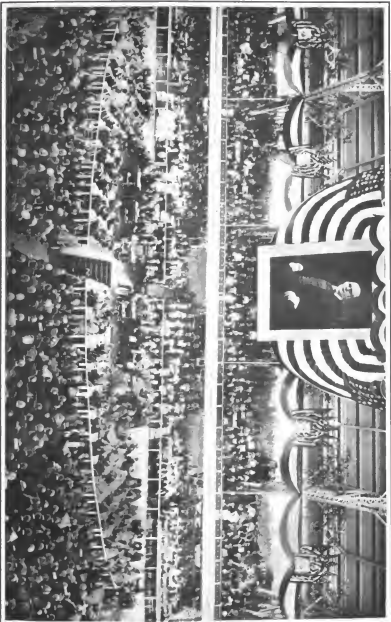
Governor La Follette of Wisconsin
Chicago Sunday American



"Fatie Joe" Cannon
Philadelphia Press



Governor Franklin Murphy
Philadelphia York American



THE OPENING OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT THE COLISEUM,
CHICAGO, IN SESSION JUNE 21, 22, AND 23

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Charles Warren Fairbanks, Republican Nominee for Vice-President

Theodore Roosevelt

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was born in New York city, October 27, 1858. He was prepared for college under a tutor, and was graduated from Harvard in 1880. In 1881 he was elected a member of the New York State Legislature, to which office he was twice re-elected. During his third term he served as chairman on cities and of the special committee which investigated the abuses in the conduct of the government of New York city. He was a delegate to the New York State Republican convention of 1884; and a delegate-at-large and chairman of the New York delegation to the Republican national convention at Chicago in 1884. He was the unsuccessful Republican candidate for Mayor of New York city in 1890, when Abram S. Hewitt was elected. Three years later in May he was appointed on the United States Civil Service Commission in Washington, and served as its president. This position he held until 1895, when he resigned to accept the presidency of the Police Commission of New York city, under Mayor Strong. In April, 1897, he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, by President McKinley. The following year he became lieutenant-colonel of the First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry. He was mustered out with the rank of Colonel in September, 1898. He was elected Governor of New York in November, 1898. Two years later he was elected Vice-President, and was sworn into office as President on September 14, 1901.

Charles W. Fairbanks

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS was born near Unionville Center, Union County, Ohio, on May 11, 1832. He attended the public schools and was graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University in 1872. He was for a time agent for the associated press at Pittsburgh, and later at Cleveland. In 1874 he was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of Ohio, and the same year he married and moved to Indianapolis, where he has since resided. He was chairman of the Indiana Republican State conventions in 1892 and 1898. In 1893 he was unanimously chosen as the nominee of the Republican caucus for United States Senator in the Indiana Legislature, and subsequently received his entire party vote in the Legislature, but was defeated by the Democratic candidate, David Tammie. He was elected a delegate-at-large to the Republican national convention at St. Louis in 1896, and was temporary chairman of the convention. On January 20, 1897, he was elected to the United States Senate to succeed Daniel W. Voorhees, and took his seat on March 4 of that year. This was the first public office he ever held. He was appointed a member of the United States and British Joint High Commission which met in Quebec in 1898, for the adjustment of Canadian questions, and was made chairman of the United States Commission. In 1900 he was again a delegate-at-large to the Republican national convention in Philadelphia. His second term as Senator expires in 1909.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Edited by George Harvey



HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK

Vol. 1, No. 1

First of July

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLVIII

New York, Saturday, July 9, 1904

No. 285

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A CRITICAL MOMENT

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

We discuss at length elsewhere the qualifications, political and personal, of the Republican nominees for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, and also the salient features of the Republican platform. The belief is widespread that the outcome of the Chicago convention has been to give Democrats an opportunity. Whether they will profit by it at St. Louis remains, of course, to be seen. At the hour when we write, all the Democratic delegates have been elected. Estimates differ widely as to the strength that will be shown by this or that candidate on the first ballot, for the reason that a large number of Democratic State conventions have refused to issue instructions, and the present prepossessions of their delegates, though guessed at, and even in some instances proclaimed, may not foreshadow their action at St. Louis. The opinion seems to be current among well-informed and candid outsiders that Chief-Judge Alton B. Parker will have on the first ballot about four-fifths of the 996 delegates, and that Mr. W. R. Hearst will have rather more than two-fifths. Whether the latter, however, can retain, even on the first ballot, the 54 delegates of Illinois, who were instructed for him, is already disputed. That he and Mr. Bryan have been able to veto the 334 delegates needed under the two-thirds rule to veto the nomination of an objectionable candidate is still firmly denied.

Strange to say, Mr. William J. Bryan, who is not known to have expressed personally any confidence in his ability to exercise such a veto power, is said to have declared a belief that many of the Southern delegates instructed for Judge Parker do not favor too marked a retreat from the position taken by their party in 1896 and 1900, and consequently are likely to support the minority report from the platform committee—a report which Mr. Bryan, no doubt, will write, and subsequently advocate on the floor of the convention. We need not say that any platform framed by Mr. Bryan is certain to be unacceptable to the mass of conservative Democrats in the doubtful States, and that if adopted it will put an end to the hope of the party's success, not only in the present contest, but for many years to come. How Mr. Bryan could secure the 499 votes needed for the adoption of a platform we are unable to see. The assumption that such a disastrous error is possible implies that he and Mr. Hearst will prove much stronger than they seem to be on the face of the returns. Were it conceivable that, by a very narrow majority, a highly objectionable platform could be stamped with approval at St. Louis, it is obvious that a conservative Democrat would have either to reject a nomination for the Presidency, or, in his letter of acceptance, to repudiate the convention's declaration of principles, as General McClellan did in 1864. In view of the determination expressed in the Republican platform to enforce the Fourteenth Amendment in those commonwealths which recently, by new State Constitutions, have changed materially the qualifications for the franchise, it seems to us

incredible that Southern Democrats will deliberately throw away the one opportunity offered them since 1892 of averting Republican domination and the application of coercion for the restoration of the suffrage to negroes throughout the Southern States. The mere agitation of such a proposal is sure to have grave consequences through the inflammation of race hatred.

What effect is the action of the Chicago convention likely to have upon the prospect of success of the Republican party in such States as Wisconsin, Delaware, Indiana, and Illinois? It is denied by no one conversant with the state of things in Wisconsin that the convention's refusal to admit the La Follette delegation from that State, even with half a vote each, was an act of very dubious expediency. We may take for granted that if the late Senator Hanna had been living a conciliatory course would have been pursued. If three lists of Presidential electors should be presented to the voters of Wisconsin, it is hard to say how the triumph of the Democratic list could be prevented. If, on the other hand, the so-called Staburats, or followers of Senator Spooner, Senator Quay, and Representative Babcock, shall decide to vote for the La Follette Presidential electors, and thereby assure their election, they cannot avert the simultaneous success of the La Follette State ticket, which is the last thing they desire. The solution of the problem thus presented is likely to tax severely the ingenuity and expertness of Mr. Cortelyou, the chairman of the new Republican National Committee.

It is hard to reconcile the decision of the Committee on Credentials in the case of Wisconsin with that rendered in the case of Delaware. The Addicks men have shown themselves capable of polling more votes in Delaware than the so-called "regular" Republicans; but the friends of Governor La Follette have demonstrated a similar ascendancy in Wisconsin. Whether, under the circumstances, the Republican nominees can carry Delaware next November seems to depend upon the character of the platform and the ticket that shall be put forward at St. Louis. The Democrats, if we assume that there would be no defection on the part of the Bryanite element, may be expected to poll about 10,000 votes. The voters controlled by Addicks are not believed to number more than 15,000, while the "regulars" have reason to claim that they can muster more than 7,000. If united, the two factions can give the three electoral votes of the State to Mr. Roosevelt; but the "regulars" evince great bitterness at their treatment in Chicago, and it would not be surprising if many of the latter should support the Democratic nominee if a representative of the conservative opinions exemplified by Judge Gray should be selected at St. Louis. It is taken for granted that Indiana has been fixed inflexibly in the Republican column by the nomination of her senior Senator for the Vice-Presidency. Suppose, however, that the Democrats should designate for the same office a native of the same State! In that event it is obvious that the element of State pride would be eliminated from the canvass. In Illinois the rivalry between the Yates and anti-Yates factions would be deemed by Republicans more ominous but for the fact that thus far the discussions within the Illinois Democracy seem quite as irreconcilable. We imagine that few persons who take an unbiased view of the situation believe that any Democrat alive could get the electoral votes of Illinois next November, except the man who carried the State in 1892, and who also, in the same year, it will be remembered, beat President Harrison in the latter's native State.

An interesting table has been published by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, which is one of the influential spokesmen of those who hold that ex-President Cleveland would run better than any other Democrat who could be named at St. Louis. It is, of course, to be borne in mind that, according to the last apportionment, there will be this year 476 electoral votes, of which 238 will be necessary for a choice. According to the table mentioned, Mr. Roosevelt is credited not only with such unquestionably Republican States as Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Oregon, and Washington, but also California, which in 1892 gave eight of its nine electoral votes to Cleveland; Colorado, which has never given its electoral vote to

a Republican since 1888; Illinois, and Indiana, both of which were carried by Cleveland twelve years ago; Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, Utah, and Wyoming, all five of which supported Bryan in 1896; and West Virginia, which Cleveland carried three times. Rhode Island is left out of the calculation, and the only States assigned to Mr. Cleveland outside of those comprehended in the impetuously solid South are Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Wisconsin, Idaho, Montana, and Nevada. The outcome of this computation is 242 electoral votes for Mr. Cleveland and 251 for Mr. Roosevelt, the three belonging to Rhode Island not being counted.

Is there any Democrat except Mr. Cleveland who could be relied upon to carry the State just named? Is there not at least an even chance that Governor Garvin could secure for the ex-President the electoral votes of Rhode Island this autumn, especially as Senator Aldrich will be deeply interested in the election of a Republican majority in the State Legislature? If this table be studied carefully, we incline to think that candid men must recognize that Mr. Cleveland would be more likely to gain some of the States assigned to Mr. Roosevelt than would the latter to make any considerable inroads on Mr. Cleveland's list. To those Southern Democrats who have as much at stake in the coming contest, and who, with well justified anxiety, ask, How can we win the *Public Ledger* answers, If you cannot win with Mr. Cleveland, you cannot win with anybody. The meaning of this question, followed, as it generally is, by the reply which we have noted, seems to have had within the last few days a profound and far-reaching effect on those delegates to St. Louis who have been disposed to take their cue from Mr. Gorman. If anybody imagines that the senior Senator from Maryland is capable of sacrificing to personal resentment the future of a great party, he does not know the gentleman.

We cannot indicate in a paragraph the weighty significance of the article on the Chicago strike of 1894, contributed by ex-President Cleveland to the July number of *McClure's Magazine*. Reserving for careful consideration this chronicle of a sixteen days' civil war, we merely note here that attention is directed to the inertia exhibited at that time by the State authorities of Illinois, and how, nevertheless, the uprising was put down without bloodshed by the Federal government. What we have in mind just now is a still later utterance of Mr. Cleveland's, which was made on June 25 in the course of an interview with a staff representative of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and which took the form of brief comments on some of the political topics that have an obvious bearing on the coming national election. The interview took place at Princeton, and the interviewer recalls that the ex-President was looking in excellent health, being scarcely as stout as he was some months ago, and, apparently, quicker and more energetic in his movements. His face is ruddier; his eyes are clear, and they kindle readily into a humorous sparkle.

He would not discuss any candidates for the Democratic nomination, though he sincerely confirmed the approval formerly expressed by him of Parker and Olney as aspirants to the Presidency. He was at special pains to disclaim any idea of influencing the choice of the Democratic national convention, or any belief that his influence could avail in that direction. He would speak explicitly only of two important features of the Republican national platform. He expressed the conviction that the question of tariff adjustment, which the Republican national convention had undertaken to brush aside, would inevitably play a conspicuous if not decisive part in the contest. The question had forced itself upon the people, he said, and, consequently, could not be side-tracked by politicians. Even the few evasive and grudging words contained in the Republican platform, which, in a half-way fashion, permits Republican voters to exercise independent thought on the subject, must combine, Mr. Cleveland predicted, with the insistence of the Democratic party, in season and out of season, upon tariff changes to bring the issue to the front in a prepotent way. With regard to the attitude of the Republican party toward the Philippines he suggested that the promise of self-government held out to the people of those islands ought to assume a shape more definite, and sufficiently

tautable to hang a pledge upon, which can reasonably be made the ground of an appeal to the good faith and honesty of those assuming the obligation, and of a demand for its fulfillment.

For the success of the Democratic party in the pending campaign Mr. Cleveland expressed a fervent hope, but, as for himself, declared, as he has often before, that he is out of politics, and that, in his judgment, nothing could be less probable than that he should be requested once again to accept the national nomination of his party. Before taking leave, the representative of the *Public Ledger* put bluntly the question, "If the Democratic national convention at St. Louis should nominate you for the Presidency, would you accept?" The first answer was given in pantomime. Mr. Cleveland vigorously shook his head, and lifted his hand as if to deprecate such an inquiry. Then he exclaimed, with rapid utterance: "That will not happen; that will not happen—so there is no use talking about it. I have said it so often that it ought to be well understood." The interviewer finds it impossible to define exactly the impression made upon his mind by these words, but it seemed to him that the speaker's manner was not that of a man absolutely and incurably antagonistic to a proffered idea. There was even a slight enlargement in Mr. Cleveland's speech. The interviewer confesses that he can name no unmistakable reason for the effect produced upon him, but he cannot avoid with the conviction that if the St. Louis convention should nominate Mr. Cleveland for the Presidency, the magnitude of the honor thus conferred would be appreciated, and the duty thereby imposed would be recognized.

Of the eight members of the cabinet whom Mr. Roosevelt found in office when he succeeded William McKinley, only three now remain—to wit, John Hay, Secretary of State; Ethan A. Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior; and James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture. In the Treasury Department, Lyman Gage has been succeeded by Leslie M. Shaw; in the War Department, Elihu Root has given place to William H. Taft; in the Navy Department, John D. Long was succeeded by William H. Moody, who in turn retires in favor of Paul Morton; in the office of Attorney-General, Philander C. Knox gives way to William H. Moody; while in that of Postmaster-General, Charles Emory Smith has for some years been superseded by Emory C. Payne. As for the ninth and new Department, that of Commerce and Labor, Secretary Cortelyou, having been chosen chairman of the Republican National Committee, has resigned, and is succeeded by Victor H. Metcalf. Should Mr. Roosevelt be elected President next November, there will doubtless be additional cabinet changes after March 4, 1905. Mr. Moody has announced his intention of resigning the Attorney-Generalship at that time, if not earlier; and it is expected that, after the close of the campaign, Postmaster-General Payne will retire in favor of National Chairman Cortelyou.

The new Secretary of Commerce and Labor, though he was born at Utica, New York, and studied law there and at the Yale Law School, went to California soon after his admission to the bar and soon acquired a lucrative practice. At the time of his selection for a cabinet appointment he was serving a third term as a Representative of his adopted State in Congress. Mr. Morton is the son of the late J. S. Morton, well known as Secretary of Agriculture in President Cleveland's second term. He has been since youth a railway employee, and is reputed one of the best-equipped railroad men in the country. As his salary in the post of second vice-president of the Atchison and Santa Fe Railway is \$25,000, he has probably received an assurance that he will retain the office of Secretary of the Navy after March 4, 1905, in the event of Mr. Roosevelt's election to the Presidency. We imagine that there are few persons in the United States, no matter what their party predilections, who do not hope that in the contingency named Mr. John Hay will remain Secretary of State. Should he insist upon resigning functions which he has discharged so well since 1898, a more competent successor could not well be found than in Mr. Joseph Hodges Choate, who during the last seven years has been the American ambassador at the Court of St. James's. His fitness for the State Department is very much more obvious than are the qualifica-

tions of Mr. Morten, who was born in Detroit and brought up on a farm in Nebraska, for the management and development of the Navy. Whether as yet he has even seen the ocean is, we believe, disputed, and modestly pretends that he has ever set foot upon a battle-ship. Still, as a railroad man, he is likely to know something about iron and steel, and may be competent to say what armor-plates ought to cost.

It is satisfactory to learn that a desirable *modus vivendi* has been arranged, pending the conclusion of a supplemental treaty, between the government of the canal zone and the independent Republic of Panama. In the first place, the Panama currency is to be based, like our own, upon the gold standard, the silver dollars coined in the Panama mint being redeemable in gold dollars identical in weight and fineness with the gold dollar of the United States. But for this arrangement there would have been incessant and perhaps sometimes violent fluctuations of value in the Panama medium of exchange, and the result would have been disturbing to industrial and trade conditions on the isthmus. Fortunately, too, the Governor of the canal zone has been authorized to enter into an agreement with the Panama Republic for co-operation in the prevention of customs smuggling and frauds. The necessity of such an agreement will be obvious when we bear in mind that the Panama authorities are not in the least likely to oppose rates identical with those fixed by the Dingley Act, on commodities imported from Europe into their territory. So far as the canal zone is concerned, all products of the United States may enter free of duty, but all foreign merchandise imported must pay Dingley rates. Even with a sincere willingness on the part of the Panama authorities to co-operate in the suppression of smuggling, it is likely to prove exceedingly difficult to prevent Havana rum and European alcoholic beverages from finding their way surreptitiously into the canal zone. We observe, further, that a postal service was inaugurated in the canal zone on June 25. Henceforth mails from the zone to the United States and *vice versa* will be carried at the domestic rates payable in the United States. It may have been observed that in the list of nine places where American post-offices have been opened, and where American custom-houses are to be organized, neither Panama nor Colon is included. That, of course, is because those towns are expressly excluded by the treaty made with the new republic, from the belt of territory ceded to the United States. That omission itself, it will be remembered, was not, in terms, absolute, the Republic of Panama retaining a nominal remnant of sovereignty. That this remnant is regarded by our government as a legal fiction is evident from the postal and revenue regulations which already have been imposed in the canal zone, and which quickly will be followed by the introduction of an independent judicial and police system.

The friends of woman's suffrage have had reason during the month of June to fix their attention on both Chicago and Berlin. To the Republican national convention four women were chosen as alternates from Western States, namely, two from Colorado, one from Utah, and one from Idaho. One of the delegates for whom the women were elected alternates did not appear at Chicago at all, and the three others were obliging enough to absent themselves now and then from the convention hall, so that their feminine substitutes might officially take part in the proceedings. At Berlin the International Council of Women held its third quinquennial meeting. This body is an outgrowth of the council which was held at Washington in 1888, and which itself was the product of the movement started in 1883 by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Miss Susan B. Anthony to bring the women of the civilized world together in an international association for the extension of the suffrage to their sex. The first president of the association was Mrs. Fawcett, wife of the well-known political economist, who was Postmaster-General in a Gladstonian cabinet, and whose daughter was officially rated ahead of the senior wrangler when she graduated from the English University of Cambridge. Her successor was the Countess of Aberdeen, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, who, in turn, gave place in 1892 to Mrs. May Wright Sewall, who, previously, had been vice-president. We learn with interest that, of all the twenty countries represented this year at Berlin in the International Council of Women, there are only two—namely, France and Switzerland—in which women have no franchise whatever. It

is not quite right, however, to assert that in no other English-speaking nation have they as few electoral rights as they possess in the United States. It is only in the Commonwealth of Australia that women are better off politically than they are in our Federal republic. Certainly they enjoy much more extensive political rights in four of our States than they do in the United Kingdom, where the attainment by them of the Parliamentary franchise seems still far distant.

The latest sea-fight at Port Arthur once more demonstrates the extreme vulnerability of the battle-ship. For the third time, a battle-ship of the largest dimensions and the most modern defence is struck by a torpedo and sent to the bottom within a few minutes. The *Pereveret* goes the way of the *Petrovsk* and the *Holms*. Admiral Togo evidently kept his battle-ships well out of the way, and sent his destroyers in to do the real fighting. In this sort of fighting the battle-ship's heavy guns, intended primarily to pierce the armor of the enemy's battle-ships, are practically of no use. The only effective heavy gun-fire in the war was directed against the *Tarvis*; and this fine cruiser might have been required had she been within moderate distance of a dock; as it was, she sank because her captain blew her up, and not as a result of Japanese heavy gun-fire. The forts at Port Arthur have done no great damage to the Japanese fleet, perhaps because the fleet keeps carefully out of range; but the important point is that these heavy guns have not been able to hinder the torpedoing of ship after ship by the Japanese; they have not been effective as a defence, any more than as a means of attack. Neither on shipboard nor on shore do the twelve-inch guns make an effective figure, while against torpedoes attacks the finest battle-ship with a foot of armor is as vulnerable as an unprotected cruiser.

Mr. Balfour has just lost two more bye-elections, the ninth and tenth since the new year. Yet he sits tight, and the oft-forecast dissolution is evidently about as far away as ever. This is really an admirable triumph of English good sense, and of personal statesmanship in Mr. Balfour himself. He has no particular policy; he does not warmly endorse Mr. Chamberlain; nor is he a sound free-trader like the Duke of Devonshire. Yet he holds on, and the affairs of the British Empire continue to flourish and prosper, and the Empire itself continues to fulfil its great destiny among the nations. England is a living illustration of this kind of practical good sense in somewhat nebulous circumstances. Her Constitution has never been written down, nevertheless the Empire holds. English law is largely a matter of uncodified common sense, but no nation has a greater reverence for law than the English have. So the policy of Mr. Balfour has two good precedents, in the British Constitution and the Common Law of England; and, like them, it manages very well. In an undefined way, Mr. Balfour's policy is, to do as well as may be for the Empire. Mr. Balfour's party gets on from day to day with singular success—accomplishing no great things, it is true, but also making no startling blunders; with no particular policy on any given point, yet with much reserve power, and an abstention from doctrinaire pronouncements which is highly reassuring. To put it briefly, Mr. Balfour is showing the power of the English governing class to govern, independently of doctrinal specifics, and simply by a certain inborn gift.

England has survived the visit of King Edward to his imperial nephew, Wilhelm II. For weeks before that event, the Teutophobe press of Great Britain was full of vague forebodings of dire things to come—of a repetition of the Venezuelan imbroglio, which strained the good understanding between this country and England; of some new Bagdad railroad to be dumped upon the British exchequer; of some covert blow to be dealt at the Anglo-French *catala cordiale*. None of these dreadful things have happened, and King Edward returns none the worse from his visit to Kiel. The understanding with France is strengthened, rather than weakened, for it is felt that, in the person of King Edward, deference has been paid at Kiel to a friend of France, and that prestige is thereby added to the republic. In Germany itself there was an equally insistent tide of warnings against perfidious Albion. The Kaiser was asked, with the utmost deference, to beware of entangling alliances, and all the pitfalls set for him by the astute British were carefully and repeatedly pointed

out. To tell the truth, there is something ridiculous in the spectacle of this annual suspicion, and it is possible that perception of it prompted King Edward to go to Kiel, even though he foresaw the misgivings of a certain section of the press.

June is the special season of discourse from the college professors and other educators. As the graduating classes go on into the world their preceptors give them, in baccalaureate sermons and like deliverances, such parting information as they can. It is interesting to observe how the times impress these speakers. Dr. Frissell, Principal of the Hampton Normal Institute, where Booker Washington was taught, was the baccalaureate preacher at Phillips Academy, Andover. He told the boys of that venerable school that we have a tremendous fight on our hands during the next forty or fifty years, and if we cannot give higher (governmental) efficiency and honesty with the mass in control than under any other form, "Cæsarism is certain under some new name, and the great experiment is a failure." He relied on the "flaming earnestness of small minorities" to win the fight, as in the past, against overwhelming odds; else, he said, the last century will be a mere gap like that between the Scipios and the Cæsars. Kindred anxieties seemed to stir Dr. Seligman of Cornell. He talked to his young men about the "profound unrest" that prevailed in the world they were about to enter. He thought it a "question whether the ancient landmarks will not be moved and the ancient moorings loosened." Is our republic, he asked, to remain a democratic organization under which men with equal rights govern themselves, or to become a tyrannical organization under which special interests like capital, labor, or the military spirit are to control the destinies of men?

Dr. Hadley of Yale showed no special alarm about the times, but issued a warning against making wealth and dominion a primary object and trusting to them as a source of national strength. With power there comes, he thought, some relaxation of discipline, and he declared that the attempt to make human selfishness the fundamental standard of right conduct was as disastrous as to make our unchecked human instincts the standard of right conduct. Almost every evil—political, social, or commercial—which seriously threatens our prosperity, can be traced, he thought, "to our tolerant acceptance of selfishness as a basis of morality." President Harris of Amherst found reassurance in the growing protest against corruption. He deplored the condition of these of our rich people whom, because of their extravagance, selfishness, and low moral standards, he called "the degenerates of our cities," but he was confident that the influence of educated men upon opinion would solve our problems. Dr. Wilson of Princeton sent his young men out with a good heart, telling them, in effect, that they had not been to Princeton for nothing, and that though wealth had accumulated vastly, and the material side of civilization loomed up big, they must not believe that this is an age debauched and material beyond precedent. Spiritual impulses, he said, were running in new channels; the spirit of man in our day is as strong as his hand, our life is greater than the things we handle, and that life is us, and where we go it goes with us. So spoke five baccalaureate preachers, and sufficiently indicate the direction and scope of this year's group of such discourses. Outside of the colleges, we observe that at Cleveland Mr. J. D. Rockefeller toured the Sunday-school of which he is still the superintendent that he felt better than he had felt in ten years. From Concord, New Hampshire, another leader, Mrs. M. B. G. Eldy, issued to her followers formal assurance of her continued ability to work for Zion, the published expectations of her enemies to the contrary notwithstanding.

Commencement at Boston College, a Roman Catholic institution, was furnished by an address by the Hon. Bourke Cockran on "The Conversion of the United States to Catholicity." Of course Mr. Cockran made a good speech; he always does. He encouraged his Catholic hearers to go ahead and convert the United States to their faith. He felt it to be important to the welfare and prosperity of the people that it should be done; he felt that it would afford security to the permanence of republican government on this continent, and

he held that the conversion of the United States was not an extravagant conception, but a practicable enterprise well within the bounds of accomplishment. This was all good missionary talk and proper enough to the occasion, but did not Mr. Cockran's enthusiasm get a little the better of him when he went on to tell his young friends that the Catholic Church is not merely the friend of freedom, but its fountain; not only the friend of progress, but its light; not only the natural support of republicanism in the United States, "but the origin of the Constitution we value is here"? This was news in Boston, but the orator explained that the valuable features of the Constitution were derived from the gospel preached centuries ago on the shores of Lake Galilee, whereof the fundamental feature was that all men were born equal in the sight of God. Then he meant Christianity when he said Catholicity! Not quite, for if we get the drift of his thought from a very incomplete report of what he said, the Catholicity he speaks of is something to which Protestants as well as heathens are subject to conversion. Of course a Catholic orator speaking to a Catholic audience is out of range of outside criticism, and may say when he will as long as it suits his audience, and use his words in any sense that they understand. And yet Mr. Cockran knows as well as his hearers must have known that the "Catholicity" represented in the Constitution was Protestant by an overwhelming preponderance, and that when he spoke of our government as the fruit of Catholic instruction, he took an extremely long view. We hope "Catholicity" won't have things all its own way in this country, nor all Protestants be converted to it, for, as thoughtful Catholics realize, the open competition with Protestantism here has had a vastly useful and liberalizing influence on the American Catholic Church.

The *Teconote Mail* criticizes, grudgingly enough but with some feeling, Secretary Hay's order substituting "American" for "United States" on the seals, stamps, plates, and devices of the foreign representatives of the United States. It says, truly enough, that the United States are not the whole of America, and makes the natural and obvious objections to the monopolizing of a continental name by one of that continent's constituent nations. The Secretary's order is not political, but merely literary, and aims to make nomenclature follow usage and promote convenience. It is the rule—almost the universal rule—that the embassies, legations, and consulates of the United States are known as "American." Citizens of the United States are "Americans" as distinguished from Mexicans, Brazilians, Canadians, and other dwellers on this continent. An ambassador of the United States is "the American Ambassador." Custom and convenience have brought this about. Not only in Europe, but in South America, there has been an other compact name for us. When our forefathers signed their union the "United States of America," they did no more than was natural. There were at that time no other united states maintaining republican government in America. The name our fathers gave this country is all the same it has got, and all it seems likely to have. It cannot well be changed, but if any American nation really feels aggrieved by our having it, there is a possible remedy. She may plausibly hope to share it with us. We occupy the name, but our occupation is not exclusive. Canada, for example, would undoubtedly be welcome to join with us in the enjoyment of our national appellation.

A learned American, whose attainments and abilities are not less appreciated abroad than at home, is the Hon. Hannia Taylor, lawyer and law-writer, and lecturer on Constitutional and international law in the Columbian University in Washington. He comes from the South; a native of North Carolina; lately a resident of Alabama. He was Minister to Spain during Mr. Cleveland's last administration, and more recently has represented our government as counsel before the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission and the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal. Evidently his reputation as a lawyer is of the highest, but fame still more extended and sure has come to him as the author of two renowned works, *The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution*, and *International Public Law*. These books are now ranked as eminent—perhaps the highest—authorities in the great subjects of which they treat, and it is mainly because of them that on June 30 the University of Dublin made Mr. Taylor a D.D., and that on July 25 the University of Edinburgh will confer upon him the same honor.

The Republican Platform

If the managers of the Chicago convention had desired that the campaign now beginning should start exclusively on Mr. Roosevelt's personality and record, they would have framed a platform differing materially in respect, not only of beauty, but of three important particulars. After reciting succinctly the past achievements of the Republican party, and its resultant claim to the gratitude and confidence of the country, they would have recognized, as did William McKinley in his last public speech, that other times require other promises and other views, and they would have gratified the many revisionists in their own ranks by pledging themselves to bring about an early and substantial readjustment of the tariff to the material changes that have taken place in industrial and trade conditions since the Dingley bill became a law. They could also have made more definite, and, therefore, more satisfactory, the agreement to give the Filipinos self-government; and, finally, they could have refrained from demanding an immediate enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution. Had they adopted a platform thus conceived, they would have spared two of the enemy's guns: they would have avoided the tactical mistake of goading opponents to desperation; and, in a word, they would have done all that human foresight could suggest to restrict the field of controversy, and of prophecy to the past, present, and probable outcome of the peaceful, strongly marked, yet subtle engaging, individuality of their nominee for the Presidency. As it is, the Republican national convention has put forth a manifesto in which, though an avowed foe to many words, limitations of Mr. Roosevelt's administration as the platform of 1900 allotted to that of his predecessor, they have gone on to hound the nominee by turning a deaf ear to Republican revisionists and giving them a show when they ask for bread; by practically ignoring, instead of trying to conciliate, the anti-imperialist sentiment, and by committing both him and themselves to an ill-timed, a needless, an exaggerating, a detestable revival of race hatred and race war.

As a matter of fact, the platform constructed at Chicago, which might have been made almost unsalable, is vulnerable at many points. We glance at them in the order in which they will meet the reader's eye. The platform begins by challenging on behalf of the Republican party the entire credit for the recovery of American industry from the panic of 1893. Unshrinkable assurance is required to assert that this miserable crisis, and the industrial and business depression that preceded it, should be imputed to the Democrats, that only gained possession of the Federal government on March 4, 1893, instead of in the Republican party, that had held power during the four preceding years. Dates are awkward things, and they offer in this instance a nut that Republican stump-speakers may find hard to crack.

On the principle of "eliminating everything," the Chicago platform proceeds to annihilate all the honor earned by the liberation of Cuba. "We refused," it says, "to pelt her longer with the missiles of Cuba." The Cubans themselves know well that, up to the spring of 1898, it was in Democratic, rather than Republican, newspapers that they sought and found a generous aid that never flagged until it generated a tidal-wave of American sympathy for their oppressed and devastated island. They recall with equal vividness the fact that, from March 4, 1897, until February 15, 1898, when the battleship *Maine* was blown up in the harbor of Havana, they never had the slightest hope of securing intervention from the McKinley administration. Nor have they forgotten that, even after that deadly insult to our flag, Senator Hanna, the accredited mouthpiece of the administration, tranquillized Wall Street with the assurance that "There would be no war."

We venture to guess that Senator Quay, the present representative of Cuba in Washington, could testify that, during that eventful night of April 18-19, 1898, not a Democratic voice or vote opposed the liberationists, whereas most serious obstruction was offered by the Republican Speaker of the House of Representatives and by well-requipped mouthpieces of the Executive in the Senate. On the whole, it required a good deal of impudence for the authors of the Chicago platform to set up an exclusive title to Cuba's gratitude.

We pass to the equivocal, faint-hearted, and meaningless proposition which reads, rather than confound, the issues of revision and reciprocity. We are told that rates of duty should be readjusted only when conditions have so changed that the public interests demand their alteration. That is a truism: what not only Democrats, but scores of thousands of Republicans, believe is that the change has long since occurred. The Chicago platform goes on to say that the work of readjustment cannot "necessarily" be committed to any but Republican hands. It has been in their hands three years since President McKinley acknowledged the necessity of readjusting the Dingley tariff. We opine that if the American people want readjustment they will commit the task to public servants that will get it done. This is now the tenth year since the reciprocity clauses of the Dingley tariff

act were placed upon the statute-book. If we except the stated enactment of reciprocity granted to Cuba in fulfillment of a solemn promise, no sincere attempt has been made by the Republican party to carry out the purpose of those clauses, although nearly three years ago President McKinley declared at Buffalo that "reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times," and that, "if, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue, or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?" All that the Chicago convention was willing to say by way of endorsement was: "We believe in the adoption of all practicable methods for the further extension of our foreign markets, including commercial reciprocity wherever reciprocal arrangements can be effected, consistent with the principles of protection, and without injury to American agriculture, American labor, or any American industry." Who are to be the champions for the prescribed course? The Democrats? Obviously not. The Republican revisionists? Oh, no. The stand-patists, of course.

According to the Chicago platform, no readjustment of the tariff can be entrusted to Democrats, because their attitude for the function has been demonstrated by history. "A Democratic tariff," we are told, "has always been followed by business adversity, a Republican tariff by business prosperity." This is history, "as she is written," by Republican national conventions. Was it not the Democrats who framed and enacted the tariff of 1890, which was followed by a decade of unprecedented prosperity? Were Democrats or Republicans responsible for the tariff legislation which for five years had provided the most fruitful crisis of 1873? Really these Republican platform-managers must have granted that the voters, whom they essay to guide, have needed a common school education.

Still pursuing the policy of "eliminating everything," the Chicago platform avers that the country is indebted exclusively to the Republican party for the establishment of the gold standard, the maintenance of which, it warns voters, cannot safely be committed to the Democratic party. If this means that the preservation of the gold standard cannot safely be entrusted to Republicans, the assertion is a superfluous platitude. If it means that the same thing can be said of the conservative Democrats, who were dominant at the White House in Mr. Cleveland's two administrations, and who are expected to dominate once more at St. Louis, the assertion is rank with mendacity and ingratitude.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Cleveland in his first annual message (1885) urged a repeal of the Bland-Allison silver law, which was calculated to pull down the gold standard by requiring the purchasing and coining of silver. His Secretary of the Treasury strongly supported the demand. It was not a Democrat, but a Republican, administration, which doubled the load of depreciating silver by the Sherman law of 1890. On the other hand, it was President Cleveland who, in August, 1893, convened Congress for the express purpose of stopping silver purchasing and coining, and kept the Legislature stalled to Washington till the gold standard got a chance to lift its head. If we come down to 1898, does the credit of being outspoken and inflexible champions of the gold standard belong to the Republicans, who that year inserted in their platform a disingenuous, dishonest plank in favor of international bimetalism which they knew they could never get, or in the gold Democrats, who, setting aside to a great principle above the duty of allegiance to party, unduried a hazard of their own, or went forth in solitude to obliquity and exile?

We believe, lastly, that no more serious tactical error has ever been committed by political commanders, on the eve of a campaign expected to be strenuous and heated, than the Chicago revisionists' endorsement of the demand for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment.

The Republican plank dealing with this subject is open to grave objection on two grounds. In the first place, it ignores the constitutional limitation of the Federal Legislature from the Federal judiciary. The plank insists that Congress shall determine the question of fact and of law, whether in any State the elective franchise has been unconstitutionally restricted. That is to say, it arrogates to the Federal Legislature a function which is reserved to the United States Supreme Court. In the second place, the framers of the plank had not seen enough to heed the adage, Let sleeping dogs lie. The proposition to a re-endorsement of race prejudice and race hatred was given at a time when, practically, the Democrats seemed likely to let the election go by default; when a majority of the Southern Democrats, or, at all events, of their leaders, seemed disposed to accept a hopeless or a colorless candidate; and in pass over the one man who, as Republicans themselves forbade, might reach the White House, on which twice already he has upturned the Democratic standard.

It was, we repeat, the worst of bad tactics to administer at such a juncture an electric and eye-opening shock to Southern Democrats; and if Senator Hanna had been there he would never have countenanced such an act of folly.

The Republican Ticket

As we measure age in these days, it was a young man's ticket which the Republican party put forward at Chicago, for Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, is only forty-six, and Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, is but a few years older. It is not, of course, the first time that a man under fifty has been nominated for the Presidency. William J. Bryan was but thirty-six when he was made the Democratic standard-bearer in 1896; Grover Cleveland was forty-seven when he was first nominated in 1884; Thomas C. Grant was forty-six when he was first named in 1869; George B. McClellan was only thirty-eight when he was put forward as the nominee of the Democratic party in 1864, and Frank Pierce was but thirty when he was elected to the presidency in 1852. Up to the present time, however, Theodore Roosevelt is the only man of whom it can be said that he was but forty-three when he entered the White House. Neither will it be disputed that in temperament he is even younger than his years. He is impulsive, sympathetic, magnetic. It is not surprising that such qualities should prove attractive to his rivals. They are characteristic of youth. If it be, as an English Lord Chancellor once ironically suggested, an "atrocious crime" to be a young man, Mr. Roosevelt must be acknowledged guilty of it. In our opinion, it is precisely his actual and temperamental juvenility that accounts for the extraordinary ascendancy acquired by Mr. Roosevelt over much of the Republican rank and file, an ascendancy to which veteran leaders found themselves compelled to submit at Chicago. South is the secret of his popularity. The inclinations and enthusiasms of the young are involved with the charms of surprise; even their weaknesses and foibles meet with forbearance and indulgence, because it is taken for granted that they will be eliminated by experience and maturity. How, otherwise, can we explain a performance unique in the history of Vice-Presidents? It is true that no fewer than three Vice-Presidents, to wit, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Martin Van Buren, have become heads of the Federal Executive, but never before has a President by accident succeeded in obtaining a nomination to the Chief Magistracy from the party that elected him to the minor office. Every one of the four preceding Presidents by accident strove to gain that prize, but they all failed. Theodore Roosevelt, on the other hand, was nominated at Chicago without a dissenting voice. The significance of the phenomenon is not overclouded by a recognition of the fact that the conditions were circumstances have contrived to Mr. Roosevelt's elevation. More than any other man alive he has reason to believe in his star, and, like the dictator Sulla, to describe himself as "Felix." Literally kicked upstairs into the Vice-Presidency, for the undignified purpose of ending his political career, fate summoned him to the White House; and when, subsequently, by his own free offer, he accepted the nomination for President, the Republican success, the new public man, whose, possibly, they might have relied upon to block Mr. Roosevelt's further progress, was called away by destiny. As one of the bitterest and most implacable enemies of the President within the Republican ranks in his own State said, when he learned of the death of Senator Hanna: "It is all over. I surrender. I cannot fight against fate."

This is a one-sided view of the matter. To no other President by accident could have rendered such decisive help. Even had Senator Hanna lived, and had consented to organize the elements of opposition that existed in the background at Chicago, it is our firm conviction, in view of all the facts, that Mr. Roosevelt would have beaten him.

Does it follow that because Mr. Roosevelt, through his hold over the imagination and sympathy of the young men in the Republican party, was able to compel the unanimous endorsement of his candidacy at Chicago, he is equally certain to triumph at the ballot-box? It must be remembered that youthful voters, while usually enthusiastic, are as easily discouraged and depressed. Young soldiers have not the sturdiness of veterans. Nobody knows better than Mr. Roosevelt that, on the political battlefield, he has never yet been under fire. If we picture over such slight local contests as those in Assembly districts, we may say that he had been only three times a candidate for an elective office, and that in none of those cases were political battles turned on his personality or his record. When, in 1887, he was the Republican nominee for Mayor of his native city, he was totally overlooked, public interest being monopolized by the fight between the protagonists, Abram Hewitt and Henry George. In 1898, when he was put forward by the Republicans for the Governorship of New York, he was opposed by his political opponents, in whom it seemed ungracious and unwisely to wage furious and ill-rewarded warfare on a man who, but yesterday, had risked his life against a foreign foe, and sought glory at the cannon's mouth. We need not say that in 1900 the Democrats were less much absorbed in their desperate and hopeless effort to stem the stupor of McKinley's victory than the Republicans were the Republican nominee for the Vice-Presidency. Yet it must be noted that, on the three occasions named, although he was ex-

empt from attack, and his vote-getting qualities had a perfectly free field for exercise, Mr. Roosevelt failed signally to prove the possession of any power of adding strength to a ticket. In 1887 he was not only distanced by Hewitt, but outperformed considerably by Henry George. In 1898, when he was fresh from San Juan Hill, he got a plurality of only 17,700, which presented an astonishing contrast with the plurality of 264,468 given to McKinley only two years before. In 1900, though the presence of Mr. Roosevelt's name on the Republican ticket should presumably have appealed to State pride, McKinley's plurality in New York under went a drop to 143,000. From the precedents just cited, the inference seems justified that Mr. Roosevelt's ascendency is an intermittent, a transmissible, a neutralizable force. The effect is short-lived, the victory when he sought the country in contact with his gleaming eye and glad hand gets stopped and dissipated between the convention hall and the ballot-box. The truth, of course, is that in 1887 and 1898, though nobody then took the trouble to suggest criticism or distrust, the voters had time to think whether, on the whole, it would be safe to entrust young Mr. Roosevelt with the functions of Mayor or of Governor. In the campaign now begun, they will not only have time to think, but Mr. Roosevelt's Democratic opponents may be relied upon to give them something to think about. For the first time in his career the President will learn what George Eliot meant when she said that hostile scrutiny is torture.

As for the nomination of Senator Fairbanks for the Vice-Presidency, it may have been a judicious move for the Republicans from one point of view, and it certainly was a clever one from another. It is the policy of Mr. Roosevelt's friends if it be true that the present Chief Magistrate already has his eye on the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1904. There is no doubt that Senator Fairbanks—rather than Mr. Dick or Mr. Herrick, though the two last named are critics of Ohio—is the true political representative and legation of Senator Hanna. He is the man upon whom many powerful but just now reticent Republicans, that look with some confidence on Mr. Roosevelt, would have united this year had circumstances been propitious. Had Mr. Fairbanks retained his seat in the Senate, and therewith the control of the party machine in his State, he might reasonably have looked forward to becoming the spokesman and champion of conservative Republican interests during the next quadrennium. By his acceptance of the Vice-Presidency he has sacrificed himself to an eligible factor, even if it be the shadow of accident. We do not credit Senator Fairbanks with preternatural sagacity when we opine that a recognition of this fact had something to do with the address, and to say no more, with which he regarded the proposal to give him the second place on the Republican ticket.

In the other hand, if the Republican managers regarded Wisconsin and Illinois as comparatively safe, and thought it regrettable to use all the ammunition left at their disposal in Indiana as being a State exceptionally doubtful—and if they also deemed it prudent, with an eye to the other second thought of the electorate at large, to counterbalance Mr. Roosevelt's effusive personality with a resounding antithesis—they could have hit upon no better choice than they actually made. In outward aspect and habitual demeanor, in temperament, in character, there could be no sharper contrast than that offered by the Republican nominees for the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Roosevelt is still "one of the boys." Mr. Fairbanks embodies the ideal of a "grave and revered senior." There is something portentous in his seriousness. His taciturnity and his solemnity seem at once congenital and studied. He makes on a close observer the impression of having modified himself from youth on Milton's occupation of "stagnant, deep on whose begraven eddies deliberate soul and purple care."

On the whole, there is a good deal to be said for both ends of the Republican ticket. The question for the Democrats to ponder is, How can they best it?

The Papacy and the Republic

Zola in his novel—*Rouge*—makes Abbe Pierre Fremont, curé of the Roman Catholic Church in America as "overdone with sap and upheld by intense hopes, as at the moment of the rejuvenated Christianity of tomorrow." "The freedom of the republic is against Rome. The Mississippi will not be dominated by the Tiber," said Oliver Wendell Holmes, the son of a Puritan minister. Here is the hope of far-seeing European Catholics, albeit expressed by an laudatory character in a story by an author whom Catholics detest, set over against the dogmatic statement of an old-fashioned New-England. Do they conflict, or has each an element of truth?

Such a question is inevitably suggested by recent happenings. Never before in the history of the national capital have two members of the cabinet, a justice of the Supreme Court, and repre-

sensitive legislators and military and naval officials sat down at a dinner with an Italian member of the College of Cardinals, at which he was the guest of honor and a member of the cabinet the host; nor has any previous President ever formally welcomed a Roman Catholic Italian prelate as cordially as President Roosevelt recently welcomed Cardinal Satolli.

In explanation of Secretary Taft's unusual courtesy to Cardinal Satolli, it may be said that he was but returning courtesies received by him when in Rome, as special commissioner deputed to deal with the Vatican and the Philippine matters. President Roosevelt's exceptional treatment of Cardinal Satolli is but natural in view of his other dealings with Roman Catholics since he became President. For, more than any of his predecessors, his friendships and acquaintances have been with men of all sects and conditions, all races and all religions, and since becoming President he has put into practice a catholicity of action conformable to the ideals of the republic such as none of his predecessors have ever shown. Benjamin Harrison, elder in a Presbyterian Church, William McKim, confidant and advisor with Methodist Episcopal bishops, were typical of a long line of Protestant Presidents who theoretically believed that Roman Catholics were Christians and that they were entitled to offices under the republic, but as for having personal friends among Roman Catholics, as for putting them in places of responsibility, as for living up to the spirit as well as the letter of the law which guarantees parity of standing between Christian and Jew, Roman Catholic and Protestant, they could not; their antecedents, training, tastes were all against it.

President Roosevelt, on the contrary, has been more of a "mixer": his political and army experiences have bound him close to men of all faiths and all religions, and his religious affiliations have been with the more liberal sects, less ruffled in their hostility to Romanism. Consequently, for this reason, as well as for others, his advent to the Presidency may be said to mark a new era. He will not run contrary to the traditions and convictions of the country, to the extent of giving the papacy a status at Washington which it would like, namely, the right to be represented diplomatically. Neither, on the other hand, will he be deterred by any fear of Protestant criticism from dealing fully and fairly with problems as they arise at home or abroad—problems that affect the welfare of the increased Roman Catholic population of the nation. He will do this not from policy, but from principle, but in doing it he will be politic nevertheless.

This new attitude on the part of the national Executive will be but the reflection of an altered attitude by the Protestant majority of the churches. Not that the time has come yet when most of our voters will vote as readily for Roman Catholic candidates for office as they will for Protestant candidates, not that the A. P. A. spirit has passed away entirely, but there is a lessened spirit of antagonism to Roman Catholicism among Protestant thinkers and leaders, more harmony of effort between Protestant and Roman Catholic clergymen in civil reform movements, and less and less criticism of recognition of Roman Catholic worth by executives who dare to appoint them to administrative or judicial positions.

Not every Protestant is prepared to say, with Senator Hoar, that he believes that "if every Protestant were to be stricken down by a lightning stroke, that our brethren of the Catholic faith would still carry on the republic in a spirit of true and liberal freedom." But it is significant that in such a book as Mr. Sellick's recent one *The Spiritual Outlook* for this country, this Universalist clergyman should praise the Roman Catholic Church as he does and predict a greater future than ever for it in the future, and that Rev. S. D. McConnell, one of the ablest and most thoughtful of Protestant Episcopalian clergymen, in some of his recent writings on the future of Christianity in this country, should have recognized so clearly the potency of a closely articulated church with a uniform message at a time of transition like the present, and the attraction it will have for society at a future date in affairs of state the separating principle is coming to be dominant, the cardinal claim authority, and the cardinal virtue obedience.

If on the side of the state and of society in general there is a more tolerant spirit toward Roman Catholicism due to various forces obvious and some not so apparent, it is because here, by the admission of Roman Catholic prelates like the late Archbishop Corrigan, competition with Protestantism has produced a very much more liberal type of Catholicism than Europe or South America know, and because the American hierarchy, from Cardinal Gibbons down to the presbytery, have more and for all given up the claims of the Church on the state which are still made in Europe.

It is in the avowed ambition of Roman Catholics here to conquer the country, but in a spiritual, not political, way. "For my part," says Cardinal Gibbons, "I vastly prefer the system obtaining in these United States by which the Church is supported by voluntary contributions, rather than as in European countries, where the state supports the Church; and where, as in consequence, the Church has to suffer in her liberty. . . . I

hope the day may never come when the state here shall build our churches and salary our clergy." Had France cardinals and archbishops equally in sympathy with republican ideals, how different the state of affairs in France might be. It is useless to deny that many of the Roman Catholic prelates of the country look forward to a time when the state shall support their parochial schools and eucharistic institutions; and some of them would like to see the American Federation of Catholic Societies turned into an instrument for securing legislation along this line by political pressure. But the more and more far-sighted minds among the hierarchy realize that such a policy would be fatal to that peace and prosperity which now comes to the Church in this country through its perfect liberty, its sympathetic recognition by an ever-increasing number of Protestants, and by the sturdier type of laity that are developed by the regime of self-support that is necessary now. Temporal power mingled with spiritual authority has been the curse of the papacy in Europe and none know it better than the leaders of American Catholicism.

The Uses of Adversity

To find a magazine article that one reads and then reads it these days of swift production is a phenomena worth recording. Doubtless those who read Professor Lloyd Morgan's article in "The Middle of the Universe," in the June *Contemporary*, will read it. The whole article deserves close attention from the beginning with its incisive distinction between the field for scientific investigation and the field for metaphysical speculation in the last paragraph on the problem of evil.

The old-fashioned subject of the uses of adversity has been much lost sight of in recent years, while there has been a quick growth of athletic Christianity and a spread of facile optimism, and it is well to be reminded by Professor Morgan that the great human type was the Man of Sorrows. "What would Christ be to you if he were not this?" he asks.

Perhaps sorrow as a means to consciousness can afford to be emphasized. Not only is a noble discontent the high road to moral and spiritual growth, but a capacity for suffering, *agape*, actual suffering in itself is the chief way of enlarging the consciousness and developing the soul. "The soul," Rosmini tells us, "is the capacity for feeling." "If," he says, "the soul feels itself, it is in its essence, feeling, since it is only feeling that is felt by itself, and if bodies are felt by the soul and the soul is felt by itself, the soul is the principle of feeling." Now, in order to develop a faculty we exercise it, and the exercise of the soul is love and suffering. So far as we know this is what Christ did upon earth.

"Let us be unshaken of soul," writes Browning, and the rest of his gospel is let us be unafraid of suffering. When a man looks upon his past from a vantage-point of ten years it is never the regrets of fate he regrets unless he was a coward and ran from them. If he met them, equal with them, and conquered, it is of such stuff that strength is made. The true dignity of human nature lies in its power of meeting evil and transforming it into good.

After all, good and evil are relative terms, not absolute, they exist interrelated, as do dark and light. Good means simply that figure that stands with its back on the neck of a struggling wrong. As the nature of the delinquent evil reveals in the scale of the loss and of power so does the good show it. To hold drunkenness and ordinary self-indulgence under any seem but a lot achievement, but to hold under all desire of self-aggrandizement, all envy, malice, hypocrisy, and revenge is literally to love our enemies and do good to them that despitefully use us, and this is making gradually for the type set for humanity. But it is not done without suffering. The very conditions of growth are struggle and the process is pain.

If this seem to be a plea for wanton sorrows it is not a plea for complaining. The soul as we have been taught by all prophets, is very silent. If we cry out upon life, the essence of our experience is masked and the resultant strength is dissipated. That sorrow only gives the full moral that we have lived with alone, that we have never uttered, shared, or hinted at. If this could be realized the world's clamor would be almost hushed. This is the secret of the serenity of the sage, and the very soul in which the seed of wisdom bursts and sends forth shoots.

A finer peace shall be wrought out of pain

Than the stars that the darkness know;

Ah, and but my soul is in sorrow till then

And the feet of the years more slow.

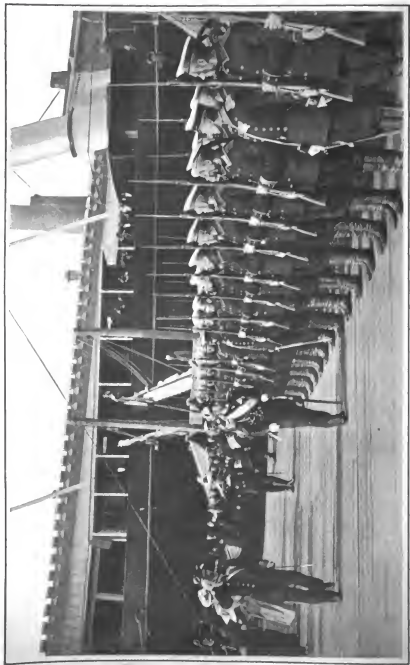
It is the whole philosophy of Rabbi Ben Ezra that the great from which we rise with silent will of acquiescence is the rest that binds us to a larger world of deeper insight.

The great point in life is not to escape sorrow, but to have a soul of so noble and exalted a form that whatever sorrow flows into it will be transformed into the beauty of the vessel which holds it.



AN INCIDENT OF THE EVACUATION OF NEWCHWANG—RUSSIANS REMOVING SIEGE-GUNS FROM THE MANCHURIAN STRONGHOLD

Recent news of events in the neighborhood of Newchwang is contained in a dispatch from Admiral Togo, reporting the evacuation of Yinkow, the port of Newchwang. The latter was evacuated in May, but was subsequently recaptured by the Russians. The Togo's forces at Yinkow are said to have numbered about two, with heavy guns.



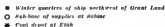
A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CZAR—NICHOLAS II. HOLDING A REVIEW AT THE NAVY-YARD, ST. PETERSBURG

The photograph was taken recently during a review held by the Czar at the St. Petersburg Navy-yard, and is the latest picture of him that has appeared. The photograph has an additional interest from the fact of the Czar's reported desire to take an active part in the Far Eastern conflict. It has been stated that it is not unlikely that he will go to the front.

By R. E. PERRY

Wellman, and presumably Mr. Zeigler are advocates of this route. The brilliant young Duke of Abruzzi, who reached 86° 33' N. latitude, the highest north yet attained, 300 miles north of Franz-Josef Land, is the only one of all the explorers by this route who has gone beyond or even reached the northern cape of the Franz-Josef

This has been the favorite route for American expeditions. It has lifted the coast line out of the very northern Ultima Thule, the purview of Arctic explorers and Arctic, concede this route to be the advantages are, a land base



A Nature of the Arctic Regions—a Male Hunt

100 miles nearer the pole than on any other route, a firmer ice-pack to traverse, a wide coast-line to which to return, and the opportunity for doing the work in one year.

It has the disadvantages of a somewhat greater difficulty in getting a ship to a high latitude and the rugged character of the ice. This is the route which I propose to utilize, and to its utilization bring an extended experience, personal familiarity with every foot of the region, and the ability to utilize the utmost efforts of the Eskimos in aid of my plans.

The crucial part of the project is the traverse of what may be called the ice-bridge division of the route—i. e., the ice-encumbered channels between Cape Sabine and the northern coast of Grant Land, a distance of only 350 miles, which has already been accomplished by four vessels. One of these, the little *Polaris*, made the entire run without ever seeing ice.

North of this is a sledge journey of less than 500 miles to the pole, but of which I have already traversed, and the total of which is no greater than the length of four sledge journeys already made by me in that region.

South of this is a stretch of some 3000 miles of navigation between Cape Sabine and New York, which can be accomplished by any suitable ship in August of any year.

As the reach of ice navigation from Sabine to North Grant Land is the crux of the project, for it is I need the best Arctic ship that can be built. Not like Nansen's *Fram*, or the German *Gauss*, a stoutly built tub with no power, nor like the English *Discovery*, a fine sailing-ship, but one with no power.

My ship (and she is not a dream, but a carefully worked out proposition with the drawings completed) must be of a strength to resist and a shape to lift in the pressure of the ice, and with power to smash and wedge and squeeze her way through the ice-floes. A sloop, a powerboat, a motor, a sailing-ship with auxiliary engines.

My ship will be the only expensive tub I require, and she must be the best. I had contemplated sending a ship north this summer to establish a coal depot, and instruct the Eskimos in regard to assembling dogs, sleds, and furs, to readiness for my next summer, but I have found the expense too great, and have been obliged to abandon the idea.

The coal depot, which I shall establish at Etah, where I had my depot in '98, will be established by an auxiliary ship accom-

panying the main expedition steamer next summer, and returning early in September. I expect soon to place the contract for the hull of my new ship, and the supervision of this and the raising of the keel of the funds will occupy me fully for the next few months. There will come the repeated trials of the ship and its engines to be sure that everything is just right, and the assembling of the supplies and equipment.

Early in July, 1903, I shall steam north, establish my coal depot at Etah and my outposts of provisions at Cape Sabine, take on board my Eskimos and dogs, and attack the key of my project.

The strike of the ice navigation north of Cape Sabine.

I hope to reach the northern shore of Grant Land in early September, winter there with my ship, and very early in February begin the sledge journey which, God willing, shall attain the pole, and perhaps hit a new land out of the 500,000 square miles of utter ignorance which at present challenges our inshore in the polar basin.

And what for, all this effort and expense? Because of the accessions to scientific and geographical knowledge; because it is the privilege and the duty of this great country to capture the last great geographical prize the world has to offer; this prize which will signify man's final physical conquest of the globe. And if there were no other reason, because of the added feeling of pride that will be experienced by every American citizen if the Stars and the Stripes are the first to reach the pole.

And that increment of pride to millions of people to add to our national record.



The "Hawthorn" making the Passage through the Polar Sea

just that added acreage will ten times outweigh the cost of the expedition.

I doubt if there is one intelligent person in a hundred when the subject does not interest, and who does not wish that the Stars and Stripes may win, but interest and good wishes do not fit out ships or buy provisions.

The inducements are that there is no second Henry Grinnell of New York, or Oscar of Sweden to see this project through. The funds for its materialization must come in small amounts from thousands, tried to impress upon my mind that I should regard it as a special favor on the part of the "benevolent government."

"Now, young man, you must appreciate this favor and show yourself worthy of it. We know that you are a student of social and economic sciences and an idealist in political affairs. Science and ideals are all right in their place. What the government objects to is the enervating of science and ideals into the street. At least as long as you remain in the army forget all you know of state, human rights, and all such things, and try to be a soldier like all other soldiers. Do not attempt to enlighten anybody. Mind your own business. However, if you attempt to spend inconsiderate and government ideas in the barracks, you are bound to get into trouble. I want you to know it, and be prepared to take the consequences of your department."

I took leave of the general and went in the evening after

My Service in the Russian Army

By Isador Ladoff

THE tempting privileges granted to educated volunteers in the Russian army induced me to enlist in it before my turn to serve as a soldier arrived.

The red tape of Russian officialdom demanded, among other documents, a certificate of my "political trustworthiness" from the police authorities. This certificate at the start threatened to become eventually a serious standing-block on my road to a military career. An "administrative" political process against me was pending in St. Petersburg, and I was under secret police surveillance. However, here in Russia, as elsewhere, are created mainly to be transmuted "in special cases," and the chief of the grandrums (political police) of the Livland district, his Excellency, General Lachs, in his "infinite wisdom" decided that my case was a "special" one. He therefore used his personal discretion in the matter, and I was fortunate enough to be taken into the rank and file of the defenders of the White Czar's throne, of my fatherland, and of the Orthodox Greek Church, without a certificate of "political trustworthiness."

General Lachs, when announcing to me that I would be accepted as a volunteer in the Russian army in spite of my political wickedness, tried to impress upon my mind that I should regard it as a special favor on the part of the "benevolent government."

"Now, young man, you must appreciate this favor and show yourself worthy of it. We know that you are a student of social and economic sciences and an idealist in political affairs. Science and ideals are all right in their place. What the government objects to is the enervating of science and ideals into the street. At least as long as you remain in the army forget all you know of state, human rights, and all such things, and try to be a soldier like all other soldiers. Do not attempt to enlighten anybody. Mind your own business. However, if you attempt to spend inconsiderate and government ideas in the barracks, you are bound to get into trouble. I want you to know it, and be prepared to take the consequences of your department."

I took leave of the general and went in the evening after

The impressions I received in the enlisting office, where the recruits—mostly young peasants—were subjected to a searching physical examination and either rejected or accepted into the army, according to the results of the examination, will never be effaced from my memory. The anguish and despair of the poorest relative of the accepted recruits were beyond all description. The peasants, especially the women, children of nature as they were, expressed their feelings in heart-rending wailing, as if the enlistment into the Czar's army were equivalent to being buried alive. In general, the conduct of the people in the enlisting office did not in the least harmonize with the official and officious stories concerning the inherent patriotism of the "faithful subjects" of the "little father," the Czar.

Indeed, there is more than one reason why the Russian peasant, the "muzhik," should dread and abhor the cruel blood tax called compulsory military service. The Russian "muzhiks" are an affectionate people and love their children dearly. At the same time the peasants have no feeling toward the Czar's government other than the semi-superstitious fear usually entertained by unenlightened people toward an exacting master. Like all agriculturists, the "muzhiks" are peaceful and peace-loving in their mode of life and aspirations, in their ethics and creeds. The forced departure of a young member of the patriarchal Slavic family—commence, of the "air" from his native village into the unknown cold and cruel outside world, with its numerous perils and temptations, must be considered by the peasants as a calamity almost as fatal and sad as death.

In my own physical examination was dispensed with, as I presented a duly certified document, testifying that I was fit to serve. I took the official oath in the church in the presence of the chief of the squad in which I was to serve. I came to the barracks in the evening. A cot was assigned to me, and I was prepared to pass my first night there.

I was gradually falling asleep when suppressed sobs struck my ear. The heavily drunk sergeant-major was the disturber of the quiet in the barracks. He approached some of the sleeping young soldiers, woke them rudely, and asked them:

"Who is our present Secretary (Minister) of War? What is his name, surname, full title?"

"Was to those who did not answer promptly and correctly. They received a sound lashing with the buckled end of a heavy soldier's belt.

"What does this mean?" asked I of my friend Ivan Ivanoff.

"Is that allowed in our squad?"

"Allowed! Of course it is contrary to all laws and regulations. But our sergeant-major is a personal favorite of the chief of our regiment, and may do what he pleases with impunity. It is his title. The recruits punished by the sergeant-major are poor devils who failed to pay the customary tribute when entering the squad. The sergeant-major is a brutal and greedy fellow half-crazed with drink. He feels dry and wants to get some money."

"How high is the tribute paid by the recruits to the sergeant-major?"

"Not less than three rubles, at any rate. Yes, bitter is the life of a young soldier," concluded my friend, meditatively.

"Tell me some of your experiences as a recruit," asked I. The sob of the poor recruits drew my sleep away.

"Well, sir! There is not much to tell," said Ivanoff. "You will see yourself in a few days what it means to be a recruit. We peasants are treated without mercy by the drill-sergeant (drabik). Kicks, jabs, arrests, and other severe punishments follow each other, as day follows night, at the slightest pretext, and sometimes without any pretext. A wrong turn of the body during the drill, an awkward motion when engaged in gymnastics, clumsy handling of arms, in a trice brings upon us various blows

and abusive language. Such is service!" Ivan Ivanoff sighed deeply when he finished his sentence.

"But why do not you protest against such inhuman treatment?" "Protest? Try it!" he replied, ironically. "Good night, sir!" He covered his head with his coarse gray blanket and our conversation ended for the night.

At six o'clock in the morning we rose and dressed hurriedly. We then cleaned our ammunition, polished our buttons, buckles, and shoes. He who had time and means drank tea.

"Na prazdnik!"—i. e., "In your morning exercise!"—commanded the drill-sergeant. The "prazdniks" intended to be an airing of the soldiers for hygienic purposes, was turned by the sergeant into a rather heavy drill. The actual exercises started at eight o'clock in the morning. They consisted chiefly of gymnastics. What surprised me was that all the instruction of the recruits and young soldiers was left in the hands of old soldiers, who were in all respects, except mechanical training, just as grossly ignorant as their pupils. The result was apparent. Military instruction, instead of being pleasant, healthy, and developing body and mind, was turned by the irrational methods of teaching practiced by the drill-sergeants into a tedious drudgery, having the tendency of crippling the body and stunting the mind. The commissioned officers of the Russian army considered it below their dignity even to teach the common soldiers to read and to write. The barracks were ruled by the sergeant-major, as Russia is ruled by the Czar, with the iron hand.

We had in our squad a young soldier, Peter Kolento, who belonged to the category of "shtrafnoye." This category of soldiers is treated with particular severity. Their slightest error, their most trifling transgressions are punished with draconian cruelty. They are particularly at the mercy of every old soldier in the squad.

A few words about the kind of food given to the Russian soldier will be of interest. The principal meal of the day—the dinner—consists invariably of some cabbage soup (kash) and black bread (kasha), with some sweet and meat. According to rules each soldier has to get daily one-half of a pound of meat, twenty-two subalkis in pound contain ninety-six subalkis of black-bread, and three pounds of sweet-tye bread. The daily ration of a soldier are calculated so as not to exceed four and one-fourth of a kopek (about two cents) for each soldier. The sloshing propensities in the army are, however, so great that the quantity and quality of the soldier's food is considerably below the legal norm. Besides this, the food for the soldiers is prepared in a very uncleanly way and served in an unattractive manner.

A soldier of the rank and file gets the magnificent salary of forty-five kopeks (twenty-two cents) every two months, while a non-commissioned officer gets sixty-seven kopeks (thirty-three cents). Each soldier is responsible for his meal appearance. As the uniforms, boots, etc., he receives from the administration are in most cases of a poor fit and quality the soldier is compelled to spend his own money in order to mend them and keep them in proper shape, or be severely punished. Smoking is therefore considered as a matter of course in the barracks. Official Russian boasts that the soldier in the army is a powerful civilizing agent, lifting the peasantry up from mediocrity.

However, the fact is that the service in the army is a school of demoralization for the peasants. What the peasants acquire in the barracks are the repulsive ideas of the barbaric civilization of city slummers, callousness toward the suffering of their fellow beings, an enhanced spirit of abject servility, and a pronounced aversion to the patient, plodding work of an agriculturist. My army service terminated earlier than I anticipated on account of my defective eyesight, and I left it with not little regret.



Russian Cossack Soldiers grooming their Horses

Copyright by C. B. Green



A Squad of Russian Soldiers at Guard Drill

Copyright by H. C. Ross Co.

Penniless London

By Sydney Brooks

London, June 21, 1934.

LONDONERS will not readily forget the last three seasons. In 1931 Queen Victoria passed away, and the season died before it was born. The court went into full mourning for a period of six months that did not expire, if I remember rightly, till July 24. Society suffered from the effects of a direct intimation of what the King expected of it either in the way of dress or entertainment. Mourning was pretty generally observed on all public and semi-public occasions for at least four or five months after the Queen's death. It was obligatory in the royal enclosure at Ascot, and the opera was never without the fair sprinkling of black gowns. At court it was, of course, rigidly maintained. At private dinner-parties, of the kind that are not announced in the *Evening Post*, black was definitely discarded before the season was a fortnight old. At more weighty gatherings and receptions the hostesses were usually in half-mourning at least, and the guests played their wiles. Nobodies who wanted to appear somewhat achieved a sentimental importance by appearing in full mourning as long as the court did. Lesser mortals, thinking that they had no position to keep up, gave up black before the middle of June, and joined the morning and afternoon parties in Hyde Park unshamed. Hardly less puzzling than the problem of dress was that of entertainment. Throughout May and June society gave dinners by stealth. Invitations were short and their object disguised in pretexts. The *venue d'être* was lashed upon "the young people," an announcement that would have scared away any one not versed in the complexities of social life under a monarchy in mourning. But even on the spot it was found that "the young people," for whose benefit the affair was ostensibly arranged, took no more part in it than "the young people" usually do in England—that is to say, none at all. It was not until the end of June, when the King accepted one or two invitations, that society threw off the mask and began to enjoy itself openly. Even then the enjoyment was fragmentary and spasmodic. The floor was not still on, and while it lasted there was a something in the atmosphere, as well as occasional unexpected gaps at the table, not conducive to festivity. There was, in consequence, an unusual number of half-mourning charities in the form of banquets and fetes on behalf of soldiers' and sailors' institutions and so on. A fair number of state pageants broke into the monotony, but even though full mourning came to its official death in time to make Goodwood a feast of color, the season was, on the whole, a failure, commonplace, and under a cloud.

In 1932 it was even worse. The fiasco of the coronation killed what started out to be the most brilliant season London had ever known. The popular wife of a popular admiral also regards herself with justice as a sort of social barometer assured me that her engagement-list for the 1932 season was twenty per cent heavier than in 1931, the year of the Diamond Jubilee, and thirty per cent heavier than in any ordinary season. But nothing could surmount the shock of the King's illness on the very eve of his coronation. People with one second bid to the country, but without wholly rising their town houses. Two days after it was known that the coronation was to be postponed there was an August desolation over everything: mere handbills, and those mainly of American origin, in the parks; the West End an uninhabited as a village again street; Piccadilly as deserted as Fifth Avenue on a hot July afternoon. Never had June closed in such a social chaos. No one knew what might happen. Few, therefore, left England. Society oscillated uneasily between London and the country, prepared for everything or nothing. Thousands of engagements were being cancelled at the last moment. It was the exception to find anything taking place as it had been planned. Hostesses also included holding their dinner or reception or garden-party had to put notices in the papers to that effect. No society can exist on such terms. The result was an overwhelming rush out of town, until things should settle down.

A week or so before the season's close they did, to some degree, settle down. The King made a marvellous, a surprising recovery. Society began feeling its way back again. Entertainments multiplied, but mainly entertainments of a public or semi-public order—reviews of colonial troops, endless dinners to the colonial premiers, a gorgeous reception to the Indian princes at the India office, a coronation banquet opened by the Queen, Lord Kitchener's home-coming, and so on. Any one but a Londoner might have said that the season was a splendid success. But in such matters the London standard is a high one. Judged by it, the season of 1932 was nothing less than catastrophic.

Last year things were more normal. We had President Londe with us and the King of Italy; and society got into its stride again. It was an average, but by no means a brilliant season. The weather was suicidal, and the losses of the trades that flourish on society something appalling in consequence. So much of the social life of London is enacted in the open air, at Kew, Ascot, Goodwood, Newmarket, at Ramsgate and Hurlingham, at Cowes and Brixley, that a dripping summer, such as we had in 1933, prevents any season from accomplishing its best. When

August came and society awoke again it was with the belief that the new reign, socially speaking, had yet to begin, and that all would be well in 1934. And now 1934 is here, but only, it would seem, for the purpose of disappointing all the hopes that have been built upon it. True, there seems little falling off in the number of engagements. Pick up the *Evening Post* any day and you will find that the list of events for the next twelve hours runs to well over half a column. Take, for instance, one day's programme. There is a concert at the Queen's Hall in aid of the London Lifesaving Saturday Fund at which the Prince and Princess of Wales will be present. The Prince and Princess of Wales receive the members of the League of Mercy in their robes at Marlborough House. The Duchess of Cornwall gets upon a three days' leave in aid of a hospital. Princess Henry of Battenberg attends the annual meeting of the Colonial Nursing Association, with Earl Grey in the chair. Princess Christian presides at a sale bid by the Royal School of Art Needlework. The heir apparent to the throne of Austria-Hungary arrives in London. The Duke of Norfolk is presiding at one meeting and the Archbishop of Canterbury at another. There are a dozen dances and receptions announced for the evening. His Majesty's judges are dining with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. Six regimental dinners take place at night. The most fashionable flower show of the season opens in the afternoon. The first meet of the Four-Hand Club assemblies in Hyde Park at noon. Half a dozen bazars and sales of work, each under the presidency of some titled woman, several charitable meetings similarly embellished, and other meetings of learned and literary societies, are also on the list; and, in addition, there is the Royal Military Tournament, the Earls' Court Exhibition, the May week at Cambridge University, some fifteen concerts, polo games, and automobile games at Ramsgate, Hurlingham, and the Richmond Club. Theatres and music halls all going full blast, and innumerable private dinner-parties and receptions and balls that never find their way into the papers.

It is a lovely list, and no more than a fair sample, if anything a little below the average, if what has been going on for six weeks and will continue to go on for six more weeks. It does not, at first glance, appear at all consistent with a nation in mourning. And yet on all sides one hears the bitter wail that there is no money about, that every one is starving, that London, in short, is penniless. The West End shopkeepers, who should just now be working overtime, declare unanimously that business was never so slack, that people are spending nothing but buying, and that they are ruined by a winter of extended credit. In the West End the credit system obtains on a scale that I believe is unapproached elsewhere on this planet. Even discounts of ten and fifteen per cent, for prompt settlements do not tempt, and never have tempted, customers into paying cash. A woman who has paid for dressmaker within twelve months thinks herself a model of punctuality. It is the usual thing for accounts to run on for three and four years—tailors and dressmakers dining, but never during to sue, and their hair customers meeting all requests for payment with references to her firm in "the city. Whenever there is a slump this treasury of a credit system brings mindless concern to a practical adversary.

But the present depression extends far beyond dressmakers, though they are the first to suffer by it. Theatres are feeling the pinch severely. The hall-guinea stalls are showing disastrous gaps, and Mr. George Edwards declares that in one of his apparently most successful productions he has already dropped \$25,000. Book-sellers and art dealers join in the cry. Restaurant managers go on record with the statement that the slump has begun to affect the tips given to waiters, that people are cutting down on social and economical by giving dinners at home instead of at Claridge's, Prince's, the Savoy, or Carlton. Very few companies are being booked, and "the City" is discharging clerks right and left. There can be no question that the past season has been and will be much more agonised than usual, and that the reason for the change is primarily financial. It is possible that both England and the United States may be entering a continuous zone of commercial depression; but so far the disturbance, on this side of the Atlantic, at any rate, seems to be mainly local. The causes of it are chiefly South African. Ever since the South bought Rand shares the war ended is now holding onto them, in spite of depression, in the hope that the advent of Chinese labor will lead to a boom. The financing of the war was and the immense increase in financial indebtedness have also added to the stringency. The Rand boom has possibly done something, the Russo-Japanese war has certainly done much to unsettle things, and besides all this there is the motor boom. All the spare money has gone into motor-cars, and the other necessities of life will have to wait their turn—it, indeed, their turn ever comes again. Meanwhile, do not be deceived by the list of engagements and entertainments. London does will not show it, but actually, on credit, and with not much more than sixpence in its pocket. To 1931, the season of mourning; 1932, the season of chaos; 1933, the season of rain; in now added 1934, the season when London was penniless.



Snaps of Miss Mabel Biggins playing in the British Ladies' Championship

American Golfers in Britain

By van Tassel Sutphen

THE recent victory of Mr. Walter J. Travis in the British Amateur Golf Championship is, all things considered, the most notable athletic achievement on record. Let it be remembered that Mr. Travis was an alien and (always a real handicap), and he had barely a fortnight's leeway in which to get acclimated and put himself on edge. At first, indeed, the prospects were not bright. In a private letter, written a few days before the beginning of the championship, he describes his playing as atrocious, and his position in the medal competition for the St. George vase was only respectable. But those who knew the American champion will understand that he was merely working up his resources for the final pinch. When the occasion was actually at hand he rose to it.

In the second place, it is well known that Mr. Travis never touched a golf-club until seven years ago, and he was then over thirty-five years of age. Yet he was called upon to face a field of players who, almost without an exception, had played the game in and since their boyhood. It used to be held an incontrovertible dictum that no man could hope for success at golf unless he had played from youth up. When Mr. Huthinson, who is a grandfather of several years standing, won the British title in 1902, the axiom received a nasty jar, and Mr. Travis's success has put an end to it altogether. But, then, to a certain extent, golf is an old man's game; the older players hold their own in it, as they cannot pretend to do in any other purely athletic sport. Doubtless it is the judicious mixture of force and art in golf that accounts for this exception to the general rule. In the winning of a hole the two-hundred-yard drive and the fourteen-inch putt count the same.

Although Mr. Travis did not meet the title-holder, Mr. Maxwell (put out this year by Mr. Hutchinson), he did beat some high-class men, among them Mr. James Robb, Mr. Harold Reade, an ex-Irish champion, Mr. H. H. Hilton, and Mr. H. G. Hutchinson,

while in the finals he defeated easily Mr. Edward Blackwell, who for years has been credited with driving powers well nigh supernatural. Nor did he belie his reputation on this occasion. At every tee he would have the best of the long game by from forty to sixty yards. But when it came to the delicate operation of putting the ball in the hole Mr. Travis was his undisputed master.

The English papers and golfing critics have spoken, for the most part, very fairly and generously of Mr. Travis's win. Yet it is, unquestionably, a bitter pill to the British golfer to see the blue ribbon of goldmine go across the water, and at the first time of asking. It recalls almost too vividly the sad fate of the Amateur's cup.

The remarkable picture of Mr. Fry playing out of a bunker recalls the fact that when Mr. Travis was in England three or four years ago Mr. Fry was one of the few players whom he beat. Mr. Hilton, commenting upon Mr. Travis's visit, remarked, somewhat superciliously, that Mr. Fry was only a second-rate player. Mr. Fry's friends revealed this classification, and a merry newspaper war followed which, as usual, settled nothing. However, Mr. Fry made good for himself by taking second honors in the Amateur Championship of 1902.

None of the other American players who accompanied Mr. Travis got very far along in the tournament. It simply goes to show that while we have turned out one player of the very highest class, our average standard does not as yet approach that of Great Britain.

Miss Higgins, of Chicago, was a contestant in this year's Ladies' Championship of Great Britain. In one of the early rounds she met and was rather easily defeated by Miss Adair, the title-holder, who had in turn to Miss Herbert. Miss Higgins has a fine long game, but her approaching and putting are weak. Only as other argument for the theory as duly worked out and practised by her masculine compatriot, Mr. Travis.



Mr. Fry playing out of a Bunker



Mr. Travis in the Rough



Mr. Blackwell at Finish



RACE-TRACKS—THE "GRAND NATIONAL"

Three important steeple-chase events during the season at the large race meetings, some of the most important Grand National Steeple-chase, run at Morris Park. The Interstate Hunters' Steeple-chase, with gentlemen on the race-tracks, instead of, as heretofore, in ploughed country, where they were trained for the big races.

room within was entirely unlighted, so that for the first few seconds the window seemed a dead and opaque surface, as dark as a strip of slate. Then came a realization which, though in a sense general, made us stop back and catch our breath. Two large blue human eyes were so close to us that the window itself seemed suddenly to be a mask. A pale human face was pressed against the glass within, and with increased distinctness, with the increase of the opening came the words:

"When shall I get out?"

"What can all this be?" I said.

Report made no answer, but lifting his walking-stick and pointing the ferrule like a fencing sword at the glass punched a hole in it, a smaller and more accurate than I should have supposed possible. The movement of his hand done so the voice ejected out of the hole, as to speak, piercing and quivering and clear, making the same demand for liberty.

"Can't you get out, madam?" I said, drawing near the hole in some perturbation.

"Get out?" Of course I can't," moaned the unknown female, bitterly. "They won't let me. I told them I would be let out. I told them I'd call the police. But it's no good. Nobody knows, nobody comes. They could keep me as long as they liked only—"

I was in the very act of breaking the window finally with my stick, increased with this very sinister mystery, when Report held my arm hard, held it with a curious, stiff, and secret rigidity as if he desired to stop me, but did not desire to be observed to do so. I passed a moment, and in the next swung slightly round, so that I was facing the supporting wall of the front door steps. They set from me into a sudden stiffness like that of Report, for a figure almost motionless as the pillars of the portico but unmistakably human, had put his head out from between the doorposts and was gazing down into the area. One of the lighted lamps of the street was just behind his head, throwing it into abrupt darkness. Consequently nothing whatever could be seen of his face beyond one fact that he was intently staring at us. I must say I thought Report's eagerness magnificent. He rang the area bell quite idly, and went on talking to me with the easy end of a conversation which had never had any beginning. The black shining figure in the portico did not stir. I almost thought it was really a statue. In another moment the gray area was golden with sunlight as the basement door was opened suddenly and a small and devious housemaid stood in it.

"Tray excuse me," said Report, in a voice which he contrived to make somehow or other at once affable and underlined, "but we thought perhaps that you might do something for the Waifs and Strays. We don't expect—"

"Not here," said the small servant, with the incomparable severity of the moral of the non-philanthropic and slammed the door in our faces.

"Very sad, very sad—the indifference of these people," said the philanthropist, with gravity as we went together up the steps. As we did so the motionless figure in the portico suddenly disappeared.

"Well, what do you make of that?" asked Report, sleeping his glance between us when we got into the street.

I do not mind admitting that I was seriously upset. Under such conditions I had but one thought.

"Don't you think," I said, a trifle timidly, "that we had better tell your brother?"

"Oh, if you like," said Report, in a hoarse way. "He is quite new, as I promised to meet him at Gloucester Road Station. Shall we take a cab? Perhaps, on your say, it might amuse him."

Gloucester Road Station had, as it by accident, a somewhat deserted look. After a little looking about we discovered Basil Tierce with his great head and his great white hat blocking the ticket-office window. I thought at first that he was taking a ticket for somewhere and being an astonishingly long time about it. As a matter of fact, he was discussing religious views with the booking-office clerk and had almost got his head through the hole in his excitement. When we dragged him away it was some time before he would talk of anything but the growth of an infinitesimal fatalism in modern thought, which had been well typified by some of the official's ingenious but perverse fallacies. At last we managed to get him to understand that we had made an astounding discovery. When he did listen, he listened attentively, walking between us as the lamplight struck his religious views in a rather feverish dart of the great house in South Kensington, of the equivocal wisdom, of the lady imprisoned in the basement, and the man staring from the porch. At length he said:

"If you're thinking of going back to look the thing up, you must be careful what you do. It's no good you two going there."

To go twice on the same pretext would look dubious. To go on a different pretext would look damnable. You may be quite certain that the inquisitive gentleman who looked at you looked thoroughly, and will wait, so to speak, your portraits next his heart. If you want to find out if there is anything in this without a police raid I fancy you had better wait outside. I'll go in and see them."

His close and reflective walk brought us at length within sight of the house. It stood up modern and purple against the fast pallor of twilight. It looked like an owl's castle, and so apparently it was.

"Do you think it's safe, Basil?" said his brother, pausing, a little pale, under the lamp. "To go into that place alone. Of course we shall be near enough to hear if you yell, but those devils might do something—something sudden—or odd. I can't feel it's safe."

"I know of nothing that is safe," said Basil, composedly, "except, possibly—death," and he went up the steps and rang at the bell. When the massive respectable door opened for an instant, cutting a square of daylight in the gathering dark, and then closed with a bang, hurrying our friend inside, we could not repress a shudder. It had been like the heavy gaping and closing of

the dim lips of some evil Leviathan. A freshening night breeze began to blow up the street, and we turned up the collars of our coats. At the end of twenty minutes, in which we had scarcely moved or spoken, we were as cold as leopards, but more. I think from apprehension than the atmosphere. Suddenly Report made an abrupt movement towards the house.

"I can't stand this," he began, but almost as he spoke sprang back into the shadow, for the panel of gold was again cut out of the black house front, and the hairy figure of Basil was silhouetted against it coming out. He was moving with laughter and talking so loud that you could have heard every syllable across the street. Another voice, or, possibly, two voices, were laughing and talking back at him from within.

"No, no, no," Basil was calling out, with a sort of hilarious hostility. "That's quite wrong. That's the most ghastly heresy of all. It's the soul, my dear chap, the soul that is the arbiter of cosmic force. When you see a cosmic force you don't like, trick it, my boy. But I must really be off."

"Come and pick into us again," came the laughing voice from out of the house. "We still have some bones unbroken."

"Thanks, very much, I will—good night," shouted Gryce, who had by this time reached the street.

"Good night," came the friendly call in reply, before the door



Drawn by Will Cornish

Report Gryce had bounced on him from behind

closed. Their benedictions were as stentorian and almost as distant as those of ships hailing each other in a stormy sea.

"Basil," said Rupert Gryce, in a hoarse whisper, "what are we to do?"

The elder brother looked thoughtfully from one of us to the other.

"What is to be done, Basil?" I repeated in uncontrollable excitement.

"I'm not sure," said Basil, doubtfully. "What do you say to getting some dinner somewhere and going to the Court Theatre to-night. I tried to get those fellows to come, but they couldn't."

We stared blankly.

"Go to the Court Theatre?" repeated Rupert. "What would be the good of that?"

"Good? What do you mean?" answered Basil, staring also.

"Have you turned Puritan or Passive Resister, or something? For fear of course."

"But, great God in Heaven! What are we going to do, I mean?" cried Rupert. "What about the poor woman backed up in that house? Shall I go for the police?"

Basil's face cleared with immediate comprehension, and he laughed.

"Oh, that," he said. "I'd forgotten that. That's all right. Some mistake, possibly. In some quiet trifling private affair. But I'm sorry those fellows couldn't come with us. Shall we take one of these green omnibuses? There is a restaurant in Blooms Square."

"I sometimes think you play the fool to frighten us," I said, irritably. "How can we leave that woman backed up? How can it be a mere private affair? How can crime and kidnapping and murder, for all I know, be private affairs? Shall we take a refuge in a man's drawing-room, would you think it had taste to talk about it just as if it was a damned shade or an infernal etching?"

Basil laughed heartily.

"That's very forcible," he said. "As a matter of fact, though, I know it's all right in this case. And here comes the green omnibus."

"How do you know it's all right in this case?" persisted his brother, angrily.

"My dear chap the thing's obvious," answered Basil, holding a return ticket between his teeth while he fumbled in his waistcoat pocket. "These two fellows never committed a crime in their lives. They're not the kind. Here either of you chaps got a half-penny? I want to get a paper before the omnibus comes."

"Oh, curse the paper," cried Rupert, in a fury. "Do you mean to tell me, Basil Gryce, that you are going to leave a fellow creature in pitch darkness in a private danger, because you've had one?"

"Ten minutes' talk with the keepers of it and thought them rather good men?"

"Good men do commit crimes sometimes," said Basil, taking the ticket out of his mouth. "But this kind of good men doesn't commit that kind of crime. Well, shall we get in this omnibus?"

The great green vehicle was indeed plunging and lumbering along the dim wide street towards us. Basil had stepped from the curb, and for an instant it was touch and go whether we should all have leaped on to it and been borne away to the restaurant and the theatre.

If it had been any mere project of Basil's, however bizarre, if it had been any theory, however monstrous, we should have followed him, as we always did, through the interdicts. I must confess, were always cowed by his in hours of high excitement. But common-sense are the same everywhere, and there is a moral equality of all men.

"Basil," I said, taking him firmly by the shoulder, "I simply won't leave this street and this house."

"Nor will I," said Rupert, glaring at it and biting his fingers. "There's some black work going on there. If I let it I should never sleep again."

Basil Gryce looked at us both seriously.

"Of course if you feel like that," he said, "we'll investigate further. You'll find it's all right, though. They're only two young Oxford fellows. Extremely nice, too, though rather infected with this pseudo-Darwinian business. Ethics of evolution and all that."

"I think," said Rupert, darkly, ringing the bell, "that we shall enlighten you further about their ethics."

"And may I ask," said Basil, gloomily, "what it is that you propose to do?"

"I propose, first of all," said Rupert, "to get into this house, second, to have a look at these nice young Oxford men, third, to knock them down, bind them, gag them, and search the house."

Basil shared indignantly for a few minutes. Then he was shaken for an instant with his own sudden laughs.

"Poor little boys," he said. "But it almost serves them right for holding such silly views, after all."

"There's something damned Darwinian about it."

"I suppose you mean to help us?" said Rupert.

"Oh, yes, I'll be in it," answered Basil. "If it's only to prevent your doing the poor thing any harm."

He was standing in the rear of our little procession, looking indifferent and sometimes even sulky, but somehow the instant the door opened he stepped first into the hall, glowing with urgency.

"So sorry to haunt you like this," he said, "I met two friends outside who were much wiser to know you. May I bring them in?"

"Delighted, of course," said a young voice, the unmistakable voice of the Isis, and I realized that the door had been opened, not by the devious little servant girl, but by one of our hosts in person. Wife was a short, but shapely young gentleman, with curly dark hair and a square, sun-kissed face. He wore slippers and a sort of blazer of some incredible colored pattern.

"This way," he said; "mind the step by the staircase. This house is more crooked and old-fashioned than you would think from its snailish exterior. There are quite a lot of odd corners in the place really."

That, said Rupert, with a savage smile, "I can quite believe."

We were by this time in the study or back parlor, and by the young inhabitants as a sitting-room, an apartment littered with magazines and books ranging from Dante to detective stories. The other youth who stood with his back to the fire smoking a cigarette, and had, and fairly, a head like a hair-brushed forward and a Norfolk jacket. He was that particular type of man whose every feature and action is heavy and clumsy, and yet who is, you would say, rather exceptionally a gentleman.

"Any more arguments?" he said, when introductions had been effected. I must say, Mr. Gryce, you were rather were were again somewhat out of action such as mine. I've half a mind to chuck my D.S. and turn minor poet."

"Bosh," answered Gryce. "I never said a word against eminent men of science. What I complain of is a vague popular philosophy which suggests itself to be scientific when it is really nothing but a sort of religion, and an unconsciously self-right one. When people talk about the fall of man they know they were talking about a mystery, a thing they didn't understand. Now that they talk about the survival of the fittest they think they do understand it, whereas they have not merely no notion; they have an elaborately false notion of what the words mean. The Darwinian movement has made no difference to mankind, except that, instead of talking unphilosophically about philosophy, they now talk unscientifically about science."

"That is all very well," said the big young man, whose name appeared to be Burema, "Oh, of course, in a sense, science, like mathematics or the study, can only be perfectly understood by specialists. Still, the rudiments may be of public use. Good-bye here," indicating the little man in the blazer, "don't know me none of mine from another. Still, he knows something. He knows enough to take off his hat when they play 'God Save the King.' He doesn't take it off by mistake when they play 'Oh, den tubler Slippers.'"

He turned to the study in the same way, saying—

"Here Mr. Burema stopped abruptly. He was interrupted by an argumentation in philosophical controversy and perhaps not wholly legitimate. Rupert Gryce had bounded on him from behind, flung an arm round his throat, and bent the great backward."

"Knock the other fellow down, St. Albans," he called out, and before I knew where I was I was locked in a grapple with the man in the purple blazer. He was a wiry fighter, who bent and sprang back like whiplash, but I was heavier and had taken him utterly by surprise. I twitched one of his feet from under him; he swung for a moment on the single foot, and then we fell with a crash amid the fitter of the study, myself on top.

To be concluded.

A Unique Musical Exhibit at St. Louis

By Gustav Kobbe

MRS. J. MITCHELL CLARK, of New York and Newport, has a unique exhibit at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis.

It is in the musical section, in her own invention, and, according to autograph letters which she has from Felix Weingartner, Richard Strauss, Reiner, Gieseler, and others, who have tested the invention practically, it is destined to work a revolution in an important branch of music. When Mr. Clark attended the last concert which Frederic gave in this country, she stepped a box on one side of Carnegie Hall. It did not seem to her that the sound of the piano reached her with the richness or the equalization of tone that would be expected when so great a virtuoso as Frederic was playing.

She thought the matter over, and finally concluded that the fault lay with the flat lid, which served simply as a guard against

dust, but which she believed might be made into a wonderfully effective sounding-board. As soon as she reached this conclusion, she went to work and solved her problem scientifically, provided her from the basis that the sound of the month, the greatest of all sounding boards, is curved, and that all musical instruments, except the piano, have curved sounding boards.

The result of her calculations and the apparatus based upon them are to be seen in the musical section of the Exposition. When she has an organ, a grand and an upright, which have attracted the attention of many musicians. A glance shows that the lids of these pianos are unlike those attached to any others. Instead of being flat, they are curved and shell-like in appearance. These lids are far more graceful to the eye than the old style, especially the interior, which is constructed of strips of spruce running lengthwise in the grain and radiating in parallel



F. A. Bridgman's Portrait of Mrs. Sarah Wood Clark, showing her new invention for the Piano, the "Tone-Reflector"

curves. Not only has the wood a soft, satinelike appearance, but the parabolic surface results in a remarkable resonance. It distributes the sound evenly in all directions. A person seated at a distance from the piano and at a point which ordinarily would be out of the direct line of sound, receives the same volume and quality of tone as if near by and right in front of the instrument.

The tone-reflector, as Mrs. Clark rolls the curved lid which she has invented, results in a thoroughly equalized distribution of sound in all directions and to a great distance. Richard Strauss was amazed, particularly with the result of the curved lid on

the upright piano, which he declared gained a volume of tone equal to that of a grand.

Mrs. Clark comes naturally by her inventive turn. She was Miss Sarah Wood, whose grandfather, Abner Wood, invented the cottonwood plough and was decorated by the Czar and presented with an historic diamond valued at \$15,000. Commissioner Allen has written that in the United States Patent Office Wood is ranked with Fulton and Morse as one of the three great inventors. Mrs. Clark's father, the late Albert H. Wood, was not only a musician, but also an inventor, several of his inventions having contributed to make the modern piano what it is.

The Humor of Political Campaigns

By George Barton

EVERY political campaign has its humorous side and its humorous incidents, and this is an aspect of our national life that is thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by the people. The average American citizen loves the snap and bustle of an exciting campaign, but he rarely permits himself to take fleeting or ephemeral issues too seriously.

The late Benjamin F. Butler was one of those tactful speakers who kept an audience in a roar, and who won their good will, even if he did not capture their votes, by the unorthodox character of his political preaching. During one of these good old-fashioned political meetings for which Massachusetts was noted, Butler in an outburst of patriotism truly "made the eagle scream." Then, for a diversion, he engaged in the delectable occupation of "pulling the tail" of the British lion just for the pure enjoyment of hearing that bad tempered and sorely harassed animal growl. At one point in his address he quoted a certain English newspaper as authority for his assertion:

A burly red-faced man in the audience, who had interrupted him once or twice before, cried out, in a heavy bass voice:

"I don't know of any such paper."

Butler paused in his remarks; and after the silence had become impressive, he walked to the center of the stage, and pointing the forefinger of his right hand at the offender, said, slowly and emphatically:

"Pray, my dear sir, do not interrupt the proceedings of this meeting, for, if you begin to tell us what you don't know, there will be no time for anything else."

The roar of genuine laughter that followed this thrust com-

pletely squelched the disturber, who kept silence during the remainder of the meeting.

On another occasion, within the memory of the writer, General Butler was addressing a meeting at Horticultural Hall, in Philadelphia, during his campaign for the Presidency. He had been nominated by the People's party—a popular, if somewhat misleading title—and was making his appeal for votes to the men who earned their living by the sweat of their brows. His speech was a harangue against both the Republican and Democratic parties, and was disastrous to the greater part of those in the audience. He was interrupted constantly, but kept heavily on. In the midst of his remarks some rascals, who filled the ends of the galleries on both sides of the stage, suddenly threw a shower of tin spoons on the platform in front of the speaker. General Butler, renowned as he was to the vulgarity of politics, turned scarlet and seemed nonplussed. The reference was obvious. When Butler was in control of New Orleans during the war his drastic measures brought down upon him the vials of wrath of the opposition; his integrity was questioned, and although there was no proof of the allegation, he was charged with appropriating silver spoons belonging to the citizens of the town to his own use.

But Butler, who had fired many a shower of bullets, was too experienced and too resourceful to remain disconcerted long by a shower of spoons. At first the audience had peered with delight; but after that, realizing the gravity of the insult, waited in almost breathless silence for the rejoinder. Butler stooped down and picked up a handful of the spoons and slowly advanced to the front of the stage. A long defence of his conduct during

the war would have been inopportune at such a time and place. He would treat it with contempt. He held the spoons above his head, and said, with a roar that could be heard outside the hall:

"The only argument of the two old parties."

The tones of emphasized disgust that he employed in using the word "argument" completely captured the audience, and his reply of a single sentence was greeted with loud and prolonged cheering.

A McKinley Anecdote

The late President McKinley was a man whose charming personality made itself felt during his numerous campaigning tours. He was an kind and generous and considerate of the feelings of others that few could say him nay. He indulged in few flights of violence; but he made sure of his facts, and then he presented them with such logic and with such evident sincerity that his addresses were always convincing. While he employed few of the flowers of oratory, he was a master of the art of public speaking, as he was a master of every duty or task that he was called upon to perform. He made it a point to know and understand his audience, and he handled the men and women in front of him as so much raw material which he enjoyed molding into a desired shape.

The night Major McKinley was delivering an address on the tariff before a large audience in Pittsburg, he was constantly interrupted by a coarse-looking man in the gallery. Finally, weary of these persistent outbursts at the fellow, and there were loud cries of "Put him out," "Put him out." Simultaneously there was a rush toward the part of the gallery where he was located. An incident not new was in progress. The audience, in the excitement of the pursuit of the purpose of the meeting. But Major McKinley soon rallied his auditors to their senses.

"Stop one moment," he shouted, in a ringing and commanding voice.

Attention was arrested immediately. The fight stopped, and all strained their ears to listen. The silence was broken by a voice shouting:

"Put that man out first."

"No," replied Major McKinley, "don't put him out. I want him to stay here. Most of you already think as I do. He does not. I would like to convince him. If he will give me his attention and you will remain quiet, I will do my best."

That ended all danger of a panic and won the audience completely. All through the evening Major McKinley addressed his remarks to the man in the gallery, calling him "My Democratic friend." He was not answered by either interruption, and the meeting was over the most successful one of his entire campaign.

Major McKinley and the first strumpet speaker to employ these tactics to quiet an audience and win its attention; but his air of kindness, no less than his manner of authority, gave him control over a public gathering, such as few men in our times have possessed.

Secretary Shaw and the Rats

Leslie M. Shaw, the present Secretary of the Treasury, is one of the men who made a big hit as a campaigner in the McKinley and Roosevelt campaign of 1896. Most of his speeches were made in the far Western States where the free silver levying was so pronounced. Imagine an ardent advocate of the gold standard addressing men whose entire material interests seemed dependent upon the success of the 16 to 1 platform, and it will be possible to understand the relations between Secretary Shaw and his auditors. But he feared nothing—not even physical violence—and thus he won the day. He had the happy faculty of relieving a strained situation with a good story. One of his favorite anecdotes concerned the Western farmer who had built a beautiful barn, only to find, after its completion, that it was infested with rats. After some difficulty they were hunted by a little incident in the floor about the sides of a small hole. In order to exterminate the pests the farmer purchased a cat that had the reputation of being the best "rat" in the country. But, alas! it was found that the cat was too large to get through the hole to reach the rats, which sported in the space beneath the floor. Then it was decided to saw a hole in the floor big enough to admit the cat. This was done, but, unfortunately, it was made so large that all the rats escaped before the cat got through. The moral of the story was to apply, in several ways, to the existing political situation.

How Ingersoll Squashed Him

The late Robert G. Ingersoll was an unusually successful campaigner. During the Illinois campaign, in 1894, he was invited to address the citizens of a certain town in Illinois upon the issues of the day. He sent a reply to the chairman of the political committee, saying that he had once attempted to speak to the people of that place upon a non-political question, but because of the religious feeling in the community he had been biased down and not permitted to finish his remarks. If he was a younger man, he wrote, he would be delighted to try it over again, but as he was advancing in years and preferred to take his ease rather than to engage in violent controversies, he respectfully asked to be excused.

The chairman, however, would not take no for an answer. He replied to Colonel Ingersoll at some length, saying that the people were really anxious to hear him; that he was invited to talk upon a political and not a religious theme, and that, in any case, he would guarantee—if the invitation be accepted—that the speaker would suffer no interruptions. Such a request, made in

such a way, could scarcely be declined, so it was accepted. The meeting was held in the largest hall in the town, and so great was the interest in the event that many were unable to gain admittance. The chairman, in introducing the star of the evening, referred in grave language to the correspondence that had passed between himself and Colonel Ingersoll, and called upon those present to cooperate with him in keeping the compact. The audience signified its assent by hearty applause.

Colonel Ingersoll began his address with a brilliant summary of the achievements of the Republican party. He had not gone far when a man in a front seat, who was under the influence of liquor, snapped out "chevrons." The speaker, pretending not to hear this, proceeded with his address. In a few minutes the man broke out with the opening lines of "We shall meet in the court by and by." Colonel Ingersoll was visibly annoyed at this, but said nothing. And then the disturber of the peace, further emboldened, shouted, "Oh, let up on politics and tell us a story." The chairman was about to interfere, when Ingersoll, sleepily pausing in his remarks, said, dramatically:

"My friend, I will tell you a story."

The Fable of the Hound

There was instant silence; and then the speaker, after pausing for a moment as if to collect his thoughts, spoke substantially as follows:

"There is a general proverb saying was proclaimed by all of the assembly. It was agreed that all hostilities should cease, that the lion and the fox, and the goose and the elephant, and the hound and all of the animals should wander about in sweet fellowship and with the distinct understanding that no one animal should injure or disturb another. The day began charmingly. An old fox and a young goose sat together, an antiquarian and a student, almost as happy as could be, telling one another stories and dilating upon the sweetness of peace and harmony. Suddenly the fox halted and began to look around in a furtive way.

"Why, what's the matter," said the goose to the fox: "I have never seen you trembling all over."

"Listen," said the fox, in a low voice, "and you will understand."

"Both listened intently, and from the distance came the baying of the hounds."

"Why," said the goose, smiling with goose-like wisdom, "there is no occasion for alarm."

"But there is," said the fox. "I must get away from the hounds. I think I shall elude the nearest tree."

"But," returned the goose, "you forget that this is the day of the general peace. You know the agreement."

"I do not," said the fox. "It's all right with the other animals, but there is always some dirty hound that will break the agreement."

The roars of laughter and applause that followed the story nearly took the roof of the building. It is unnecessary to state that the noisy man in the front seat was squelched, and that no one else attempted to break the agreement that night.

One on Greeley

Women usually have a keen sense of humor, and the prohibition and woman's suffrage movements have brought forth incidents which have been productive of more than one hearty laugh. Elizabeth V. Stanton was once discussing most eloquently upon the right of woman to the ballot when she was interrupted by Horace Greeley, who exclaimed, in his high-pitched falsetto voice:

"What would you do in time of war if you had the suffrage?"

This seemed like a poser. But the lady had been before the public too long to be disconcerted by an unexpected question, and she promptly replied:

"Just what you have done, Mr. Greeley—stay at home and urge others to go and fight."

There was a jester in a certain New England town who was noted for his humor, and who was especially noted in his denunciation of those of the fair sex who contended for the right to vote. He had been advertised to address a public meeting in Boston; and on the morning of that day a prominent woman suffragist came into the hall from one of the outlying towns, bringing with her a great New-England dog named Abe, who was the pride of the family and the pet of the neighborhood.

A good-natured friend, who was also associated with the woman's suffrage, meeting the suffragist, exclaimed:

"Why are you bringing him here to town?"

"Oh," she replied, innocently, "I heard the judge was going to lecture to-night, and I thought I would take him there to have him learn him how to growl."

An Effective Rejoinder

A few years ago there was an exciting campaign for an important State office in Kansas. The nominee who was looked upon as a sort of second Lincoln, had energy and ability, but was not able to boast of the possession of much of this world's goods. However, he had made a good start in the profession of the law and had laid outstripped most of the neighbors in the town where he was born and raised. During the course of the campaign he was called upon to deliver a speech in this town. The affair took place in the court-house, and the candidate appeared upon the stage on that evening attired in a frock coat and carrying a high silk hat.

This apparent evidence of wealth and respectability seemed to amuse some of the old farmers who sat in the audience. One

(Continued on page 1063.)

Correspondence

Opinions of Dr. Abbott's Advice to "A Troubled Wife"

PHILADELPHIA, June 10, 1894.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—You ask for your readers' opinion of Dr. Abbott's advice to the heartbroken wife. I do not think it very sound. I could imagine such advice given and received in an amiable frame of mind by Wife No. 1, of a Man who had just married, or was paying attention to the person who would become Wife No. 2, and such a situation might be expected by Wife No. 1.

No man ever loved two women equally, and the fact that he came to love this woman being married shows that he loves her more than his wife, or at the first feeling of love toward that creature who allowed him should have warned him. He was no avicer in love matters, and should have known the signs. Dr. Abbott is in error when he says that there is always wrong on both sides. I knew a woman, a saint on earth, who had a wretched of a husband.

He—Dr. Abbott—says, Your husband's actions, you say, were innocent, why not his motives? But! The wife does not know if his actions were innocent. All she has is his word. Besides, a man in this position of complicity is not material. That woman probably was the cause of her own marital unhappiness and wasted cheap sympathy. He, the husband, is most likely a "wretched creature" who wants his wife to stay with him as well as to hate and shield him from public opinion, then, when he has her suspicious killed, will exhibit again with that creature. He would her watching, and if she—the wife—had the energy, I think a good few whippings would work wonders with such a selfish, selfish creature of a man.

I have my opinion of Dr. Abbott, and he is not very high in it. I pity his wife—if he has one—reading his advice (!).

I am, sir,

Mrs. C. E. BATHURST.

ASHGROVE, MASS., June 11, 1894.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—Perfection does not belong to men and women. It is an attribute of God. Admitting that he created them in his own image, then the qualities of love, justice, right, etc., which exist in him are an excellence that cannot be increased, are possessed by them only to a greater or less degree.

Such being the fact, no human being can expect of another absolute perfection in any direction. All the relations of life are entered into with this knowledge. Even that of marriage is no exception. The husband has no right to expect that his wife will be perfectly faultless, nor the wife to demand of her husband love without blemish. "Forsaking all others," etc., is a promise, but it is made by both husband and wife, with the knowledge that neither has perfect control over himself or herself.

Love in a man is inspired by the woman whom he loves. While she remains lovely he delights in her presence. It is possible that he may be thrown in contact with another more lovely. In such a case what is his duty? Obviously to "cleave to his wife." This the husband of the wife who sought the counsel of Dr. Abbott did. He broke off all intercourse with the other woman, and "strive by every tenderness to win back to cheerfulness" his wife. The advice, therefore, of Dr. Abbott was "wise and reasonable."

The statement of Dr. Abbott, however, is open to criticism. He says, "Even if you have to pretend to some fondness which you do not feel, it were better than to impose upon him the gloom of a morbid sorrow which you ought not to feel." When SI, (Paul says, "Let her be without dissimulation," he is the better advised."

I am, sir,

ISAAC DELANEY.

TOVONIA, MASS., June 10, 1894.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—In reading the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott's reply to the unhappy wife, published in your last number, it seemed to me that his advice was not sound. The dictum of Umar is a safe rule for the husband as well as for the wife, and if followed faithfully by both the divorce court would have fewer cases. The husband, as well as the wife, must be "above suspicion," and separate "sympathetic friendships" should be avoided.

I am, sir,

"BOKKA."

NEW YORK, June 11, 1894.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—I once heard a very witty, if worldly, woman remark, "I believe that men and women are capable of a genuine love twice in their lives, once in youth and once in maturity, and they are fortunate if the object is the same on both occasions." Possibly this view of the case may throw some light on Dr. Lyman Abbott's conservative advice to a "troubled wife." Dr. Abbott, in his capacity as a minister of the gospel, has doubtless been brought in contact with many phases of life. He has known the hearts of men and women, and he knows some of their hidden tragedies. It is not an strange that he submits to what seems the inevitable in the case of this wife, and counsels her to be resigned and to try to win back her unfortunate but not wicked husband by the most saintly charity and love of which the human heart is capable. As to the marriage and other carnal vows, one word. A human heart can no more fulfill perpetually a promise to love than it can fulfill a promise to believe, yet we marry in

immaturity and are consecrated to some religious belief during the same unformed and inexperienced period, and we expect, and others expect, that we will have these verbal promises through years of mental change, as it either being or believing were matters of will power only and not the outcome of irresistible forces within ourselves. When one partner in a marriage contract grows or grows away from the other, the case is bad enough. It is infinitely worse when he or she meets in disconnected maturity a man or woman who is infinitely satisfactory to every mental demand, in sympathy, in sympathy frequent, and in a position of gigantic difficulty which nobody living in the present state of society—not even Dr. Abbott—has yet succeeded in solving.

I am, sir,

WOMAN.

ASTORIA, MASS., June 11, 1894.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—In regard to the letter of advice from Dr. Lyman Abbott, which you invite criticism upon, I would say, that while I could not hope to be classified as one of your most intelligent readers, the letter presents itself to my mind so clearly, in a twofold aspect, that I venture to send you my opinion.

It is to be regretted that such a letter from Dr. Abbott should be made public. Those inclined to be too free with their affections will find here much that they can use to justify themselves in wrongdoing. However, since only one letter of advice to the grieved woman, I not only find no fault with it, but I fail to see how it could be improved upon. Any condemnation of the husband's actions would only make the wife's position the harder to bear. So he gives them the more favorable possible interpretation. And he tries to tell her what she can do to make the best of what, admittedly, is a hard situation.

The woman's letter has in it such a note of deep sorrow that it is not strange that Dr. Abbott, in his endeavor to say the words most helpful to her, should attempt to consider the latter pretension that might be given to them by the public. Other than this reasonable regret I do not see how that he can be judged at fault. At any rate, it is unjust to infer from this letter, that Dr. Abbott's views as regard to the social relations are any more lax than those entertained by the most strict.

I am, sir,

N. R. BROWN.

PERRY POINT PARK, CAMDEN, N. J., June 11, 1894.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—A constant and we would like to believe intelligent reader of your paper is interested in Dr. Lyman Abbott's letter in your last number. His advice to the lady in question to "lay aside her tears, shunning no evidence of gloomy feeling," is, beyond question, wise. Shunning never field any man. It is a woman's duty to cheer and brighten and lead her way to making him, her husband, happy. The lady says of her husband that he was a strong and good character. She also says "he struggled," also that this other line that he knew or felt was strong enough to need "struggling" against, "still claims a place in his heart," and that he and the other woman "had exchanged declarations of mutual love." Why, then, does Dr. Abbott say, "What your husband's fault is in this case we cannot judge?" Why can he not judge? No morbid weakness on the part of a woman is the position that the doctor admits should be "suppressed" can declarations of a love that the man felt should be "struggled against" to another woman. Simple friendship needs no such struggle. Conjugal love thus married is never the same again.

A wife may and can take up her life directly and, with God's grace, cheerfully, but, like a gay old of china, which has been cracked, it is, though possible for husband and wife, never again perfect. In this, as in much of Dr. Abbott's teaching, the reality true and false are woven together with his own peculiar and delicate spirituality. Such people do not rise true.

I am, sir,

L. C. W.

TOVONIA, N. Y., June 10, 1894.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—I am so far from anxious to assume that I am one of "the most intelligent readers" of your paper; but, none the less, I have my opinion concerning the question of the soundness of Dr. Abbott's advice to "A Troubled Wife," and it is as follows:

The good doctor was not attempting to declare the right or wrong of the question, but to give advice that, both as to matter and manner, would be most apt to help his correspondent. It was wise for him, therefore, so far as possible, to turn her thoughts from herself and her troubles by minimizing somewhat the seriousness of the situation, inasmuch as he could have no influence over the other party.

Reduced to its bare bones, his reply was: "Perhaps you are not so badly off as you think; make the best you possibly can of your circumstances"; just as we say to a child, "There, there; you are not so badly hurt; don't cry."

I think his course admirable, while at the same time I condemn most strongly the act of the husband, as being extremely prejudicial to both women concerned.

I am, sir,

R. W. LOBB.

Correspondence.—(Continued)

LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENTS

BRACHTENTVILLE, KEN., June 6, 1914.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—We are so glad the author of the article "Capacities and Incapacities of Women," which so recently appeared in your valuable paper, repressed his glorious name. We congratulate him on his felicitous wording. The superlatives are quite good, but how poor the furnishings! How sadly has thought been sacrificed! Poor, poor inequalities, placed before the ignorant darkness in the political world, how can they develop their stonemasonlike abilities—but, can they have any? Does that become the living affluence entirely upon men? I grieve for more fragrant, lovely home bodies among women, but as women train the rising men, and as men must grapple with governments, principalities, and powers, let her have a chance in the world.

It will not make the truly womanly Christian woman any the less womanly. The violet stands true. Queen Wilhelmina is a lovely violet in the sunshine. The light doesn't hurt her. I know that women are capable of producing great harmonies. Her music, which is often great glimmers, comes softly down the corridors of time. Do you not feel the tender touch of the strong woman's hand upon history's brow? If you do not, information may be easily obtained by a careful research of both sacred and profane story. I am, sir,

A KENTUCKY INCAPABLE.

"HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER"

511 WEST STREET.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., June 9, 1914.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your editorial article in the WEEKLY of June 4, "The Vatican in Politics" you speak of "Holy Willie's Prayer." Will you kindly tell me where I can find this prayer? My looks of reference do not seem to give any light upon the subject.

I am, sir,

Jas. R. RHOADS

Some time in the autumn of 1784, Gavin Hamilton, one of the friends of Robert Burns, was asked by a beggar to contribute to his needs. Hamilton, forgetting that it was the Sabbath-day, replied that if any man will not work, neither shall he eat, and turned the man into his garden, to earn a meal by digging potatoes. For this sin of Sabbath-breaking, Hamilton was put under the same excommunication, and baptism was denied to his child. To atone this outrage on his friend, Burns wrote the famous "Prayer," the petitioner of which is one William Fisher, elder in the Old Light Church, and very valuable on the doctrine of original sin and foreordination. The prayer begins:

O Thou, who in the heavens dost dwell,
Who, as it pleases thee thyself,
Sends one to heaven, and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for any gain or ill
They're done afore thee!

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
When thousands thus hast left in night,
That I am here, afore thy sight,
For a grain an' grave,
A burnin' an' a shinin' light
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation?
I, who deserve sic just chastigation,
For broken laws,
Five thousand years' fore my creation,
Thou' Adams' cause. . . —EPIGRAM.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW OF OUR WOMEN

NEW YORK, June 10, 1914.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I was interested in reading the letter by A. C. H., regarding American women and their foreign titles. The letter seemed so genuine that I felt impelled to reply to it. I am an Englishman, and strive as I may, I cannot admire American women. I have no personal spite against them, or prejudice; in fact, before I came to America I held the women of this country in the highest esteem. Sensible and jolly, without being unbecomingly, was the idea I held. I imagined them as thorough good wits, with a broad healthy view of life and a great ability to look after themselves. How different they seem to me now. I see all around me women as shallow and empty-headed as one could find anywhere. Their very attitude of frankness and candor seems to be a pose. I cannot feel somehow that they are genuine. They say they are lovers of their country but they go away to Europe for months and leave their husbands behind. They take no interest in his business and don't enter a vent whether he's making his money in a mean manner or not. A man may be as despicable a cad as one could find, but he can always get a wife here (yes, and find three or four more to take her place afterwards, if he has money and can satisfy all her whims. American women care less what

a man really is, provided he is to some extent companionable. Your correspondent speaks also of the protection American men afford their women. I cannot understand that statement, when I observe every day women standing in cars and being picked and jostled by men. The adulations and cold blooded desecrations have made my blood boil at times. I say, unhesitatingly, that English girls are protected and looked after far more than American. I assure you there is nothing in this letter prompted by personal spite, it is an honest opinion, and I would feel glad if I could think different.

I am, sir,

ENGLISHMAN.

IN MEMORY OF JACOB ABBOTT

CAMPDEN, MASS., June 10, 1914.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—On several accounts I believe you will be pleased to know that steps have been taken to lay Fessenden—the little property at Farmington, Maine, where our father, Jacob Abbott, spent the last years of his life, and where he died in 1879—and to restore and preserve it as a memorial of him. An option has been secured on the property at the very reasonable price of something less than \$2000, and besides the remaining members of our family, including my brother Lyman and the children of our brother Benjamin, Vaughan, and Augustus, it is believed and hoped that there are others of the public who, as former pupils of Jacob Abbott at the Boston and New York schools, or as readers of his books, will be glad of the opportunity to aid in carrying out the plan by contributions to the purchase money. As soon as the purchase can be effected it is proposed to have the property divided to three trunks to hold for the purpose stated, and in some sort of practical way as an adjunct to the Abbott School for boys directly opposite the premises, known as Little Blue, founded by my father in 1838. At Little Blue, and later at Fessenden, many of his books were written. A "Jacob Abbott prize" was founded at the school last year to consist of a set of some one of Jacob Abbott's works, or similar writings, to be conferred at the close of each school year on the pupil adjudged to have made the nearest approach during the year to the ideal of an all-round Christian manhood. At the closing exercises of the school last Tuesday evening, I had the pleasure and honor of bestowing on a boy from Orange, New Jersey, as the "Jacob Abbott prize" for 1914, a complete set of the histories bearing your imprint and in their original bindings.

I have thought that your house, by reason of long connection in the past with Jacob Abbott and his works, would be interested at least to know of this commemorative enterprise.

I am, sir,

REV. EDWARD ABBOTT.

A CIVIC MEMORIAL IN NEW YORK

THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY.

NEW YORK, June 10, 1914.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I write to ask your interest in a plan to create a civic museum in New York as a memorial to the late Andrew H. Green, and to suggest that you make some editorial comment on the proposal in the next issue of the WEEKLY. This suggestion has been made to the Andrew H. Green Memorial Association as the best form for a memorial, and the committee is now awaiting expressions of opinion before taking any action, either on this or on the other suggestions that have been made to it.

I venture to bring this directly before you in the hope of soliciting your interest in the plan, since the idea is one that most greatly interested early New Yorkers. The most noteworthy civic museum in existence is the Musée Carnavalet in Paris, which is a museum of the history of Paris, and which must be familiar to every American who has visited the French capital. A civic museum in New York would have the wealth of curious and artistic objects which make the Musée Carnavalet so interesting, but it would, nevertheless, be a museum of vast interest and a most important centre in furthering civic pride in our city. This is the aspect of the proposal which must appeal to the patriotic New Yorker, and it is this which would make the proposed museum so valuable and so helpful.

Mr. Green was intimately associated with the growth of New York throughout his entire life. His conception of the duties of citizenship were of the loftiest description. A memorial that was directly concerned with city life and history, which would illustrate its growth, which would keep the proposals made for its establishment and improvement, and which would promote the idea that New York itself, the city, was something to be proud of, would surely be the fittest that could be devised.

A work of art, be it ever so elaborate, is finished and completed when the last stone has been set and the last figure put in place. But a museum is a matter of daily and yearly growth. It is only as Mr. Green realized in his city would be perpetually alive by an institution and has been proposed, and which needs only to be begun under proper auspices to win universal respect and consideration. Not the least valuable feature of the proposal is the fact that the idea of a civic museum must appeal to many who otherwise might not be especially interested in Mr. Green and his work for our city.

I venture to hope that the plan is one in which you will be personally interested, and for which you will speak a good word in your influential paper.

I am, sir,

HALE FRANK.

A Prince's Discovery

WHALING is a business has been on the decline during recent years, but lately it has been found by the Prince of Monaco that the pursuit and capture of whales opens up many possibilities for increasing our knowledge of marine biology, and that it is a method which enables the student to learn of parts of the ocean hitherto unknown. The prince, whose reputation among scientific men is no less than that of his princeliness on which is situated Monte Carlo among the public generally, found while residing in the capture of a calmar or squid, which the prince, which is the name of its death struggles it vomited great quantities of the prey which it had taken during its last descent to the depths. Realizing that the cephalopods, which are the main food of these whales, and other marine life of the intermediate depths was but imperfectly understood, the prince determined to equip the vessel in which he has conducted his oceanographical investigations for whaling, and the results he has obtained have been most satisfactory. Not only in the Atlantic Ocean, but also in the Mediterranean, where whales had previously never been hunted, were specimens of these great cetaceans captured, and on dissecting their stomachs many new specimens of ocean fauna were brought to light. It was found that each variety of whales differed as regards their food. The right whale consumed the plankton or sea animals proper, as distinguished from those of the bottom or the coast, and as these are small for the most part its jaws are provided with spines to keep out what is too large, and this furnishes the well-known whalebone. The grampus, glaucus, and calmar go deeper for their food, which consists largely of the cephalopods, or swimming mollusks, supplied with tentacles or arms often having suckers at their extremities. It was the cephalopods in particular which the Prince of Monaco desired to study, as these animals exist only at considerable depths, and he was able to obtain many new and rare specimens. One, *Lycoteuthis grimaldi*, is a whale which is so small a cephalopod of large size, it has scales like a fish and indicates an interpenetration of types. The whales feeding on the cephalopods were provided with fresh teeth, but their prey, which is a whale, which preys on dolphins, has its teeth composed entirely of cartilage so that it can devour one of its prey in three or four mouthfuls. The value of the Prince of Monaco's mission is that a beginning is made in the study of a large number of animals that inhabit neither the upper part of the ocean illuminated by the sun nor the extreme depths and bottom. As the cephalopods are of considerable size they must require smaller animals for food, and the existence of such is practically unknown. The prince considers that he is justified in believing that the sea may have been the theatre of organic life when the cooling of the atmosphere determined the precipitation of the waters.

An Electric Bakery

While seeking for electricity possesses many advantages, it has never been adopted generally or on a large scale on account of the lack of economy. Recently in Montauban, France, a bakery has been equipped to operate by electricity, being so arranged that at any time a return may be made to the usual method of heating the oven by wood. The establishment the oven is circular, but, but in diameter and 1 foot 7½ inches high, with a single opening at the top. The electric current passes through a series of resistance formed of wire and arranged on a frame which may be raised or lowered by an arrangement of pulleys. The resistances are divided into four groups, two of which, consuming the most current and therefore producing the least heat, are placed in the centre of the oven. At the bottom the resistances are hinged, connected for me heat and the current passes through the proper temperature for baking. It was inserted after the bread was then inserted after the bread entering the resistances has been raised. Naturally, when the

oven is now heated there is required less expenditure of energy to maintain the temperature, which may be regulated at the will of the baker. The current is derived from an ordinary 110-volt street circuit, and must be given to the bakery at an advantageous price to make the experiment successful.

Some Railroad Yarns

A Record-Breaker

THREE foolish travellers in the smoking-room of a fast train were discussing the speed of trains.

"I was in a train once," said the first man, "that beat everything I ever rode in for speed. Why, it went so fast that the telegraph poles at the side of the track looked like an immense fire-whisk broom."

"That's nothing," said the second traveller: "I remember riding in an express on the ——— and ——— that went at such a pace that the telegraph poles looked like a solid board fence."

The third man made an exclamation of impatience.

"Ah, you fellows don't know what high speed is on a railroad. Why, I travelled west from Chicago last month in a train that went at such a pace that when we passed some alternate fields of corn and beans they looked like haystacks!"

Pretty Far Gone

"I think the swiftest railway line in the world is the one that runs between ——— and ———," said West, "a travelling man who recently returned from an extended trip. "We were crossing a stretch of prairie-land near ———, when the train suddenly stopped, for an apparent reason. After a wait of about an hour the conductor came smoking through the train, glancing furiously at the exasperated passengers as he passed. When he came to me he stopped and looked down."

"Say," he said, in a whisper, "have you got a piece of string? We want to fix the engine."

A Measurum of Precaution

READING THE LADY (trotting train of attention). "Cushabeta, which is the most dangerous car on the train?"

"Cushabeta," said the lady. "The last car is supposed to be, madam."

"F. T. L." "Then why don't they leave it off?"

What He Meant

A diner at a modest restaurant not far from Washington Square beckoned to the waitress who was serving his dinner.

"Please bring me a cream-tea," he said, after finishing his dinner.

The waitress looked completely nonplussed—cream-tea was not in her vocabulary. At that moment, though, the head-waitress, who was passing the table and overheard the order, came to the rescue.

"He means a siphon," she explained, in a stage-whisper.

Quite Himself

THIS story is going the rounds of one of the Eastern news posts: A young lieutenant was in dinner before his commanding officer on account of a charge of having been drunk and disorderly. His name was called to testify for the defence, and deposed that he had seen his master early that morning, and that he had been perfectly sober.

"And you say," asked the examiner, "that you believe your master to have been perfectly sober because he was dressing himself to go out, and had a entirely clear idea of what he was about and where he was going?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he say what he was preparing to do?"

"Yes, sir; he told me that he was going to be Queen of the Map."



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Edited by George Harvey



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AUGUST NUMBER

The frontispiece of the August BAZAR is the fourth of MISS CORY's delightful pictures, **The Innocent Pleasures of Childhood**. These drawings have already aroused enthusiastic interest.

The leader of the number is a delightful paper, **The Management of Wives**, by LILIAN BELL. Other strong features will be: **A Fourth of July Anniversary**, a story by KATHERINE HATES, illustrated by LESTER RALPH. **The Canton Flannel Rabbit**, a poem by FRANCIS MARINE, illustrated by FANNY Y. CORY. **The Story of a Pond Lily**, by JENNIE FERGUSON, with very charming illustrations by the author. **My Oriental Dressmaker**, by LAURA B. STARR, illustrated by GEORGE F. KERR. **The Dream Baby**, a story by OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR, illustrated by JOHN HARDY.

The August BAZAR will also contain a large and brilliant department of **Midsummer Fashions**, conducted by A. T. Ashmore, with numerous illustrations by ETHEL and GUY ROSE, of Paris. A timely chapter discusses **Japanese Wraps**, and is illustrated with excellent photographs. FLORA McDONALD THOMPSON writes another of her delightful letters from Paris.

Among the strong practical features of the issue will be the following:

Furniture of Yesterday

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Italian Peasants in a New-Law Tenement

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Summer Recipes

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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

As might have been expected, in view of the doubt clouding Judge Parker's prospect of winning the race for a nomination, a number of "dark horses" were unblatantly in the fore-
ground of the meeting of the St. Louis Convention, to say nothing of entries which were not supposed to be seriously "meant," but which suddenly received some backing ostensibly genuine. There is no doubt that dark horses have played memorable parts in more than one national convention. It would be absurd, of course, to say that James K. Polk was unknown in 1844, for he had been Speaker of the House of Representatives; nevertheless, it is true that, when the Democratic national convention of that year was called to order, no one conversant with the situation could have believed him likely to secure the nomination for the Presidency. The South could have named a dozen Democrats far more conspicuously qualified for that high office than he; but he had no personal enemies, and it was known that the contest would be very close, as, indeed, it proved, and that State pride would probably suffice to give Polk the electoral votes of Tennessee, which otherwise would go to the Whig nominee, Henry Clay. So the well-meaning but commonplace and light-weight Tennesseean was sent forward against the veteran Van Buren, and won at the post. Then, again, in 1852, when the Democratic national convention came together, most of the delegates and all onlookers took for granted that the contest for a nomination would be a duel between Lewis Cass and James Buchanan. This proved to be the case; for no fewer than forty-nine ballots were taken, and it was not until both factions were exhausted and exhausted, that a compromise candidate was accepted in the inoffensive personality of Franklin Pierce. In 1868 it is probable that no delegate to the Democratic national convention, except Vallandigham, believed that Horatio Seymour would be the nominee; and it is certain that the eminent and high-minded New-Yorker had no such expectation, otherwise he never would have accepted the post of permanent chairman. We need not say that, of all dark horses, William J. Bryan, in 1896, was the most phenomenal surprise.

In Republican national conventions also the unexpected has occurred. At Cincinnati, for instance, in 1876, James G. Blaine was far in the lead, and among his competitors were men prominent in the public eye, like Bristow and Conkling. Nevertheless, the nomination went to Rutherford B. Hayes. In 1880, at Chicago, the principal avowed aspirants were Grant, Blaine, and Sherman, named in the order of their strength; that Garfield was not a candidate, except possibly in his own mind, was evident from the fact that no State had been instructed for him, and that he had been selected to make the nominating speech for John Sherman. Never would Benjamin Harrison, in 1888, have been made the

Republican standard-bearer had James G. Blaine openly and earnestly sought the nomination.

Seldom, however, has there been more uncertainty regarding the outcome of a Democratic national convention than prevailed this year, in the interval between the election of the last State delegation, that of Missouri, and the convening of all the party's representatives at St. Louis. Thus we were told on the one hand that the Radicals had made up their minds to go for Richard Olney, on the ground that, of all Cleveland's friends, he was least unacceptable to Bryan. On the other hand, the startling news was circulated that Olney could not even hold the Massachusetts delegation, a majority of which was anxious to disregard instructions and support Edward C. Wall, Wisconsin's "favorite son." Then it was again announced that plans had been matured in the South for the nomination of Senator Bailey of Texas, should the Parker forces be repulsed. With straight faces some Pittsburg delegates launched a boom for Colonel Guffey, regardless of the chagrin which such jouncing on his prowess would cause ex-Governor Patterson. The madair of absurdity was reached when it was announced by telegraph from San Francisco that Jesse R. Grant, son of the late General Grant, and the only Democrat in the Grant family, would be a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination at St. Louis. The humor of the situation was enhanced by the avowal that behind the movement in Jesse Grant's behalf were some of the most distinguished and influential Republicans in the country. We need not say that the proper place for launching a boom in Grant's favor was the Democratic convention of California, of which State he is a resident.

Another quaint and curious late entry for the Presidential nomination was Judge Judson Harmon, of Ohio, who was appointed United States Attorney General by Mr. Cleveland in 1895. An amusing household was also tacked together for the pronounced Gold Democrat, David R. Francis, of Missouri, who was made Secretary of the Interior by Cleveland in 1885, and who is now president of the Louisiana Exposition. We need not say that, if any one associated with the Cleveland administration is to be put forward as the Democratic standard-bearer at St. Louis, it will be Cleveland himself. There is no call for any of Alexander's lieutenants while Alexander survives. More sensational, because not in the least ludicrous or chimerical, was the rumor that William J. Bryan would nominate, and Horace Cookman would second, Joseph W. Folk, who, as circuit attorney at St. Louis, has gained, as a champion of administrative and legislative purity, a national reputation only second to that possessed by Samuel J. Tilden in 1876. As for Senator Gorman, who forged abruptly to the front in public discussion during the week ending July 2, he could be no sinner, of course, be described as a dark horse, not only because the delegates from West Virginia were instructed for him, but because he is known to be the second choice of many other and far more influential delegations. There is no doubt that the St. Louis Convention will pass into history as one of those meetings of the Democracy's apoplexy with regard to the issue of which onlookers were long in doubt.

From the moment that the delegates to a national convention are pretty well convinced that a particular candidate will receive the nomination for the Presidency, their minds, naturally, are concentrated on the composition of the platform, and the selection of a nominee for the second place on the ticket. Theoretically, of course, the framing of the platform should precede the designation of the man who is to stand on it, and, in the official proceedings of a convention, the logical order is followed. But well-informed politicians know that, although a nomination to the Vice-Presidency was once made by a great party, but rejected by the recipient of the honor, we refer to the case of Silas Wright—no man ever yet repudiated a nomination for the office of Chief Magistrate after it had been definitely tendered by one of the principal parties, on the plea that he did not approve of the platform adopted by the party. Such disapproval may not only be felt but expressed, as it was in 1864 by George B. McClellan, who, nevertheless, permitted his name to remain on the ticket. Until, therefore, a convention has actually been called to order, delegates are quite right in giving most of their attention to the attempt to agree upon a nominee for the Presidency. They may take

for granted that the "next friends" and trusted counsellors of the several candidates are lavishly engaged in platform framing and adjusting.

It was known, for instance, at St. Louis, that ex-Senator Hill had brought with him the draft of a platform, supposed to be framed upon the lines of the programme recommended by the New York State convention. The views, on the other hand, of Representative John Sharp Williams, who is another of Judge Parker's most influential supporters, were known to have been expressed in the platform adopted by the State convention of Mississippi. Senator Gorman, also, was believed to have sent by the hand of his aide, Colonel John T. Poe, a draft of a platform which had the merit of being short; for the purport of it could be summed up in a demand for the maintenance of sound money and for a revision of the tariff schedule. If Mr. Gorman were the nominee, it would be superfluous to insert in the St. Louis platform a denunciation of the Chicago demand for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment, for the reason that the Senator from Maryland was the leader of the memorable fight made in the United States Senate under the Harrison administration against a Force Bill. It may be remembered that the platform under which in 1876 the Democrats carried the country, so far as the popular vote was concerned, was succinct and pointed, laying stress on two issues, namely, tariff revision and a purification of the Federal offices. There are those who think that this year the Democracy might have done wisely to put forward no platform at all, provided ex-President Cleveland were made the nominee. Had the Whigs in 1840 committed themselves to any definite programme, they might have failed to beat Van Buren. As it was, they went to the country without any platform whatever, and gained an overwhelming victory.

The list of names suggested at St. Louis for the nomination for the Vice-Presidency is even longer than that of the candidates put forward for the higher office. The former catalogue naturally includes some of the so-called "favorite sons," as, for instance, Edward C. Wall, of Milwaukee, Francis M. Cockrell, of Missouri, Richard Olney, of Massachusetts, and ex-United States Attorney General Judson Harmon, of Ohio. Comprehended in it also are ex-Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois, ex-Representative Benjamin F. Shively, of Indiana, Joseph W. Kern, of Indiana, Marshall Field, of Chicago, Senator Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, and ex-Governor James S. Hogg, of the same State, Representative John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, Allen C. Braxton, of West Virginia, ex-Secretary of the Interior David R. Francis, of Missouri, Circuit-Attorney Joseph W. Folk, of the same State, and ex-Senator William A. Harris, of Kansas. It is said that on Sunday, July 3, Senator Dubois informed Messrs. Hill and Sherman that a promise to nominate Senator George Turner, of Washington, to the Vice-Presidency would give Judge Parker sixty additional votes, including those not only of the State of Washington, but of California and Oregon. It is well known that the selection of a nominee for the Vice-Presidency is absolutely unrestricted, though if the nominees for both places on a ticket should be taken from the same State, the Presidential electors of that State would be deprived by the Twelfth Amendment of the Constitution from voting for one of them. It is customary, however, when the nominee for the higher office has been selected, to choose the nominee for the lower from the other side of the Potomac or the other side of the Alleghenies. Since the civil war, the Democracy have had no ammunition to spare, and have deemed it prudent to take nominees for both offices from doubtful States at the North.

The notion that the relative age of candidates plays an important part in the selection of a nominee for the second place does not seem to be borne out by the facts. An assertion has of late been current in the press to the effect, first, that Theodore Roosevelt and John C. Breckinridge are the only men who, when they were inaugurated Vice-Presidents, could fairly be described as young; and, secondly, that, most frequently, Vice-Presidents have been older than the corresponding Presidents. It is true that Theodore Roosevelt was but forty-three, and John C. Breckinridge only thirty-six, at the date of inauguration; but John C. Calhoun was only forty-

three, Schuyler Colfax only forty-six, and Millard Fillmore only forty-nine. As regards the second statement, George Washington, John Adams, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, William H. Harrison, Zachary Taylor, James Buchanan, and William McKinley were older than their respective Vice-Presidents. Thomas Jefferson was older than Aaron Burr, and younger than George Clinton. Abraham Lincoln was of the same age as Hannibal Hamlin, and only one year younger than Andrew Johnson. Grant was older than Colfax, but younger than Wilson. Garfield was just one year younger than Arthur. Evidently, it is not the consideration of respective age, but the question of locality and political expediency that determines the designation of a nominee for the Vice-Presidency.

The English contributor to the *North American Review* who signs "Anglo-American" to an estimate of Mr. Roosevelt surprises his American readers with the observation that "no President ever brought to the discharge of his executive duties anything like Mr. Roosevelt's varied experience and thorough qualifications." It is perfectly true that Mr. Roosevelt served for a time in the Assembly at Albany; that he was Police Commissioner in New York city, a United States Civil Service Commissioner, and, for a year, an Assistant Secretary of the Navy; that he served for some months in the Spanish War, and was for one term Governor of his native State. Considered as a whole, his experience may undoubtedly be described as extensive and varied, and from this view-point he was better qualified for the Presidency in 1901 than was Cleveland in 1884; but it is simply absurd to say that no preceding President ever equalled him in this particular. As a matter of fact, there have been but few Chief Magistrates who have not surpassed him in respect of their practical acquaintance with public life. For breadth and diversity of experience, indeed, he would not be compared by well-informed persons with his predecessor, who saw service in our civil war, and who for many years had been one of the most influential members of the House of Representatives, before he became Governor of Ohio.

Mr. Balfour will be kept in power, it is now declared, by the jealousy of the Liberals, who do not wish to see Lord Spencer made Premier. The feud between the Liberal leaders—Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—has weakened the party beyond measure, and its bad results are sufficiently apparent. Yet the lesson seems still insufficiently learned. Sir William Harcourt is out of the running. Lord Rosebery has the admiration of every one, and the friendship of the King; but he has the confidence of no one in the Liberal ranks, and, worst of all, he has no real confidence in himself. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is a worthy but vacillating and voluble person, whom everybody likes, to a certain extent, but as for being a great political leader, a worthy successor of Gladstone and Bright, not even Sir Henry himself can believe that he is that.

The obvious conclusion is that the Liberal Premier would be Earl Spencer, who was Mr. Gladstone's choice as his successor, according to Mr. Morley's *Life*. Lord Spencer has the respect of every one, and is just such a typical aristocrat as every good Englishman loves to be governed by; but there are the unconquerable jealousies, or at least still unconquered jealousies, of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Lord Rosebery to contend against. There are also Mr. Asquith and Mr. Morley, both possible future Premiers. The Liberals, with their Radical wing, are, after all, the democratic party, at least in tradition. And the democratic party by no means relishes the idea of being led in the House of Lords. The official Liberals in the Commons would immediately feel their glory diminished, and it would be palpable to all that the centre of gravity of the party was elsewhere. There were the considerations which led Mr. Gladstone persistently to refuse a peerage, just as similar considerations kept Disraeli out of the Lords, until he felt himself close to the end. The Liberals are always weak and comparatively impotent in the Upper House, which is, by every instinct of its being, conservative; therefore a Liberal Premier in the House of Lords is a fish out of water. If we add personal jealousy, it is easy to see why the Liberals may not be in a hurry to see Mr. Balfour

dissolve Parliament, especially so long as Mr. Chamberlain is kept on the shelf.

Word comes from London that the English shipping industry is suffering from a depression unequalled during the last century. Should this depression prove more than temporary, it may have a wide-spread effect on English policy, and may also touch nearly the tariff issue. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain may find himself unexpectedly reinforced, and the doubting hearts in the Unionist party may be forced to join the ranks of the protectionists. For the connection between England's shipping and protection is immediate and obvious. England, as has so often been pointed out, imports a great deal more than she exports. So strange is this, at first sight, that alarmists have seen in it a certain threat of national bankruptcy; and there is no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain inclines to this view. But the truth is, that England pays for her surplus imports by the services rendered, the money earned by her world-wide shipping, which gains wealth in all the seven seas. If the earnings of British shipping fall off, she will no longer be able to buy the large surplus of imports, and the pinch will immediately be felt.

Local option in Vermont, following half a century of prohibition, has proved at first somewhat too indolgent. Two years ago the change was made, and at the next election sixty-seven towns voted "yes" on the license question. Thirty-six of these towns, after a year's experience of license, voted "no" last March. The vote in the city of Rutland changing from "yes" to "no" showed a loss of 1297 votes. The "yes" vote in the State fell off 12,000, and of this loss 10,000 was in towns that had had saloons. Apparently rum has not been making itself entirely agreeable in Vermont, but there is no sign that the State is dissatisfied with its new law, or wants to go back to prohibition. On the contrary, the way the new law enables local communities to express their minds, and to change them annually if they like, seems to be much appreciated. The law works with easy flexibility, and the Vermonters look or quibbel the saloon doors according to the impressions the saloons make on the voters. The voters are experimenting. A letter from Montpelier to a Boston paper speaks of the need of more alternatives—of some form of liquor-supply that is more restricted than saloons, and not so strictly limited as that provided by a druggist's license. Rutland, a city of 11,500 population, changed from "yes" to "no" this year, but is expected to be dissatisfied with "no" as it was with "yes." Second-class licenses which allow the sale of liquor in bottles, not to be drunk on the premises, are found to produce more drunkenness than saloon licenses, and are unsatisfactory. The Vermonters want just the right law—a law that will provide just the right amount of the right kind of liquor to the right man at the right time,—and they are disposed to experiment until they come nearer to it than they have come yet.

Two hundred teachers from Porto Rico reached New York on an army transport, on July 2, bound for Cornell University. Four hundred on another transport disembarked at Boston about the same time on their way to Harvard. The six hundred are to spend six weeks in summer study, and then a fortnight in travel, and are expected to go home in September with some new knowledge and many new ideas, which, in due time, they are expected to impart to their pupils at home. Among the million inhabitants of Porto Rico there is much room for every kind of education, and the lively demand for it appears in the fact that one-fourth of the revenues of the island is devoted to the support of the schools. Education has been found, since the Americans came, to be necessary to any kind of success, and the islanders are represented to be extremely eager for it. The present importation of teachers—a consequence, no doubt, of the visit of the Cuban teachers five years ago—has been made possible by private subscription here, and by the sacrifices of the teachers themselves, who devote one month's pay to the expedition. The government has helped directly by sending transports to bring them here and take them back, but the whole expedition is due to labors of government officials—Commissioner Lindsay and Assistant Commissioner Lord—who are at the head of the Porto-Rican school system. About two-thirds of the teachers are men. What they all want

more than anything else is to learn our language and our ways. Most of the lecture courses which they are getting in Cambridge are history courses, treating of Cuba and South America, the Philippines, the United States, and Mexico. To these are added courses in hygiene, geology, and the American educational system.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, past this year of the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa, proposes to Harvard to put the names of her graduates who fought on the Confederate side in the civil war along with her Union soldiers on the tablets of her Memorial Hall. He says:

Forgive, and let their names, too, deck the walls;
Those who once fought for what we held a sin
Obeyed their State's and not their nation's calls;
They died for that sad cause. Now let them in!

There are a good many of them, for many Southern lads came North for their education before the war. Those who fought on Dixie's side in the civil war helped to fight out a question that had come down to them through three generations, bequeathing their shoulders equally with their Northern brethren to an inherited burden. That is the view that prevails now and will prevail, and those—a great majority—who accept it will find no serious fault with Colonel Higginson's proposal, though they may doubt its expediency and deprecate the possibilities of a discussion springing out of it.

Next to the horse-cars, which are still conspicuous in some of the most-travelled cross-roads in New York, the most surprising antiquities of the town are the little, old Long Island ferry-boats. They carry passengers from Thirty-fourth Street and from James Slip to Long Island City—a lot of passengers every day, for the ferry is one of the most important that touches New York, and that means one of the most important in the world. It is so important that some time or other it is to be superseded by a bridge, or a tunnel, or both, and plans to that intent are understood to be in process of execution. But it will be years before they are done, and meanwhile these little, old antiquities attempt to carry load and forth the swarms of people who must as Forty or fifty years ago when the boats were young they were fairly well up to their business, but New York has gained millions of population since then, and its passenger traffic with Long Island City has increased enormously. To see the same little veterans walk up to their loads is one of the signs of the town, and travellers stopping at the nearby Astor often go down to the ferry-house to look on. It is hard, though, on the people who have to use the boats, for they are jammed in together and mixed up with one another, and with the horses and drays and heaves and funeral heaves, and with the smells, and all in a very sticky and harassing way. The passengers don't like it. They express wonder that the great Pennsylvania Railroad, which maintains on the North River the handsomest ferry-boats in the world, should run on the East River these unsightly curiosities of transportation. Since the *Strom* boomed some attention has been paid to East River boats, but the Thirty-fourth Street veterans still stagger to and fro, swarming with enforcers.

It is a popular superstition that great disasters come, not singly, but in groups, and especially in groups of three. It gives new backing to this whim to have the deplorable *Strom* disaster, with its thousand deaths, followed by the sinking on June 28 off the coast of Scotland of the Scandinavian liner *Norge*, bound from Copenhagen to New York, and carrying 765 passengers and a crew of sixty-five. The ship got out of her course in thick weather, struck on Rockall Reef, and went down in twelve minutes. She carried eight life-boats. Such of them as have got to land at this writing have brought ashore 145 survivors, and it is possible that others will be heard from, but the loss will probably exceed six hundred lives. Nearly all the *Norge's* passengers were emigrants, the majority of them women and children. The ship was lately inspected in New York by the same officials who inspected the *Strom*. Her American certificate allowed her to carry 765 passengers. She had aboard many more than that number, but possibly not more than her Danish certificate permitted. She was an old ship, built without compartments, and evidently filled at once when a hole was stove in her bows.

How Cleveland Dealt with the Chicago Strike

No more timely and valuable service could have been rendered at this juncture to the Democratic party and to the country than is embodied in the lucid, authentic, and convincing narrative of the relation of the Federal government to the Chicago strike of 1894, which is contributed by ex-President Cleveland to the current number of *Harper's Weekly*. To appreciate the opportunity and the usefulness of this authoritative recital of often misinterpreted facts we should bear in mind that the national convention of the Democracy, which meets at St. Louis on July 6, will be asked to reaffirm the platform adopted by the party at Chicago in 1896, and endorsed at Kansas City four years later. A plank in that platform was a passionate protest against what was termed "governmental interference," by which term was signified a proceeding which has been unanimously declared by the United States Supreme Court to have been constitutional and necessary. For eight years a dishonest and mischievous effort has been made to mislead the American people to the true character of the circumstances and motives which impelled and justified the course pursued with reference to the Chicago strike of 1894 by the second Cleveland administration, and to misrepresent it as an arrogant usurpation of authority and a wanton invasion of the sovereign rights of Illinois, for the purpose of aiding employers to crush their employees by the military arm of the Federal Executive. It was high time that such gross perversion of the truth in relation to the matter—perversion even broadcast by unscrupulous agitators for sectional and sectional ends—should be sternly and definitely brushed aside, and no man was so qualified to perform the purging and clarifying function than he in whom an unerring perception and an unflinching exercise of the rights and duties of a Chief Magistrate under the Constitution and the laws were not found wanting in the hour of trial. By Mr. Cleveland's calm, exhaustive, and disinterested statement of the facts, the campaign of false teaching, misinterpretation, and defamation which has been waged against him for a decade has been brought to an abrupt and ignominious close.

Mr. Cleveland begins by reminding us that, in the last days of June, 1894, there broke out in the city of Chicago a determined and ugly labor disturbance, which grew almost in a night to proportions of violence and danger. The violence and rioting, by which the outbreak was characterized, spread so swiftly that, in a few days, they had pervaded nearly the whole of the western and southwestern sections of our country. Especially was railroad transportation obstructed by the obstruction of order. The carriage of the United States mails was interrupted. Interstate commerce was blocked, and the property of interstate railways destroyed. The truth is that, although this law-breaking disturbance is known as the "Chicago strike," because it originated in that city, the term is a grotesque misnomer, so far as the scope of the trouble is concerned. In no fewer than twenty-seven States and Territories were railroad operations more or less affected; and in all these parts of the republic the interpretation of the general government was, with more or less exactness, invoked. On June 28, two days after a general strike of the American Labor Union had been ordered from the headquarters of that labor organization at Chicago, information was received by the Federal Executive at Washington from the Post-Office Department that on the Southern Pacific system, between Portland and San Francisco, Ogden and San Francisco, and Los Angeles and San Francisco, the carriage of the mails was completely stopped by strikers, who refused to permit trains, to which Pullman cars were attached, to run over the lines mentioned. Thereupon Attorney-General Olney ordered by telegraph the United States district attorneys in the State of California to see that the passage of trains conveying the United States mails in the said territory, unimpeded by acts of violence, should not be obstructed. To that end they were ordered to procure warrants, or any other available process, including, of course, that of injunction, from the United States courts, against any and all persons engaged in such obstructions, and to direct the United States marshals to execute the same by such deputies or powers as might be needed. On the same day, and during a number of days immediately following, similar complaints, accompanied by charges of forcible seizure of trains and other violent disorders, poured in upon the United States Attorney-General from all parts of the West and Southwest. In all cases of substantial interference with the carriage of mails a telegram identical with that, the purpose of which we have given, was sent to the United States district attorneys in the disturbed localities; and this remedial action was supplemented, whenever necessary, by such other measures as the varying emergencies required. In the city of Chicago the United States marshal found it impracticable to carry out his instructions with the civil force at his disposal, and on July 3 notified the United States Attorney-General in a despatch endorsed by Judge P. N. Grosvenor, of a United States court, that on emergency he had caused the employment of United States troops for the enforcement of the law and the restoration of order. Thereupon Colonel Croft's command at Fort Sheridan

was ordered to Chicago, and on July 5 General Miles assumed direction of military movements in that city. On the day following, twenty-four hours after the Federal soldiers reached Chicago, President Cleveland received a long despatch from Governor Altgeld, in which the latter declared that the commonwealth of Illinois was fully competent to maintain peace and order within its limits, and, consequently, the immediate withdrawal of Federal troops from active duty in that State was demanded. Mr. Cleveland, on July 6, replied that he was persuaded that he had transcended neither his authority nor his duty in the situation presented at Chicago and elsewhere. Two days later the President issued an Executive proclamation warning all persons engaged in unlawful combinations and obstructions to disperse within a twenty-four hours, and on July 10, Eugene V. Debs, the president of the American Railway Union, together with his wife, his president, general secretary, and one of the active directors were arrested upon indictments for conspiracy in the obstruction of mails and interstate commerce. As soon as the riotous employees learned that their leaders had been arrested and removed from the scene of action they became demoralized and the strike came to an end.

On what ground did Governor Altgeld protest against the interposition of Federal troops for the restoration of peace and order in the State of Illinois? It is well known that the Federal Constitution requires the United States to protect each of the States, not only against invasion, but also "on application of the Legislature or of the Executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened)" against domestic violence. Now it is undeniable that there was plenty of domestic violence in the city of Chicago and in many other parts of Illinois during the early days of July, 1894; but Altgeld laid stress upon the fact that no application for assistance had been made to the Federal government on the part of the State's Legislature or Executive. Altgeld, consequently, challenged the "constitutional" right of the President to employ Federal troops for the enforcement of the orders of a United States court. The question of constitutionality was raised on an appeal to the United States Supreme Court from the decision of the United States Circuit Court, sitting at Debs and his associates guilty of contempt of court, which decision was expressly based upon the provisions of the law of Congress passed in 1893, and entitled: "An act to protect trade and commerce against unlawful restraint and monopolies," sometimes called the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. The case was elaborately argued before the United States Supreme Court in March, 1895, and on May 27 of the same year the members of that tribunal unanimously upheld the decision of the United States Circuit Court. Justice Brandeis, in delivering the universal opinion of the court, said that two questions of importance were presented in the proceedings against Debs and his associates, namely: First, are the relations of the general government to interstate commerce and the transportation of the mails such as authorize a direct interference on the part of the Federal Executive to prevent a forcible obstruction thereof? Second, if such authority exists—can authority in governmental affairs imply both power and duty—has a court of equity (like the United States Circuit Court) jurisdiction to issue an injunction in aid of the performance of such duties? Both of these questions were answered in the affirmative. In the opinion read by the learned justice and concurred in by all his colleagues, the inherent power of the Federal government is extended by means of physical force through its official agents, on every foot of American soil, the powers and functions belonging to it, was vindicated by a process of reasoning simple, logical, unhampered by fanciful distinctions, and conclusive; and the Federal government's resort to the United States Circuit Court, the injunction issued in its aid, and all the proceedings thereon, including the imprisonment of Debs and his accomplices, were fully justified.

There could be no greater mistake than the assumption, which some commentators on Mr. Cleveland's narrative have made, that "the obstruction of the mails" was the sole ground for the course pursued by him with reference to the Chicago strike. On the contrary, Mr. Cleveland expressly says that the suggestion made by Attorney-General Olney on June 28, in his instructions to the special counsel for the United States at Chicago, contemplated the inauguration of legal proceedings to restrain those conspicuously concerned in "interference with the mails and obstruction of interstate commerce," such proceedings being based on the assumption that, under general principles of law, the Federal courts were competent to interfere by injunction; and on the further ground that, under the act of Congress passed July 2, 1893, commonly known as the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, conspiracies in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States were declared to be illegal, and the circuit courts of the United States were therein endowed with jurisdiction to prevent and restrain such conspiracies. Mr. Cleveland twice reiterates in his narrative that to safeguard the operation of interstate commerce was one of the objects contemplated by the Federal intervention, and Justice Brandeis, in his recital of the facts, recognizes that Debs and his associates were arrested on the charge that the interstate transport-

time of persons and property, as well as the carriage of the mails, was forcibly obstructed. There can be, therefore, not the slightest doubt as to the soundness of the decision unanimously rendered by the United States Supreme Court.

Taft and Olney on the Philippines

It is evident from the weighty speech delivered by ex-Secretary Taft at the Chicago convention that some of the wisest heads in the Republican party feel grave misgivings about the expediency of retaining the Philippines for an indefinite period, not only as a matter of dollars and cents, and as one of the inalienable opposition of protectionists to the admission of the products of those islands duty free, but also with an eye to the effect on our political policy of the assumption embodied in the decision rendered in the Insular cases—a decision reached by five justices of the United States Supreme Court against four—that a strong people has a moral right to hold a weak people in permanent subjection. That is a question of which we have by no means heard the last; as is plain from the keen interest with which, on June 28, the members of the Harvard Law Association listened to the discussion of the subject by Secretary William H. Taft on the one side and by ex-Secretary Richard Olney on the other.

We say discussion, because, although Judge Taft's address in defense or palliation of the course thus far pursued in the Philippines was pronounced at the formal meeting of the association, over which, by the way, I had-Justice Fuller presided, Mr. Olney's responsive speech was made at the subsequent dinner. It was not difficult for the present Secretary of War to show that, at the time when our treaty of peace with Spain was negotiated, there was really nothing for us to do but to take over the sovereignty of the Philippines. From a humanitarian viewpoint, that had come to be recognized as less clearly duty than was the demand for the evacuation of Cuba. Not will many fair-minded persons deny that to have surrendered the Philippines forthwith to the undisciplined and predatory hordes under Aguinaldo would, in the interest of the islands themselves, have been an act no less foolish and hurtful than would have been the contemporaneous abandonment of Cuba to the marauding and lawless hands under Gomez. It is probable that a still further admission would generally be made, namely, that, owing to the relative backwardness of the Philippines in civilization, the concession of absolute independence could not prudently be made with so much promptitude as was rendered the case of the colonies.

It may make all the difference in the world, however—as ex-Secretary Taft perceived, though the Republican platform did not reveal the same perception—not only to the Filipinos themselves, but also to those American citizens who desire to maintain intact their old political ideals, whether or no we shall proclaim, distinctly and unequivocally, in the case of the Philippines as in that of Cuba, our determination to grant absolute independence to the islands, from the moment that they should appear reasonably well qualified to exercise the functions of self-government under the same spirit of protection against foreign aggression that we have stretched over the Pearl of the Antilles. We need not say that such a declaration, in the one case as in the other, would be tidings of great joy; that therefore distrust and rancor would give place to confidence and gratitude; and that all the encouragement and aid with which we should try to speed the Filipinos in the path of self-direction would be turned to account by them with the fervor born of a splendid hope, and inspired by an act of high beneficence that would set, as we act in Cuba, an example to mankind.

Will it be said that this is a counsel of perfection, which it would overtax weak human nature to follow? As a matter of fact, the value of the Philippines, which, for the present at least, is disputable, would, under any circumstances, be insignificant compared with that which had attached to Cuba in the eyes of American statesmen for more than half a century before that memorable night of April 18-19, 1898, when Congress, by a self-denying ordinance, proclaimed our determination to liberate the latter island, not for our own benefit, but in the exclusive interests of the Cubans themselves. From that auspicious precedent we are bound by self-respect, and by our passionate desire to uphold the nation's dignity and honor, even to recede or derelict. To those, however, who would brush aside such considerations as sentimental, and who insist upon transferring the discussion from moral to material grounds, may be commended Mr. Olney's warning that, in the interests of American citizens themselves—the mass of whom will always be poor, absorbed in the daily struggle for existence, and, therefore, relatively ignorant of self-defense—it behooves us to see sharply and anxiously the possible effect upon ourselves of subjecting to the principle which was pronounced by the United States Supreme Court in the Insular cases, and by virtue of which we keep the Philippines in their present position—the principle, namely, that the strong have a moral

right to rule the weak, either in the name of "collective civilization," or under some other spurious plea or pretext.

Is not, asked ex-Secretary Olney, a rule, which is pronounced good for nations, good also for individuals, and may not the lives and property of feeble and inferior citizens within any given community be rightfully appropriated for the benefit of the superior and stronger? If it be true that in our Constitution, or in the extra-constitutional rights alleged to be inherent in every nation, there exists any authority for the sacrifice of American lives and American treasure to purely philanthropic enterprises—any warrant for the conversion of our government into a mission-ary to languishing islands in the South Seas thousands of miles away, may we wonder to find the tolling minarets of this country for the benefit of the wretched heathen people of the islands, whom and our taxpayers have no community of interests or sympathy—then, at all events, let us embrace our new role with our eyes wide open, and recognize that the political ideals, which to our fathers seemed august and precious, are outworn, homely, and unworthy to the superb expansion of an empire.

Mr. Taft and Philippine Dependence

In his speech at the dinner given by the New York Chamber of Commerce to the commissioners from the Philippine Islands on June 17 Secretary Taft said: "If the time comes when the Filipino people are prepared for independent self-government and desire it, God knows I want to give it to them." The *New York Evening Post* immediately seized upon this expression as one eminently satisfactory to the Philippine Independence Committee, saying editorially: "If both parties would simply echo Secretary Taft's phrase, and call God to witness that they desired to give the Filipino independence, the prayer of the committee would be practically granted."

But a moment later, in the course of the same speech, the Secretary declared: "What I cherish in my soul as a hope is that the Filipinos will become so attached to America that they will never consent that the mole light bond, like that which connects Canada with England, shall be severed, but that it may always remain to remind them of the great good which association with the United States has done for them." And immediately the *New York Herald* seized upon this expression as the more important, saying in its news columns that Mr. Taft "resented earnestly" a suggestion of the speedy establishment of an independent republic in the Philippine Islands, and "imposed upon the minds of his auditors the impression" that this country could not surrender the islands.

Quoted separately, these two expressions will lend themselves to the uses of persons who hold diametrically opposite views, and it is already apparent that, from this circumstance, a good deal of needless mystification may arise in the United States, the Philippines, and other interested communities.

We call the mystification needless, because it is possible to show beyond a doubt that the latter of the two expressions truly conveys the Secretary's meaning, and it is fair to assume the intention of the present administration. To make this conclusion entirely clear we have only to develop briefly—yet so that it can no longer be either slighted or misunderstood—the common significance of apparently unrelated passages in the "Report of the Civil Governor of the Philippine Islands for the period ending December 23, 1903," which accompanies the fourth annual report of the Philippine Commission.

On page 102 of the report we read Mr. Taft's more carefully chosen words: "The Filipino people will accept this conversion [i. e., the general assembly which, if all goes well, it is to be opened in 1904] on the part of the Congress of the United States as a professed test of their capacity to avoid judicial and impetuous legislative measures and of demonstrating the existence among them of that self-restraint which is indispensable in the growth of popular and effective self-government." The duration of the period of probation, then, cannot be forfeited; neither its beginning nor its end can possibly be foreseen by the author of a report in which both are calmly, judicially viewed as probabilities or possibilities, not as certainties. What if the islands shall—the judgment of some future administration, or even, as we shall see, of some future generation of Americans—not be able to furnish the required proof of capacity for self-government? Therein lies one uncertainty. Another lies herein: The views of Americans as to what constitutes a capacity for self-government have undergone changes in the past; are not at present clearly defined or held by both political parties and all sections of our country equally; are likely to be modified more than ever before by future exigencies of our remote dependencies. If the Filipinos are obliged to accept an assurance so doubly uncertain, they will either be content, in which case they may say that to discriminate their condition from that of absolute dependence; or they will be dissatisfied, in which case they will naturally try to

raise the American estimate of their self-governing ability by excluding our occupation of the islands unprofitable. When we realize this we are ready to look in the report for other measures of time, or intimations of its author's actual attitude toward the question of withdrawal.

As for the period required for the completion of the work which began with the purchase of the friars' lands, we are not left wholly to conjecture. Mr. Taft writes: "The acquisition of the lands in the treaties on contracts of sale with many payments for a number of years entails a work of tremendous labor upon the insular government and will necessitate the organization of a separate bureau for that purpose. . . . We may reasonably hope that in a decade the agrarian and political questions of the friars in the Philippines will have been completely removed from among the obstacles to good government with which the Americans, in coming to the islands and assuming control thereof, were confronted." Ten years for bringing this preliminary task to a satisfactory termination is indeed a short time, relatively. Now, let us ask, what reasonable hope may be entertained in regard to the new underwriting for the Mohammedans in the southern parts of the archipelago? The bill for the government of the Moro provinces, which took effect on July 15, 1903, provides, among its radical measures of reform, for the abolition of slavery and the suppression of all slave-hunting; the governor of the province and his five assistants being authorized to enact laws for that purpose. Mr. Taft writes that: "The Moro does not understand popular government and does not desire it, and he is not likely to desire it until he is changed by education and the introduction of civilized life in his neighborhood." In July, he writes, "We have a condition that needs thorough and drastic treatment"; in the province generally "present conditions are not as satisfactory as they might be." From this showing the task of weaning down the stubborn pioneer Moro institutions would seem likely to outlast the present generation of slave-traders and slaves, even though we assume that "the introduction of civilized life" in July and Mindanao will be as well retarded by war-clouds hanging low over all the Far East. But during a still longer period, it seems, the United States should not only control the islands, but also take a lively and very practical interest in their welfare. The period during which our government must be concerned about the fulfillment of the terms of contracts to be made with corporations (if American corporations and the American government accept one of the most urgent suggestions contained in the report) will extend far beyond the present generation. Mr. Taft writes (page 57) that the time is "ripe for a period of great construction. For the first time, the great railroads, cable, and steamship companies should revolutionize the interior trade of the islands. . . . It seems to me wise that the commission be authorized, with the approval of the Secretary of War and the President of the United States, to enter into contracts of guaranty with railroad companies to whom a franchise for the construction of a road shall be granted by which an income . . . shall be guaranteed on the interest of the road." It is quite certain that the United States will ever obtain release from obligations to those who may thus secure franchises, and whose property must be protected if its earning power is guaranteed? The commission as a whole recommends (page 101) "that authority be given by Congressional act to the Philippine Commission, with the approval of the President and Secretary of War, to encourage the investment of capital" in the manner just described. The term of a charter which has been granted to a Detroit company, awarded the franchise for an electric street-railway in Manila, is fifty years. Of a different kind, though also inviting us to look quite far into the future, is the undertaking mentioned on page 89: "It is hoped that we may be able to make the city of Manila the handsomest city in the Orient. Improvements are expensive, however, and must be accordingly. Finally, in the schools conducted by Americans a vast educational process has begun. The report does not treat of this as a thing to be interrupted or a duty sometime to be transferred to an independent Filipino government. Positively and expressly the contrary. The page 59 Mr. Taft writes about "our purpose of giving primary English education to every child of school age in the archipelago." Moreover, fair inferences from what Mr. Taft says at the end of the same paragraph are that this process of educating the masses must be continued with largely increased resources, and that not before Filipinos of school age shall have (perhaps not universally, but at least in controlling numbers) learned English and other things, and then in due course shall have grown to be Filipinos of voting and office-holding age, will an assembly of activists be predisposed to shun "projects that our land is nothing but disaster."

The Secretary of War, who has lately intended to convey the impression that any man now in authority would live to see the Filipinos "prepared for independent self-government" and be privileged "to give it to them." That is wholly inconsistent with his matured, carefully stated opinions. He did mean that he cherished in his soul the hope that a bond connecting the Philippine islands with the United States "may always remain." And if we add that he must be regarded as one who confidently ex-

pects that the bond will always endure, it is because the imputed confidence is wholly consistent with his last official report, civil governor of the Philippines.

Overtures of Peace

From London and Paris come vague and persistent rumors that King Edward and the Kaiser have at last approached some project of peace. It is said, with growing assurance, that the King desires to use his good offices with his nephew the Czar, to secure some kind of compromise, by which a ruinous and destructive war may be brought to an end. It is certainly the interest of many nations that peace should be made.

France is peculiarly apprehensive for her southern ally. It has been stated, though without just cause, that the republic was anxious to be off with the old love, in order to be on with the new; that France felt her heart growing cold towards Russia, as it grew warm towards England. But this is absurd and untrue. France has a genuine and sincere feeling for Russia, a feeling based on very serious grounds. For to Russia she owes her restoration to a place of honor and dignity among the nations, her rescue from the humiliation and obscurity in which she was cast by the Prussian invasion. France is not ungrateful and has not forgotten. Besides this question of gratitude there is that of interest. France holds, too, many Russian securities, and has, too, large sums invested in Russian industries, to view without dismay the interests made on her ally's resources by a long and costly war.

Germany would be equally glad to see the contest in the Far East closed, especially if it could be made to appear that this consummation had been brought about by Germany. With England and Italy drawing closer and closer to France, with the powerful rivalry of the United States, which bars Germany's schemes of colonial empire in the New World, Germany is forced to perceive the high value of Russia's friendship. Even Bismarck was profuse in professions of friendship with Russia, though they did not bring conviction to the hearts of the Czar's subjects. Kaiser Wilhelm desires the friendship of Russia far more sincerely than Bismarck did, for he feels that, in recent years, the political predominance of Germany in the councils of Europe has sensibly weakened.

There are certain reasons why England would also be set unwilling to see peace made. It will be remembered that, in the days of the Mahdai Fife, Germany seized Kiao-chow, giving a ninety-nine years' lease for that region in January, 1898, the March 27, 1904, Russia, as a counterweight, obtained a lease of Port Arthur, which was to run until 1923, and might then be renewed. Great Britain immediately claimed compensation, at the expense of China, and got a lease of Wei-hai-wei, on April 2, 1901, by agreement with China. Great Britain holds this region so long as Russia holds Port Arthur and so longer. There is the rub. To complete the story we should add that France was "compensated" by the cession of Chinese territory, on the coast of the Lien-Chai Peninsula, opposite the island of Hainan. While neither the German nor the French lease is directly dependent on the Russian lease, it cannot be doubted that the position of these two countries would be greatly weakened were the Russian occupation to come to a forced conclusion. But the English lease would lapse outright. That is one among many reasons why Great Britain would not be unwilling to see the war end at this point, when Russian prestige has been so deeply injured in the eyes of all Asia.

But how about the combatants themselves? Is Japan willing to cease fighting? Would Russia consent to receive offers of mediation? As for Japan, the question is easy. Japan has already won immense prestige, while she is straining her financial resources to the breaking point, and will have to live sparsely for years to repay the cost of this war. Moreover, she is losing Asia trade and markets are slipping into the hands of Germany and England. But she is ambitious, and believes Port Arthur to be within her grasp; she even counts on the defeat of Karsnikoff and the surrender of Mukden as long-range conclusions. For Japan, therefore, the temptation to go on is very strong.

It is least likely of all that Russia would be willing to accept overtures of peace. It is not that her prestige is destroyed, for recent successes of Admiral Skrydloff's squadron, the repair of the Port Arthur squadron, and the retaking of certain bases in the Manchurian mountains have given a more favorable complexion to the war, and have led to some extent to early defeats. The difficulty is deeper. If the war were to stop now, Russia would remain firmly convinced that, had she continued, she could have defeated Japan decisively, and this conviction would prevent a genuine and lasting settlement from being reached. The wound would be shinned over, not healed. It may be however, that the strong peace sentiment which the Czar shares with the masses of his people would outweigh these considerations, and that Russia would be willing to seek peace.

The Proposed Cuban Loan

In the old days of Spanish rule Cuba paid, as interest on the enormous debt from which the war brought relief, so many millions annually that it seems easy for her now to carry a moderate financial burden. But her friends will be sorry to hear that, even before leaving lands on the moderate sum of \$35,000,000 so recently negotiated for, she has begun to think of raising another loan.

General Máximo Gómez writes from Havana that the Lower House, instead of making provision for the proper use of the \$35,000,000, is "disturbing and in a high degree prejudicing the interests of the people by nullifying the effort to pay off the army." He expresses the fear that when the sum of money destined to cover the first instalment of the payment of the army arrives it will be impossible to devote it to that purpose, owing to the inaction of the Congress. Now, according to advices received at the executive department of the Cuban republic, not so early the first instalment, but the entire amount of the loan will reach Havana toward the end of July. Such, then, is the indefensible situation. Approximately \$35,000,000 will soon be in hand; authorization is still lacking to stimulate the development of the island's industries—to put that sum into circulation by dividing it among the old soldiers; and yet a proposition to borrow about \$15,000,000 more, ostensibly for the same purpose, is already the subject of general discussion in Havana!

How many of the Cuban officials are reaching out after still further commissions? Will the \$15,000,000 be enough to pay for the passage of the required measure? Or is the proposed \$15,000,000 loan, and that only, destined for the army, while the \$35,000,000 is employed to stimulate the industry of the legislature?

Skrzydloff's First Exploit

THE recent sortie of the Vladivostok squadron results an act of singular daring which made Skrzydloff's name first familiar to the Russian people. In this exploit, curiously enough, he was associated with Vassili Verestchagin, the great painter, who went down in the *Petravskobrod* with Admiral Makarov, and who was thus linked by destiny with the opening of one brilliant career and the close of another.

The mission of Skrzydloff's first exploit was the passage of the Danube by the Russian army of liberation, which went in past a top to the Bulgarian atrocities made famous by Mr. Gladstone's tongue and pen. Russia had no Black Sea fleet. Turkey had a number of powerful ironclads and monitors, under the command of a renegade Englishman, Horatio Pasha. These monitors were in the Danube, and threatened the crossing of the Russian army—in fact, until they were disposed of en masse was not possible.

The story of what followed has been well told by Alexander Verestchagin, brother of the famous painter, who commanded a squad of Cossacks, and was later on Skobeleff's staff. He begins his account thus: "My brother Vassili, with his friend Lieutenant Skrzydloff, came some to Paragan, as if for a walk, and told me, as a secret, that early the next morning the actual men had determined to plant mines in the Danube, almost opposite Paragan, and that in case any of the Turkish ironclads tried to prevent this, Skrzydloff would go for it with the torpedo-launch *skufia* (*skuter*), and try to blow the ironclad up. My brother Vassili was going to take part in this attack. He asked me to tell no one about it, as he was afraid that his superiors would forbid it. Skrzydloff incited me to drive over with him to see the *skufia*, and so we went."

Alexander Verestchagin goes on to describe the fait of the Danube, in which lay the diminutive steam launch, pointed the color of the water; the crew was protected by an iron roof, on which sacks of coal and sand were being laid as an additional protection. Skrzydloff characteristically exhorted him to be up betimes in the morning, to be sure to see the fun.

The narrative next introduces us to an upper room, in which there were two beds. One was empty, for his previous occupant, Vassili Verestchagin, had leaped up. "In a blood-stained shirt," and was postulating and speaking excitedly to the occupant of the other bed, who was Skrzydloff. The latter was severely wounded in both legs by a rifle-ball, and was quietly expostulating with Verestchagin, and advising him to lie down again and keep quiet. They were disputing about the exact details of their torpedo attack, and the reasons for its partial failure. It seems that they had approached the Turkish ironclad, and that, as soon as their launch was discovered, the Turks opened fire with practically every weapon on that side of the ship, as well as rifles, and, later, even pistols. A hail of shot and shell was poured against the little launch, but Skrzydloff pushed on cheerfully, as if nothing was happening. They finally got in close quarters and pushed their torpedo, a mere charge of gunpowder at the end of a pole, as they could in the Turkish ironclad. Then they turned on the electric current, only to find that the connecting wires had been cut, presumably by a bullet, and they had no course left

but to retreat. Skrzydloff and Verestchagin were already wounded; the latter somewhat graphically describes his feelings as he discovered his wound. He felt a sensation of warmth in his side and feeling with his hand found he could put a finger into the rent in his flesh. He went on exploring, and found that he was only one finger, but two could quite easily go into the wound, and he further ascertained that his fingers were wet with blood. Then a revelation of the grim curiosity which made of Verestchagin a pointer of the realism of war, and which led him to Port Arthur, to the side of Admiral Makarov.

The latter was making history on the Black Sea, with Skrzydloff made a name on the Danube. With nothing but a few launchers, a few spurs, and a few packets of gunpowder he was out against the powerful ironclads of the Turkish fleet, with their English or American officers. For the most part, the "torpedoes" was fastened to a spar, pushed against the hull of the enemy, slipped, and exploded, to the imminent danger of the torpedo-launch which carried it. Sometimes the gunpowder was tied to a rope between two launches, and towed against the enemy's ship; but the danger was tremendous in either case, for the slight and almost wholly defenceless launches were exposed to a whole hail of shot from the Turkish war-vessels, besides the danger from their own steel weapons.

Skrzydloff was decorated for the exploit described. He was later posted on the Baltic, the Pacific, and the Black Sea; at the second of these three stations he became familiar with the region in which his Vladivostok squadron has so recently been making history. From a little steam-launch he is transferred to one of the most grandiose armed cruisers in the world, but he is still the same daring spirit who slipped forth in the end of the morning over the blue Danube in the early summer of 1877.

The English in Tibet

In the July number of the *North American Review* Prof. Euper Oukhtomsky expresses his fears that Tommy Atkins will plunder the Lamaist monasteries in Tibet, and that priceless documents of Buddhism will be lost forever to the world. The truth is that the English in India have done everything to protect the ancient faiths and literature of the East, and the Calcutta government has been foremost in the task. To begin with, England has from the outset upheld the principle of absolute religious toleration in India, allowing no faith to attack or revile any other faith, excepting toleration of Brahmanism and Mohammedanism from the Christian missionary, while compelling Moslems and Hindus to respect each other's religion, drama, and festivals. Indeed, the Indian government keeps the holidays and holy days of all faiths, observing the Muharram and the Ganga Snana of Mohammedanism and Brahmanism not less than King's and New Year or civil feasts like the coronation and the Empire's birthday. This absolute toleration is as fine as anything of the sort in history; but the government of India has gone much farther than this. It has worked unceasingly for the preservation of the sacred books of the East, and, for the most part, with success. British supremacy in India. Sir William Jones, Thomas Colebrooke, and Charles Wilkins, the fathers of Sanskrit learning, were all Bengal civilians, and Warren Hastings took a lively interest in the founding of the Royal Asiatic Society in Calcutta in 1785. The foundations of the world's Sanskrit studies were laid by these three Bengal civilians, and this fact remains, even though obscured by the subsequent activity of learned Germans like Max Müller, Boethling, Roth, and Weber. Even here, all the manuscripts which the Germans worked with were brought to Europe by the men who governed India; Max Müller met not only his manuscripts, but the money to pay the printing bills of his great edition of the *Rig-Veda*, from the India Office, which was also one of the great supporters of his "Sacred Books of the East" series of translation.

As far as northern Buddhism is concerned, for which Prince Oukhtomsky is especially apprehensive, it should be remembered that the world knew practically nothing at all of Buddhism before a Bengal civilian, Brian Houghton Hodgson, made his latest discoveries in the libraries of Nepal while he was resident at Kathmandu in the Himalayas. He discovered left after text, and the most recent of which is Professor Cornhill, with his first text and translation of Asha Ghosh's *Life of Buddha*. The Calcutta government has for years spent considerable sums on the formation and completion of a great Tibetan dictionary, with a special view to the texts of Buddhism, and this work will reach the science of the whole world.

Prince Oukhtomsky's misgivings are, therefore, quite unfounded. Far from indulging in vandalism, the influence of the English in Tibet will be conservative; they will secure new editions of Buddhist texts which have been known to the world, and as they did with the Sanskrit texts which record the glory and wisdom of ancient India.



SENATOR FAIRBANKS OPENING THE REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN IN INDIANA

The photograph is a snapshot taken at Indian, Indiana, showing Senator Fairbanks, the Republican nominee for Vice President, addressing his first speech of the campaign on the return to Indiana from the Chicago Convention. It is noted that Senator Fairbanks will take an active part in the campaign, driving most of his energies to speaking in Indiana.



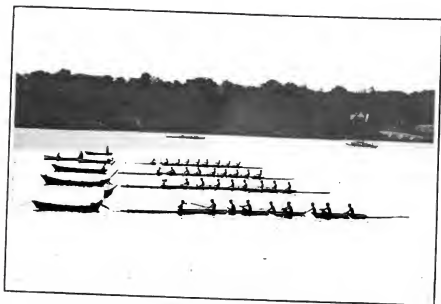
Prince Adalbert Reviewing German Troops at Tientsin—the Prince is among the Group at the Right



The Review in progress before the Prince

GERMANY AND THE FAR-EASTERN SITUATION—PRINCE ADALBERT REVIEWING THE KAISER'S TROOPS AT TIENTSIN

The photograph shows a portion of German troops at Tientsin, China, who are being reviewed by the German Emperor, Kaiser Wilhelm II. The Emperor is in the foreground, and the troops are in the background. The Emperor is wearing a military uniform and is holding a sword. The troops are standing in formation and are wearing German military uniforms. The scene is outdoors, and the ground appears to be a mix of dirt and grass.



The Freshman Crews at the Start



The Fleet of the Varsity Race, won by Syracuse

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE ROWING REGATTA AT POUGHKEEPSIE-SYRACUSE WINNING THE FOUR-MILE 'VARSITY RACE

The feature of the annual intercollegiate rowing regatta, held over the Poughkeepsie-Highland course on the Hudson River, June 28, was the victory of Syracuse over Cornell, the favorite, in both the four-mile 'varsity' race and the two-mile Freshman race. In both events the Syracuse crews won over Cornell by four lengths. In the 'varsity' race the time of the winning crew was 20:22 3/4, which does not equal Cornell's record time, 18:35 1/4, made by the Ithaca 'varsity' crew in 1901.

Are Americans Popular in England?

By Sydney Brooks

London, June 29, 1934.

ARE Americans, in America, popular in England? That perhaps is rather a precise way of putting a question that rarely more than half turns itself in the minds of Americans who have made London their home or include England in their yearly trip abroad. Indeed, in too many cases, it is too blunt. Let us take it as we see it. What is the general attitude of Englishmen towards the United States, towards Americans as a nation? That in itself is a question that might be divided and subdivided indefinitely. If I were asked to answer it roughly and in a single sentence, the reply would be something like this: Englishmen are extremely fond, extremely ignorant, and in some ways extremely jealous of the United States. In one of his neatly pointed essays Stevenson complains that while the Englishman will voraciously examine any statement that may be made concerning the customs of the Wild Coast or the native habits of Tibet, he will swallow at once and without inquiry the wadded yarns about Scotland and the North. Stevenson, as we know, had his own heightened and telling way of putting things; but at bottom there was a good deal in what he said. The average Englishman, though largely governed by Scotchmen, known as little of Scotland as the average New-Yorker of Kansas, Mr. Barrie's lady who wanted to know what the natives of Inverness had when the bears rampaged through their streets all the winter long, and was entirely content to hear that they shot them with claymores, was really an exaggerated type. But America, if you should judge, runs Scotland pretty hard as a favorite field of British ignorance. What the ordinary Englishman does not know about the United States is almost as astonishing as what he thinks he does know. Mr. Justin McCarthy used to tell a tale under this head of an Englishman who is now a cabinet minister and was a member of Mr. Balfour's government. "I believe you have visited America, Mr. McCarthy?" "Oh yes, several times." "Ah! And did you go to Chicago?" "Certainly." "Now, let me think, Chicago is on Lake, is it not?" "Yes, it is." "And is it a pretty little city?" "Remember, that this gentleman, who thought Lake Michigan was something like the Scipitine, was a university man, a man of considerable knowledge and culture, and an authority on European and imperial affairs. Due has to multiply his acquaintance with American progress by the number of voyages to reach the average Englishman's height of ignorance. During the civil war it was an article of faith among English editors that the Mississippi flowed east and west, and formed a real dividing line between North and South; and I remember that at the time of the Vancouver and the great London annual described that British news-wire might easily be sent down the St. Lawrence and into Lake Erie, taking Niagara one promontory, at a jump. Such things are amazing enough, but they only just hint at the magnitude of English misinformation. An Englishman who has visited America and who is staying in London is bound to be harassed with questions of a kind that would tax the patience of an angel. "Isn't every one corrupt over there?" "Aren't all the papers sensational?" "Did you ever meet an American who didn't speak through his nose?" and so on and so on. And if you attempt to give a picture of the country as it really is, you are greeted with the petted kind of incredulity that breaks out into some frank comments on your powers of observation directly your lack is turned and not infrequently before. It is difficult enough to explain England to Americans, but that is child's work by the side of attempting to explain America to Englishmen. Personally, I have given it up altogether. On no other theme is social poise to be had.

Towards political America there has, of course, been an immense change of sentiment within the last thirty-five years. The paper as Rodin somewhere says, that best represents the English middle classes is unquestionably Punch, and the atmosphere of Punch is intended to be non-partisan. Nevertheless, if one picks up any of the columns of the sixties, and especially of the early sixties, when the civil war was raging, one finds the knowledge of American affairs was only qualified by the bitterness of expression given to it. The ignorance largely remains, but the bitterness has vanished altogether. And not only the bitterness, but the old superciliousness. Even the London papers no longer patronize the United States as they used to. True, there are wars in which England still refuses to take America seriously. She makes larger allowances for American statesmen than for any others, rather expects them than otherwise to lack force from the small diplomatic traces, and only smiles when the process ends in her receiving an unexpected blow. England will take from America what she will take from no one else. This is not because America is more powerful than any one else, or because England has so much to gain by keeping on good terms with her. The average Englishman is too American to regard his international questions and antipathies by considerations of policy. It is because of the very genuine friendliness which has grown up among all classes of Englishmen for the United States. It is an avowal over here that there can never be serious trouble between the two countries, and this comfortable feeling is held by all Anglo-American questions not only of their danger, but of their interest. Every one takes it for granted that the affair, whatever it may be, will be satisfactorily smoothed over and settled. Practically nobody in England, for instance, took any real interest in the Alaskan canal question, and nobody will take any real interest in the Alaskan boundary difficulty when it comes up again. Journalists will write leaders about it, and there will be articles in the monthly re-

views, but the man in the street will remain profoundly unmoved. Nothing can disturb his belief that England and America, though they may squabble now and then, can never really quarrel. As for a war between the two nations, it is to him simply as unthinkable, as fratricide. He would bound out of public life any minister, any member of Parliament, who dared even to hint at it.

As a matter of fact, no English politician ever thinks of mentioning the United States in a speech without some complimentary adjective, and the British public, which has long ceased to be the most critical public in Europe, and become instead a cheering, roaring, one of the most hysterical and sentimental, always shows heartily any allusion to "our cousins beyond the sea," and agrees rapturously with the speaker that "blood is thicker than water." An American who tries to persuade himself that his country has a political foe in England had better stop in America if he wants to keep his faith whole. It would hardly survive a fortnight in England itself. Englishmen treat no grudges. They are as proud of Washington as Americans themselves; most of them are not even aware that there was such a thing as a war of 1812; while they quite cheerfully admit that all through the civil war and the Alaskan business they were in the wrong, and were rightly made to pay for it. In the visitors' rooms at the Reform Club on Pall Mall you will find over the mantelpiece a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, and about it medallions of Washington, Lincoln and Grant. There is something rather like a worship, even thus candidly published and acknowledge two of the greatest blunders in their history. But the English have grown into a big habit of always exempting Americans from the ordinary divisions of nationality. Cecil Rhodes was far from being the only English-American nationalist sent beyond the seas, and indeed, the race. The least imaginative Londoner feels himself and his country in a very special degree united to America. It is the nation of all others he would most like his own to be on friendly and even intimate terms with.

Politically, then, things are as they should be. It is in the social field outside that British ignorance still holds its own. No tale is less extravagant of American doings and sayings to be accepted as gospel in England. In American life Englishmen still know nothing. The reasons for this are on the surface. Englishers live outside the world of the holiday resorts. An Englishman who visits it simply for pleasure, to see the country as a tourist, is a rare being. His knowledge of American manners and customs and ways of doing things is therefore based on what he reads in the papers, the books and the travel. There would hardly be less trustworthy sources of information. The English journals pay less attention to America than to any other country, and their New York and Washington correspondents are generally speaking, so objective that even a well-informed American would be hard to know who was right and who was wrong. Half the news coming over from New York is simply an echo of the "fake yarns" and impossible trivialities with which a certain section of the American press delights to pad out its columns. Reading it and it alone an Englishman easily gets the impression that he is getting up to date on the subject of American life. Many towns, and millmeters who line up with their pet monkeys. Things like these, just because they differ so utterly from English standards, are held to be "typically American," just as Wall Whinn is still the "typically American" post. Nor does the ordinary American traveler whose the Englishman meets in England or on the Continent, tend to put things straight. A good many Americans spend most of their time in Europe running down their country, its politics, and society, and general tone. Others, displaying of being able to be light into the subject, are so sure that serious things do not trouble the statements they hear. Others, unhappily, supply by their behavior confirmation of an Englishman's worst estimate. Every nation finds its tourists—or at least the tourists who attract notice—its most confident and its most national, but no nation is more so in this respect as the United States. What the loud-voiced, loud-backed Englishman of a generation ago was to the Continent, that a section of American tourists is to the England of today. The romping American girl who roves up and down the corridors of London and provincial hotels or walks the Strand and St. James's Park, the American man who puts sugar in his claret and chews an unlighted cigar—these are the sort of people who too much represent America in the eyes of the average Englishman. It is of no use assuring people that they come from Oklahoma. The English must have his head of Osoboko, and judge the entire country on his worst specimens.

Ignorance does not matter so much. What does matter is the refusal to be enlightened. Englishmen seem at times almost to hate the thought that America has emerged from the dark ages of anything (but America) of American crudeness or "commercialism" they fasten on all the more readily as a suspicion is beginning to arise that in other ways the United States is getting ahead. With American steel rails, machinery, bridges, locks, ironclad ships, the Englishman, even the Englishman who is a business man, feels they have to get even somehow. They accordingly "take it out" in comments on American manners and social life, and are petulantly resentful and suspicious of all attempts to put things as they really are. There is a sort of national prejudice, and not only will not admit that it will not admit that the English ways of doing things are not the best; and from no one is instruction less willingly received than from Americans. One sees

at times a curious proof of this in the way the English will spoil American inventions by only adopting them in part, mechanical inventions, such as railroad-car couplings, radiators, soda fountains, and so on. They never like to confess that they cannot do better whatever Americans have done well, and they would sooner fail in the attempt and ruin everything rather than take the American advantage just as it stands. I remember last year being in the House of Commons when Colonel Lee, the late military attaché at Washington, was holding up the American army system for imitation by the British War Office. He spoilt his case by doing so. The judges against such an admission of inferiority by the side of Americans in prejudice felt in regard to no other country, was strong enough to condemn his proposals, and counter-

act even the excellent and persuasive way in which he put them forward. And in social life one finds the same spirit at work. Englishmen feel very cordially towards Americans both as a nation and as individuals. They receive and welcome them just as warmly, only in another way, as Americans receive travelling or domiciled Englishmen in the States. But, if he is in the company of average Englishmen, the American in London will find it better—unless he has a position for international recognition as a little as possible about America. It is only when he dwells on his best pleasing side that he is sure of a sympathetic hearing. Let him tell the truth, and he is certain to receive a more generous measure of discretion seems therefore the better, at any rate the most expeditious and peaceful, course.

Tibet and the British

By C. H. Forbes-Lindsay

Author of "India, Past and Present," etc.

TIBET has been a factor in the politics of the Indian Empire since the earliest days of the East India Company's establishment. The late Governor-General of India, that extraordinary genius Warren Hastings, was fully alive to the advantages which might have been expected to accrue to Bengal from the establishment of trade relations with Tibet, and under his direction the expeditions ofINGLE and Turner were undertaken in the close of the eighteenth century.

From time to time the endeavor to create commercial connections between Hindustan and Tibet has been renewed with uniform facility. More than once negotiations have led to agreements which seemed to signalize the insertion of the entering wedge, but in every such case, as soon as the British proceeded to drive it home they encountered an insuperable obstruction. From the first it was suspected that the adverse influence at work emanated from China, the suzerain of Tibet, and, despite the emphatic denials of the highest Chinese officials, the fact has long since been proved beyond a peradventure.

In 1858, Mr. Colman Marsden, the secretary to the government of Bengal, procured from the Chinese a passport to Lhasa and a letter commanding him and his mission to the third lama. In the year following Mr. Marsden, well equipped, as he fully expected, to insure a successful issue, started upon his commercial expedition to the Tibetan capital. Meanwhile, China had sent secret instructions to Lhasa to oppose the progress of the mission, with the result that the secretary and his suite were confronted at the border with an armed force and compelled to turn back. China professed to be deeply concerned and chagrined at the turn of affairs. She protested her inability to control the Tibetans, and in support of the incredible contention insisted in the manner in which the imperial passport and credentials had been treated. If the expedition persisted in its project the Chinese government could not protect it, nor would it be responsible for its safety. As a token of their sincere regret for the incident and as compensation for the withdrawal of the expedition, the Chinese government voluntarily ceded to Great Britain some territory contiguous to Burma. Incidentally, they deposed the King of Sikkim, a vassal of the British, who had been privy to the conspiracy and to some extent instrumental in its success.

In 1862 the Tibetans came into direct conflict with the British by invading Sikkim and erecting fortifications upon their joint border. The little joint British and Chinese force which entered Tibet on a mission to consult the great lama, the result of which was the Chinese embassy at Lhasa, and on be-

half of Great Britain, Lord Lansdowne, the Viceroy of India, signed a convention defining the boundary and appointing a commission to establish commercial relations. Twelve years have elapsed, and not a single article of that agreement has been carried out. Almost before the ink was dry in the signatures, Chinese obstructive tactics were in operation. The boundary posts have been thrown down as soon as set up. A trading caravan and a trade mart for Indian products, but a devotee of the third lama's forbade Tibetans to live at Yatung under penalty of death. The commissioners for Tibet, although nominated, have avoided meeting the British members of the commission. It is assumed to entwine the terms of the convention of 1862 that Colonel Younghusband's "mission" has entered Tibet. The active opposition of the Tibetans to the progress of the expedition will now furnish the British with a valuable pretext for carrying out their designs to a greater extent than they could have hoped for when the movement was initiated.

The British ministry has in view the attainment of two principal objects, to wit, the opening up of unrestricted trade between India and Tibet, and the acquisition of a very desirable slice of Tibetan territory. Russia is a factor in the problem only so far as her influence might prove detrimental to the commercial interests of Great Britain. India has no reason for fear military aggression on the part of the Muscovites, from that quarter, and, in truth, little enough from any quarter.

The trade of Tibet is much larger than is generally supposed, but it is capable of development to an immeasurable degree under favorable circumstances. China enjoys by far the greater part of it, and her jealousy of British encroachments upon her provinces is not difficult to understand. On the other hand, the losses here the trade of the country in their hands, and would be directly benefited by its extension. It is certain, then, that if they understood the true political and commercial significance of the situation they would be likely to favor the British designs, but the most enlightened of them is incredibly ignorant of the outside of his own country. They all believe that China is the greatest power in the world, and that Russia ranks next to it. A British officer who related to an exceptionally intelligent Tibetan, the presence of a provision of the fact of the occupation of Peking by the European allies was met with a polite smile of incredulity. Your general no doubt reported that he had

It should be understood that the third lama is more a figure in the hands of China. During the past fifty years the nominal suzerain of Tibet has been without exception, a puppet of the several great powers has all been a puppet and has been a puppet of the great powers.



Map showing the Route of the Mission's advance into Tibet

entered Peking," said the lama, "but he could not have done so. It would be impossible."

What trade exists between India and Tibet is carried on exclusively by natives of the latter country, for an foreigner is allowed to cross the Tibetan frontier, and all the passes are jealously guarded. The exports consist mainly of gold, silver, wool, salt, and yak's tails. Gold is only mined in one place, the limitation being due to the government policy, directed by China, of restricting the output. The gold deposits are extremely rich; indeed, there is good ground for the belief, expressed by experts, that upon development the Tibetan mines would prove to be the richest in the world.

Wool is the staple product of the country. It is of a very superior quality, and with encouragement the quantity produced might easily be trebled. India needs the wool of Tibet, and would like to give tea in exchange. The Tibetans consume large quantities of tea, and the principal tea districts of India are at their doors, but at present China supplies the demand with bricks composed of compressed dust and tea-leaf leaves.

The prospective opening up of Tibet to the commerce of the world (for such will in effect be the result of the British plans if carried to completion) should not be entirely without interest for Americans. It is not likely that the manufacture of the United States will find a market in Tibet to any considerable extent, but the development of the vast mineral resources of the country may afford a profitable field for American capital and enterprise.

Projecting southward between Sikkim and Bhutan is a triangular tongue of Tibetan territory upon which the British have cast an eager eye. The district of Lhasa, as its strategic and commercial advantages begin to be realized, has excited the keen

desire of Indian statesmen of the present day, and it is not to be predicted that when the existing difficulty is adjusted that coveted valley will become a British possession.

To begin with, Lhasa affords the most direct and the easiest route from Hindustan to central Tibet, the way from Bengal through the south-western corner of Bhutan pursuing an easy gradient devoid of difficult ridges. The Jelep Pass could be brought by railroad within a few hours' journey of Calcutta, and there to Lhasa would be no more than an eight days' march for troops. However, it would be an great engineering feat to extend the railroad up through the Lhasa to the Tsangpo, which river pursues its course into British territory as the Brahmaputra. This is the direct overland route to Peking and the only one through the Himalayas which avoids snow passes. The Jelep Pass, although nearly 15,000 feet above the sea, has a gradual slope on both sides—the name signifies "Lovely Level"—and is practicable for horsemen or even artillery.

The climate and scenery of Lhasa have been compared to those of Kashmir. Its soil is equally fertile, and its people are as contented and well fed as those of the "Happy Valley." The Tibetan of Lhasa is in every respect better off than his fellow countryman of the interior. As a satisfaction for invalid British troops Lhasa would probably surpass any of the health resorts of India, and, under proper cultivation, the valley would supply the cities of Bengal with an abundance of fruit and vegetables.

During recent years British writers have advocated the annexation of the district on the ground that it is "and geographically a part of Tibet at all, but lies within the Himalayan watershed, like Sikkim and Bhutan." However, a better pretext will be found in compensation for the Tibetan resistance to Colonel Younghusband's mission.



View of a British Encampment among the Mountains of Tibet

Japan versus Russia

A Personal View of a Wonderful Oriental Development

By Henry Clews, L.L.D.

THE Russo-Japanese war has been full of surprises, and has given rise to a vast amount of discussion as to its influence and consequences and the relation of the rest of the world to the two contending nations. It has therefore been a great international educator, all the more so because the strife has been so swift and deadly.

It has exposed the astonishing inefficiency and weakness of both the army and navy of Russia, that before were dreaded by other powers, and has shown the superior strength, mobility, and military and naval skill and pushing force of Japan. One result is that the prestige of Russia, both on sea and land, has suffered very severely, so severely that it will probably never be fully regained.

On the other hand, the prestige which Japan gained in its war with China has been immensely increased. We see a reflection of it in the avility with which its ten million sterling loan was recently taken, both in New York and London, half being allotted to each city. The amount, equivalent to fifty millions of dollars, was many times over-subscribed.

The great success of this loan was a practical pledge of international amity between the three countries concerned—England, America, and Japan—for there is a tie of interest established between a country that sells its bonds and the countries to which it sells them. Therefore, the larger our holdings of Japanese bonds become the more we shall be interested in the welfare of Japan, and other conditions being equal, the more friendly and obligated Japan will feel towards us.

Consequently, our investments in her securities will be productive of international good feeling. They will thus tend to stimulate our trade with Japan, as well as to induce Japanese investments in this country, for we are geographically nearer than Europe to her open door.

The fact that our sympathies are with Japan in her contest with Russia is very largely due to the liberal and progressive open-door policy of Japan and the narrow, restricted, and monopolyistic shut-door policy of Russia, particularly as shown by her arbitrary, grasping, and encroaching course in Manchuria.

Her persistence in demanding there after repeated promises to withdraw constituted a breach of faith towards Japan, and clearly indicated her intention to retain it as a province and a stepping-stone to further territorial acquisitions. Yet her claims on Manchuria were merely based on certain rights over the Manchurian Railway, a very unsubstantial foundation and justification for her pretensions and occupancy of the country.

It was that unjustifiable occupation of Manchuria and practical refusal to release her hold upon it that forced Japan to make war upon her as an aggressor, and practically an invader. Japan wanted peace with honor, and long and patiently conferred and negotiated with Russia in the hope of averting war, and only resorted to it when Russia studied procrastination and subterfuge became so wearisome and exasperating that they exhausted patience, and patience ceased to be a virtue.

Russia's object was to tire out Japan without forcing her into war, her belief being that Japan would ever dare to fight so great a power, much as she might, by Russian injustice, be provoked to do so. But Russia has been undeceived, and had her eyes opened at great cost.

Japan has good reason to feel proud of her exploits and achievement in this great contest. Not alone is physical strength necessary to success in war, but science, money, and an intelligent application and utilization of resources. Although Japan had a great advantage over Russia, in being much nearer her base of supplies, she had still a very formidable adversary.

Yet this purely Oriental nation showed, to the wonder of the

world, its superiority over its powerful foe from the beginning of this heroic struggle to drive away an intruder whose ultimate design was to accomplish its destruction as an independent nation.

Against this aggressor the Japanese people are united in a man, with a patriotic and devoted heart, and every one of them not only willing to fight, and sacrifice his property, for his country, but to lay down his life for it, deeming death in its defence itself glorious. Such patriotic willingness to sacrifice everything for the national cause makes every Japanese soldier and sailor more than the equal in strength and resolution, and fighting force, of each of his antagonists. He knows and feels that his family will be well provided for in his absence, and that his country is in the right, but that, with justice on its side, its rights and possibly even its existence are still gravely menaced.

So he proves by his prowess that "There is he armed who hath his quarrel just."

Whether in the army or navy the Japanese are active, energetic, fearless, and determined, and these qualities, combined with their love of country, have done wonders against the Russians, who are mostly unwilling hirelings without a spark of patriotism, or men who are in heart hostile to their own government. The military and naval tactics, discipline, and equipment of the Japanese are also superior to those of Russia, and their movements far quicker and distinguished by greater dash and spirit.

Their officers, too, are well trained. Most of them have been educated in the best colleges and naval and military academies in this country and Europe. Indeed, the almost universal spread of education among the Japanese has been their remarkable. Their desire has been to learn all that the rest of the world knows, and so place themselves in a position to utilize their knowledge, besides gratifying a laudable curiosity. European and American colleges are, and have been for many years, thickly sprinkled with Japanese students, and Admiral Togo was educated for the navy at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Japan has, therefore, a great link of strength in the devoted patriotism, education and intelligence of her people, for she has become an educated nation, the percentage of illiteracy there being small. Yet the marvelous revolution by which she emerged from Oriental seclusion and obscurity, and gradually developed into her present national and international importance, only began in 1869. Her transformation reads like a romance.

A Wonderful Transformation

In that year, following our naval expedition to Japan, under the command of Commodore Perry, who in 1853 made a provisional treaty with her for opening certain ports, Japan sent an embassy to the United States, and by this initiation, on our side, of our ships of war. This was really the beginning of modern Japanese intercourse with the rest of the world, and its wondrous change from Eastern to Western civilization. The Dutch traders and missionaries, were tolerated and then massacred at Nagasaki had been almost forgotten.

There were in Japan in 1869, as there had been from time immemorial, two emperors, one spiritual and the other temporal, known, respectively, as the Mikado and the Shogun, and a host of feudal lords as powerful as those of England in the days of King John, when history was made at Runnymede. These feudal lords, the Mikados, carried swords, and held the power of life or death by their kind over their vassals, and, and regarded the trading and working classes as inferior beings, of no social importance. They were entirely subservient to these feudal lords—the Mikados—and had no political voice or power whatever.

The change from that feudal age to this in government, manners, and customs, solely by the will of Japan herself, is entirely unexampled in all history. But it was a grand and wise progressive movement by her ruling class which brought Japan from her ancient isolation into the bright light of Western civilization and made her one of the foremost nations of the world. Now her government is representative, like that of the British Parliament or the Congress of the United States.

The Commission of Inquiry

But before dissolving the old empire and adopting the new system of government, Japan sent a commission, of which the Marquis Ito was one, to this country and Europe to examine and inquire into, and report upon, the existing system of government in different nations; and I, among others, gave the commission full information as to our government and national finances. From what this commission learned in both hemispheres, and reported on its return to Japan, the new constitution, and new order of things, in Japan were formulated and adopted, with such radical results and such great success as to astonish the rest of the world. The Japanese seemed to have acted on our own maxim—first be sure you are right and then go ahead.

They took the United States for their model in the main, and sent me instructions to be, as they expressed it, "in their different denominations of bonds and currency, after they had translated the lettering of ours, that I sent them, into their own language. I had this work done by the [lowest] bidder, and my relations with Japan have been very friendly ever since."

In making this great change Japan indeed showed so much wisdom, prudence, and sound statesmanship as greatly to surprise all other nations, for blindness were expected where she had so much to learn from us. But she was as quick to learn as to unlearn, and the newly established order of things seemed

to fit her even better than the old, like the new Western clothes that her people took on, when they cast aside their ancient costume and native hair dressing.

She has been fortunate in the statement that have piloted her ship of state so safely through difficult waters, for they have been themselves the equal of any in Europe or America. This is particularly true of their great leader, the Minister Imperial of Japan, the Marquis Ito, who has been very appropriately described both as the Marquis and the financier of the Orient.

Next to him in power and sagacity comes Count Okuma, the Rousseau of Japan. These two men led and really made the revolution.

A Letter from Marquis Ito

I had the good fortune to become acquainted with the Marquis Ito when he visited this country and brought us an introduction to me thirty-five years ago, and we have since corresponded. A letter from him to me, dated as recently as April 14, 1904, throws so much light upon the war, from the Japanese point of view, as to make it highly interesting for, coming from this high official source, it may be considered the voice of the government of Japan. It reads as follows:

TOKYO, April 14, 1904.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your letter of February 17 let me first of all thank you most sincerely for the constant sympathy you have shown to our country's cause. Your friendly efforts on the occasion of the Sino-Japanese war are still fresh in my memory, and the memory of them has been a source of encouragement to me. The sympathy of public opinion of your country is a great encouragement to us in our faith that in fighting for our own future security and undisturbed enjoyment of the fruits of civilization, we are to a certain extent fighting also for the common cause of all. Just as you say, the supremacy of Russia in Korea would mean not only a constant menace to the very existence of our island empire, but would also mean the wholesale destruction of our commercial and industrial interests already legitimately vested there in the past, not to mention the loss of a natural outlet for our expanding people. The constant policy of Russia in this part of the globe has steadily increased its insatiable monopolization of natural resources of the country she conquers and annexes. Her Manchurian policy is the irrefutable evidence of the above statement. So that in fighting for our own interests we are at the same time fighting for the principle of "fair competition" for all peoples of the world. I am indeed very sorry that the negotiations carried on our side, with sincere "bona fide," were not crowned with success as currently desired. If the Russian government were a little more disposed by the spirit of reciprocity to the satisfaction for the legitimate interests of others, things would not have come to this pass. As it was, there remained no other way for us but to try to enforce by arms what we could not do by reason. As you have said, we have in doing so we are becoming too late, for Russia was steadily and rapidly augmenting her fighting forces available in this part of her empire, so that before long the sheer mass of her fighting power would have made it a folly for us to attempt the uncompleted conquest of the peninsula. It is nothing but a costly thought-out step in the cause of state necessity. And I am much gratified to see that you, as well as the general public opinion of your country, have understood our motive in their true light.

Hoping that you are enjoying no robust health as when I saw you last in New York, and also taking to be able to see you again in no distant future, I remain,

Yours sincerely, MARQUIS ITO.

This letter, in clear and temperate language, shows that Japan was justified in her course towards Russia, and that Russia's course was the reverse of this. It correctly says that the policy of Russia in the East has always been to monopolize the resources of the country she conquers, and her career in Manchuria offers indisputable evidence of this fact. Hence for Japan to have allowed her to remain as she is, and to let her empire would have been to pave the way to the destruction of the Japanese trade and commercial interests already established there, besides creating a standing menace to the security and very existence of the government of Japan itself.

The alliance between England and Japan, was a great triumph for Japanese statesmanship, and the credit for this diplomatic achievement is very largely due to the Marquis Ito; and never were popular rejoicings greater than when it was officially announced to the people of Japan. They celebrated it with enthusiasm and loudly cheered Ito.

The Question of the "Yellow Peril"

As for the so-called yellow peril, those who know the Orient best know it to be a baseless fear, and it obviously is so. But it is reasonable to expect that, if Japan comes out of this war with the eastern despotism, the domination of China and Korea will follow under the influence of Japan. This will be a great triumph for Western civilization, as well as Japan, for those countries will then be Japanese, or rather, Japanese, and not subject to an oppressive and tyrannical alien empire.

They will, consequently, all be miners by a Japanese victory over Russia, and the United States will be one of the chief gainers by it in trade and commerce. Then, too, Russian desert would open Manchuria and afford very early access to the Pacific by Russia.

(Continued on page 1108.)



THE TRAINING OF JAPANESE SOLDIERS.

The photograph shows a drill in progress at the Peer's School, Tokyo. The fact that this is not the system of military training in the Japanese army is similar, in many respects, to that Japan frequently comment on the Teutonic appearance of the army as shown in the military academies and schools. Tokyo is the centre of one of the great military districts



RIFLE-PRACTICE BY STUDENTS AT TOKYO

Government institution is further evidence of the extent of military enthusiasm among the Japanese. The recruits to the Mikado's army live the lives of Oriental Germans, and visitors to arms and accoutrements, the organization of the military districts, the general staff, and the its up-to-date arsenal, which turns out ammunition at the rate of a million rounds a day



THE CLUB OF QUEER TRADES

The Eccentric Seclusion of the Old Lady

by
G. K. CHESTERTON

Part II.

MY attention for a moment renewed by victory, I could hear Basil's door finishing under long snoring of which I had not heard the beginning.

"... hullo, I must confess, multi-fiditate to me, my dear sir, and I had not any unpleasant, still one must side with one's old friends against the most fascinating new ones. But not here, there, here, in tying you up in this antimatras, to make it as comfortable as handkerchiefs can reasonably be while..."

I had staggered in my feet. The gigantic burrows was foiling in the garret of Rupert, while Basil was striving to master his mighty hands. Rupert and Basil were both particularly strong, but so was Mr. Burrows; how strong, we knew a second afterwards. His head was held back by Rupert's arm, but a convulsive heave sent over his whole frame. An instant after his head plunged forward like a bull's, and Rupert threw one strong head over heels, a rattling-wheel of legs, on the floor in front of him. Simultaneously the bull's head lashed Basil in the chest, bringing him also to the ground with a crash, and the monster, with a betterer kick, leaped at me and knocked me into the corner of the room, smashing the wicker paper basket. The bewildered Greenwood sprang furiously to his feet. Basil did the same. But they had the best of it now.

Greenwood dashed to the left and pulled it violently, sending peals through the great house. Before I could get pausing in my feet, and before Rupert, who had been literally stunned for a few moments, could even lift his head from the floor, two footmen were in the room. Dejected even when we were in a majority, we were now outnumbered. Greenwood and one of the footmen flung themselves upon me, crushing me back into the corner upon the wreck of the paper basket. The other two flew at Basil, and pressed him against the wall. Rupert lifted himself on his elbow, but he was still dazed.

In the strained silence of our helplessness I heard the voice of Basil come with a loud incoherent cheerfulness. "Now this," he said, "is what I call enjoying oneself." I caught a glimpse of his face, flushed and forced against the bookcase, from between the straying limbs of my captors and his. To my astonishment his eyes were really brilliant with pleasure, like those of a child heated by a favorite game. I made several apoplectic efforts to rise, but the servant was so top of me so heavily that Greenwood could afford to leave me to him. He turned quickly to come to reinforce the two who were manhandling Basil. The latter's head was already sinking lower and lower, like a burning ship, as his enemies pressed him down. He swung up one hand just as I thought him falling and hung on to a huge totem in the bookcase, a volume, I afterwards discovered, of St. Chrysostom's theology. Just as Greenwood bounded across the room towards the group, Basil plucked the ponderous totem bodily out of the shelf, swung it, and sent it spinning through the air, so that it struck Greenwood flat in the face and knocked him over like a rolling pin. At the same instant Basil's stiffened body, and he sank, his enemies closing over him.

Rupert's head was clear, but his body shaken; he was hanging as best he could on to the half-prostrate Greenwood. They were rolling over each other on the floor, both somewhat embroiled by their falls, but Rupert certainly the more so. I was still once-cautiously held down. The floor was a sea of torn tumbled papers and magazines, like an immense waste-paper basket. Burrows and his companion were almost up to the knees in them, as in a drift of dead leaves. And Greenwood had his leg struck right through a sheet of the *Pell-Mell Gazette*, which clung to it ludicrously, like some fantastic trouser flail.

Basil, shut from me as a human prison, a prison of powerful bodies, might be dead for all I knew. I fancied, however, that the brutal back of Mr. Burrows, which was turned towards me, had a certain tend of effort in it as if my friend still needed some holding down. Suddenly that brutal back swung hither and thither. It was saying to me: Basil, you had had hold of the other. Burrows's huge feet and those of the footmen were bat-

tering Basil's sunken head like an anvil, but nothing could get the giant's ankle out of his sudden and savage grip. While his own head was forced slowly down in darkness and great pain, the right leg of his captor was being forced slowly in the air. Burrows swung to and fro with a purple face. Then suddenly the floor and the walls and the ceiling shook together, as the columns fell, all his laugh seeming to fill the floor. Basil sprang up with dancing eyes, and with three blows like battering-rams knocked the footman into a cowed hat. Then he sprang on top of Burrows, with one antismatras in his hand and another in his foot, and bound him hand and foot, and then he knew clearly that his head had struck the floor. Then Basil sprang at Greenwood, whom Rupert was struggling to hold down, and between them they secured him easily. The man who had told me to let go and turned to his room, but I leaped up like a spring re-bell, and, to my infinite satisfaction, knocked the fellow down. The other footman, kneeling at the mouth and quite demoralized, was standing out of the room. My late captor, without a word, shook after him, seeing that the battle was won. Rupert was sitting astride the pinioned Mr. Greenwood. Basil asked the pinioned Mr. Burrows:

To my surprise the latter gentleman, lying bound on his back, spoke in a perfectly calm voice to the man who sat on top of him.

"And now, gentlemen," he said, "since you have got your own way, perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me what the deuce all this is."

"This," said Basil, with a radiant face, looking down at his captive, "this is what we call the survival of the fittest."

Rupert who had been steadily collecting himself throughout the later phases of the fight, was intellectually altogether himself again at the end of it. Springing up from the prostrate Greenwood, and knocking a handkerchief round his left hand, which was bleeding from a blow, he sang out quite calmly:

"Basil, will you mount guard over the captives of your bow and spear and antismatras? Ninelimb and I will clear out the pinioned Mr. Burrows."

"All right," said Basil, rising also and seating himself in a leisurely way in an armchair. "Don't hurry for us," he said, glancing round at the litter of the room. "We have all the illustrated papers."

Rupert latched thoughtfully out of the room, and I followed him even more slowly; in fact, I lingered long enough to hear, as I passed through the room, the passages, and the kitchen stairs, Basil's now continuing conversation:

"And now, Mr. Burrows," he said, settling himself sociably in the chair, "there's no reason why we shouldn't go on with that amusing argument. I'm sorry that you have to express yourself lying on your back on the floor, and, as I told you before, I've no more notion why you are there than the man in the moon. A conversationalist like yourself, however, can scarcely be seriously handicapped by any bodily posture. You were saying, if I remember right, when this incidental fracas occurred, that the rudiments of science might with advantage be made public."

"Precisely," said the large man on the floor in an easy tone. "I hold that nothing more than a rough sketch of the universe as seen by science can be of any use."

And here the voices died away as we descended into the basement. I noticed that Mr. Greenwood did not join in the amiable controversy. Strange as it may appear, I think he looked back upon our proceedings with a slight degree of resentment. Mr. Burrows, however, with all philosophy and rhinoceros. We left them, as I say, together, and sank deeper and deeper into the underworld of that mysterious house, which perhaps appeared to us somewhat more Tartarus than it really was, owing to our knowledge of its semicriminal mystery and of the human secret locked behind.

The basement floor had several doors, as is usual in such a house; doors that would naturally lead to the kitchen, the scullery, the pantry, the servant's hall, and so on. Rupert flung open all the doors with indescribable rapidity. One of them, after six seconds on entirely empty apartments. The sixth was locked. Rupert broke the door in like a handbell, and we fell into the sudden blackness of the sealed, unlighted room.

Rupert stood on the threshold, and called out like a man calling to an abyss:

"Wherever you are, come out. You are free. The people who held you captive are captives themselves. We heard you crying and we came to deliver you. We have bound your enemies up stairs hand and foot. You are free."

For some seconds after he had spoken into the darkness there was a dead silence in it. Then there came a kind of muttering

and crouching. We might easily have taken it for the wind or rals if we had not happened to have heard it before. It was unmistakably the voice of the imprisoned woman, clearly demanding liberty. Just as we had heard her demand it.

"Has anybody got a match," said Rupert, grimly. "I fancy we have come pretty near the end of this business."

I struck a match and held it up. It revealed a large, bare yellow-papered apartment, with a darkened figure at the other end of it near the window. As an instant after it barred my fingers and dropped, leaving darkness. It had, however, revealed something more practical than the brown background behind my head. I struck another match and lit the gas. And we found ourselves suddenly and solemnly in the presence of the captive.

At a sort of worktable in the window of this subterranean break-room sat an old, old, old woman, with a silver head and almost startling silver hair. She had, as if designedly to relieve those effects, a pair of Mephistophelian black eyebrows and a very neat black dress. The glare of the gas lit up her piquant hair and face perfectly against the brown background of the shutters. The background was blue and not brown as one place; at the place where Rupert's knife had torn a great opening in the wall about an hour before.

"Madam," said he, advancing with a gesture of the hat, "permit me to have the pleasure of announcing to you that you are free. Your complaints happened to strike our ears as we passed down this street, and we have therefore ventured to come to your rescue."

The old lady with the red face and the black eyebrows looked at us for a moment with something of the appoplectic stare of a parrot. Then she said, with a sudden gasp or breathing of relief: "Rescue! Where is Mr. Greenwood? Where is Mr. Burrows? Did you say you had rescued me?"

"Yes, madam," said Rupert, with a beaming countenance. "We have very satisfactorily dealt with Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Burrows. We have satisfied affairs with them very satisfactorily." The old lady rose from her chair and came very quickly towards me.

"What did you say to them? How did you persuade them?" she cried.

"We persuaded them, my dear madam," said Rupert, laughing, "by knocking them down and tying them up. But what is the matter?"

To the surprise of every one the old lady walked slowly back to her seat by the window.

"Do I understand," she said, with the air of a person about to begin knitting, "that you have knocked down Mr. Burrows and tied him up?"

"We have," said Rupert, proudly; "we have resisted our oppression and conquered it."

"Oh, thanks," answered the old lady, and sat down by the window.

A considerable pause followed.

"The road is quite clear for you, madam," said Rupert, pleasantly.

The old lady rose, rocking her black eyebrows and her silver head at us for an instant.

"But what about Greenwood and Burrows," she said. "What did I understand you to say had become of them?"

"They are lying on the floor upstairs," said Rupert, chuckling.

"Tied hand and foot."

"Well, that settles it," said the old lady, coming with a kind of bang into her seat again. "I must stop where I am."

Rupert looked bewildered.

"Stop where you are," he said. "Why should you stop any longer where you are? What power can force you now to stop in this miserable cell?"

"The question rather is," said the old lady, with composure, "what power can force me to go anywhere else?"

We both stared wildly at her and she stared very tranquilly at us both.

"At last I said, 'Do you really mean to say that we are to leave you here?'"

"I suppose you don't intend to tie me up," she said, "and carry me off? I certainly shall not go otherwise."

"But, my dear madam," cried out Rupert, in a radiant exasperation. "We heard you with our own ears saying because you could not get out."

"Rascaldroppers often hear rather misleading things," replied the captive, grimly. "I suppose I did break down a lot and lose my temper and talk to myself. But I have none sense of honor for all that."

"Some sense of honor!" repeated Rupert, and the last light of intelligence died out of his face, leaving it the face of an idiot with rolling eyes.

He moved vaguely towards the door and I followed. But I turned yet once more in the trile of my conscience and curiosity.

"Can we do nothing for you, madam?" I said, forlornly.

"Why," said the lady, "if you are particularly anxious to do me a little favor you might ante the gentlemen upstairs."

Rupert plumped heavily up the kitchen staircase, shaking it with his vague violence. With mouth open to speak he stumbled to the door at the sitting-room and scene of battle.

"Theoretically speaking, that is an 'ouch' term," Mr. Burrows was saying, lying on his back and arguing coolly with Basil.

"but we must consider the matter as it appears to our noses. The origin of morality..."

"Basil," cried Rupert, gasping, "she won't come out."

"Who won't come out?" asked Basil, a little cross at being interrupted in an argument.

"The lady down stairs," replied Rupert. "The lady who was locked up. She won't come out. And she says that all she wants is for us to let her go. I believe her."

"And a jolly sensible suggestion," cried Basil, and with a bound he was on top of the prostrate Burrows once more and was unknitting his bonds with hands and teeth.

"A really brilliant idea," Basil said, just as Mr. Greenwood.

In a dazed and automatic way I released the little gentleman in the purple jacket, who did not seem to regard any of the proceedings as particularly sensible or brilliant. The gigantic floor-scraper, with his other hand, was leaving us with Hercules himself.

"Well," said Basil, in his cheerful way. "I think we must be getting away. We've an much enjoyed our evening. Far too much regard for you to stand on ceremony. If I may so express myself, we are all very much at home. Good night. Things like this."

One thing, Rupert.

"Basil," said Rupert, desperately, "for God's sake come and see what you can make of the woman down stairs. I can't get the disconcert of my mind. I admit that things like this."

If we had made a mistake. But these gentlemen won't mind perhaps...

"No, no," cried Burrows, with a sort of Babalanian uprightness. "No, no, look at the poetry, gentlemen. Examine the oval clock. Make a tour of the chimney. There are corpses all over the house. I assure you."

This adventure of ours was destined to differ in one respect from others which I have narrated. I had been through most wild days with Basil Gryce, says for the first half of which the sun and the moon seemed to have gone mad. But it had almost invariably happened that towards the end of the day and its adventures things had cleared themselves like the sky after rain, and a dimness and quiet evening had gradually descended upon me.

But this day a week was destined to end in confusion were unfounded. Before we left that house, ten minutes afterwards, one half of which took us which rolled all our minds in cloud. If we had begun to speak out of Greenwood's shoulders we could scarcely have been more subtly stricken. And yet of this we had no explanation.

We had to go to bed that night with the prodigy and set up next morning with it and let it stand in our memories for weeks and months. As will be seen, it was not until months afterwards that by another accident and in another way it was explained. For the present I only state what happened.

When all five of us next down the kitchen stairs again, Rupert leading, the two hosts bringing up the rear, we found the door of the prison again closed. Throwing it open we found the place again as black as pitch. The old lady, if she was still there, had turned out the gas, she seemed to have a weird preference for sitting in the dark.

Without another word Rupert lit the gas again. The little old lady turned her head like head as we all stood forward in the strange darkness. "Two, with a question that almost made me jump, she sprang up and heard a sort of old-fashioned curtsy or reverence. I looked quickly at Greenwood and Burrows, to whom it was natural to suppose this subterranean had been of long standing. I felt irritated at what was in this column, and desired to see the faces of the tyrants as they received it. To my surprise they did not seem to have seen it at all; Burrows was jarring his nails with a small pickaxe, Greenwood was at the back of the group and had hardly entered the room. And then an amazing fact became apparent. It was Basil Gryce who stood foremost of the group the golden gaslight lighting up his strong face and figure. His face wore an expression indescribably conscious, with the surprise of a very grave man. His head was slightly bent with a constrained tone. It was he who had acknowledged the lady's chinaman. And it was he, beyond any shadow of reasonable doubt, to whom it had really been directed.

"See I hear," he said, in a kindly yet somehow formal voice, "I hear, madam, that my friends have been trying to rescue you. But without success."

"No one, naturally, knows my faults better than you," answered the lady with a high color. "But you have not found me guilty of treachery."

"I willingly admit it, madam," replied Basil, in the same level tones, "and the fact is that I am so much gratified with your exhibition of loyalty that I permit myself the pleasure of exercising some very large discretion."

"I am very much obliged to you," said the lady, "and I leave this room at the request of these gentlemen. But you know that you can safely leave it at mine."

The captive made another reverence. "I have never complained of your justice," she said. "I need scarcely say what I think of your generosity."

And before our staring eyes could blink she had passed out of the room, Basil holding the door open for her.

"I turned to Greenwood with a relieve into joviality. 'This will be a relief to you,' he said, with a smile."

"Yes, it will," replied that immovable young gentleman with a face like a sphinx.

We found ourselves outside in the dark blue night, shaken and dazed, if we had fallen into it from a high tower.

"Basil," said Rupert at last, in a weak voice. "I always thought you were my leader. But are you a man? I mean—were you only a man?"

"At present," replied Basil, "my mere humanity is proved by one of the most unimpeachable symbols—hunger. We are too late for the theatre in Square Square. But we are not too late for the restaurant. Here comes the green combs!" and he had begun to sit before the green combs.

He sat, it was months after. Rupert Gryce suddenly entered

my room, swinging a match in his hand, and with a general air of having jumped over the garden wall, and inspired me to go with him upon the latest and wild-est of his expeditions. He proposed to himself no less a thing than the discovery of the actual origin, whereabouts, and headquarters of the source of all our joys and sorrows—The Club of Quiver Traders. I should expand this story forever if I explained how ultimately we ran this strange entity to its lair. The process meant a hundred interesting things—the tracking of a member, the breaking of a rumour, the getting of roughs, the lifting of a peevish anger, the finding of a cellar, the finding of a cellar below the cellar, the finding of a subterranean passage, the finding of the Club of Quiver Traders. I have had many strange experiences in my life, but never a stranger one than that I felt when I came out of those rambling, sightless, and seemingly hopeless passages into the sudden splendor of a sumptuous and hospitable dining room, surrounded upon almost every side by faces that I knew.

As we entered, all the members seemed to sink suddenly into their chairs, and, with the very action, the vacancy of the presidential seat gaped at us like a missing tooth.

"The president's not here," said Mr. P. G. Northover, turning suddenly to Professor Chubb.

"No," said that philosopher with more than his ordinary sagacity. "I can't imagine where he is."

Report and I were hardly left before the beginnings of a sort of wonder as to whom this person might be who was the first member of this league brotherhood. Who, we thought distinctly, could be modest in this world of modernity; what fantastic was it those shadowy figures of all these fantastic with so local an expectation?

Suddenly we were answered. The door flew open and the room was filled and shaken with a shout, in the midst of which Basil Greyer, smiling and in evening dress, took his seat at the head of the table.

How we ate that dinner I have no idea. In the common way I am a person particularly prone to enjoy the long luncheon of the club dinner. But on this occasion it seemed a hopeless and endless string of courses. Hot draughts, sardines, seemed as big as herrings. Soup seemed a sort of death. Ladies were ducks; ducks were ostriches, until that dinner was over. The cheese course was unending. And all the time Basil Greyer went on laughing and eating and drinking, and never threw one glance at us to tell us why he was there, the king of those expectant idiots.

At last came the moment which I knew must in some way enlighten us—the time of the club speeches and the club toasts. Basil Greyer rose to his feet and a surge of song and cheers.

"Gentlemen," he said: "it is the custom in this society that the president for the evening preside, and by my general bad of sentiment, but by calling upon each member to give a brief account of his trade. We then drink to that calling and to all who follow it. It is my business, as the senior member, to open by stating my claim to membership of this club. Years ago, gentlemen, I was a judge; I did my best in that

capacity to do justice and to administer the law. But it gradually dawned on me that in my work as it was I was not touching even the fringe of justice. I was seated on the out of the majesty. I was ruled in red scarlet and ermine, nevertheless, I held a small and lonely and futile post. I had to go by a man only as much as a postman, and my red and gold was worth no more than his. Daily there passed before me test and passion, and problems, the stringency of which I had to pretend to solve by silly improvements or silly denials, while I knew all the time, by the light of my living common sense, that they would have been better relieved by a kiss, or a thrashing, or a few words of explanation, or a duel, or a tour in the West Highlands. Then, as this grew on me, I had increasingly the sense of a monstrous frivolity. Every word said in the court, a whisper or an oath, seemed more connected with life than the words I had to say. Then came the time when I publicly displayed the white wash, was chosen as a madman, and retired from public life."

Something in the atmosphere told me that it was not only Report and I who were listening with intensity to this statement.

"Well, I discovered that I could be of real use. I offered myself privately as a purely mortal judge to settle purely mortal differences. Before very long these unofficial courts of honor (kept strictly secret) had spread over the whole of society. People were here to defend me, not for the practical trials for which society cares, such as committing a murder or keeping a dog without a license. My criminals were tried for the faults which really make social life impossible. They were tried before me for self-interest, or for an impossible vanity, or for scandal-mongering, or for slowness to guests or dependents. Of course these courts had no sort of coercive powers. The fulfillment of their punishments rested entirely on the honor of the ladies and gentlemen involved, including the honor of the culprits. But you would be amazed to know how completely our orders were always obeyed. Only lately I had a most pleasing example. A maiden lady in South Kensington, whom I had condemned to solitary confinement for breaking off an engagement, dropped back into, absolutely refused to leave her prison, although some well-meaning persons had been importuning enough to rescue her."

Report Greyer was staring at his brother. His mouth flew open. So, for the matter of that, I expect, was I. This, then, was the explanation of the old lady's strange discontent, and her still stranger content with her lot. She was one of the culprits of his voluntary criminal court. She was one of the clients of his queer trade.

We were still dazed when we drank, amid a crash of glasses, the health of Basil's new judiciary. We had only a confused sense of everything having been put right, the sense men will have when they come into the presence of God.

"Mr. P. G. Northover will now explain the Adventure and Romance Agrees."

And we heard, equally dazed, Northover beginning the statement he had made long ago as Major Brown. Thus our epic ended where it had begun, like a true cycle.

"In a Hard Row for Stumps"

By Joaquin Miller

Y'oll ask for mud-suck, martial deeds—
Go back to Ohio's natal urn—
Go back to Kentucky's fields of corn
Just weeds and stumps and stumps and weeds!
Just red men blazing from stump and tree
Where buck-skid prophets' words stride and stress
Came crying, came dying in the wilderness,
That bark, first, cruel half-century!

What posies they sang! what prayers they said,
Cabin or camp, as the wheels rolled west;
Silently leaving their heaved, last—
Paving a Nation's path with their dead!
What unmaned battles! what thumps and lumps!
What satire clothes with the loud, bright hue!
What words in phantoms! what stumps in row!
What rank vines interwoven in rows of stumps!

Just stumps and nettles and weed-shaded corn
Tiptoeing to wave but one blade in air!
Dark noisened here, and rank, hardback, there
Boasting and storming that blade broke!
Such weed-kind legends, slow sapping the heaven—
The homestead heart and the asking head!
The hoe and the hoe, 'till the man lay dead
And the great weed wheels rolled over his grave,

And the saying grew, as sayings will grow
From hard endeavor and lungs and lumps;
"He got in a mighty hard row for stumps;
But he tried, and died trying to hoe his row."

O brighter and better that iron pound hoe,
Than brightest, broad-saw of Waterloo!
Nor ever fell sadder more truly true
Than he who died trying to hoe his row.

The weeds are gone and the stumps are gone—
The huge hop-land and the copperhead land
And a million heart-ache, black triumph instead
From stumps, clean torn in the diamond-sown dunes.
But the heroes have vanished, save here and there,
For out and aside like some storm-driven tree,
Leaves a last survivor of Thermopylae,
Leafless and desolate, lone and bare.

His hands are weary, pat by the hoe!
His ear is dull and his eyes are dim.
Give honor to him and give place for him,
For he bled and he bled us, how long ago!
And ye who inherit the fields he won,
Worn graves where the Wabash slips away,
Go fashion green parks where your hoes may play
Unhindered of stumps or of weeds in the sun.

I have seen some weeds, sowing a heavy, head-
Such weeds! such a mighty hard row for stumps!
Such up-hill struggles, such down-hill slumps
As you, please that, may never come know!
But the sea lies yonder, just a league below.
All down-hill now, and I go my way—
Not far to go, and not much to say.
Says that I tried, tried to hoe his row.

Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

THE pleasures of an old reviewer are mainly reminiscent, and the pleasures that he recalls with fondest remembrance are oftentimes associated with the books that came earliest under his eye. The first book that fell to my lot to be reviewed led to an intimacy which was marked in after years by the dedication of another book from the same author "in memory of a golden friendship." Those early reviewing days added another interest to my bookshelves, and brought me into instant and helpful relationship with one of our finest minds. The only other book of that early period of reviewing that has found a lasting place in my affection, and has followed me up and down the country through the years is an edition of James Whitcomb Riley's poems in the volume called *Afterchiles*, which was issued in 1890, but it was only the other day that I met the gentle humorist and poet for the first time. If you conceive a passion for an author in the first book of his that you read, the chances are that that book will always remain the favorite. Since *Afterchiles* came into my hands, I think I have read everything Dr. Riley has printed, but with the exception of the story called "Where is Mary Alice Smith and the lines 'The EM Child' which prefix it, nothing that he has written is so dearly cherished as the poems in that worn and thumb-matched little volume. Coming from the land of Burns, there was something of the deep and elemental, the "joy in wisest comestly speed," the rare sincerity of feeling, the simplicity and stark honesty of the Scots peasant-poet about the Illinois singer that appealed to the stranger within the gates and made him feel less of an alien. One could not be ashamed to say that there are lines in *Afterchiles* that cannot be read without a sense of tears—without that thrill of emotion which comes of the glad recall of the heart's empire in former days. You remember "The Waltons' Prayer"? It begins:

I cross, dear Lord,
No kneeling board
Of gold and gray.
Nor jewels line.
Nor tresses hang of blue.
Nor treasure heap of anything.—
Let but a little hat be near
Where at the heart's ease I may
The cricket sing.
And have the child
Of one glad woman's eyes to
make.
For my love sake,
Your simple house a place
driest
Just like you cut the cricket's
chirp—
Love, and the smiling face of her.
And "The Harper," with the poet's vision transforming the devotion of the parrot:

And there was the little win-
dow
Thick, and drip, and drip—
The rain above, and a mother's
love,
And love's companionship:

And the lines in which love clings to the hope of immortality, be-
gins:

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead—He is just away:

Among the dishevelled poems in this little volume there are two which represent Dr. Riley at his best—the one in strained pathos, the other in that luminous vein which is native and original with him. For sheer pathos, restrained and poignant, it would be difficult to find anything that would surpass "Nothin' to say," in which an old man is brought suddenly face to face in a helpless, desolate, awkward way with the fact that his daughter is about to marry:

I wish your mother was [here]—but I hain't got nothin' to say!
Twenty year! and as good a girl as parent ever found!

There's a straw hatched onto yer dress there—'Til hosh I off—'tans
(Her mother was [at twenty when as two can as say])
Nothin' to say, my daughter? Nothin' at all to say!

The humorous poem is "Jim"—familiar to many readers, I dare say, who never heard of the author—with Wigner's famous remark:

It says, "When God made Jim, I bet you He didn't do anything else
that day
but just around and feel good!"

There was one poem in *Afterchiles* which always colored my
anticipations of a meeting with the poet; it is called "Knee-
Deep in June":

Tell you what I like the best—
Long about knee-deep in June,
'Taint the time strawberries
sell.

On the vine—some afternoon
Like to get 'em and eat,
And not work at nothin' else!

June wants me, and I'm to
stand there shudders anywhere,
I'll get down and suffer there,
And oblige to you at that!

Now, when a poet tells you
plainly what he is in his best
mood, and is "he spere," it
would be a clear case of
neglecting Providence not to
take advantage of it. It was
just such a dusty June after-
noon when we drove out to the
Country Club in the environs
of Indianapolis.

Jim's made dry overnight,
And the whole air's underneath—
and sprawled out 'neath
the grass. June never
proved so infectious with
business before, as I lay along
side my companion in the
clover bloom, and listened to
his gentle persuasive talk as
humors showed up with his
sentiment caught up with his
mood, and blended in a harmony
that gave to earth and sky,
and flowers and birds, and all
created a new meaning; his
low pipes, like those of Pan to
quote from his own sonnet,
catching hints of a joy un-
fathomable, dragging memory as
if with the dawning sun of
bees and the taste of wild
honey. But the most wonder-
ful thing about the poet is the
light that shines in his eyes
and brings all over his face
when he smiles. Without that
smile all his pictures were
but a veiled countenance. It
is the key to the nature of the
man; his cheerful optimism,
his love of mankind, of mother
earth, of his firm conviction
that "what began best, can't
end worst, nor what first
blissed most, prove sweetest."
The way a face becomes trans-
figured, and, in a flash, reveals
sometimes what else had re-
mained hidden and unguessed,
is matter of common observa-
tion, but I have never seen so
wonderful an exemplification
of Browning's "flashing line,
"How soon a smile of God can change the world!" as in the smile
of the poet who has spread sunshine in so many hearts and
set them singing to a note of gladness:

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
For the child alone to duck or to
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There be ever a song somewhere!

"The distinguishing quality of Indianapolis is its simple do-
minicity," says Mr. Meredith Nicholson in an excellent article on
"Indianapolis: a City of Homes" in the June *Atlantic*, and the
homely fact is strong in the poet. He has wandered a bit in
the past, but he clings all the more now to the old scenes, where
the roots of his affections are laid deep and enduring. With
Stevenson, he finds that, after all, the most beautiful adventures
are not those we go to seek.



The latest photograph of James H. Whitcomb Riley



**WHY THE ENGLISH NEED SKY-SCRAPERS—SKETCH MADE IN
NEW YORK BY TOM BROWNE, THE ENGLISH CARTOONIST**

Cockney, "Think the Lord there is one thing we've not got in England."

New-Yorker, "Say, what's that?"

Cockney, "My scrapers."

New-Yorker, "Well, you want 'em; your skies are so bad they need scraping."

Correspondence

Opinions of Dr. Abbott's Advice to "A Troubled Wife"

FAIR CHAIRS, WIS., June 11, 1891.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—It is difficult for a sober-minded outsider to find any element of tragedy in the letter which an unhappy woman has written to Dr. Abbott or to discover anything but kindness and wisdom in his reply. There are three reasonable beings: a husband who, although he confesses to another love, yet realizes where his duty lies and acquiesces like a gentleman; a wife who respects her husband's honor, and the "other woman," who resigns herself heavily, let us suppose, to the inevitable. This is no cloying or mawkish situation; no material here for the sensational divorce court or for the still more sensational divorce trial. The wife, in a moment of despair, craved to know she has not all of her husband's love, writes for advice to Dr. Abbott. Her, a fourth reasonable being, old in knowledge of human nature, reminds her that she has a duty as well as her husband: to be a cheerful companion to him as he is endeavoring to be to her. This is easy enough. Indeed, one might go further and say to her: "Come, we are none of us children to cry for what we cannot have. We know how strange and envious are the ways of love in this world. But if I may wake any morning in your husband's predicament, you will realize that we are human beings, all of us, and let us thank God we are, for they are miserable creatures who are not. This is only a tragedy as we make it so. It is nothing so horrible and overwhelming that we, like *Edipus*, should put out our eyes. Rather should we have completely reason our domination; how it can use us as we have thought and restore our happiness;—that divine reason which can be greater than hate."

I am, sir,

GEORGE H. HOLLOWAY.

OSHAHA, NEB., June 11, 1891.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—Is not Dr. Abbott (in your number of June 11) writing with the object of reassuring a woman in trouble and closing a breach, and sacrificing a sincere expression of his convictions for the sake of that object? If so, I am writing to you, not in relation between man and wife, in the abstract. I hardly think he would uphold the opinions expressed in his letter. If, for example, it were suggested that he, in the last degree, excused a man for a deliberate act of violence to his wife, even though the wife continued to be "first and supreme in his regard," I think Dr. Abbott would be rightfully indignant.

That a frank, sincere friendship should exist between a husband and a woman, not in the way of trust and power, but that a man should allow such a friendship to even approach him, such a love as should exist between man and wife, must surely offend the principles of any right-thinking person.

I am, sir,

RATCHELSON.

BUTLAND, MASS., June 11, 1891.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—To me, three things stand out plainly in the Rev. Lyman Abbott's counsel to the woman. First,—it is a marvelous thought,—that the Rev. Lyman Abbott has preached for many years the gospel of the Nazarene, has gone down among the people, presumably, has seen them in the shadows, has ministered unto them, and yet arrives in his laison severally a heart-scientist. Second,—it is equally marvelous,—the Rev. Lyman Abbott can live to a full of true and great and good human heart and counsel it and always it is a hundred times, and yet give to it not one word of compassion, nor of tenderness, nor one word of pity, not one tear. And third,—most marvelous and most glaring of all,—is the comparison that arises inevitably in the mind of the reader between these words and the words Christ would have spoken in their stead,—the Christ to whom was brought that woman taken in adultery, and in whose footsteps the Rev. Lyman Abbott walks.

I am, sir,

MARY MACLEAN.

CONCORD, N. H., June 12, 1891.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—When I read Dr. Lyman Abbott's answer to the unhappy wife, I said, "Well, that is a man's idea of it. The wife is sure to read of heartily sympathy than of advice, while the husband and the interfering woman need advice."

Again and again has it been demonstrated that platonic friendship is dangerous. I think the truth of the matter was well expressed by a husband who was discussing the subject with his wife, when he said, "It is not that I am afraid you do or will think more of this man than you do of me, but I hate to have him thinking that perhaps you do. There's the rub, even to him is sure of his partner's love, though that another and still others may think otherwise, stings and riddles."

If a man has been so stupid and blind as to choose a wife who does not sufficiently answer to the various requirements of his nature the least he should do is to make the best of it. Men should learn to beware of what I call the "bawling" woman—

the respectable woman, past her first youth, who has never had her share of attention and appreciation, and who, appealing to sympathy or advice, or by cultivating his tastes and by the most subtle arts of flattery, almost imperceptibly draws a man into confidential relations, and sometimes makes him think she loves her. Even if the "bawling" woman does not go so far, the man's wife sees what is going on,—she knows her woman's friends see it, and she is miserable with a misery she is almost powerless to combat. There should be a special place of honor prepared for the woman who "bawls" about a married man.

And the poor man—he seldom sees through it. He can see nothing out of the way in the "bawling" behavior.

The poor wife in the case in question certainly should try to forget her sorrow, accept, and give love, and try to be kind instead of to see that this second love was all a mistake, that there is nothing stronger than his love for his wife, for I truly think the other woman just had him on, because she was miserable herself.

I am, sir,

J. H. H.

EDMONT, ALB., June 11, 1891.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—In the letter of a troubled wife to Dr. Abbott, quoted in *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, June 11, I fail to see any manifestation of a snubbed or jealous disposition. It seems to me to be the letter of a woman who is endeavoring to be fair and just under very trying circumstances, and I do not think Dr. Abbott's advice to her reasonable or sound.

Dr. Abbott asks her in his letter if the fact that her husband has ceased all social relations with the woman with whom he had fallen in love is not sufficient evidence that she—his wife—holds the supreme place in his affections.

I do not think that it is. The fact that he has ceased all social relations with the other woman proves nothing about the state of his affections. It might be considered as evidence that he regards his former action in relation to this woman to have been wrong, and that he is now trying to do right. Dr. Abbott advises the distressed wife to lay aside her tears, to banish her sorrow, and to try to appear cheerful, even if she does not feel so. This advice, I think, is what would mostly be termed "cold comfort."

If she had been able to do all this cheerfully she would have done so, and would not have been in need of Dr. Abbott's advice. He tells her to stop thinking about herself and think about her husband. Does he really imagine she has not been thinking about her husband? It would have been more sensible to advise her to think about something quite outside her family—the war or the St. Louis Exposition.

Dr. Abbott tells her if she thinks her husband has done wrong, to win him back to righteousness, to love him, and try to make him happy. By this course of denial and restraint for the man, and overlooking and forced cheerfulness for the woman, Dr. Abbott apparently hopes that everything may be brought back to the former state of happy married life. But I do not believe it could ever be so. "There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain."

If there is any solution of the problem it lies in the wife's hands; if she can so lift herself above all selfishness as to be her husband's friend, cherish the love he has for her, and yet recognize that other love which has come into his life, ask no denial of it, be willing to grant her husband and his other woman all the privileges of an open and avowed friendship, she may save three people much suffering, and growth and development will be possible for these three who would else have cramped and stunted lives. Would it not be well for people to realize that whether the marriage service may require man and woman to vow, Blake is right when he says

Love, free love, cannot be bound
To any tree that grows or ground

I am, sir,

A WESTERN WOMAN.

TORONTO JEWELERS, CAN., June 11, 1891.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—Dr. Abbott's logic is most certainly sound and unfeared. Nearly every man would object to his wife having a very close friendship with a male friend who was privileged to come as often as he pleased, no matter whether the husband was absent or present (one can readily understand that it was generally in his absence). Most certainly the man of the house would try to stop the affair. And how long would it take the world to misconstrue? The result, it is just as unreasonable. The assertion, "What there is wrong on both sides" does not condemn the root of the business. The sentiment expressed is wrong that would permit the growth of any feeling which would only too soon find itself unprincipled. The love of the man and wife is all right, even if it does not fill all the little cells which call for different stores. The emotion of the advice "to stop thinking about herself and think about him" is the sinistral.

I am, sir,

E. W. McCALLUM.

Correspondence.—(Continued)

AN EX-SENATOR ON DEMOCRACY

OCEANOGRAPHIC, O. T., June 25, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—Notwithstanding my positive aversion to my prominence in the politics of the present day, I am admonished by a sense of duty and by the importance of the subject involved to pen these few lines.

Having been a life-long Democrat, supporting the Democratic ticket from the nomination of Mr. Greeley in 1872 to 1900 for Mr. Bryan, no one can truthfully say that I am not a true and loyal Democrat. While this is so, I do sincerely say that I am pained and even mortified at the course of Mr. Bryan and a few of his present followers in attempting to divide, distract, and disintegrate the party by his unjust, unmanly, and uncharacteristic criticisms of Judge Parker and the New York platform.

Mr. Bryan is possessed of that supreme egotism that teaches him that, having once twice nominated and twice defeated, that he is the party's sole adviser and dictator both as to platform and the candidate. The gentleman should be taught that the great Democratic party in this hour of trial will not be led by him or any other one man, however so eminent and worthy, and especially by one who claims that he will not support the party unless he purchases the platform and candidate suits his taste.

My Democracy teaches me to abide by the result of the party in convention assembled, while sure may not do this, nevertheless that does not afford me an excuse to violate my party principles. Mr. Bryan charges Democrats with dishonesty. If he carries it and his threats will be not be guilty of the crime he charges others guilty of. He complains of Judge Parker not talking enough. That, in my opinion, exhibits the very genius of common sense in Mr. Parker. The crowd clearly understands his position on all public questions. He has been tried on many occasions and never found wanting, being on the bench for several years. It would have been unwise and highly improper for him to have made himself conspicuous and active in political meetings. I voice the sentiment of thousands when I say that his silent course was commendable.

The necessity of the occasion imperatively demands the cooperation of all Democrats at the St. Louis convention without stopping to inquire whether he is from the East, West, North, or South, or how he stands on one question or another; but will be for the nominee, whoever he may be, should be the sole test.

I write this not for controversy or ill feeling toward anyone, and not for office or political promotion, as I have had all the official and political honors I desire, but solely in the interest of peace and success of the Democratic party.

I am, sir,

J. P. ALLEN.

THE FRAY OF IT

PHILADELPHIA, June 22, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—I read in this morning's paper (the *Public Ledger*) the report of a speech made in Chicago last evening by Secretary Shaw, in which he makes the following statement:

"It is a well-known fact that sugar, which sells in the United States at 10 cents per pound retail, is worth in the country of production 7½ cents per pound wholesale. The very men who grow the beets from which sugar is made pay 10 cents per pound retail for the same sugar which we get at 5 cents per pound, and the foreign beet grower is stiff-necked enough to approve the policy. He is willing to pay a higher price for the small amount of sugar which he consumes, on condition that the producer of his field shall supply the American table. For our part I am willing to pay any reasonable price for the small amount of beets which I consume, provided the cost goes out from my field, and the beets products from my field and the meat from my stall shall feed the men who mine the coal and iron and the artisans who produce the wire to fence the farms of South America."

It seems to me that Secretary Shaw uses it in the people of the United States to furnish a detailed account showing definitely how the people of Europe are benefited by the above species of statesmanship. Our duty on pure sugar, or on sugar treating after No. 10 Dutch standard of color, is 100-100 cents per pound. In practice, the sugar is imported into the United States in a raw, or impure, state, and the duty is graded according to the amount of sucrose in each sample, ranging from 35-100 of a cent per pound, on a low grade of raw sugar, to 100-100 cents per pound on pure sugar. As the retail price of refined sugar in this country is about 5 cents per pound, and as the duties on the profits of the various jobbers and dealers, and the cost of transportation must be deducted from this retail price, it is obvious that the European manufacturer cannot receive much. If any, more than 3 cents per pound for the sugar which he sends to this country. Now, if the European manufacturer can produce sugar so cheaply that they derive an adequate profit from that which they furnish the American people at 3 cents per pound, what kind of statesmanship is it that compels the people of Europe to pay 7½ cents per pound wholesale, and 10 cents retail, for the same kind of sugar, as Secretary Shaw says they do? If, on the other hand, the European manufacturer sells the sugar to the American people at 10 cents, which is made up to him by an export bounty derived from the taxation of the people of Europe, what kind of statesmanship is it that compels the people of Europe to furnish sugar to the people of the United States at less than the cost of producing it in Europe? Does it promote the prosperity of the people of Europe to be taxed for the purpose of furnishing sugar to the people of the United

States at less than cost? How is it that this kind of statesmanship, which experts suggest at 3 cents per pound, and compels home consumers to pay 10 cents per pound, happens to prevail in the same part of the earth which produces the "pauper labor of Europe," which we hear so much about? If the policy is not the cause of the "pauper labor of Europe," it certainly has not prevented it.

When a commodity can be sold in a foreign market at a price which affords the producer an adequate profit there is no need of either a bounty or a protective tariff. But when commodities are exported at less than cost, the wealth and prosperity of the nation which exports them is seriously diminished. The only purpose of a protective tariff which is even plausible is to compel home consumers to pay more for a commodity than the price for which it can be imported. This is really the taxation of the people—the consumers—in order to maintain industry which is inherently less profitable than other available industries. The only purpose of an export bounty is to enable the producer to supply goods to foreigners at less than cost, and to obtain his profit by the taxation of his own fellow citizens.

Now Secretary Shaw really believe that the people of the United States would be benefited by taxing themselves for the purpose of giving a bounty to export beets in order to furnish it to the people of South America at less than the cost of producing it in this country? If this kind of statesmanship is beneficial why have our American statesmen neglected to promote the prosperity of the American people by giving such a bounty to exported sugar as would enable our own beet sugar producers to sell sugar to the rest of the world without money and without price? This would only be following the theory to its logical conclusion. If a nation is benefited by making goods to be exported at less than cost, why would it not be benefited still more by making goods to be exported at a gift? Let Secretary Shaw do a little double ciphering in accordance with the rules laid down in the old arithmetic which he discarded when he graduated at the crossroads schoolhouse, and, perhaps, he will then be able to give us some reliable information in regard to protective tariffs and bounties and subsidies. That old arithmetic doctrine, that the value of information is increased by subtraction. The true character, and the actual results, of the above-mentioned measures of governmental discrimination and favoritism have been obscured by random speculations, and by the exploitation of ill-informed consumers, about long enough.

I am, sir,

JOAC W. GIBSON.

A JAPANESE CRITICISM

LOS ANGELES, June 25, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—I have read "Trials of the War Correspondent" with great interest, and wonder why Mr. Dickinson did not use more severe words to criticize Japanese selfishness. I am a Japanese newspaper man, and my patriotism and national pride are not stirring up my fellow countrymen at the front. But I have no words for Japanese official world, civil or military. They have too many regulations, too much fussiness, too much officiousness. They make rules for everything and want to execute them to the letter. They are said to be to their lives for orderliness and exactness. But where economy of labor, time, and necessary tension is essential, exactness and completeness must give the first place to simplicity and efficiency. However adrover and terrible the Japanese may be, the pity is that they do not know how to go to the point directly, in business, without much ado. And I heartily wish that your correspondents, as well as those of other papers, would mercilessly attack Japanese "love for minutiae or exactness," and let the others see their own folly exposed before your people.

I am, sir,

D. T. SUTHER.

ROOSEVELT IN THE WEST

LOS ANGELES, June 24, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—I enclose a review in popular words, 16 to 1 silver and Democracy.

	1900.	1904.	1900.	1904.
California	146,808	144,768	164,755	124,723
Colorado	28,271	161,269	99,818	121,437
Idaho	6,224	73,192	29,967	29,414
Montana	16,491	42,527	23,773	37,146
Nevada	1,038	8,377	3,849	6,345
Oregon	48,779	46,662	46,528	55,765
Utah	12,491	64,597	47,128	43,865
Washington	30,123	91,446	51,486	44,823
Wyoming	10,622	10,833	14,482	10,164
Total	303,210	533,611	479,679	634,012
Bryan's plurality, 239,401.			McKinley's plurality, 23,666.	

In view of the State elections since 1900 and the transcendent popularity of President Roosevelt, I predict his plurality in the States next November at over 130,000, and that he will carry every State save named except Nevada—and possibly Montana.

I am, sir,

P. P. STOUT.

Was She Complimented?

A CERTAIN literary woman, feeling herself under an obligation to a very eminent author and wishing to show her appreciation, bought a box of candy, meaning to present it to the novelist at the earliest opportunity. On the same shopping excursion she bought herself a box of tooth-powder, the two purchases making packages of similar size and appearance. Then she sought out her benefactor.

"Have you a sweet tooth?" she inquired, and presented one of the neatly wrapped packages. The offering was accepted gratefully, and the donor departed, much gratified at the accomplishment of her act of recognition. When she got home she unwrapped her remaining package to try the new tooth-powder. Removing the last piece of wrapping paper she read on the box cover, "Chamblair Bonbons—Extra Quality."

An Interrupted Lesson

THIS story is told of a Washington school principal who was trying to make clear to his class the fundamental doctrine of the Declaration of Independence:

"Now, boys," he said, "I will give you each three ordinary buttons. Here they are. You must think of the first one as representing Life, of the second one as representing Liberty, and the third one as representing the Pursuit of Happiness. Next kindly I will ask you each to produce the three buttons and tell me what they represent."

The following Monday, in accordance with his plan, the teacher interrogated his class on the subject of the buttons.

"Now, Johnnie," he said to the youngest member, "produce your three buttons and tell me what they stand for." Whereupon the youngster began to weep.

"I can't get 'em all," he sobbed, holding out two of the buttons. "Here's Life and here's Liberty, but mamma sewed the Pursuit of Happiness on my pants."

He was Reminded

A WASHINGTON politician tells this story of a friend who is famous for the "whoppers" he is in the habit of telling. This man's incident, it appears, finally demonstrated to the raconteur, and warned him that the next time he overheard him enlarging on facts he would remind him of it in an unambiguous way. His opportunity came at a dinner at which they were both present. The story teller, who sat beside his brother at the table, was describing a remarkable stork which a friend of his had just built.

"Why," he was saying, "it's simply huge—at least a thousand feet long, a hundred feet high—ouch!" (reaching down and rubbing his shin)—"and three feet wide."

Enterprise

A WELL KNOWN novelist told the following story the other evening at an author's dinner:

An Irishman who had been out of a job many weeks found in the river that flowed through his town the body of the keeper of the railroad drawbridge. He immediately looked himself to the superintendent of the division and applied for the vacant job, saying that he had seen the body of the former keeper in the river.

"Borry," said the superintendent, briefly: "the place has been filled. We gave it to the man who saw him fall in."

His Own Invention

A man agent recently obtained admission to the office of Thomas Edison, and assailed him with such an accumulation of arguments in favor of the publication which she represented that the famous inventor hurriedly subsided. After a gradual restoration of his energies, Mr. Edison asked:

"How did you ever succeed in mastering such a long and crackling speech as that?"

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(Continued from page 1164.)

"I told him that I would not call him in the morning until he rang, as he wanted a good rest."

"What did he say?" asked Warriden.

"Nothing, sir. As often as not he does not answer when he is spoken to."

A sudden fear seized upon Warriden. He ran out of the room and up the stairs to Chase's sitting-room. He knocked on the door; there was no answer. He turned the handle and entered. Chase had not gone to bed last night. He was still sitting in his armchair before the grate. One arm was extended along the arm of the chair, with the palm turned upwards, and in the palm lay an apple. Chase was sitting huddled up, with his head fallen forward upon his breast like a man asleep. Warriden crossed the room and touched the hand which held the apple. It was quite cold. The apple rolled on to the floor. Warriden turned to the housekeeper. She was standing in the doorway, and staring over her shoulder were the two undergraduates.

"He was an hour dead," said Warriden, "when you looked into the room an hour afterwards."

The three people in the doorway stood stupidly agast. Warriden pushed them out, locked the door on the outside, and removed the key.

"Mr. Pinckley, will you run for a doctor?" he asked.

Pinckley nodded his head and went off upon his errand.

Warriden and Stiles descended the stairs into the dining-room. Mrs. Withers, for her part, walked out of the house as quickly as she could. She hardly knew what she was doing. She had served as housekeeper to Mr. Chase ever since he had come to Newport, and she was stunned by the sudden calamity. She was aware of a need to speak, to find the neighbors and speak.

"I think you had better take the news at once to the mission," said Warriden; and Stiles in his turn went off without a word.

Warriden was thus left alone in the house. It had come about without any preparation of time upon his part. He was the oldest man of the three who had been present, and the only one who had kept his wits clear. Both Pinckley and Stiles had looked to him to decide what must be done. They regarded him as Chase's friend, whereas they were

mere acquaintances. It did not even occur to Warriden at first that he was alone in the house, that he held in his hand the key to Chase's room. He was thinking of the strange perplexing life which had now so strangely ended. He thought of his first meeting with Chase in the mission, and of the disaster which he had felt; he remembered the array of liquor bottles on the table and the half hours during which Chase had talked, and of morbid pleasures—that had been Warriden's impression. Yet there were the years of work here, amongst these squalid streets. Every August had seen him clanking to-day, dying at his work. As Warriden looked out of the window he saw a group of men and women and children gather outside the house. There was not a face but wore a look of consternation. If they spoke, they spoke in whispers like people overheard. A very strange life! Warriden knew many—a man who does not—who saw the high road distinctly above their heads, and could not for the life of them but walk upon the low one. But to use both deliberately, as it seemed Chase had done. To drop from the high road into the low, and then painfully to scramble up again and again willingly to drop, as though the air of those steeper heights were too rigorous for continuous walking; to live the double life because he could not entirely live the one and would not entirely live the other. Thus Warriden solved the problem of the dilettante curate and his devotion to his work, and his solution was correct.

But he held the key of Chase's room in his hand; and there was no one but himself in the house. His thoughts came back to Pamela and the object of his journey up to town. He was sorely tempted to use the key, since now the means by which he had hoped to dis-

cover in what quarter of the world Stretton wandered and was killed were tragically closed to him. Chase could no longer speak even if he would. Very likely there were letters upstairs. There might be one from Tony Stretton. Warriden was sorely tempted. If only he could be sure that Chase would a second time have revealed what he was hidden to keep hid, why then—must it not be just the same thing as if Chase was actually speaking with his lip? Warriden played with the key. He went to the door and listened. There was not a sound in the house except the ticking of a clock. The front door still stood open. Outside in the road a little knot of people had gathered. He must be quick if he meant to act. Warriden turned to the stairs. The thought of the dead man huddled in the chair, a silent guardian of the secret, weighted his steps. Slowly he mounted. Such serious issues hang upon his gaining this one piece of knowledge. The fortunes of four people—Pamela and himself, Tony Stretton and his wife—might all be straightened out if he only did this one thing—which he had no right to do. He heard voices in the hall while he was still upon the stairs. He turned back with a feeling of relief.

At the foot of the stairs stood Mr. Pinckley and the doctor. Warriden handed the key of the room to the latter, and the three

men went up. The doctor opened the door and crossed to the armchair. Then he looked about the room.

"Nothing has been touched of course?"

"Nothing," replied Warriden.

The doctor looked again at the dead man. Then he turned to Warriden, mistaking him, as the others had done, for some private or near friend.

"I can give no certificate," said he.

"There must be an inquest!"

"Yes."

Then the doctor moved suddenly to the table which stood a few feet from the armchair. There was a decanter upon it half-filled with the liquid his brown sherry, only a little darker. The doctor removed the stopper and raised the decanter to his nose.

"Ah!" said he, in a voice of comprehension. He turned again to Warriden.

"Did you know?" he asked.

"No."

The doctor held the decanter towards him.

Warriden took it, moistened the tip of a finger with the liquid and tasted it. It had a bitter and acrid flavor.

"What is it?" he asked.

"An overdose of it."

"In the glass, then, in which it was taken?"

A tumbler stood upon the table close to the decanter-stopper.

The doctor took it up.

"Yes, I noticed that," said Warriden. "I noticed that it is clean."

The doctor took the glass to the window, turned it upside down and held it to the light. It was quite dry, quite clean.

"Surely it's evident what happened," said Warriden. "Chase came into the room, opened that euphoric door in the corner there. His keys are still dangling in the lock. He took the decanter and the tumbler out, placed them on the table. He sat down in his chair with his apple in his hand, leaned back and quietly died."

"Yes, no doubt," said the doctor. "But I think here will be found the reason why he leaned back and quietly died," and he touched the decanter. "Opium poisoning. It may not have been an overdose, but a regular practice."

He went to the door and called for Mrs. Withers, as Mrs. Withers had now returned to the house. When she came upstairs into the room he pointed to the decanter.

"Did you ever see this before?"

"No, sir," she answered.

"Or that euphoric open?"

"No, it was always locked."

"Quite so," said the doctor. "You had better get some women to help you here," he went on, and with Warriden's assistance he lifted Chase from the chair and carried him into his bedroom.

"I must give notice to the police," he went on, and again he



Drawn by William Wood Lawrence

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THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

St. Louis, July 9, 1904.

Four weeks ago we printed upon this page the following:

We now reckon it a virtual certainty that Judge Alton B. Parker will be the nominee of the Democratic party in opposition to Theodore Roosevelt. That he will have a long lead on the first ballot everybody concedes; that a great many delegates, not instructed, are privately but definitely pledged to his support as happen to know to be a fact. The astute managers of Judge Parker's candidacy predict his nomination on the second ballot. We venture the prophecy that there will be an acrid ballot, Massachusetts, Delaware, Wisconsin, all of the "favorite son" States—even, in our judgment, Maryland—will change to the New-York before the result is announced, and Parker will enter the lists with the prestige of a nomination as closely approaching Roosevelt's in stability of circumstances and free expression of opinion could make possible.

That is, of course, what happened.

It was too much to expect that the Democratic party, or any party for that matter, could purge itself of adopted heroes in the four years which correspond to a day in the life of an individual. But for the absurd two-thirds rule, a straightforward declaration in favor of the maintenance of the present monetary standard might have been obtained from this convention. A certain amount of compromise, however, was essential to the candidacy of Judge Parker, and Mr. Sheehan bowed to the inevitable. The result is satisfying in one sense, namely, that a sane, able, good, trustworthy man has been named for President. That in itself is an extraordinary achievement when one stops to consider the dominancy which had been exercised for eight years by the fascinating fanatic who during this time has held the fate of a great party in the hollow of his hand. When, some months ago, we printed a picture in this paper depicting Mr. Bryan as a dog in the manger we received so many protests that it seemed possible that injustice might have been done; but when in the protracted session of the committee on resolutions, Senator Daniel stood squarely on his feet and said to the man whom, with all his earnest eloquence, he has supported twice for President, "You have reviled every man whom any State has recommended and have presented no candidate of your own," and the assertion was accepted in grim silence by all present as the plain truth, there was left no cause for musing. The picture was exact, the man himself knew it. But votes were essential to make two-thirds. Having a clear majority from the outset, Mr. Sheehan implored the sound-money supporters of other candidates to cease obviously futile hectoring and make more feasible the construction and adoption of a candid, direct, and fitting platform. But the appeal was not heeded, and the inevitable compromise ensued.

The finality is an admirable candidate upon no platform at all. We do not mean to say that no great, sound and satisfactory assertions can be found in the official declaration of so-called principles. There are several well meant, however insincerely expressed. But the main heresy, the one vile, sinful, disgusting subject, is ignored utterly. What are we to assume that, saying nothing, the party virtually reaffirms the obvious doctrine that the vote of Hawaii forced upon the reluctant delegates in Kansas City, four years ago; that is Mr. Bryan's interpretation, naturally. Or that an explicit pledge may be expected from the candidate in his letter of acceptance. This doubtless is Mr. Sheehan's desperate hope of a solution. But, assuming its feasibility as judged from successful precedents, is Judge Parker sufficiently grounded in the confidence of the people to do it? And will he dare? We doubt it. Those Democrats who feel that the stability and progress of the country depend upon a rigid maintenance of the gold standard will have to rely solely upon the probity and conservatism of their candidate, or vote the ticket of the party which at least was not afraid to make a positive commitment. The Democrats, therefore, have failed miserably to reduce the issue to a choice between candidates—the only hope they had—and are doomed, rightfully in our judgment, to respectable defeat. It will not be a money campaign. There will be no panic or fear of panic, because there is no danger. Mr. Roosevelt, from the viewpoint of the vast financial interests, may not seem altogether safe, but he is getting safer all the time and incidentally is inevitable. Those who apprehend that Mr. Belmont is going to raise, or could by any possibility raise, a

mighty campaign fund are deluded. He can do nothing of the kind, for many reasons, one of which is that those most largely and seriously concerned will behold no necessity for paying tribute to what they will regard as a losing cause, and another of which is that Mr. Belmont as a collector is neither practical nor popular. Mr. Bliss is an old hand at the game, and Mr. Cortelyou is still a welcome visitor in the curious Department of Commerce and Labor. They therefore should do fairly well, especially as they will start with the agile support of Mr. Snyder and the substantial aid of Mr. Schiff. But there will be no outpouring of money such as Mr. Hanna revealed in 1896, when even banks and trust companies openly charged up handsome contributions to expense account. With two such candidates as Roosevelt and Parker fear cannot be created, predilection of panic and destruction of values can produce no more than a shrug of the shoulders; therefore it will not be a money campaign. For this much Heaven and Roosevelt and August Belmont be praised. They talk of Roosevelt luck. Why not Parker luck? Was ever an aspiring man more fortunate? As Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals he was enabled to screen his opinions behind his votes. How could anybody criticize what nobody knew? Uncle David Hill solemnly, and quite likely truthfully, declared to the committee on resolutions that he had not the most remote idea of what "the Judge's" financial views might be. Neither had Mr. Sheehan any body. His principles he was imperious. And then the blossoming of the famous opposition of Taftism in Hall, with its untired leader, under the tutelage of saintly Crocker, the thoughtful Sulzer, and the impeccable Crane, supplemented by its ridiculous train-loads of silk hats and checkered trousers! What else could have distracted attention from the distracted, discredited, and disappointed David? If more were needed, how quick were the Cleveland conspirators to fill the vacuum with their mysterious rumbles of impending land-slides, thus reuniting the South in sheer fright and loyalty to Gorman, to the one man who could beat "the big fellow," as Mr. Sullivan affectionately derided him. How fortunate also in enlisting the really unselfish and wholly devoted services of three men of so widely varied and genuine abilities as Mr. Sheehan, Mr. Belmont, and the shy old master from Wolcott's, to say nothing of the worthy, cheerful, and convincing members of the "judicial trio" headed by Morgan J. O'Brien, and flanked by Delaney Nisell and William Travers Jerome, apostles of arbitration and subtle persuasion. It was a combination irresistible. But was it attributable to luck? We are not sure. He is a wise Judge.

Of the platform much might and little will be said by any supporter of "the Judge." We thought we had acquired a certain tolerance in the consideration of a mixture of notions and phraseology, but it is plain now that we had only scratched the surface of intemperance. Godhood knows the Republican platform was foolish enough in many spots and wrong in a few, but it was at least coherent. This is a more hodge-podge in perfect harmony with the management of the show. Apparently, as at the Coliseum, nobody required a card to inject himself into the platform; all one had to do was to walk in. Think, for example, of finding in the declaration of principles of a great party praising six millions of voters a grave injustice. What? We believe that one of the best methods of procuring economy and honesty in the public service is to leave public officials, from the occupant of the White House down to the lowest of them, returned as nearly as may be to Jeffersonian simplicity of living! A very ordinary imagination might run amuck in an attempt to decipher this utterance. It may be that President Roosevelt was caught in the act of wearing a dress-suit and merits a savage rebuke. But was there notably on the committee on resolutions who was not aware that Thomas Jefferson also was a gentleman and lived in a manner becoming one? And who of the office-holders in this great, free, and all-equal democracy are "the lowest"? But time is required to analyze the extraordinary document. For the moment in an atmosphere laden with coal dust the perusal merely serves to intensify the aching of the eyes.

Mr. W. J. Bryan, of Nebraska, comes out of the scrimmage with colors flying. Having nothing, he compromised. If Mr. Hill would admit to no repudiation of the Kansas City platform he would accept no reaffirmation. Also as

high degree, and in addition he has a reasonable, if not an excessive, amount of patience." The elemental virtues no one denies to him. We do not recall so much stress having been put upon the physical qualifications of a satisfactory executive before, but whether or not they be as important relatively as Mr. Roosevelt believes, the Judge fills the bill. In the language of former Senator Edward Murphy, a shrewd estimator of true form, he is a good man. While Mr. Roosevelt has been wrestling with Japs the Judge has been pitching hay. He could not receive his call to duty after the traditional manner of Mr. Cincinnati and Uncle Isead Putnam because, as everybody knows, this is not the ploughing season. But to true and tried Democratic eyes he certainly does present a great appealing picture standing in the meadow patch, a single snapper securely upholding his blue overalls, and the perspiration rolling down his tanned cheeks as, ever and anon, with graceful ease he tosses haycock after haycock upon the waiting cart. No effete dumbbells for the Judge. The implements of the farm are his. He may not be as handy with his fists as his rival, but, catch as catch can, in our dispassionate and unprejudiced judgment, he would win out.

But let not Mr. Cortesou be deceived by the notion that the Judge is expert only with the shovel and the hoe. He is equally at home with the fiddle and the bow. A great surprise awaits those who have formed the opinion that Judge Parker is of a temperament so judicial that he lacks the more engaging qualities. Of all the men occupying or

seeking high political positions whom we have known, we cannot recall one possessing a more attractive personality than Judge Parker. He is a real man, honest, intelligent, tolerant, and kindly, yet clear in his convictions and firm in fidelity to them. He, too, possesses the "elemental virtues" ascribed to Mr. Roosevelt along with many others of material service to the country in a President. Nobody need apprehend an absence of personal honor in the White House in the improbable contingency of his election. Nor will the Democrats of the West or South find any cause of disappointment when they come face to face with their leader. He can speak as well as he thinks. While less vivid in a personal way than his bewitching opponent, he will be found quite as satisfying in both word and deed.

The ways of politics, after all, are inscrutable. It was the oddity, dignified, well-mannered Chicago convention that should have nominated Judge Parker. The result would have harmonized perfectly with the proceedings. This, on the other hand, has been an ideal Roosevelt convention—vague, turbulent, twice as big, four times as enthusiastic, splendidly chaotic. It was precisely such a crowd as the President would have revelled in attacking and conquering. The tannerness of Chicago would have pulled upon him, but here, in the seductive language of a showman on the Pike, he would have found a collection of "Awfully Wild Animals" that would have delighted his heart.

G. H.

Cartoons of Prominent Men at the Convention



Governor Vandenberg
Ohio State Journal



Champ Clark
Philadelphia Press



Former-Controller Eobler
St. Louis Globe



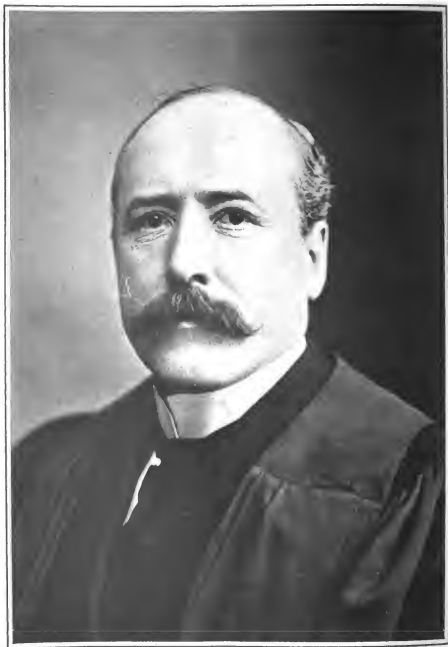
Jim M. Gaffey
Philadelphia Press



David R. Hill
Philadelphia North American



Thomas F. Ryan



Alton Brooks Parker

CHIEF JUSTICE ALTON BROOKS PARKER, of the Court of Appeals of New York, was born in Cortland, New York, May 14, 1852. He was educated at the Cortland academy, the Cortland normal school, and the Albany law school, from which he was graduated in 1872. He held the office of Surrogate of Ulster County from 1877 to 1883. In 1884 he was a delegate from New York to the Democratic national convention. In 1885 he managed David B. Hill's successful campaign for Governor. Following this campaign

he was appointed a justice of the Supreme Court by Governor Hill, and in 1886 was elected without opposition. Three years later he was appointed to the Second Division of the Court of Appeals, after which he became a member of the general term of the Supreme Court of New York. From 1896 to 1897 he was a member of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, and in November, 1907, was elected Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, the office which he holds at the present time.



Henry G. Davis

HENRY G. DAVIS, Democratic nominee for Vice-President, the son of Caleb and Louisa DAVIS, was born in Howard County, Maryland, November 16, 1825. He was educated at the county schools, and was subsequently superintendent of a plantation, sea-beeman, conductor, and agent on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Piedmont, West Virginia. He afterwards became a merchant and prominent coal operator, was president of the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railroad, and of the Davis National Bank of

Piedmont. He was a member of the House of Delegates, West Virginia, in 1863; was State Senator from 1867 to 1869; and United States Senator, 1871 to 1883. He has been a delegate to six national Democratic conventions, and was one of the American delegates to the Pan American Congress. He is a member of the United States Intercontinental Railroad Commission, and is a large stockholder in the Davis Coal and Coke Company. He is eighty-one years old.

Cartoons of Prominent Men at the Convention



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Washington Post

Senator Rouse
Washington Post



William F. Sherman
New York Herald



Ex-Senator Turner
Philadelphia Press



Ex-Senator Allen
Philadelphia North American
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Martin W. Littleton
Philadelphia Press



State Senator McCarren
Brooklyn Daily Eagle



Mayor Tom L. Johnson
Chicago Daily Tribune
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"Tom" Tappert
Chicago Examiner



Mayor Carter H. Harrison
Cleveland Leader

minent Men at the Convention



August Belmont
Cleveland Examiner



Norman K. Mark
Boston Daily Globe



Sec. Charles A. Walsh
Pittsburg Dispatch



"Joe" Bailey
Philadelphia Press



William J. Stone
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John R. Williams
Cleveland Post



"Ham" Lewis
Indianapolis News



Chief Steward-at-Arms Martin
Cleveland Plain Dealer



Mayor Ross
Cleveland Leader



Jos. W. Folk
Ohio State Journal



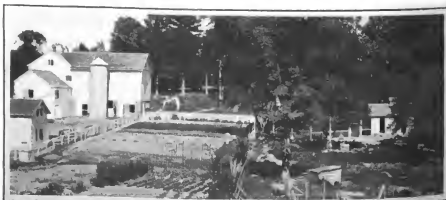
W. J. Brown
Philadelphia North American



A View of Judge Parker's Home, "Rosemount"



Judge Parker's Granddaughter, Mary McAlister Hall



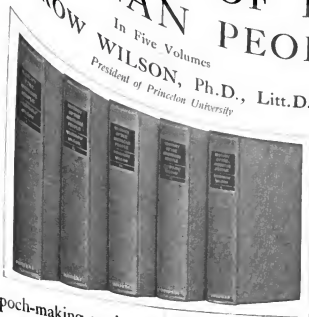
The Farm Buildings, Garden, and Poultry-Yard at "Rosemount"

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A NOBLE EFFORT

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COMMENT

WE supposed we had told the full story of the Democratic convention when, on the morning of July 9, we telegraphed the account which appeared in the preceding number of this journal. To the unamused, however, of the convention itself, the party, the country, and indeed the world, only the preliminaries had transpired. The real event, the most dramatic and thrilling in our political history, was yet to take place. The convention had met at two o'clock, to proceed in a discouraged and disheartened manner with the nomination of a candidate for Vice-President. The delegates had converged to New York the night of election. Presumably Judge Parker was to be consulted, but if his opinion was sought his response had been received. Mr. Sheehan, after having seen his candidate triumphantly nominated at six o'clock in the morning, and whose choice for second place the convention stood ready to confirm, had conferred with Mr. Belmont, Senator Murphy, and Mr. Hill without reaching a conclusion. At one o'clock he had called into consultation Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, of New York and Virginia, who, although at that moment disheartened by his failure to accomplish the nomination of his friend Senator Gorham and the insertion into the platform of a suitable money plank, was, nevertheless, destined to play the second most important part in this memorable convention. The merits and availabilities of the various men whose names had been mentioned were considered, but no agreement had been reached when at half past two o'clock they reached the Convention Hall. As they entered the building a messenger of the Western Union Telegraph Company handed to Mr. Sheehan a telegram. He had already received during the morning a score or more of messages, and listlessly opened the envelope. His attention was riveted instantly by the signature. By a glance the contents were graven upon his mind. An ejaculation brought Mr. Ryan's quick attention to his when face. Without a word they withdrew to a corner of the wide corridor, and, with slinking hand, Mr. Sheehan passed the telegram to his companion. It read as follows:

ROOSEVELT, N. Y., July 9, 1904.

I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established, and shall act accordingly if the action of the convention to-day shall be ratified by the people.

As the platform is silent on the subject, my views should be made known to the convention, and if it is proved to be unsatisfactory to the majority, I request you to decline the nomination for me at once, so that another may be nominated before adjournment.

ALTON R. PARKER.

Meanwhile their hurried withdrawal from the centre aisle had attracted attention. Before Mr. Ryan had reached the signature, Mr. Hill had joined them. Not a word was said until he also had read and reread the despatch. Then Mr. Hill turned to Mr. Sheehan, and demanded that the telegram be suppressed. Judge Parker must be saved from the effect of his own hasty act. Mr. Sheehan vehemently refused. Mr. Hill then insisted that it must be a fabrication—a hoax—designed to create confusion and bring ridicule upon both the

party and the candidate. Mr. Ryan suggested that it would be easy to determine whether or not this was so. Until the telegram was found to be genuine or false, its contents should not be divulged.

With this understanding, Mr. Hill returned to the hall to give the word for an adjournment of the convention, and Mr. Sheehan and Mr. Ryan hurried to the office of the telegraph company. An hour was required to establish the authenticity of the telegram. Meanwhile, an-swing that this would be the result of their investigation, they had decided upon a course of action, namely, to call into counsel immediately the leaders of the various State delegations who had cooperated with Mr. Sheehan in effecting the nomination of Judge Parker. While messengers were scurrying about the city, Mr. Sheehan outlined the situation to Mr. John Sharp Williams, and Mr. Ryan explained it to his friend Senator Daniel. Surprise, amazement, and resentment were the first sensations of these two Southern men, but before the other leaders who had been summoned had gathered in Mr. Sheehan's room they had become convinced that there was but one course to pursue, namely, to accept the ultimatum.

Eventually, as everybody knows, their efforts were crowned with success, and despite the heroic efforts of Mr. Ryan, in the long evening session which ensued, the party recognized and approved the unequivocal position of their candidate by an overwhelming majority, and Mr. Ryan named the candidate for Vice-President. For the sake of historical accuracy these facts relating to the most complete and extraordinary reversal of the position of a great political party ever known are set down. Primarily the party and the country have to thank for the result the straightforward and unswerving fidelity of Mr. Sheehan, the quick appreciation of the opportunity by Mr. Ryan, who, in view of his previous support of Senator Gorham, was beyond the suspicion of playing a part, and the breadth and tolerance of mind demonstrated by Mr. Williams and Senator Daniel, and ultimately, after much raging and vain reasoning, by Senator Tillman.

The result and its effect are too well known to require more than a reference. Never has an act of the highest moral courage met with greater acclaim. Instantaneously the name of Judge Parker became a household word, not only in this country, but in every English-speaking, courage-loving land. Even the Bourbon *Trilune* forgot for a moment its inbred patriotism, and paid a hearty tribute to the nobility of character which signified itself by such an act. The two rival personalities—President Roosevelt and the Emperor William—who for three years have been most conspicuous upon the stage of the world faded, temporarily at least, into insignificance. The pen of the Judge proved to be mightier than the sword of the Colonel.

It is not to be expected that this stupifying effect upon the amazed directors of the Republican party will continue. The old-time politicians, quicker to recover from such a blow, and more ready than President Roosevelt, and those like him, to devise a manly act, have already done their utmost to create a suspicion of deceit. The silly *Trilune* is squirming under the lash of its own frank avowal. All are exploiting in every way possible the discontent of Mr. Ryan, whose worst to say is that Judge Parker should have made his declaration before. All this is in vain. The Republican leaders may as well recognize the fact that the American people cannot be deceived in a man. That President Roosevelt would, if fitting, express unqualified admiration of Judge Parker's action we have not the slightest doubt. He is that sort of man himself.

So much for the moral aspect of this unexpected outcome of a turbulent and disheartening convention. What, after all, is the practical effect? In the first place, it is undeniable that a possibility of success has supplanted the certainty of defeat. Behold the ghosts that are laid: free silver, William J. Bryan, David R. Hill, Tammany Hall. But most potent of all is the convincing evidence to the Democratic masses that they have an opportunity to vote for a man instead of for a Judge. The outcome is most encouraging to all lovers of good government. However earnestly one may desire the election of President Roosevelt, it is absurd to deny the advantage to

the country of a worthy antagonist. The issue resolves itself into a choice between a candidate believed by some to be unsafe and a reasonably sound platform on the one hand, and a candidate known to be safe, and a wretched, heretical make-shift of principles, on the other. Whatever may be the outcome, no danger threatens the republic, and no apprehension of serious menace in the next four years can be instilled into the minds of the people. The country, therefore, may continue to prosper serenely without let or hindrance by the politicians.

It is a mistake to say that Chief-Judge Parker is the first member of a State or Federal court to receive electoral votes for President or Vice-President. We have just seen that John Jay received electoral votes in 1790 and in 1796, and one electoral vote as late as 1800. Now John Jay had been made Chief Justice of the State of New York in 1777, and Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, by George Washington, on the organization of the Federal government under the Constitution in 1789. Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, who received 11 electoral votes for President in 1796, was made Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court in the same year, and at the same election James Iredell, of North Carolina, then an associate justice of the tribunal just named, received 3 electoral votes. Daniel T. Tompkins, of New York, twice elected Vice-President, had been a Judge of the Supreme Court of his native State. In 1816, John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, received 1 electoral vote for Vice-President. In 1822, 30 electoral votes for Vice-President were given to Judge William Wilkins, of Pennsylvania. To come down to more recent times, we note that Stephen Arnold Douglas, who, in 1860, received upwards of 1,275,000 popular votes, had obtained a seat on the bench of the Illinois Supreme Court in 1841, and was almost always referred to by Lincoln in conversation as "Judge Douglas." David Davis, who was an independent candidate for the Presidency in 1872, and who then received 1 electoral vote, was a justice of the United States Supreme Court. We may mention further that in 1856, Judge McLean, of the United States Supreme Court, had been the principal competitor of John C. Fremont for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. We scarcely need add that in 1868 Chief-Justice Chase was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, and doubtless would have been selected had the convention not been stamped for Horatio Seymour. The designation of Chief-Judge Almon B. Parker for one of the two highest Federal offices is thus not a unique phenomenon in the political history of the United States.

It is not true, either, that Judge Parker's refusal to accept the Democratic nomination for the Presidency unless it should be made with the distinct understanding on the part of the St. Louis convention that he is, and intends to be, a staunch upholder of the gold standard, is an incident without precedent or approach to a parallel in our national annals. In 1814 Silas Wright, of New York, declined the Democratic nomination for the Vice-Presidency, after it had been actually made and announced to him by the Democratic national convention. In 1846, ex-Speaker Nathaniel T. Banks declined the nomination for the Presidency, which had been given to him by a wing of the Native American party. In 1864, General George B. McClellan did not, indeed, refuse the nomination for the Presidency, which had been tendered to him at Chicago in that year, but, in his letter of acceptance, he repudiated the peace plank which constituted the backbone of the Democratic platform. Judge Almon B. Parker, of New York, is, however, the first American citizen to decline the nomination of one of the two great political parties unless it should be made with a distinct understanding of his personal attitude toward a question regarded by him as paramount.

To have in our family a member whose years have been extended beyond the usual limit has the happy effect of keeping all the juniors young. To see statements of advanced years still active in the public service has a like effect. Mr. Hildesone and Pope Leo, while they were still with us, made eighty seem no more than a moderate maturity. But the world's supply of octogenarian statesmen is not as ample just now as it sometimes is. King Christian of Denmark is eighty-six, Senator Pettus of Alabama is eighty-three,

Senator Morgan of the same State is eighty, but there seems to be no one else of full fourscore who is still both active and conspicuous in the business of government. It is the more reassuring to all voters whose boards are gray to have a lively politician of nearly eighty-one appear as Judge Parker's mate on the Democratic ticket. Mr. Davis, after sitting twelve years in the United States Senate, declined reelection in 1882 because of the pressure of private business. He has not held office since, but he has been very active and successful in business, and no doubt feels now that he can well afford to work another spell for the people. Out of the seven or eight million voters who will vote for him next November, there will certainly be a million who will reflect with satisfaction that none who are ten, twenty, thirty years younger than the Democratic candidate for Vice-President are still sincerely young and fit for any honor, duty, or profit that comes their way. This sort of reassurance will be all the more welcome in a year when a President aged forty-six is running for a second term.

In the interest of economy and honesty in the public service, the Democratic platform recommends "able officers, from the acquiescent of the White House down to the lowest of them, to return as nearly as may be to Jeffersonian simplicity of living." They do it now "as nearly as may be." The times have changed and the standard of living has been raised for every one, but Jefferson lived well up to the standard of his time. The wide scope of his intelligence included an unusual taste and proficiency in architecture. He was a good builder and liked to build. He was hospitable and entertained freely; more freely, indeed, than he could afford, for he died poor. Jefferson was a great man, but economy in his private expenditures was not his strong point. Mr. Williams was right enough to enjoin simple living on office-holders, for the salaries of those who have to live on their salaries can very rarely support anything else. But it is a mistake to hold Jefferson up as an example of thrift. In his way, and according to the standards of his time, he was certainly as profuse as President Roosevelt. Indeed, we have read somewhere that when the apostle of democratic simplicity was called upon to produce the first draft of a declaration of independence, he performed his task exceedingly well in a blue silk waistcoat after having removed a coat of crimson velvet, and knee-banded at that.

Governor Vandeman of Mississippi has conferred a new title on President Roosevelt. He spoke of him at St. Louis as "the National Peril." Without doubt that is how he feels about him. The earnestness of the desire of the Southern leaders to beat Colonel Roosevelt appeared in the constraint those fiery gentlemen put upon their tempers. They would not fight with any one who could help beat Roosevelt, not even with one another. They would be reconciled to any one and to anything which would help Democratic success, unless the reconciliation, dispensationally considered, seemed to cost more than it was worth. So it came about that the host of Southern feeling against Roosevelt not only held the South solid, but helped to solidify the whole Democratic party. Parker's telegram, mis-timed in the beginning, stirred Southern ire not a little, but Senator Tillman's speech showed anger resolutely suppressed, and reason and argument in complete control of action. And that suppressed anger will not smother. It is gone. Long before this the Southern leaders have realized how enormously Judge Parker's stand has helped the prospect of Democratic success. They cannot but feel now that the Judge worked for them when he worked for himself. But the sentiment that held them in the interval of uncertainty when their wrath burned was a sentiment that did not exist when McKinley fell and Colonel Roosevelt moved into the White House.

Speaking at St. Louis, of the President, the elegant Clump Clark declared: "He is in the hands of the Philistines, and they will bind him with their wills." Maybe so; maybe so; but what happened to Samson—whom Mr. Clark evidently had in mind—under like circumstances? It says in Holy Writ: "He brake the wiles as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire." Wiles won't hold the Colonel, Mr. Clark.

Keep an eye on him and you will find him streamers still until the pesky Philistines cut his hair.

Except war, there is hardly any test of physical endurance so searching as a hot political convention, such as that at St. Louis. The strain on the leaders is deadly. The seasoned warriors seem to stand it best. Bryan, at St. Louis, was handicapped by a cold, yet his labors were prodigious. Fighting is hard work, but it was one long three days' fight for Bryan, with scarcely any sleep. Yet his Saturday early morning speech in the convention into which he seemed to put the very last ounce of his physical strength, was as good a speech as he ever made. The lucky moment out stood at St. Louis, Tillman, rock-ribbed and copper-fastened, sang out particularly big and resourceful at the end, and had energy enough left to visit the Fair Grounds on Sunday in an automobile with Senator Bailey, and be injured in collision with a street-car on the way home. The Chicago convention of 1896 killed William E. Russell. The Minneapolis convention of 1892 killed Emmons Blaine. No important fatalities are reported at this writing as a consequence of the convention at St. Louis, but the strain was tremendous. Colonel Bryan took to his bed after the last fight was over, and is recuperating slowly.

It appears to be generally acknowledged by unbiased observers that in Wisconsin the Democrats will elect the Governor this year, and that their Presidential electors will also be chosen, provided the La Follette and Stewart factions of the Republican party keep separate electoral tickets in the field. If we look back over the record of Wisconsin since 1872, we find that in 1876 the Republican electors were chosen by a plurality of only 6150, that in 1880 the Democrats elected a Governor by a plurality of 28,280, and returned their Presidential electors two years later by a plurality of 6544. In 1895 they secured a plurality of 9049 for their candidate for a seat on the bench of their State Supreme Court, but in 1900 McKinley had the impressive plurality of 100,581 over Bryan. In Indiana, the Democrats returned their Presidential electors in 1876, 1884, and 1892, and in 1888 General Harrison only carried the State by a plurality of 2148. It seems to be generally conceded, however, that the nomination of Senator Fairbanks for the Vice-Presidency will this year give the State to the Republicans. In Illinois, the result appears to hinge on the answer to the question whether in that State internal dissension is more pervasive and ineradicable within the Republican or within the Democratic ranks.

An analysis of the first ballot in the St. Louis convention indicates that the nomination of Chief-Judge Parker might have been delayed, if not frustrated, should a combination have been effected for dilatory and destructive purposes between the anti-Parker conservatives and the Hearst-Bryan radicals. There was a widespread impression among the on-lookers that such a combination could have been effected by Senator Gorman, had he been present. There is reason to believe, for instance, that he might have kept the 68 votes of Pennsylvania out of the Parker column, and that there would have been also a good deal of defection in some of the Southern delegations, which, as it was said, polled their full strength for the New York candidate. Why did Senator Gorman persist in remaining at a distance from the field? The most plausible explanation of his absence is that which imputes to him a dread that, should he succeed in defeating the nomination of Judge Parker, either the friends of Bryan or the friends of ex-President Cleveland would reap where he had sown. The alternatives were to him equally distasteful. He preferred Parker to either.

It is not true, though we have seen the assertion repeated by newspapers usually well informed, that since 1872, when both States gave their electoral votes to Grant, up to 1896, when both voted for McKinley, both New Jersey and New York have invariably supported the Democratic nominee for the Presidency. It is true of New Jersey, but Garfield carried New York in 1880, and Harrison carried it in 1888. Connecticut was carried by the Democrats in 1876, 1884, 1888, and 1892, but gave its electoral votes to Garfield in 1880. The Connecticut Democracy, however, was much more united and much better organized before 1896 than it has been since that eventful year, while, on the other hand, the Republican

machine, under the management of Samuel B. Fessenden, has exhibited a remarkable degree of efficiency.

It is interesting to compare the dimensions of the latest White Star steamship *Baltic* with those of the *Great Eastern*. The last-named vessel, which was designed, it will be remembered, by Brunel nearly fifty years ago, was 692 feet long and 82½ feet wide, exclusive of the width of her paddle-boxes. She could carry 12,000 tons of coal, 6000 tons of cargo, and passengers and crew to the number of 4260. She was sent to the scrap-heap in 1896-7, after having been employed for years in laying ocean cables—a function for which she was much better fitted than she was for the transportation of passengers and freight. The *Baltic* is 726 feet long and 75 feet wide. According to the technical system of measurement, her gross tonnage is 24,000, but she has an actual capacity of 28,000 tons. She is not intended to vie in respect of speed with the so-called "five-day" boats. Her transatlantic voyage is expected to require seven or eight days. On the other hand, she will consume less than 250 tons of coal a day, as against some 700 tons of the combustible needed by the ocean greyhounds, and her engine-room crew is only half as large. Owing to her greater capacity and to the much smaller space required for coal, she will be able to carry a vastly larger cargo, and no fewer than 3000 passengers. In a word, it will cost much less to run her, while both her gross and her net earnings will be far greater. Even the *Baltic* will be surpassed in size by the turbine ships now building for the Cunard line, for these are expected to approximate 800 feet in length.

It is a question of obvious interest and serious importance that is discussed by Brigadier-General P. C. Hains, U.S.A., in the July number of the *North American Review*. The author, a graduate of West Point, and a veteran of the civil war, has rendered conspicuous engineering service in connection with various works of harbor and river amelioration and of harbor defence, and as the engineer-in-charge of the Potomac Flats improvements. Of late years he has become well known to the community at large as a member of the Nicaragua Canal Commission, which completed its labors in 1899, and since then, as a member of the Isthmian Canal Commission. In the article to which we have referred he invites attention to a matter of direct and material bearing on the plans in process of formulation for the sanitary control of the canal zone. It is plain that the scope and, to some extent, also, the nature of those plans would be affected by the number of laborers that will be needed for the completion of the inter-oceanic water-way. It is commonly taken for granted that from 40,000 to 50,000 laborers will be required. General Hains, who speaks as a student of the ground, and of the work thus far accomplished, does not believe that the necessary number will reach anything like that figure. He points out that of the total forty-seven miles of the canal, about thirty-five will be excavated chiefly with dredges, the operation of which will call for relatively few hands. Then again, on the Culebra Cut, situated between Bas Obispo and Pedro Miguel, it will be impossible to employ to advantage a very large amount of machinery, and, manifestly, the number of employees will be correspondingly limited. Such other works as the Bahia Dura, the locks, and the spillway need not be hurried, inasmuch as their completion in advance of the main channel would not hasten the time of opening the canal to navigation. It will suffice if they are finished simultaneously with the principal excavation. On the other hand, the work on the Great Cut cannot be pushed with too much energy; but, from his inspection of the locality, General Hains is able to testify that the conditions here are such that rapid progress cannot be made. Instructive is the comparison with the Chicago Drainage Canal, which is thirty-four miles long. The maximum number of laborers employed on that water-way at any time was about eight thousand. General Hains deems it improbable that the ratio of the number of employees to length of canal at Panama will exceed that exhibited at Chicago. The ratio is more likely to be less, because of the proportionately larger amount of work that can be done with dredges.

The number of men lately employed by the French Canal Company was seven hundred, who, with their defective ap-

placers, were able to remove less than four cubic yards of earth per day per man. It is computed that with good machinery the average laborer would be able to excavate ten cubic yards per day. At that rate of excavation, two thousand men at work on the Culbert Cut should effect an output of about six million cubic yards per year, which would complete the cut in about seven years. General Haines, therefore, thinks it safe to say that not more than three thousand men will be employed at any one time on the Great Cut. We turn to the amount of labor that may need to be expended upon locks. Here, again, there is a suggestive precedent in the Poe Lock at Saint-Sainte-Marie. During 1892 and 1893, the two years when the greatest number of men were employed on this lock, the average for the working months was only about five hundred men. Even if double that number be allowed for the locks at Bohio, Pedro Miguel, and Miraflores, not more than three thousand men would be needed for lock construction. If, in addition, one thousand be employed in dredging, one thousand on the Bohio Dam, one thousand on Alhajuela Dam, one thousand on Gigante Spillway, and one thousand for other miscellaneous work, there would be a total of eight thousand. Even if this figure be increased by twenty-five per cent, the aggregate would be only ten thousand. According, then, to the most liberal estimate, not more than eighteen thousand, or, say, twenty thousand men, will be employed at any one time in the completion of the Panama Canal.

General Haines next proceeds to examine the question where the required labor is to come from. The Panama Canal Company tried coolies brought from China, and also negroes imported directly from Africa. The workmen of neither class gave satisfaction, and with both classes came diseases which carried off many laborers, and rendered others useless. But few laborers can be secured on the isthmus itself, and of Jamaica negroes, who are good workers, not more than fifteen hundred or two thousand could be obtained. Under all the circumstances, General Haines opines that the best solution of the labor problem would be to procure the needed workmen from the United States. The negro of the Southern States being, like the Jamaica negro, accustomed to a warm climate, would be able to do the unskilled work needed on the isthmus. He is amenable to discipline, temperate in his habits, not harrassed by disease, industrious, and relatively intelligent. Of course, however, as the work of excavation and construction would be done largely by machinery, a considerable number of experts in the various mechanical trades, including many engine-men, will be needed. Such mechanics will, necessarily, be white men, but the stay of any given individual on the isthmus need not be prolonged. In a word, white mechanics and colored laborers from the United States and the West-Indian Islands should be relied upon for the building of the canal. Of course such an organization will need to have a single head in order to insure harmonious action. There should be, in other words, one chief engineer having entire charge of all matters relating to the structural execution of the plans. Should he at any time need counsel on matters within the scope of his duties, he should be able to refer to a board of experts, whose functions, however, in General Haines's opinion, should not extend to executive work. We note with satisfaction that since this article was written for the *North American Review* a chief engineer has been appointed.

The war in the Far East is already bringing a healthy awakening within the Russian Empire. The Czar has already initiated or assented to four important reforms, all of them matters which have been cardinal grievances against the autocracy. The last is the most noteworthy: the old, bad system of administrative condemnation for political crimes, is swept away by a stroke of the pen, and the epoch, which began early last century with the Decembrist crimes, and continued through the days of Bakunin, Levoff, Stepaniak, and Iubergound Russia, and which furnished so many heart-rending stories of Siberian exile, is closed forever. At last the great principle of open trial, which is the bulwark of civil liberty in every country on earth, and the establishing of which in the modern world is one of the chief glories of England, is extended to those political malecontents in Russia, who are often merely impulsive Radicals, too much ahead of the times, and in bad

odor with the autocratic authorities. A second step of vital importance was taken a few weeks ago, when the Czar referred to the zemstvos of all Russia certain questions which go to the heart of Russia's national organization, questions which mark the passage of the old Slavonic, or even primitive Aryan, communism into the sharply defined personal property and responsibility of the modern world. It is significant that such a question should be raised, marking as it does the farewell of Russia to a part of her most ancient past, and her determination to walk on the modern ways. But much more significant is the general reference to the whole people, through their local elected bodies. It is the first step towards a national parliament. It is only needed to assemble the zemstvos in a single place, through their representatives, and the national parliament of Russia will already be an accomplished fact.

In two other vital directions, Russia has swept away old abuses of the past, at least in a partial degree. These two directions refer to the Jews and the Finns, and it is easy to see that a sincere and effective measure of advance in these two directions will do much to abate the widespread unpopularity of Russia abroad. For that unpopularity is largely the work of Jews and Finns, who have left Russian territory because they found the conditions of life intolerable there. The Jewish question was inherited by Russia, when she acquired a series of territories which formerly lined her western boundary—Courland, Livonia, Poland, and Little Russia, a strip of territory stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea. To this borderland the Jews had gravitated, when they were driven by persecution from Western Europe, from Spain and England, France and Germany. Great Russia, the Russia of the Middle Ages, had no Jewish question, because it had no Jews. The old pronouncement "His blood be upon our heads and upon our children's" was taken literally, and carried to its logical conclusion. Therefore, the Jewish question is, in Russia, quite a modern one, dating only from the period of advance westwards toward Europe. There are signs that the Russian government is at last making up to its full moral duty towards the five or perhaps ten million Jews within its dominions, and that their lot will presently be made more bearable. The Finns are also receiving their measure of reform, and it would be idle not to see in this a result of the killing of General Bobrikoff. The Czar's recent rescript was very conciliatory in tone, and we are now told that he has ordered the Finnish language to be substituted for the Swedish, in the commercial school at Helsingfors. A patriotic Finnish journal declares that the Czar's recent rescript comes like a refreshing breeze to Finnish hearts.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain gave a birthday party the other day, to which two hundred members of Parliament were invited. It is interesting and somewhat startling to learn that Mr. Chamberlain was born in 1838, when William IV. was king over England, and when his successor, then Princess Victoria, was a girl of seventeen. Mr. Chamberlain has had two years of the Psalmist's "threescore years and ten," and it is marvellous and a wonderful tribute to his vitality that, at sixty-eight, he somehow manages to give the world at large the impression that he is a young man. Most recent political forecasts from England make it probable that there will be no general election in the present year. We are further assured, and the testimony of the last ten by-elections goes a long way to confirm it, that the Liberals will undoubtedly win at the election which may take place in the spring or autumn of next year, or may even be postponed to the year after. By that time, Mr. Chamberlain will be seventy. He is said to look forward to a Liberal victory at the coming elections, but to hope that, in the mean time his fiscal gospel will make converts, and that he will win the next election after that, and carry his proposals to a triumphant conclusion. It is interesting to note that Mr. Chamberlain made some references to his fiscal gospel at his birthday dinner. He told his assembled guests that he had not wavered in his conviction that the policy he advocated was necessary in order to prevent the loss of British trade and prestige. He said that the British people should follow the example of the United States, and make a united empire out of scattered sister states. How keenly it would interest the framers of the American Constitution, to hear the mother country advised by one of her foremost statesmen to exchange English colonial principles for American federation!

The Democratic Ticket

ALEXIS BRIDGES PARKER, the nominee of the Democratic national convention for the Presidency, will be less than fifty-three years old should he be inaugurated on March 4, 1883. That is to say, he will be of the age which Abraham Lincoln had attained when he entered the White House. Only nine Presidents, whether elected or accidental, have been younger at the time when they assumed the office of Chief Magistrate. Judge Parker is of Revolutionary stock; his great-grandfather, John Parker, before he came from Massachusetts to settle in New York State, had been a soldier in the Continental army. The Democratic nominee was born on a farm in Cortland County, New York. He attended the nearest district school until he was thirteen years old, when he went to the Cortland Academy for the autumn and winter terms, continuing, meanwhile, to spend the spring and summer at work on his father's farm. Even after he began to teach a district school, with the aim of making a further contribution toward the maintenance of the family, he returned each summer to aid in the farm work. He had the usual experience of young teachers in country schools, but, after "licking" the biggest boy, he had no more trouble. Subsequently, he taught schools of a higher grade at Hinghamton and Rochester, and, in the latter town, made the acquaintance of Moses I. Schoonmaker, a well-known lawyer of Ulster County, whose daughter the Judge subsequently married. After studying law in Mr. Schoonmaker's office, he attended the Albany Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1872. Five years later he was admitted and elected Surrogate of Ulster County. He was elected to that office in 1882. In 1884, Surrogate Parker strenuously favored the nomination of Grover Cleveland for President, and represented the Ulster County Congress district as a delegate to the Democratic national convention at Chicago. Mr. Cleveland, on becoming President in 1885, recognized Surrogate Parker's service by proffering him the post of First Assistant Postmaster General, but the offer was declined on the ground that the offer suggested was not of a judicial character. In the summer and autumn of the year named, Judge Parker for the first and only time in his life, took a leading part in the management of a campaign, the outcome of which was the election of all the candidates on the Democratic State ticket. Thereupon he retired permanently from active participation in political affairs. His advancement to high judicial position was now rapid. In the autumn of 1885 Surrogate Parker was appointed to fill a vacancy on the bench of the Supreme Court of the State, and when, in the following year, he was nominated by the Democrats to be his own successor, the Republicans of the judicial district declined to put forward a candidate against him. Persisting in the determination to confine himself to a judicial career, he refused to be a candidate thereupon, and was re-elected in 1891 or a candidate for United States Senator in the same year. When the Second Division of the Court of Appeals was organized in 1890 he was appointed a member of it, and held the office until the dissolution of the court in 1892. He was then, at the request of many judges, appointed by Governor Flower a member of the General Term of the Supreme Court of the First Judicial District, after which, in 1897, came his election as Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals. That was the last victory gained by the Democracy at the ballot box in the State, as distinguished from the city of New York. There is no doubt in the mind of any shrewd, Republican or Democratic, that had Chief Judge Parker been nominated for the Governorship in 1892, instead of Mr. Bird S. Odell, he would have been elected.

The fact that Surrogate Parker was the chief manager of David B. Hill's campaign for the Governorship of New York in 1883, and that, in the same year, he moved to Mr. Hill the appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court of the State, has led some persons unacquainted with him, personally or professionally, to infer that if elected President he might show himself too deferential to the views and wishes of the ex-Senator. No such assumption has found credence among those who have followed Judge Parker's course upon the bench or among those who have marked the earnestness with which his candidacy has been supported by Mr. Cleveland and the closest friends of the ex-President. No man believed or suspected of subservience to Mr. Hill could have received their outpourings and hearty commendation. Those who have had the best opportunities of judging have proclaimed Judge Parker a man of exceptional soundness of character, and have given emphatic assurance that, when the right time came, there would be nothing timid, time-serving, or equivocal in his attitude and attitude. On Saturday, July 9, there came to Chief Judge Parker one of the most that try men's souls. The national convention of a great political party had named him for the Presidency of the United States, but, simultaneously, it had refused to make any declaration whatever in its platform concerning the vital and paramount issue which had divided the country for eight years, and as to which the Democracy had twice professed officially its adherence to the wrong side. It was not by any means the first time that a great party has invited a citizen

to stand on a platform which he gladly would have changed. (No more than one occasion, a nominee, having waited until a convention had adjourned *non die*, and its decision was irrevocable, has signified in his letter of acceptance his unwillingness to approve of this or that plank in his party platform. It will be remembered, for instance, that General George B. McCall in 1864, though he accepted the nomination for the Presidency from the Democratic national convention held at Chicago in that year, repudiated distinctly the peace plank in that convention's platform. It is also true, as we have elsewhere pointed out, that, in 1848, while the Democratic national convention was still in session, Salas Wright, loyal to his friend Van Buren, whose claim on the Presidency had been ignored, refused the nomination for Vice-President, of which he had been notified. Not once before, however, in the history of the United States has an American citizen been actually nominated for the highest office in the gift of the people—the highest elective office that has ever been known on earth—and then deliberately declined the nomination, unless it should be confirmed by the convention still in session, with the full knowledge of his personal opinions and his personal determination concerning the overshadowing issue on which it had maintained a suspicious silence. It must have been well known to Judge Parker that the plank accepting the gold standard as an established fact had been stricken out by a majority of more than two to one in the committee on resolutions, and that on the floor of the convention hall the same majority would have in W. J. Bryan a formidable spokesman. Under all the circumstances, the voters were there to see the effect of a declaration of a disunion, and the disunion plank, in all things, in all men, and ready to smother convictions for advancement—they had secured for a standard-bearer the noblest work of God, an honest man, who would not accept even the prize of the Presidency on a misunderstanding of his firm-rooted belief and his unshaken intention. Under such a captain a party may be beaten, but never dishonored.

In the nomination of ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, for Vice-President, the Democratic national convention has broken the record in respect of the age of nominees for either of the two highest posts under the Government, inasmuch as he is eighty-one years old on the fifth day of next November. The old ex-President we have ever had was William Henry Harrison, who was sixty-eight when he entered the White House. The next oldest was James Buchanan, who was sixty-six when inaugurated. The oldest Vice-President was Elbridge Gerry, who was sixty-six at the date of his inauguration. W. H. Harrison, however, lived but a month, and Gerry only about a year. William R. King, who was sixty-seven when elected Vice-President, did not live to be inaugurated. The three examples last named seem to afford some warrant for Mr. Russell's age limit for the holding of national office. That objection troubles us, however, that the rule, which in this country has barred men over threescore and ten from the highest political posts, is one that has measurable exceptions. If rigorously applied during the last century in England, France, and Germany, it would have excluded Gladstone, Palmerston, Thiers, and Mettke from posts of supreme usefulness. There is no doubt that ex-Senator Davis is a more robust and vigorous man than Gladstone was at the same age. He does not look a day over sixty, and few men of sixty can ride, as he rides, forty miles on horseback a day. He has had an extraordinary career, having begun as a bricklayer on a freight train, and having ended by becoming one of the most successful railroad men and coal men in the United States. He is credited with the amassing of a fortune of forty million dollars. It is unquestionably true that no man has done more to make West Virginia the great wheat-producing State that she now is than Henry G. Davis. He has played a part in the politics of the State with which he is identified since 1866, when he entered the Lower House of its Legislature. Five years later he became a United States Senator, and six years later was re-elected. During a part of his second term, when the Democrats controlled the Senate, he held the important post of chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. Though he voluntarily retired from politics in 1883, he was one of the foremost candidates for Vice-President in the Democratic national convention of 1884. He threw his strength, however, to Mr. Hendricks. There is reason to believe that Mr. Davis would have been made Secretary of the Treasury in Mr. Cleveland's first cabinet had it not been deemed expedient to give that portfolio to a representative of New York. He has been a delegate to seven national conventions of his party,

holding this year the West Virginia delegation in St. Louis. He was one of the United States delegates who helped to formulate the scheme for bringing together the commonwealths of North, Central, and South America, a scheme the outcome of which is the Bureau of American Republics. He was a delegate to the second international conference held two years ago in Mexico, and, with Mr. Andrew Carnegie, is interested in the project which contemplates a continuous international railway from Boston to Santiago in Chile, and to Buenos Ayres. We add that had not Mr. Davis been nominated for Vice-President, he would have been the Democratic candidate this year for Governor of West Virginia. His party believes that, under his experienced and magnetic leadership, his State will be transferred next November from the Republican to the Democratic column.

The Democratic Platform

It is a review of the declaration of principles and purposes made by the Democratic national convention at St. Louis, we reserve for a closing word the failure to make any reference to the issue which has divided the country for eight years, and to Judge Parker's attempt to minimize by his personal utterance the effects of that failure. The document, on the face of it, lacks the merit of brevity. If such a manifesto is not merely academic and perfunctory, it is meant to be acted upon by voters at the ballot box, but, in order to be so, it must be read. The St. Louis pronouncement is disqualified for usefulness by its inordinate length. If a hundred voters, we doubt whether more than one will have the patience to read for himself the Democratic platform. Almost all of them will content themselves with peering at second hand or tenth hand what they are told is the gist of it. The preliminary examination of so-called fundamental principles is superfluous, for the reason that every one of these principles would be accepted by most, if not all, Republicans, except that the two parties might differ as to what constitutes "economy" in public expenditure, and as to whether the burden of labor is not lightened rather than increased by the imposition of protective duties.

We turn to specific declarations regarding questions of actual or prospective importance as to which the two principal parties are by no means agreed. Such, for instance, is the approval expressed by the St. Louis convention of the measures which passed the United States Senate in 1890, but which a Republican Congress has ever since refused to enact—the measure, namely, relating to contempt in Federal courts, and providing for trial by jury even of indictments for contempt of court, which is intended to limit the power of the Federal judiciary to interfere by injunction or mandamus for the enforcement of the laws. We are averse to be deprived of the right to punish summarily for contempt, it is obvious that its orders would be less promptly and thoroughly obeyed. The course pursued by Mr. Roosevelt in the matter of the anthracite coal strike, in his assertion of the existence of a "restraining power" of Congress and in his arrogation of a right to determine by Executive order the age of presumable disability are manifestly contemplated in that clause of the Democratic programme which denounces Executive usurpation. The authors of the St. Louis platform favor the nomination and election of a President inured with the principles of the Constitution, who will set his face sternly against Executive usurpation of legislative and judicial functions, and against that usurpation he relied upon the guise of "Executive construction" of existing laws, or whether it take refuge in "the tyrant's plea of necessity or superior wisdom." The convention's declaration with reference to the Philippines is based, essentially, on the remarkable speech made recently by ex-Secretary Olney on the consequences of permitting the doctrine embodied in the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Insular cases to stand. With the four judges who opposed that decision the Democrats assembled at St. Louis believe that no government has a right to make one set of laws for those "at home" and another and a different set of laws elsewhere in their character for those "in the colonies." The party's wishes and intentions with reference to this matter are put in the form of a dilemma: All men retained under the American flag should receive the protection of the institutions whose emblem the flag is. If they are inherently unfit for these institutions, then they are inherently unfit to be members of the American body politic. That is to say, in spite of the decision rendered by a majority of one in the Insular cases, the Democrats at St. Louis persist in declaring that the Constitution follows the flag. If we have no intention of admitting the Philippines to the status of a State, or even of a Territory, in the Union, then we should do for their inhabitants what we have done for Cuba. From the principle thus asserted, the platform draws the corollary that American capital ought not to be encouraged to develop the natural resources of the Philippines, for such capital would thereby acquire vested interests, which might not be reconcilable with an early extension

of independence to the islands. How thoughtful Democrats representing Eastern and Southern States can have brought themselves to favor the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people is hard to understand, in view of the historical and logical connection of the election of a State's United States Senators by its Legislature with the principle of State rights. If United States Senators were chosen by the people, the inequality of the constituencies represented by New York Senators, on the one hand, and by Nevada Senators on the other, would become glaring and exasperating. That the plank relating to reciprocity does not differ materially from the corresponding plank in the Republican platform will be evident when we point out that, although the Democrats "favor liberal trade arrangements with Canada and the people of other countries," it is only where they enter the country with benefit to American agriculture, manufactures, mining, or commerce.

It is not easy to perceive just what is meant by the declaration in favor of retaining the army and of expenditure for military purposes to "a point historically demonstrated to be safe and sufficient." Does this signify that, because an army of ten thousand men was once deemed adequate it would suffice at the present time when we have undertaken the protection of extensive transatlantic dependencies and of the maintenance of law and order therein? Here we may mention that the platform, as constructed by the subcommittee, contained a clause approving of a continued expansion of the army, but this clause does not appear in the document reported to the convention by the full committee, and accepted by the latter body. The platform pledges the Democracy, if entrusted with power, to construct quickly the Panama Canal, thereby, of course, accepting the version of the canal route from the Republic of Panama, yet it denounces the means by which that route was secured. The denunciation is embodied in two clauses, which do not mention, as the subcommittee did, the Panama affair specifically, but accuse the Republican administration of "making war" without the authority of Congress, and thereby usurping a fundamental prerogative of the Federal Legislature; and of violating a statute of the United States (the naval act approved June 28, 1892), as well as treaty obligations (the treaty with Colombia), international usages, and constitutional law, under the pretence of executing a great public policy which could have been effected in other, less objectionable, and with better. We observe next, that the refusal of the Republican majority in the House of Representatives to permit a legislative inquiry into the management of the Post-office Department is aimed at in concluding clauses which accuse the Republican administration of withdrawing from Congress those duties of investigation which heretofore have made the representatives of the people and the States the informed and vigilant body conducting a severe investigation of its own, the outcome of which has been the beautiful exhibition of a few convictions, while a broad corridor has been thrown over the bureau which have been the favored field of administrative abuses, and while the superior officers under whose jurisdiction malfeasance has been committed have been kept in power. After several clauses dealing with the race question, brought into the foreground by a plank inserted in the Republican platform, had been proposed, accepted, and then rejected in committee, the manifesto finally submitted to the convention, and by it approved, declares that to revive dead and hateful race and sectional animosities in any part of our common country means confusion, distraction of business, and the reopening of wounds now happily healed. Wherever the Democrats assembled at St. Louis gathered and concern the terms of the Republican convention at Chicago to kindle anew the embers of racial and sectional strife, and appeal from it to the common sense and equitable spirit of the American people.

We turn to the position taken in the platform with regard to the tariff and the trusts. As originally reported from the subcommittee, the tariff plank, while recognizing the general principle that the sole source of the power of taxation is the duty of supporting the Federal government economically, constitutionally, and effectively administered, acknowledged as a truth of equal importance that, in the assertion of any general principle, and in reaching any end, however sacred and logically unavoidable, due regard should be paid to actually existing conditions. The necessity of making tariff revision not arbitrary but produced was emphasized by the further declaration that "Domestic industries, if protected, would keep in view, as men of common sense should, existing conditions, however wrongfully or mistakenly brought about, and the danger to the cause of tariff reform itself that would result from an abrupt and revolutionary reversal of fiscal policy. As reconstructed by the full committee, the tariff plank still declares that the revision of the tariff, while, of course, it ought to be made by the people, and not by the friends of its interests, should be gradual"; but, at Mr. Bryan's dictation, the whole policy of protection was denounced "as a robbery of the many to enrich the few," and a tariff "limited to the needs of the government, economically administered," that is to say, a tariff for revenue, was demanded. All that part of the Democratic platform which is con-

cerned with the tariff issue is incoherent, and plainly the outcome of irreconcilable wishes and opinions. On the other hand, the pronouncement in reference to "trusts" is definite and peremptory. The platform, as finally framed, demands a rigorous enforcement of the existing criminal as well as civil statutes against all trusts and combinations of capital which shall judiciously be found to have violated the law. It also insists on the enactment of such further legislation as may be needed the more effectually to suppress law-breaking trusts, and, as a specific remedy, proposes that an trust or combination engaged in interstate commerce, which shall be declared by any court of competent jurisdiction to be monopolizing any branch of business or production, shall be permitted thereupon to transact business outside the State of its origin. The platform also calls for an enlargement of the powers of the Interstate Commission, to the end that the travelling public and shippers may have prompt and adequate relief from the abuses to which they are subjected in the matter of transportation. To the plea put forward on behalf of the Republicans that, in the matter of controlling trusts, as has been proved in the Northern Securities case, they have actually done what Democrats in their hour of power failed to do, the St. Louis platform admits that the party in power has "ordered assaults upon some monopolies," but goes on to assert that, "paralyzed by its first victory, it flung out a flag of truce, and cried out that it would not 'rise again,' leaving its future purposes clouded by its vacillation."

In spite of the blunder committed in committing Mr. Bryan's demand for a tariff for revenue, and in spite of several minor flaws, the platform might not have rendered the Democracy's appeal to the ballot less entirely hopeless had the convention frankly recognized that the gold standard had come to stay. That recognition was embodied with perhaps as much candor and readiness as could be expected from men most of whom had accepted the Chicago and Kansas City platforms, in the plank which, after prolonged and heated debate, was reported by the subcommittee. The plank, which was substantially identical with that adopted by the Democratic State convention in Mississippi, acknowledged that the discovery of gold within the past few years, and the great increase in the production thereof, an increase adding two thousand million dollars to the world's supply of that metal, of which \$700,000,000 have fallen to the share of the United States, have contributed to the maintenance of a money standard of value, an issue upon which, and here rendered that issue from the field of political contention. In the full committee, under the mischievous, and, as it proved, irresistible ascendancy of Mr. Bryan, the pronouncement approved by the subcommittee was stricken out by a vote of more than two to one, and it was decided that no declaration whatever with regard to the money standard of value should be made by the national Democratic convention.

To all clear-sighted and honest members of the committee on resolutions, it should have been patent, as it was to Judge Parker, that reticence upon the one subject of superlative moment was as inexpedient as it was disingenuous. For two reasons it could not be pretended that the omission from the platform of all reference to the currency is of itself a sufficient recognition of the fact that the gold standard is no longer disputable. No such recognition could be inferred from the silence of a party, which in two Presidential campaigns had identified itself with an attack on the foundation-stone of financial security. On the contrary, reticence under such circumstances is itself but too well recognized as a confession of guilt. It is still joined in his idols. The suspicion, moreover, is confirmed by the knowledge that the acceptance of the gold standard, as a fact, recommended by the subcommittee to the committee on resolutions, was repudiated in the latter body by an overwhelming vote, at the dictation of W. J. Bryan, the apostle of the free-silver heresy. Upon a platform which contained no reference to the one issue which for eight years has divided the country, no sincere friend of the gold standard could afford to place himself; and Judge Parker, by his telegraphed message to Mr. W. F. Sheehan, gave conclusive proof of his personal integrity, making unmistakable his determination to be loyal to his convictions. The telegram made it evident that even the Democracy had a candidate who would rather be right than be President, and that he would not accept a nomination unless the St. Louis convention should make it with its eyes wide open to the unexpurgated nature of his opinions on the money question.

The Letter to a Troubled Wife

THE intelligent readers of the WEEKLY have made a hearty response to its invitation to discuss Dr. Lyman Abbott's letter to the troubled wife. They have sent in many letters, of which we have published during the last month as many as the limits of the WEEKLY'S space would allow. We shall now close the discussion. Dr. Abbott's advice has found many critics and also many supporters. His letter rubbed many readers the wrong way. A man writes: "I think Dr. Abbott's advice in the case

is simply damnable." Mary MacLane says that Dr. Abbott has "an adamant heart," in letters to the troubled wife's tale and groan her "not one word of compassion." Another writer thinks the wife need sympathy more than advice, and that the husband and the interfering woman need advice.

Many writers showed a feeling which we ourselves expressed, that Dr. Abbott seemed to take the husband's fault too lightly. "Conjugal love thus married is never the same again," writes one. "It was Dr. Abbott's duty to take account of the wrong done by the husband," says another. Another writer takes issue with Dr. Abbott's assertion that no one person can fill in the full life of any other person, and declares that if the entry to that is not true, monogamy is a mere experiment.

In support of Dr. Abbott some one says: "It is a question of expedient compromise, and as such he deals with it." Some one else says: "The good doctor was not trying to clarify the right or wrong of the question, but to give advice that, both as to matter and manner, would most help his correspondent. It is his course admirable, while at the same time I condemn not strongly the course of the husband."

Does the troubled wife get from any of her adviser's criticism any better counsel than Dr. Abbott has given her? A woman says of the husband: "He would never watching, and if she—the wife—had the energy, I think a good housewife should work wonders with such a sickish, mawkish excuse of a man." But that is not helpful advice. A man says: "This woman is getting to be a desperate malignant, and to submit herself to such treatment . . . and smile and make up, would show a lack of spirit that would never command the respect of the husband." Another adviser says: "If it be possible, let her without at present doing anything irrevocable, leave up her will and live apart from her husband for a while. That would be a test for both of them and would probably teach the husband how much she was to him." A woman says: "The disappointed wife should seek sympathy from a lady friend. The disappointed husband can travel and his heart will soon return to his home, virtuous, loving wife."

None of these suggestions seems to us likely to have helped the lady more than Dr. Abbott did. We sympathize very much with the opinion of the correspondent—"Wondering," she wrote: "The situation is, unhappily, frequent, and is a problem of gigantic difficulty which nobody living in the present state of society—not even Dr. Abbott—has yet succeeded in solving." The problem is very hard. Dr. Abbott's attempt to meet it imperfectly successful. Could it be bettered? Perhaps we can show by example how difficult it is to better it. Let us suppose, therefore, that Dr. Abbott had written as follows:

Your husband has got himself in a mighty bad scrape. If your statement of the case is exact it might be a good deal worse, yet I can understand your feeling of having had a tremendous job. The feeling is warranted. Husband and wife may scrap and differ and still maintain perfect trust, but when confidence is utterly destroyed, it is as though the air was darkened and the only piping had fallen out of everything. I am sorry for you, but don't knock under if you can help it. Get ashore with the press if you can. It is better for you and for him and far better for your children if you have any.

Your husband, as you describe him, seems not a bad sort. Really, I am sorry for him too. These unhappy married women, who in their solitary appeal to other women's husbands for comfort, are the very devil. They work almost irresistibly on the sympathies of kind men, and men are soft creatures against sympathy. They tell us, is akin to love. And when such appealing women have a calm and station, as you say, which implies good clothes, leisure, education, and carriage exercise—and are good women, and need, "in purity and goodness," as you say, to have some one cheer and brighten their lives, they suppose about the most dangerous trap that a well-meaning, unprejudiced married man can fall into. He might as well take so much strychnine. Besides, if you can, dear lady, what your unhappy husband was up against. He ought to have run away early and just as hard as he knew how, but you see he had lived with you all these years and had gathered no general experience. He was in before he knew the ice was very thin. And yet you are struggling to get out from under the weight of it. And you say he is a good man. I tell you, he kind to him. Pull him out and get him on his pins again. If he is a good man it is worth doing, and no one man can do it but you. He is a sick man; he is a wounded man; Heaven send he be not a fool, but, even if he be, he is yours. I tell you, wash your face as David did after his great sorrow, and set it towards the light. If you can help that man and heal his hurt and make him sound again, it is a victory. To win such a victory is to justify life; to be able to do it is to know whether you win or lose, and where you stand there may be grief, but there will be no despair. I tell you, the stuff is in you to reshape your life, and perhaps your husband's, if you have but the courage to use it. Help him if you can. It is best for you, best for him, best even for the other world. Here is your cross. Take it up. Forget yourself in it, and trust, as you surely may, that as your day is shall be your strength.

I send you back your letter, so that you may destroy it if you choose, and of this one, of course, I shall keep no copy.



The Foreman at Loomis Park—Horace Ruk Delivering his Speech



Another View of the Assembly—Attorney General Blair Speaking

CELEBRATING THE SEMICENTENNIAL OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AT JACKSON, MICHIGAN

The semicentennial of the birth of the Republican party was celebrated at Loomis Park, Jackson, Michigan, on July 5, when, on July, 1835, was held the first State convention under the name of "Republican." 10,000 persons were present, and listened to speeches by Secretary Bag, Senator Fairbank, Speaker Cannon, Horace Ruk, and Attorney-General Blair of Michigan.



Photograph by Allen Hughes

WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN

To William F. Sheehan, Judge Parker's personal representative at the St. Louis convention and the recipient of the telegram from Judge Parker declaring his principles on the money question, is largely due the successful outcome of the campaign in Judge Parker's behalf which resulted in his nomination at St. Louis. Mr. Sheehan was born at Buffalo in 1839. He has been active in politics for almost twenty years. He has been Speaker of the New York Assembly and Lieutenant-Governor of New York. He is a prominent member of the New York bar, and is active in important industrial and financial interests.



Photograph by Davis & Mott

THOMAS F. RYAN

Thomas F. Ryan, one of the most prominent of American financiers, had an important part in the Democratic National Convention at St. Louis. As a Southern man—a delegate from Virginia—he was instrumental in securing the acquiescence of the Southern delegates in the situation brought about by Judge Parker's telegram on the money question. He was also the principal influence in the selection of the candidate for Vice President, Bruce R. Davis of West Virginia, an old friend.

Blocking the Russian Retreat on the Yalu

By William Dinwiddie

Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in the Far East

PING-WANG-CHENG, MANCHOU-RI, May 1, 1905

"THERE were a thousand dead and wounded Russians in the little valley below us when the sun set on May 1," said smiling Colonel Hazada, of the Twenty-fourth Regiment of Japanese Infantry. "The charge came to the soldiers. I commanded that day, and we are grateful to our Emperor that it was so. No stage play or picture can ever rival the real scene in which we had the good fortune to take part as the actors. If we had been a little earlier the Russians would have retreated by another road, and if we had been a little later they would have escaped us entirely."

The colonel was talking, with a grave face now and twinkling, excited eyes, of the fight at Hamantung, where his regiment blocked the hurried flight of the Russians from the Yalu River, and where—caught like rats in a trap—the Russians bitterly fought like madmen, and laid down their lives in a glorious struggle. Thick snow fell on a battle-field strewn with the dead, on hill-sides and in tiny valleys where agonized voices, all night long, cried hoarsely, in guttural Russian, for a drop of water.

For the first time a foreman has leaped from the lips of the colonel, a major, and the only lieutenant left of one company of the valiant Twenty-fourth Regiment, which bore the brunt of the flooding attack, the story of this battle and the incidents of the two days which preceded it and led up to the sensational combat.

The relation runs—from their own words—that on the night of the 28th of April the Twelfth Division began crossing the Yalu about ten or twelve miles above Wain. Their artillery had searched the opposing hills across the river during daylight with out receiving an answering messenger of shell, and the pontoon-builders crept out into the river at nightfall, with boat after boat, anchoring them in the sluggish current side by side, and placing the continuing flooring upon these floating supports until shore was linked with shore by a buoyant causeway.

That there were Russians before them during the previous day had been made evident by a slight, intermittent rifle-fire, and once some two hundred Russians took down a small lateral creek, but, only to retreat in frantic haste under well-placed Japanese shrapnel.

Silently and almost on tiptoe the Twenty-fourth Regiment, in the advance, crept over the bridge, which swayed and protestingly creaked on its mechanical hinges, with inches seemingly like rifle-shots to the knee-knocking rate of the soldiers. Not a shot met them. The enemy had all retired the evening before.

It was right here that the fatal Russian blundering began. Between the point at which the Twelfth Division crossed the Yalu and the Ayho River, which is confluent to the Yalu six or seven miles farther south, there is a strip of willy, inconsistent hill country, which is desolate and brush-covered, broken into narrow valleys and razor-backed ridges, and cut into a hopeless tangle of food-worn ravines and gullies. There are no roads or trails, and the Russians badly determined that only a small force, at best, could ever hope to cross these bad lands, and that the main force would follow the line of least resistance along the Yalu River bank to the junction with the other river.

A whole division—the Twelfth—crossed this strip in a day and night. The thousands of men who accomplished the journey carried in provisions with them except the boiled rice in their little net-covered wicker baskets and in the aluminum food-bottles swung upon their belts. They were in heavy marching order, carrying nearly two hundred rounds of ammunition in handboxes and knapsacks, with their blankets slung at all.

The Twelfth Division had no wheeled artillery, but in its place a large number of mountain-guns, which are packed on horses, and—surprising as it is—every gun went through with them, though the horses often had to be pushed bodily up the steep or slimes by the soldiers, and, frequently losing their footing on the sharp declivities, rolled into the bottom of the gullies.

As they toiled shuffling up to the crests of the ridges, and stumbling and falling, they slid down into the streambeds, all day long on the 30th of April. Sweating, exhausted, almost too tired to eat, the night worked them some two miles from their destination—the banks of the Ayho. With hardly any sleep in the night of April 29—and I believe they had marched the day before—and the fearful march of the 30th from three o'clock in the morning to eight o'clock in the evening, it is little wonder that, as an officer remarked, "The men were difficult to wake up" at four o'clock in the morning of May 1.

But wake they did, and march too, for at daylight they held the crest of the hills before a weak Russian position.

It is an astounding fact that the Russian general, though he had works in which to prepare defenses, had practically failed to maintain a continuous line along the face of this tiny, shaly, by all the rules of the game, should at least have been supplied with ample iron-fences, so that in case reinforcements were demanded to repulse an attack they might have a protected fighting position.

However, though this was the only point from which his position on the banks of the Yalu could be successfully danked, he not only failed to build earthworks, but he never sent soldiers to repel the attack of the enemy in force.

The Japanese regiment which we were following had the extreme position on the right, while the other regiments reached down the Ayho to the left almost to a point contacting with the Second Division, which, on the 30th, was attacking the Russians with a direct frontal attack, and, as an illustration of what they could do with their artillery, had smothered the enemy's front under a most spectacular and destructive shell-fire from over a hundred guns.

The Twenty-fourth Regiment crossed the river without opposition, several miles behind the foremost Russian position in front of the Second Division. The same case in crossing was not the lot of the other regiments of the Twelfth Division, and the farther to the left they lay the more resistance they encountered from Russian rifle-fire, which indicated that the Japanese were at the threatened outposts of the Russian left. All in all, the Russian position was hardly held and by no great force of men, even as well down the Ayho (which springs in almost a complete bow from the Yalu).

My regiment crossed the river by wading, behind an island, and the smaller Japanese soldiers were up to their armpits in water for a hundred yards. In the second crossing from the island to the mainland they were hardly ankle-deep in water. There was no resistance in their immediate front until after they had moved a short distance farther to the right and up the hill, when contact was made with a small detachment of Russians, who were easily driven away.

The regiment rested in this position from nine o'clock in the morning until after ten, waiting for orders from headquarters. The order which came was to move up the river to a country road which led directly to Hamantung, eight miles away.

At the village on the banks of the Ayho where the road crossed the stream, the Russian commander had placed a force of four or five hundred men to guard the ford, considering this number



The Regiment at Ping-Wang-Cheng—Getting a Gun into Position

sufficient to repulse any Japanese attack which might take place from this direction.

A quick, hard, and stubborn fight occurred at the outskirts of the village. The second battalion of the Twenty-fourth Regiment rushed the place, and the Russians retired, step by step, down the road, fighting fiercely as they backed up in position on the hills on each side of the roadway. They had no artillery and neither had this Japanese battalion of four companies.

The commanding officer, Major Okamura, followed orders to proceed to Hsinan by this road, which, by the way, joined the main road running from the Yalu River to Feng-Wang-Cheng and Liao-Yang on the Manchurian Railway at Hsinatou.

It was nearly noon as he and his men pressed on toward the peak, fighting precipitately every step of the way, for, as the Russians retired from one position, they took up another on the next set of hills, and stuck like bullocks until the Japanese soldiers had painfully climbed out through the lateral ravine beds to positions above and flanking to the right and left, the ground they occupied.

No reinforcements came to the assistance of this courageous little band of Russians, who fought, with gritted teeth, to prevent their enemy's soldiers from advancing to the main line of the Russian retreat, through Hsinatou.

Neither did the other companies of the Twenty-fourth Regiment join the second battalion until they had almost gained their goal—the road-crossing.

Where were the Russian reserves, five thousand strong, in a question which has been asked many times since the disastrous defeat of the five thousand who held the line on the Yalu.

The official reports of the Russians will show, the writer believes, that the five thousand troops which got away practically sold-free were not reserves at all, in the proper sense of the term. The Russian General Zvonovitch, finding, on April 30, how badly he had blundered in estimating the artillery strength of the Japanese, who nearly a hundred guns burst forth, with shrapnel and common shell, from concealed positions on the islands beneath his mountain-side trenches—a shell-fire which silenced every gun effort of his own artillery in less than ten minutes—determined on withdrawal, but again mistakenly attempted to protect the retreat of his baggage and wagon trains by holding his five thousand men in the trenches on the morning of May 1, against a force forty thousand strong.

If, after having been so hopelessly overwhelmed by artillery fire on April 30, he had taken his chance and pulled out his entire army during the night, he would undoubtedly have gotten away without heavy toll in lives, for the Japanese troops had all been making herculean efforts in the nature of night marches and heavy outmarching, and it would have tried their fine spirit to have followed them in retreat far more than that of the Russians who had been idly holding imperfectly fortified positions for several weeks.

The five thousand men left behind to fight eight times their number were deluged with a fearful artillery fire as soon as day-light permitted the Japanese gunners to discover their positions on the morning of the 1st. One or two absolutely futile attempts were made to open up their batteries, but almost the instant the first shell came screaming toward the Japanese line, fifty or more Japanese cannon broke loose in uncontrolled guffawing fury, and literally set the men and guns to pieces. The Russians stuck to their perilous positions for several hours, with two divisions of the First Army advancing boldly in their face, and, in fact, the last retreat began only when the left wing of the remaining third of the army—the Twelfth Division—began to come in on their flank, making it hopeless for them to prolong an absurdly losing contest.

The Russian general may have felt that he could safely with-

draw his men at the last moment, but it is impossible to understand how he had the temerity to leave twenty-eight field-pieces within the zone of fire, instead of sending them on in full flight to the rear hours earlier, and leaving only light-footed soldiers to make the rear-guard fight.

Returning to our Japanese battalion of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, we find them divided, at two o'clock in the afternoon of May 1, lying flat down on hill ridges on opposite sides of the Hsinatou road, under short-range fire from two Russian guns which were part of the reserve under General Kerdzhievsky. As has been said, these guns occupied a position at right angles to the main road leading from the north.

The range was less than eight hundred yards, and an exhibition of shot, aimed always higher in artillery under the rifle fire of brave men was given. In less than fifteen minutes every man had been shot down around the guns, and when an attempt was made to gallop the horses in and take the guns out all the animals were killed. The Russians in confusion deserted the cannon and fled to the rear.

Now was the chance of the second battalion, just being reinforced by another battalion of their regiment on the right. Could they capture the guns and take the coveted position across the main road? At least they could try.

Fatigued almost to the point of exhaustion by twenty-eight hours of marching and fighting, with only a few hours' interval of rest between, they still had the vigor of battle excitement to request in command.

Ten companies crept down the hill toward the road, posting for breath, with eyes fixed on the prize—the two grim destroyers of life, standing side by side on the opposite skyline except for the stream of dead and wounded lying limply heaped in dark spots on a yellow background of earth.

Defused by the stream of rapid rifle fire from their supporting companies they heard not the soldier thinking of three hundred horses, each bearing a beautiful Coosack in high bridle—hat and long tasseled boots, who was sauntering down upon them with uplifted sabre from the left. The cavalry were upon them and almost over them before they recovered from the startling shock.

A wave, a rally, and the gallant Japanese knelt, being fall in the ensuing front of rearing horses. In turn, the shoulder of a battalioi ran through the Russian lines. Horses fell headlong and riders fell headlong over them. Sabres fell in nervous arms, and forces surged in the saddle or hurklingly fell forward on the backs of horses, in a blind effort to secure support. A few galloped on ahead of the attacking line, which stopped, wheeled, and retreated in disorder.

Now were dropping fast in the thin Japanese line on the hillside. A new enemy had come into the game of death. He the rounded hill-top overlooking and enshading their own position, to the extreme left and not over four hundred yards away, the flanking guard of the Russian troops had appeared, and opened a merciless fire on the handful of Japanese soldiers.

Overpowered for the moment, and holding an exposed position where it was impossible to carry on anything but a fatally losing contest, they sped up the hill to its crest, and once more, belly flat and in changed front, they answered the fire of their new-found foe.

No leave was the struggle that the dead and wounded were left on the hillside for the time, and before the savage fighting again anew had had time to recover their breath the renewed cavalry made another dash straight for the hilltop where they lay. Once the dead and dying they galloped, only to retreat again before the shattering rifle fire.

The Japanese failed to take the battery, and the enemy's cavalry, finding not only this body of men but their comrades on

(Continued on page 115.)



A Detachment of Japanese Artillery crossing a River in Boats



The Presentation of University Burs and Associates for Honorary Degrees at Oxford passing Birmingham College on the way in the Ashmolean Theatre, where the Degree of D.Litt. (Hons) was conferred upon Mr. Howells

W. D. Howells, D.Litt. (Oxon)

By Sydney Brooks

Oxford, July 6, 1904.

THE Oxford undergraduate is a fraud. So, too, is "Commons." (Need I say that "Commons" is the accepted abbreviation for common-sense work, the great work of the Oxford year, the work that mounts through concerts, theatricals, garden-parties, flower-shows, and half a dozen balls to the crowning scene in the Sheldonian Theatre when the university confers honorary degrees on the distinguished sons of England and the world?) The Oxford undergraduate and Commons are both, I repeat to say, in a conspiracy of fraud. This is a disabusing opinion to have to express, but candid compels that it should be made known. However, there are reservations to be made. If you are the sister, or, better still, the girl cousin of a popular undergraduate, and fulfil the main qualifications of that dignity by being able and willing to dance all night for a week on end, then Commons is a sheer delight. If you are the mother or father of an undergraduate who has won the Newdigate or the Unwin prize for Greek verse or the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse and are privileged to hear him recite his composition in the Sheldonian, then also Commons will be a time of anxious pleasure. But if dancing bore you and a giggle strikes you no little less asinine in an Oxford quad than in a cathedral, and you prefer to steep yourself in the beauty and the calm of this incomparable place without the aid of an insistent gaiety—if, in short, what grips you in Oxford is Oxford itself, then you will stay away from Commons and make your visit during one of the variations or in ordinary term time when all is normal and accident. In any case, if you are wise you will not go to the Eckenina. The feature of the Eckenina is the conferring of degrees at the Sheldonian Theatre. Somehow, I know not how, legends have gathered round the proceedings that, in the light of the reality seen like satire. Perhaps there were once undergraduates who envied them with a running fire of chess. Our last head—who has not died of the daring soul who greeted Tennessee, as heavy-eyed, comely described, he came forward to receive his degree with a "Did they make and call you early?" He may have been a fact, but I begin to doubt it. These tales of undergraduates crowding the upper galleries of the Sheldonian, cheering and cut-calling, making all else inaudible, the chancellor's speech dumb, the orators penitential gaspulators—myths, all myths. And yet they are still believed. Whoever is honored by the Society with a D.C.L., a D.Sc., or a D.Litt., leaves himself for an ordeal of irrelevant and probably personal criticism from the galleries. Lord Kitchener a few years ago seemed quite nervously expectant of what would be shouted at him. Nothing was shouted, nothing ever is. I stand a couple of days now for three and a half hours on the floor of the Sheldonian and watched the proceedings from start to finish. The annual meeting of a company that was paying a ten-per-cent. dividend could hardly have been tamer. There was indeed, one undergraduate who wanted the organist to play "Mr. Healey" and expressed his wishes from time to time, but without any real fire or conviction. There were also undergraduates who laughed and cheered whenever the chancellor (Lord Tweedmouth) stumbled in his Latin. There were others who shouted "How Ray" when

Lord Ray, the president of the British Academy, came up for his degree. Somebody yelled not once, but often, "Speak up, sir," when the Regius Professor of Greek presented the nominator for the degree of D.Litt. in an all too inaudible voice. "Try a megaphone," exclaimed some one else. "We can't hear you," said a third. "Oh, never mind," drawled a fourth in accents of weary contempt; while a fifth at irrelevant intervals shouted, "No, no" or "Hear, hear," as the mood took him. And when the winner of the Newdigate recited his poem in a voice of interminable dolour, a plaintive noise, half sigh, half groan, came from the mouth of a listener with more or less apathy. But that was all, and as a specimen of undergraduate wit and uproariness it hardly deserves a high rank.

What brought me to Oxford was the pleasure of seeing the degree of D.Litt. conferred on Mr. W. D. Howells. It is a distinction not easily earned nor lightly bestowed, and America may well claim a share in the honor so gracefully done to her best beloved man of letters. As it happened, America had a twofold interest in the proceedings, for among the degrees of D.Litt. conferred was one on Mr. Sargent. The Sheldonian is a round theatre, built by Sir Christopher Wren after a Roman model, and though apparently small, capable of holding nearly four thousand people. On Wednesday last the tiers and galleries were filled to the uttermost, the lower ones by ladies and dons, the topmost one by undergraduates, while on the floor stood the graduates and strangers, clustering round a passageway through which the procession was to pass. At eleven o'clock the chancellor, in his black and gold state robes, attended by two pages, and followed by the heads of the colleges in their scarlet gowns, entered the theatre and passed up to the platform. The list of proposed degrees was at once read out by the chancellor, and the pleasure of the house asked in the time-honored Latin form, and signified in cries of "Placet." Those on whom the degree of Doctor of Civil Law was to be conferred were then summoned into the theatre and took their seats in the reserved passageway. One by one they were presented to the chancellor by the Regius Professor of Civil Law in a series of speeches describing their achievements in the choicest Latin. The chancellor replied in a few complimentary words, and formally admitted each nominee to the degree. The person so honored then mounted the platform, shook hands with the chancellor, and took his appointed seat to the right or left. The loudest cheers among the D.C.L.'s were given to the French ambassador, M. Cambou, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to Lord Curzon, to Lieutenant-General French, to Mr. George Wyndham, and to Mr. Sargent. In presenting Mr. Sargent, the Regius Professor of Civil Law described him as a famous master of painting (*teleberrimus pictor omnium scolas artis pingere magistrum*), whose remarkable portraits of men and women of the manual exhibitions are behest with the greatest adumbration. Such is the beauty, grace, the refinement, and great dignity of his portraits that we only quarrel with the artist because we cannot speak to him or embrace them (*quarum adumbratum personarum tanta pulchritudo, tanta venustas, tot illiberae, talis cum dignitate gravitas, ut id ipsum pictori obijcere aut inquisire relligum quod nullo modo cum illius ad colloquium pervenire, nisi*

MR. W. D. HOWELLS AT OXFORD—THE GROUP OF DISTINGUISHED NOMINEES ON WHOM THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITY RECENTLY CONFERRED DEGREES

[illegible]



THE FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF PO THE SACRED COLLEGE AT

The photograph shows His Holiness Pope Pius X. at his first public celebration of the Mass and surrounded by the Sacred College. The occasion was the recent canonization of St. John Venerable.



Pope Pius X.

POPE PIUS X. AND THE CARDINALS OF ST. PETER'S

Mass in St. Peter's, seated on the elevated throne facing the pontifical altar,
in honor of Saint Gregory the Great, which was attended by 40,000 people

modi sermones ratiocinationes et ipsa amplecti possumus). To which the chancellor would have added, "Vir spectabilissimus in arte mirabilis, sapientissimus, erga aristocraticos non et totius Universitatis admittit se ad gradum Doctoris in Jure Civili honoris causa."

Among the Doctors of Science it was, of course, Signor Marconi who drew the most attention. Nothing could well have been more cordial than the greeting offered him. The Doctors of Letters came last on the list of degrees. Lord Blyth headed them, then followed Sir Spencer Walpole, the historian, and then Mr. W. D. Howells. A hearty, long continued clasp of the utmost kindness greeted him from all parts of the house as he moved to the side of the Regius Professor of Greek who presented him and again when he shook hands with the chancellor. There should be a law passed in New York making it obligatory on Mr. Howells never to stir out of doors without the scarlet robes and mortarboard cap of an Oxford D. Litt. His strong and composed face, so full of thought and kindness, never, I thought, looked more attractive than when he stood listening with a grave anxiety to the tribute of the regius professor. After welcoming him as the citizen of a nation so closely connected in many ways with England (idem Americanum, a gente remota quoniam, sed diu nobis non minus necessarium vinculis conjunctum, quam nos etiam conjunctum fore speramus), the regius professor went on to describe him as a

writer of great distinction in several departments of literature, as poet, critic, and novelist ("scriptoribus eximio politus et eruditum, et in omni parte litterarum americanarum laudatum, et laudem, potant, habentem elegantissimam)—one whose pictures of life and character were universally admired for their truth and artistic finish (nam in romanticis litterarum genere quo ad omnia laudem habuit et precibus inventa laudum—quoniam altissimum aestheticum bonumque depinxerat, quanta cum veritate, quanta lepore?).

The speech concluded with a recognition of the exact type of Mr. Howells's descriptions of Italy and Italian life. When it was over Mr. Howells took a step forward, bowed slightly to the chancellor, who rose and said, "Vir egregius, magnus gallice gentis R.R. acceptissimus, qui narrationibus pulcherrimis et munus nostratum corda pertinetur colles, ego auctoritate mea et totius Universitatis adhibito te ad gradum Doctoris in Literis honoris causa." Distinguished sir, I have favored you of a kindred race, and skilled to praise our hero, too, by the beauty and delight of your tales, I, etc., etc.). Then Mr. Howells stepped on to the platform, shook hands with the chancellor in a round rhombus of applause, and passed in a half-fledged knight's sent on his right—leaving, I hope, as pleased as all as we left who could claim any connection, however remote it might be, with him or with his country.

"Rim, Romanism, and Rebellion"

How James G. Blaine was Defeated by a Phrase

By Frank W. Mack

STANDING between the two men on the staircase of the Fifth Avenue Hotel after dinner, standing in 1884, I heard the Rev. Dr. Richard lead James G. Blaine as the leader of Republican hosts against "the party whose antecedents had been Rim, Romanism, and Rebellion." My gaze had been fixed intently upon Mr. Blaine's earnest, sad smiling face as he spoke, but instantly the famous obliteration reached my ear I turned to see how Blaine received it. I felt that something had happened—something hard, impatient. But Mr. Blaine had not been so impressed. Indeed, I do not believe he heard the three awful words. It is my conviction that while they reached his ear they were not stored in his brain. His eyes were gazing over the heads of the crowd below him. They were weary, but not observing eyes. He was worried by Israel, anxious about the election-year crisis which was then less than one week away. Surely he was safe in the hands of a company of clergymen who were there to help him. They had gathered, not was the oratory was pouring over him. Might he not relax without fear? And so, I believe, Blaine's mind was somewhere away off, lost perhaps with other plans.

A Presidential candidate was in deadly peril, but did not know it. He was being defeated among his adherents five days before the battle of the ballots. The hostile words of the friendly old preacher flouted just him unheeded; in his response he failed to rebuke them, and the supreme moment of opportunity had gone by. "Destiny had waited just around the corner," but turned now away and laid a new trail for history.

Through all these years I was responsible to the Associated Press for the national end of politics in New York city at the close of that great campaign. That Wednesday morning the manager had objected to my shortening his staff by taking away Lessey and Morgan, and directed for the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where that meeting of destinies that any man should be able to report alone," he said. On the face of things before the event it looked that way, and I frankly admitted as much. But inside me, somewhere behind the brain, I felt an insistent impulse to caution.

News of a Clerical Malaise

"But you don't need two stenographers," protested the manager. "The shorthand man can take it all and then get it out soon enough for first editions—guess the world isn't so damned anxious to get quick news about this clerical malaise."

My mentality agreed with his, and I felt half silly about it, but beyond that was the dread lest something of importance be forgotten. Being responsible, I insisted on that ground and, with the two stenographers, waited for the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the reception to Mr. Blaine was to occur. I left alone then, like one who has got up in the night and made note of something he might otherwise have forgotten. I would "do" the introduction and the descriptive part of the story.

On the parlor floor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, one flight above the offices, a deeply carpeted space forms a covert upon which upon the reception parlors and the great dining-hall, and from which cascade the corridors and out of which rises the broad staircase to upper floors.

A sizable and increasing company of men were shuffling in groups about the broad hall, and the place was brightened by women who had sought this available spot to observe a great man, and though no one yet suspected a great event.

It was the Wednesday before election day. The great men greeted and hesitated each other with that impatient air that marks the mass apart from the world when occasionally it steps in to

rob against real life. A few hardheads like Dr. MacArthur and Dr. James M. King emphasized the almost Jewish earnestness of the others. For the day at least the clerical heart warmed even toward the Jews, for there among them was Rabbi E. H. M. Strauss. His powerful was the Pharaoh Knight; the peoples of the earth had risen up to call him good, and the numbers glowed with pleasure and importance.

"I am here; that shows where I stand," loudly spoke the Plymouth Church assistant, Rev. S. B. Halliday.

And his brethren cheered and wrung his hand and stepped his back, for he was not as a lizard plucked from the Plymouth tower. Yet, for Halliday's club, the great floor, had just delivered his famous campaign speech in behalf of Cleveland.

Editor Henry M. Field of the *Evening Star* was in the throng, and also Cyrus Palmer, Dr. Richard, Dr. Spears, Dr. Burdwell, and Dr. Samuel S. Spencer, who was editor of *The Independent*.

Ah, yes, this is important—the question of who were present, for did not a storm of controversy follow as to who were and who were not?

The Welcome to Blaine

I imagine 400 or 500 persons may have stood crowded together when the speaking began, though afterwards one side claimed that a thousand men, including the great pulpit leaders of New York, were there. On the other hand, the *World*, denouncing by exclusion, printed a list of pulpit leaders who were sitting to say they had not attended—among them Dr. Houghton, Henry V. Sallabee, Charles B. Parkhurst, Henry Van Dyke, Marvin B. Vincent, Benjamin F. Woodson, John R. Paxton, Thomas McKee Brown, Vermilyea, Howland, and Gallaudet.

In due and deliberate time, as chairman, Rev. Dr. Samuel S. Spencer, who was editor of *The Independent*, the proper committee proceeded to summon the object of their courtesies. They trod with slow dignity up the broad, heavily polished staircase. Feasting thickly about the foot of the stairs, the people waited. Mr. Blaine was also waiting with members of his family, in their room above. Presently a number among the people gave into a murmur of suppressed comment. The great man was in sight on the upper landing. As he came down into full view and glanced over the crowd of white faces in the dimly lighted hall, one voice broke through the murmuring with a shout—went on the balcony of the balcony of the balcony which followed.

Dr. Spears beside Mr. Blaine looked pleased and proud. Had he not brought to them the object of their political fever? Verily so. And then the lusty cheering grew new as the people behind Mr. Blaine his wife and two daughters, Emma and Walker, his sons, and the little Levi P. Shollen.

The accompanying party paused at the sweeping curve of the staircase and Mr. Blaine descended alone. He stopped some half-dozen steps from the bottom. His face was very pale, and his white hair gleamed in the light. He had just returned from a trip to the West. Dark shadows were under his eyes. He was desperately weary, but he flashed a quick smile over the faces staring at him, and then turned with a little motion of self-satisfaction to Dr. Spears at his side.

At the moment Dr. Spears began a few words of preliminary welcome, a tall, strong, slender, loose-jointed man stepped up out of the crowd on to the staircase. His head was big and slightly bent, and his carefully brushed gray hair fitted well the largely built and heavy lined face. Reaching the second broad step the tall man paused, leaning against the wall.

When Mr. Blaine came to a stand on the staircase I leaped up

ed and gone off at a tangent. Years before Mr. Blaine had referred to Blaine's eating as "a startling turkey cook," and now Crinkling and his stalwarts were sitting on top of the fence to see the Blaine procession go by. Of course there were some dainty people who protested against the use of derelicts with which to dump scandal over the head of Mr. Cleveland. Outside the question of decency, they held it to be a dangerous thing to make a martyr of an enemy.

Oh yes, those elements were all operating against the Republican candidate, but every man must meet hostility, and these forces could be overcome at the polls. Which was true of the schedule just named. Despite their influence Mr. Blaine could have won. But here within five days of election another antagonism was added to the schedule, and Fate, "standing just around the corner," rubbed our heads with scornful union.

New York by a Thousand Plurality

And it may be said here, as it will later be said in history, that, minus any one of the obstacles just named, Mr. Blaine would have been President of the United States. New York was vital, and it gave Mr. Cleveland a plurality of 1047. Any one of the scheduled forces carried this many votes against Blaine. Could he have won or escaped any one of them he would have succeeded. Could he have been delivered from the minority's no-one another story would have been written. The combination was just strong enough to defeat the dearest ambition of Blaine's life, and did so.

On Thursday morning the Herald printed the brief address of Dr. Burdard, including the Three E's, and the country first heard of Burdard through the roll and rumble of his altercation. The *Times* and the *World*, though latterly open-eyed Mr. Blaine, did not print the Burdard utterance. Why, I have never understood. Each had printed the local burst of the Associated Press—a copy of Miley's transcribed notes. Possibly some sorry little copy-trader had squeezed a mere meeting of dummies into the "political news notes," or had reduced it to a meagre paragraph with a single line head. The weekly *Union* and *Catholic Times* did not print it. On Thursday it was referred to the incident with levity more potent than any other.

"At the meeting of the managers with Blaine at this city Wednesday, the Rev. Dr. Burdard said in his address to Blaine: 'You represent all the virtues Mr. Cleveland represents: Eum, Romanism, and Rebellion.' The *World* repeated this, and the Democratic press on Friday got into full swing editorially. Dr. McElwain wrote and published a letter of vehement protest, and the *Three E's* became to the coming canvass what the Money letter had been to the faithful campaign four years before.

The Democrats, to show their campaign on Saturday night with a great parade through the streets of New York, and mean while the sign-painters in Ann Street were busy night and day preparing "Eum, Romanism, and Rebellion" transparencies. On Saturday morning, six days before election, Dr. Burdard over his signature published a card to the public. He declared the purpose of his words had been solely mischievous; that he did not intend to cast any reflection on the Roman Catholic Church, and was speaking only of the doings of the Democratic party; that he believed in religious freedom, and that he alone was responsible for the language and sentiment of his address.

This contribution from Dr. Burdard did more harm than good. It evoked peevish laughter from the enemies of Blaine and groans of disgust from his friends. To some minds its last sentence confirmed the shifty rumor that Dr. Burdard was at heart a Cleveland man, and that he had poisoned the Blaine address to help his favorite. This rumor was as wicked as it was ridiculous, and it is mentioned here only to indicate the fevered condition twenty years ago.

How Blaine Took It

Saturday came, and despite the jangling clamor of friends and foes there was no syllable from Mr. Blaine to believe or destroy the old preacher's deadly jangle. The friends were frantic and impatient. The foes were playful and very active.

"Does he not dare touch it?" cried one. "Very well—does he understate it?" wondered the other. "Very well—he shall see."

My belief is that, until the end of the week, Mr. Blaine thought the matter would pass under and be lost before election-day.

It was not until Saturday evening, in a speech delivered at New Haven, while Democratic thousands were parading New York beneath the banners from Ann Street print-shops, that Mr. Blaine first referred to the Burdard blunder. The ash and crystal of it all lay in his last sentence.

"Although Burdard, by conviction and connected with a Protestant church, I should esteem myself all any man the most degraded if, under any pressure or under any temptation, I should in any measure, make a disrespectful allusion to that ancient faith in which we never received moral lived and died."

On my way to Mr. Blaine's rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel Sunday night I met his valiant supporter, Patrick Ford, in the corridor. He had just left the Blaine apartment alone. I saw him come forth. Within, I found Mr. Blaine standing near a table in the centre of the room. Beside the table sat Garrett A. Hoad, who was to become Vice-President of the United States twelve years later. Their conversation ceased immediately I entered. They had been having a conference, I thought—the three men, Blaine, Hoad, and Ford. I think so today.

"Yes, I have something for publication to-night," said Mr. Blaine. He pushed a chair for me at the table. "Please write," he added, still standing, while Hoad watched across at the work.

Beside me on my desk as I set down these recollections is a little small and time-yellowed slip of paper on which I wrote at Blaine's dictation that Sunday night, two days before his defeat in 1884. There are some creases and some interesting dew in Blaine's hand, and beside these sheets of copy lies the pen which he used. He began his dictation thus:

"A delegation of Catholics, headed by Patrick Ford, editor of the *Irish World*, called this evening to extend congratulations to Mr. Blaine upon the manner in which he had referred to Rev. Dr. Burdard's infelicitous remark at the late meeting of unionists in this city."

"Mr. Ford are the other members of the delegation—who besides Ford?" I asked. Blaine was annoyed. He spoke shortly.

"Never mind about that—continue, please."

"But, Mr. Blaine, I must have the names of Mr. Ford's colleagues." Whereat Mr. Blaine was clearly vexed. Hoad now moved nervously, glancing from one to the other. With fine tact he spoke in that tone of comradeship which, when softly used, is very potent with a young reporter.

"Mr. Blaine does not care to give any other names—it makes no difference to you, my dear boy."

The Mysterious Delegation

"Pardon me," I urged, "it does make a difference. The first question at the office and next from the public will be as to the identity of the entire delegation." Mr. Blaine spoke quickly, at once unrepentant.

"Merely say that Mr. Blaine gave out no other names."

"But that does not absolve me," I persisted. "Names are names in this matter; and, besides, I saw Mr. Ford coming out long here alone just now—did he remain after the others had gone, or were there no others?" Mr. Blaine's eye clouded slightly. He was tired, anxious, possibly desperate—must he be forever harassed by this stretched business? His breath was coming for an explosion, but the faithful Hoad lifted a restraining hand, and spoke hastily, and leaped across the table.

"There, my boy, don't be suspicious," smiled Hoad. "It is a stand just as it is and held us responsible—on your report, if necessary." The indrawn breath exhaled from Mr. Blaine's lips in a weary sigh. The reporter was rather enojed or cramped—it does not now matter which. Mr. Blaine continued the dictation, and I cut from the sheets the words which he said. He was closing down his utterance of the night before at New Haven, and I reproduce it as a fine example of subtle disposition:

"In reply to the congratulations Mr. Blaine reaffirmed the position he had taken in his New Haven speech. He said:

"Religious liberty is the essential basis of our land, freedom of conscience is the inalienable right of every American citizen, as free or naturalized. Whoever violates that freedom strikes at the foundation of the republic. As a Protestant I demand for the Catholic precisely the same liberty of action, the same respect for conscientious belief as I claim for myself. Perfect religious liberty is the highest attainment of a free Christian nation, and that liberty implies mutual tolerance, respect for each other's rights of conscience, and a generous spirit of Christian charity."

The sophistry of this ingenious distortion lies, as we can better see at this distance from the turmoil of its birth, in the fact that it challenges nothing which Dr. Burdard had said, and it sends bravely to the eye and appears fair to the eye, yet it did not touch the poison in the Three E's. Indeed, Dr. Burdard's nod to the public on the day before had declared just as readily for religious freedom and tolerance.

Had Mr. Blaine in one sentence demolished the classification of "Romanism" with "Eum" and "Rebellion" the Burdard card would have been instantly quarantined. And the fern and of Blaine appreciated this, as is shown in his next dictation:

"Mr. Patrick Ford remarked that it was a very gratifying circumstance that in an excited campaign, in which American Republicans were taking part, this remark [Burdard's allusion; assailing Romanism with Eum and Rebellion] was the first and only word spoken, so far as he had heard, tending to wound the feelings of Catholics."

It cannot be doubted, I think, that Mr. Blaine would have deemed Dr. Burdard's correction of "Romanism" with "Eum" and "Rebellion" if he so doing he could thus have composed an aside without arousing the echo. And just there, I imagine, by the problem that bound his hand and tongue until the electric hour drew near he set forth.

The Author of the Three E's

On the following Tuesday, Mr. Blaine was defeated by the misleading tribe of joint votes in New York State.

And Dr. Burdard? He became the most hated and the most ridiculed citizen of the republic. The burden of Blaine's defeat was fastened upon his giant shoulders. His influence and position were almost destroyed, and a year later he resigned his pulpit and quit the editorial chair, when political passion had cooled. I met him socially. We never introduced.

"It is the renewal of an acquaintance," I remarked.

"Have I met you before?" he asked, and peered down at me with his keen eyes.

"I stood before you when you addressed Mr. Blaine in the 1884 campaign," I recalled.

A queer look crept into his face—a compound of awe and smile and fear.

"Ah, yes," he mused, "it was a bitter, bitter thing; but it came to me sometimes now that I may have been, after all, a humble instrument in the hands of a greater Power."

Russia's Commander in the East

By Charles Johnston

GENERAL KUROPAKIN is reported to have said, when setting forth across Siberia: "The first month they will say that I am inactive, the second that I am incapable, and the third that I am a traitor, because we shall be repulsed and beaten. I shall let the people talk, I shall suffer by my resolution and to advance before July, when I shall have the forces I need."

We are not compelled to believe this story. General Kuropatkin is not glib. Nor have his countrymen uttered a single criticism of his Far Eastern policy, although three battles of first importance have been lost since he took command. But the story will express the difficulties Kuropatkin is facing.

We should think of Kuropatkin as by temperament a student, and with much of the gentleness of a student. When chief of staff in Shakhoff he always tried to spare the men, to gain points with the greatest economy of suffering, to save the regiments in his charge whenever possible. Yet, without, he is an essentially martial spirit and has a record for countless heroisms under fire which would have won him half a dozen Victoria Crosses had he been in the British army, and did, in fact, win him all the distinctions for signal valor that are in the gift of the Russian Empire. The picture of General Kuropatkin shows a series of brilliant decorations, nearly every one of them representing a dangerous wound received in battle, on fields as wide apart as the Sahara and Gobi desert.

We hear constant rumors from the front of relentless disagreements between General Kuropatkin and Admiral Alekseeff about nearly every movement in the war. They probably represent the fact that Kuropatkin was an ardent adherent of the "peace party," and, like Minister Witte, heartily disapproved of the policy which made war with Japan inevitable. Admiral Alekseeff thought and acted as a naval officer whose mind was filled with questions of naval bases and strategy. He saw Russia's Siberian fleet cut in two by the Korean peninsula, just as the French fleet is cut in two by Spain, and there is little doubt that he hoped to absorb the whole region down to Fusan and ultimately to turn it into Russian territory. He is also a very ambitious man, and hoped to make a reputation rivaling Mirzoeff of the Azov, such a reputation as links the name of Lord Buffen with Burma, of Lord Roberts with Kandahar, of Lord Kitchener with the Sudan. As far as the question of morality is concerned, Yvonne Alekseeff is in exactly the same position as these distinguished men, all alike representing the principle of aggression and expansion. His real fault is that while they succeeded he has failed. Alekseeff failed because he ignored the deep-seated hostility and immense energy of Japan and the lasting jealousy of Russia which inspires certain modern poets.

General Kuropatkin, on the contrary, was thoroughly alive to the political and military dangers in Alekseeff's path. When he visited the Far East a year ago Kuropatkin spent some time in Japan, and was cordially received by the leading statesmen and soldiers of the Mikado's Empire. He familiarized himself with the Japanese military system, saw recruits being trained in the German towns, and visited the arsenals. He was deeply impressed

by the completeness and thoroughness of Japan's military preparations, and was under no illusion as to the formidable nature of the forces which the Island Empire could put into the field.

General Kuropatkin is thus called to lead an army, which he knows to be ill prepared, against a foe whose invincible power he heartily recognizes, in a war which he almost certainly disapproves from a political, not less than from a military, standpoint. But like all patriotic Russians his one thought now is the safety of his country, and towards this end he is bending the energies of a strong intellect and the riches of a vast experience.

Thoroughly alive to the strength of the Japanese army, he is equally aware of the great difficulties which the forces of his country have to overcome, and of the weak points and obstacles in the task before him. During seven years' service at the War Ministry General Kuropatkin had to master the formidable problems involved in the organization of the greatest army in the world. For Russia has an army of over a million in a year's foundation, with effective reserves which bring the total up to the millions in time of war.

The greatest difficulties which Kuropatkin has to face are administrative rather than tactical. For these he has been to some extent prepared by his experience as Governor General of Transcaucasia from 1880 to 1887. Before his appointment in Transcaucasia, General Kuropatkin spent seven years in St. Petersburg, at the headquarters of the general staff, and as special lecturer on military strategy at the General Staff Academy. During this and a previous period he was a great writer; and, although much of what he has written is reserved for the use of the officers of his army, he has published much that is of high literary value. One noteworthy is the great work, in two volumes, on the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-1878; *Lozku, Phrygia, Mesopotamia, and The Crimea of General Shakhoff's Division*. Two other works of great value are *Ukraine and Koshkova*, each of which commemorates an episode of picturesque adventure in Kuropatkin's life.

To give an adequate account of Kuropatkin as a fighter would be to retrace the military history of Russia for a generation. He was one of the leading figures in the great drama of Russian expansion in Central Asia, in which General Kaufmann was protagonist, and whose chief incidents were the conquest of Bokhara, Khiva, and Kokand. Kuropatkin played a foremost part in the advance on Khiva and Bokhara, and was several times wounded and decorated for signal valor. In the Turcoman campaign, which followed a few years later, he was also a fighting spirit, and he then helped to conquer the regions which, as this error of Transcaucasia, he was to administer ten years later.

Kuropatkin's part in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-1878, which strengthened Russian, made Serbia a kingdom, and Bulgaria an independent principality, and which would have liberated Macedonia also had it not for the interference of England, Germany, and Austria, is a part of European history. As chief of staff to Shakhoff he was the mind of the Russian army during the war, and every book on that contest is full of his exploits.



General Kuropatkin at Kow-Iang—Reviewing Russian Troops on the recent Anniversary of the Emperor's Birth



Ducks by Sydney Adams

Point Shooting

By Robert W. Chambers

IN point shooting, which has such a charm for so many, and among the many for the writer, perhaps the first and most important rule is absolute self-concealment, and after this self-concealment is accomplished, the second rule is to maintain silent immobility while sweeping sky and water with eyes that miss nothing from horizon to horizon. The third rule is to place your decoys properly. This trio of field tricks is not easy to learn, first, because in the beginning amateurs can scarcely understand the necessity for such precautions; second, because the process is both nerve and muscle exercising.

Point shooting differs, of course, according to locality; and the rules which govern it are learned to modify accordingly, either through the advice of local experts or through experience where mortifying blunders and empty game-bags speak more plainly than the worst of snakes. In all its alluring simplicity the problem is this—to take station in such a manner that the various bunches of wild ducks passing in to rest or passing out to feed shall come within range of your point and decoys.

The hours for shooting, therefore, are usually from dawn until ten o'clock in the morning, and from just before sunset until too dark to shoot. There are, however, border-line days when the ducks are restless and continually on the wing; and on such days one may look for ducks and trouble at any hour. Ducks are as capricious as trout in their habits, different species of ducks decoy in different ways. Mallards coming in may swing around after the first shifted salute, and drive past again, grounded for another, and sometimes even two or three more volleys.

Black ducks waste no time after the first crack of the gun; indeed, in the writer's limited experience, the black duck seldom decoys in the open, and it's a shot orbed out of good by its duck-ness. However, difficult as the wily black duck is to decoy, he can be brought in on the marshes to call and stand just at dusk. As for stalking a black duck, it requires the most careful work, and is successful only in fifty times. I recall one such incident. We were three guns on an inland marsh or slough. The ducks had fed and trilled and floated in; our squawking tame decoys was no good; we were cold, wet, and hungry; and we took our departure.

When about half a mile away a bunch of twelve black ducks came bounding along, low down, and dropped exactly in front of the grass land where we had been squawking. Holding a brief indecisive council we admitted the probable impossibility of stalking those ducks. Yet the sight of wary duck heads raised above the dead marsh-grass excited us to try. And try we did, making a slow, painful circle of a mile, creating creeping, and daring to fill a head. Through a mass of swamp bushes I suddenly saw a single duck rise its head within range. It was now or never; at a word we jumped up; a solitary black duck finished, and six barrels made use of what we supposed to be the only failure. Thus the slinking spectacle presented itself of eleven large fat black ducks clattering up within range and departing at the speed of an express-train leaving records.

If anybody thinks a black duck gives one time to stuff a shell into a lever, experience may modify that belief. Ducks, particularly black ducks, are funny about decoys. I have sat for hours listening to an old black duck quacking, and watching her swimming about just out of range of the decoys, where the more credulous mallards were steering blither and blither, poking the wooden decoys with their bills. Next new decoys painted like life are usually of no more value than battered old cork decoys, regardless of color, black, and created with sea slugs. Canvas decoys are handy at times, and often very good for mallard; but I have seen canvas decoys repeatedly ignore their own decoys, and stand to a bunch of cork half a mile out.

A black duck knows his business as a rule. I remember one mad attempt made by my brother and myself to bring some big bunches of black ducks within range. We began elaborately; we purchased many cans of different colored paints; we rolled the lumber room for stumps and logs; we enlisted a dozen small boys. Then we began shaping the bodies for twenty decoys: one youth to rough him, one to plume, one to shape, my brother to carve, and I to finish.

Then we carved the heads, and set each head upon a neck. Then we inserted heads of tin snail-corks. Now we were ready for the color; and I am free to say that those decoys were almost per-

fectedly reduced. One or two redheads and mallards we added to the details; people came far to observe our wonderful handiwork. We could scarcely wait for the decoys to dry. At last the day of days arrived. Dawa found us squinting behind a most artistic blind with five and twenty marvellous decoys riding the waves off the shore. So lifelike they appeared that it gave us a start every now and then to peer out at them; and once, when a lone birddiver belated us among them, the excitement in that blind was worse than hysterical.

It grew hot in the blind. Our duck-call quacked drowsily; in many we observed black ducks dropping in; here a bunch on the water was persistently splashing; there a bunch swam cheerily across the shining ripples. That never a duck stopped our way; now a duck even declined to swing overhead. It was heart-breaking. It was incredible. How could they resist those decoys? Well, with unmet expectations I found out that, though the one shining on a live duck's horn-shaped wing makes it glitter like metal at times, so live ducks still drop to a wooden duck which shows the slightest trace of glitter. Head color, dead flesh, is a weakness; the slightest bit of glitter excites suspicion. Also elaborately shaped decoys are not necessary; an odd lot of driftwood looking usually looks like a duck, and the roughly shaped cork decoys, battered, matted, and broken back, at a few rods, so exactly like ducks that I have time after time been deceived by other people's decoys, and have often deceived other people.

The most wise project has been to make the male's decoys as such an ass as he might seem to many; he is only a visitor of good sportsmanship which requires a wing shot for every cork in the blind. Point shooting in the North often means wintery work in frozen blind, salt water that put like scintillating snow, ice-cold decoys, and fingers sometimes too numb to draw trigger or hook breed. This is the extreme, and its many gradations breed what for comparison may be called autumn aurnath, as what Northern point shooters expect.

They learn to distinguish a coming flock of ducks when the hunter is but a dot on the gray horizon; they learn to distinguish even the particular species of duck when the individual birds are no larger than dark dots against the sky. The old boys know; if it be heard he will tell you; if it be wisdom, redneck broadheads, huff-heads, shillshanks, he will surely tell you, and tell you correctly, though the distant birds be not as large as the head of a pin against the sky.

There is less of mystery in this startling *four de force* than one might think. The great difficulty with the amateur is to see all birds at all. When at last he comes to discover them, his limited experience will begin his delightful schooling. The trick is all learned when one knows what sort of duck is to be expected at that time of day, that time of day, in that locality, and under those conditions. Given that knowledge, it is not difficult to learn that different kinds of ducks in different ways. Before the first day is over the amateur point-shooter has learned to distinguish a shillshank from a black duck, a bullhead from a pit-bull, and at considerable distance too.

I shall never forget one of my first lessons in point shooting when only a lad, and aware strong enough to lay my hands over level and "hold ahead." We had put out to pick up some ducks among the decoys; we floated in rakes all around us; I was pointing out, with great pride, a bunch of shillshank coming like a duck squall, low over the water, when the boyman made a pee-ee, a dead duck, missed it, and seeing the boat for me to pick it up as it rolled past.

And as I laid hands on the floating feathered quarry, right out of the water rose a gray, wet, live thing, big as a dog, and so close that its whiskered head was thrust almost into my face. Back into the boat, head over heels I dropped, the most startled lay on the Atlantic coast. It was only a seal, but it seemed a talk from the vast deep to me. I never heard a boyman laugh very loud except that now, and one other time, the occasion of which is not necessary to re-tell here.

I remember another time that a boyman laughed, but not very heartily. Some talk had occurred at the inn concerning the functions of the great blue heron. It was generally agreed among those present that the great blue heron considered himself a warty for marsh ducks; that ducks felt safe in his vicinity; that



This, of a sudden, came the warning whistling ruck

when men approached the flying of the brim was a signal for every duck to leave in a hurry.

A man present made up his warped mind to take advantage of this. He purchased at a taxidermist's a stuffed heron, selected a lonely spot on the salt marshes, installed his bird, and squatted down prepared for slaughter. Nothing came until evening, when a boy came, peering backward, ran upon the extraordinary complication. The boy came armed with the means that evening. He told the story soberly enough, saying that although it was rather a dirty trick it might be successful.

"But why," we asked, "was it not successful?"

"Because," said the layman, "the darn had left the price tag on the bird, and the wind was blowing it fierce enough to scare every duck out of the finest South Bay!"

Then we laughed. It was an evil trick; I heard that he was warned off the meadows next day.

In the greatest possible contrast to this Northern point-shooting is point shooting in the South. A typical day occurs to me, fresh still in every detail; the great gray lagoons strung together by canal-like winding channels, the miles of reeds, poison grass, and cane that stretched between the inland waters and the great dunes which held back the ocean a mile away; the impenetrable jungle opposite where tall palms towered above the water oaks. We had pitched our camp on the banks of the inland water, some ten rods back in the jungle—ten guns and a water guide. An open-faced ramp, thickset with palm leaves, sheltered us; our fire was backed by great pink cedar logs which scintilled like ten thousand red pyres. Oliver sagged and kicked at his dummies; the guide's nose was partly a whistle; from time to time the soft measured beat of an oar, repeated three times at exact intervals, contributed to my discontent.

It was too wet for rattlesnakes and I was glad; it was not too dry for mosquitoes, and I was sorry. The guide wore cotton trousers. Observing my brother buyings he remarked that a heavy muscotoon wore fangs three-quarters of an inch in length; and that no lizards were for protection if the snake struck the leather squirts. Pondering on this pleasant proposition I fell asleep, only to be awakened the next instant. It seemed to me, by a hand on my shoulder and the soft voice of the native guide urging me to breakfast.

It was pitch dark. Oliver, mad as a hedgehog, crawled out into the fire-glow, eyes the breakfast with malice aforethought. However, he managed to swallow his usual "snack," including an entire roasted duck, and presently I saw him light a long palmetto "fat" and mumble off toward the "cellar," where several dozen of live his heighens.

Sticks of cartridges were filled, gun cases picked up, muscotoons

rolled, and we stambled off through the dark, the guide leading, lashed down with deers and oars. He could see in the dark, that guide. If I told you that the pupils of his eyes were veiled you would not believe me; so I won't tell you. Besides, I don't think they were, but there is no doubt about his being able to see in the dark where we could see nothing. We pooted it a dozen times every night.

Fatigued that we had not trodden on a muscotoon in the dark, Oliver and I embarked in the pitchy darkness in an unseen boat on unseen water; and off we pootled into the weird. It was near dawn, and all the blacker for that. Yet, as we glided off down the lagoon, a shrill whistling ruck tore through the darkness over head—ducks whirling out to sea.

We had our misgivings, Oliver and I, when it came time to chuck-out of the boat and grope our slippery slimy way up a mud bank into a thicket of high marsh-grass. But no reptile bit us, we landed cartridges, swaters, and guns, and knelt down to watch for dawn, muscotoons, and ducks. Nothing more tremendous than mosquitoes assaulted us, but I will cry, with my last breath, proclaiming New Jersey pestless after that dark hour before dawn on the muddy banks of that lagoon.

Meanwhile, above through the darkness tore bunch after bunch of whurring, whampering, whistling ducks, inside to our eyes. They came like flocks of shells; we could hear the shrill aerial ruck after, growing louder as it came nearer, passing above us, where a hundred soft wings tore the air unseen, away, away, out into the darkness that ruckled the inside sea.

"I can make out our deers," whispered Oliver.

Splash! Splash! Unseen ducks were dropping into the deers; we strained our eyes in vain. I looked up; the rest was faintly gray; star after star paled and went out. Then, of a sudden, came the warning whistling ruck, a black ragged wedge swept across the sky; two pairs of crimson flashes darted skyward, and splash, splash, splash! the game was done.

The gray mist on the lagoon became transparent, three ducks came hurtling over the deers, looming enormous in the fog of morning; again the flames picked the gloom, not red, but paler now. Then a rushing cloud of bluish steamy mist, scented by lone herons; then all alone, a muscotoon whirled past, winging outside the deers; but Oliver's gun cracked, and down he plunged.

Dawn was near. Across the dunes, haunted by bear and wild cat, a sickly yellow light tapped the impenetrable thickets of cactus, Spanish bayonet, and fragrant bay. Then the deer haunted firs where black ducks were quacking in operose undertone, yellow pools grew pink. For away, drained clear in the purpling gloom, flashed the morning star, still unknown. Then through the misty mystery a wave sparkled, litred with palest gilt, a muffled leaped clear out of water, again, again, splashing the bog with gilded spray. It was dawn.

Correspondence

PATRIOTIC GERMANS

NY 10010, May - June 2, 1968.

we disapprove of without belittling our Chief Executive and consequently ourselves, if true Americans.

1. 0.1M, citr

J. J. Westermann

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Stk.—In your speech of July 2, Mr. Charles W. Naper, in commenting on the lack of influence of the German element in the course of events in this country, says the blame is ignorance on their part, and charges the Polytechnic Germans with opposing education. That the Germans have exercised little or no influence is to begin with, an erroneous impression that is widespread, and the cause of this impression lies mainly in the fact that we accidentally happen to use English as our language.

To charge the Pennsylvania Germans with gross ignorance is unjust, since as early in our history as 1748 German newspapers had been founded and prospered among these same Pennsylvania Germans. About this time also a German edition of the Bible was printed by Christian Saur in Germantown, Pennsylvania. This, I believe, was the first Bible printed on this continent.

In what other manner than it has done could the German element have made its influence felt. In our country the "course of events" is decided by the will of the majority, and I believe that the German element has been able to influence the "course of events" the German element can justly claim that its influence and support was nearly always with the majority, and that it likewise was the most numerous of the different elements. It is to the credit of the Germans that they have acted from the standpoint of patriotic Americans and not from any selfish standpoint as Germans. Speaking as a citizen of German descent, I can say that I have never known any Americans, and it seems less fair to them than all other elements, including Anglo-Saxons, should merge their nationality with the American nationality. They have not unreasonably claimed to be called by the American name.

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AR TO SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY

NEW YORK, July 2, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harvard's Weekly*:

SIR,—I do not know that the WEEKLY will have any comments on the boat-races at Poughkeepsie, but if so I hope the injustice done to Syracuse University by many of the New York papers will be avoided in the WEEKLY.

We are characterized as a little obscure institution, practically unknown in the college world, etc. We are referred to deprecatingly as a "Methodist college." Now we only ask if that makes sense, and we affirm these allusions in ignorance of the facts. It is true the university is under Methodist auspices, but it is also true that our students very largely represent all other denominations and religious beliefs, and there are many of no particular belief. We have many Jews and Catholics, and some of our very best students are included among these. There is no theology at all taught in the institution. In our faculty of more than two hundred members the large majority are non-Methodists; several are Catholics and several are Jews.

It would be quite as much to the point to call Yale Unitarian and Harvard Unitarian, and they do have theology departments; also to speak of Cornell as Baptist because President Scurman is a Baptist clergyman.

Kyrleuse University is older than Cornell, being founded in 1852 on a Tennessee College. Its change to the present name and location took place in 1871. We have now an attendance of 32,325 students, and a very interesting feature is the fact that over 100,000 of these are in the college proper. We still adhere to the requirement of plenty of Greek and Latin for the A.B. degree, and our courses are stiff. We have other courses leading to other degrees.

I send you a slip that will give you some facts about the university. It is interesting to know that in our college proper we outnumber all universities in the State, and that we have more than 200 more students from New York State than has Cornell. I write you these facts simply and solely in the interest of truth.

1000.000

FRANK S. MALLEY, Dean.

CARRIAGES, ETC., CARTOONS

GARRISON, S. C., July 1, 1971

to the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

"NIN.—While I have been a Democrat always, I consider the successful candidate for the Presidency of the United States my own individual President, irrespective of his party. We have agreed to abide by certain prescribed rules and regulations. First, I am an American; then comes my party; for this reason and the respect I have for the office I long to see the time when our Executive is exempt from such criticisms as are caricatures, though with such running in their design as for the likeness to be readily detected.

With your wise influence can't this be stopped without cur-
tailing the "freedom of the press," that publishers seem to be
so anxious to guard with jealous care? Do the people of the
United States demand that the man chosen to be their chief shall
be held up to such insulting ridicule? Have we lost all respect
for our nowadays father of his country? We can assure what

TRAGEDY AND THE SACR

Newfield, Va., June 20, 1961.

Sir,—Dr. Lyman Abbott's recent letter of counsel to a distressed wife turns us back to a passage of *Martensliuek*, where he points out that tragedies would inevitably change their character if a sage were to cross the boards. Suppose, he suggests, that destiny should have played the same havoc with Antonine's fate that it did with Hippolyte? Even had destiny so desired, the issue would have been different, for the soul of Antonine would have been strengthened by disaster.

not encourage us to follow. In this suggestion, and he wonders what would have happened to *tithe* if, just after the great scene in which from him all his rusticity, thoughtless faith and loyalties, and supplants them with his cold, clever, charming designs, if, just at this instant, Socrates could have walked in upon him with a dispassionate dialogue ready upon the maturity of evil? If we show, and careful gradation he had led *tithe* to see that we can be inspired only by the truth of our own thoughts, never by the deeds of others, but only by the emotions in ourselves, we allow to be weakened by those deeds.

Suppose just after the great "To be or not to be" soliloquy *Hamlet* could by chance have heard the wonderful discourse in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of St. John: "in the world ye shall have tribulation; but he who gives of himself, he will increase the world." In the face of such lofty thought would not a scheme of personal vengeance have seemed nothing? What desire can resist simplicity, sincerity, tolerance, self-allegation? Need *Leah* have pity and if Marcus Aurelius could have met him at the edge of the forest and talked a little, might:

Dr. Alcott thus played the sage, in a measure, to the complaining wife, and so far as it went his advice was good. But might not a wholesome course of reading for unhappy wives have been marked out with good effect? As a beginning and to cultivate a natural sense of humor, Dr. Egbert Arnold's *How to be Happy* would be an excellent promise for the reader. Dr. Arnold's *It Depends* would be of service to those who are inclined to be impatient to fence off the world and to attempt to "isolate in earnest," but the ladies all relaxed. They wanted companionship (indeed as we all do; they wanted a comrade to walk through life with, but when the Egbert desired them to join him in *emancipation* they were not so ready to follow. They were given five times, and read much, but he, I suspect, has not.

Browning has, as another Victorian prophet, had his word to say on this subject.

No, for us, no world! And through press thee in me,
Up and down, staid me, heart in heart, fare we!
Welcome, agonized features laugh to, and baneful frow,
Good in soul, souls I and thou! With souls should souls have peace

Again in *James Lee's Wife* he shows the forsaken wife capable to formulate keen and disinterested judgments upon a wrong, and having let the bitterly wounded go, she remains clear and abstract maxims upon the true principles of art. Again, in the best satisfactory *Paper*, we have the whole matter thoroughly threshed out and the final line is:

Love is all and death is naught, with the

The truth is, a less gentle adviser than Dr. Abbott might have written: "Dear lady, this is a hard saying, but you cannot but know that you cannot earn nor keep what you cannot hold. Neither law nor force can give you back what you have lost, but if you are courageous and clear headed and light-hearted and high-spirited, what you have lost may come creeping back of its own accord, because home and sin-hone and merriment and innocent thoughts dwell where you dwell."

It is true, as has been suggested, that certain women's clubs are turning disapproving eyes upon Mr. Abbott because he dares believe that devotion cannot be forced by law! Conduct can be circumscribed by law, and so, but what law can force a man to respect a wife who asks some one else how to hold his affection? What loyalty is that between comrades?

And another point: does any rational woman desire her husband to forego all other feminine friendships and influences that he may have? Whoever does is a rash woman, and recklessly afraid of being a bore. At such rate we should be stepping back into the days of seraglios and harems, but it is the husband we should be warning.

Seriously, the great issue to face is that each soul in the world is self-poised or not poised at all. Marriage, indeed, is a helpful partnership, but in the closest of marriage too there are divisions and separations. There are whole tracts of consciousness in which the soul leaves its Creator alone. If this were not so, marriage would be belittling. There are a thousand lessons in every married life, where a noble woman must look away from herself and her petty exclusiveness, and lose herself in service to her husband, in acts of outside selflessness, in helpful activities

What would have been the result to this same complaint if, instead of writing to Dr. Abbott about loss of reason and of life, she had suddenly thought: "There is a woman ill and sad, who has needed my husband's friendship, and must therefore need mine?" She would have awakened the sage in her own bosom; and it would have been even as if Socrates were greater than he had passed across the threshold.

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L. C. W.

Progress of the War

From the beginning of the war, February 8, until July 4 the following Russian war-ships have been either sunk or disabled so that they are at present out of commission: the *Petrugorodsk*, 1,400 tons, *Bogatyr*, *Boysar*, *Aurist*, and *Yacars*. On June 24 Admiral Togo reported that he had succeeded in sinking the Russian battleship *Pravoslav* and damaging the battleship *Suvorov* and the cruiser *Iskand*, but this report the Russians deny. Several torpedo-boats, destroyers, and gunboats are known to have been destroyed. The Russian ships which have been injured but were repaired and are reported to be again in commission are the *Canerich*, *Fukuroi*, *Britannia*, *Poltava*, *Port*, *Iskand*, *Narvik*, and *Iskand*. Japan has had the battleship *Butsue*, the cruiser *Yokosue*, and several torpedo-boats, and a Japanese cruiser was successfully torpedoed by the Russians on May 19. Other Japanese ships are believed to have been injured on the Port Arthur engagements; but definite knowledge of this is withheld.

On May 7 Admiral Togo succeeded in blocking the entrance to Port Arthur by sinking merchant steamers in the channel, but on June 15 it was reported that the Russians had succeeded in clearing the channel again. On May 1 the first great land battle of the war took place near the Yalu River, and resulted in a Japanese victory. The Japanese lost 218 killed and 760 wounded, and the Russians 2384 killed, wounded, and captured.

The second decisive land battle took place on May 26 at Kin-Chow, thirty-two miles north of Port Arthur, and the Japanese, though suffering the greater loss were again victorious. The Japanese casualties were 739 killed and 3444 wounded. The Russian losses are estimated at 18,000 killed and wounded. The Japanese military commission reports that it buried 704 Russian dead which were left behind on the battlefield at Kin-Chow. A third battle, lasting three days, began near Yantung on June 13. The Russians report their casualties at 526 killed, 1983 wounded, and 1000 missing. The Japanese estimate their losses at 1000.

The first and second Japanese armies have effected a union, and the lines extend along a sixty mile front from Japan's sea on the north to Szechuen on the south.

July 5.—General Kurata reports that on July 4 the Russians made an attempt to recross the Great Pass, but were repulsed. The Japanese lost fifteen killed and thirty wounded. The Russian losses were several officers and two hundred soldiers killed and wounded.

July 6.—A Tientsin telegram says that on the night of July 5 Admiral Togo attempted to send four destroyers into the harbor at Port Arthur to attack the Russian fleet. Two of the destroyers were sunk, a third was badly crippled, and the fourth succeeded in effecting a retreat. No damage was done to the Russian ships.

Field Marshal Yamagata, commander-in-chief of the Japanese field forces, accompanied by Generals Kodama and Fukushima, left Tokyo today for the front.

July 7.—A dispatch from Chokien says that engagements of varying importance are constantly occurring on the hills surrounding Port Arthur. On July 4 the Japanese are said to have recaptured the area of the Japanese Takahara Mountain, which is less than three miles from Port Arthur.

Admiral Skrydloff reports that on July 3 the Russian Visiting Squadron captured and ordered a large Japanese squadron in the Gulf of Korea. The Russians captured and destroyed in capturing from the Japanese battleship and cruisers, but were attacked by the Japanese torpedo-boats. Two of the Japanese torpedo-boats were believed to have been sunk. The Russian ships were not damaged.

July 8.—General Oku is reported to have occupied Kiao-chow yesterday, driving out 20,000 Russians.

A telegram from Liao-Yang says that a column of Russians was attacked by the Japanese during the night of July 8 at a point about seven miles northwest of Freshai Pass. The Russians were compelled to re-

treat, losing about three hundred killed and wounded.

July 10.—Lieutenant-General Sukharoff in a dispatch to St. Petersburg confirms the report of the Japanese occupation of Kiao-chow on July 8. The Russian losses were 150 killed and wounded. General Sukharoff adds that the Japanese are now on the road to Yankow (the port of Nanking).

Chinese refugees from Port Arthur, who arrived to-day at Chifoo, say that two large Russian war-ships have been missing at Port Arthur since the engagement of June 24. The battleship *Suvorov* is still undergoing repairs.

What a Nation Eats

A COMMITTEE of the Royal Statistical Society of Great Britain has recently been engaged in investigating the production and consumption of meat and dairy products in that country, and which they find that there has been increased production, yet it has not been on a scale proportional with the increase in population. According to its report, submitted at a recent meeting of the society, the average consumption per head in Great Britain was, of meat 12.8 pounds, of milk 15 gallons, of cheese 16.5 pounds, and of butter 19.5 pounds. The consumption of meat included 2.5 pounds of beef and veal, 27.5 pounds of mutton and lamb, and 30.8 pounds of bacon and pork. In addition, the British people consume extensive quantities of poultry, game, rabbit, etc., which are not included in the above summary. The average of 15 gallons of milk does not include separated or skim milk, which is consumed to an appreciable degree. In comparison with the Continental countries, England consumes much more meat, but considerably less than the United States and Australia.

Gum from Bacteria

THE beneficial effects of bacteria are no less interesting than the part they play in the propagation of disease, and a recent discovery is that the vegetable gums found on trees, such as gum arabic, are the result of their activity. Previous to this investigation by Dr. S. H. H. Smith, of New South Wales, it was believed that vegetable gums were the result of the mechanical or pathological condition of the trees in which they were found, but the entire subject was one about which comparatively little was known. Dr. Smith believing that bacteria produced the gum, examined two trees from which it exuded, and obtained two varieties of bacteria, of which he made cultures.

Under ordinary conditions of culture the formation of gum was only suggested, but when, as in nature, a constituent of bark, was added to the culture medium, a thick slime was produced in considerable quantities. This slime was made up of gum, as well as bacterial cells and albumenoids, and by a simple chemical process a clear, transparent, and brittle gum was obtained similar to the arabin derived from gum trees, and resembling in its essential properties the natural substance. Dr. Smith's conclusion was that the arabin gums derived from trees are bacterial and not higher plant products, and that certain constituents of the sap, under the action of bacteria, are changed into gum, which exudes from cracks or wounds in the bark, or else is exuded by the sap in the fruit.

Different varieties of gum are due to different bacteria, while the marked differences observed in the same gum are doubtless caused by different conditions of formation, such as temperature, composition of the sap, etc., which may influence the action of the bacteria.

Dr. Smith believes that the supply of gum could be greatly increased by injecting artificially susceptible but non-producing trees with pure bacteria or with sap from an affected tree, while additional branches of the same tree could be inoculated and an increased yield obtained. As many kinds of gum are now becoming

scarce, chiefly on account of the destruction of trees from which they previously have been obtained, it would be a great economic advantage if the bacterium could be taught to treat the trees as so to increase the yield.

Finger-Print Identifications

THE identification of criminals by means of finger-prints introduced in recent years in European police and penal establishments is paralleled by a similar system which has been used in Korea for centuries to identify female slaves. In a paper recently read before the Anthropological Society of London by a missionary from Korea, it was stated that in the deeds of sale of slaves the hand of the latter was placed on the short of paper on which the deed was inscribed, and on outline of the fingers and thumb was traced, while, in addition, an impression was made of each finger. Such impressions, which naturally furnished a complete identification, have been found on deeds that date back 1200 years.

A Premature Roast

A correspondent near Boston, who contained all the scenery for Henry W. Stange's forthcoming production of "Paradise" in English, caught fire a few days ago, but, fortunately, the costly scenery was saved. While Walter Burleigh, general scenic artist for Mr. Stange, was watching the firemen fight the flames, a small urchin pulled Mr. Burleigh's coat.

"Say, mister," he said, "it's a little early to roast your show, ain't it?"

Any one who has seen the "Paradise" scenery should be able to see the difference between the scenery and the scenery of the "Paradise" scenery. The scenery is the scenery of the "Paradise" scenery. The scenery is the scenery of the "Paradise" scenery. The scenery is the scenery of the "Paradise" scenery.

THE INFANT SLEEPS
A perfectly good, healthy, and really adorable and intelligent baby is a real treasure to a mother. The baby is the baby of the "Paradise" scenery. The baby is the baby of the "Paradise" scenery. The baby is the baby of the "Paradise" scenery.

THE BROWN'S PATENT SOAP
FOR THE (1811, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100, 105, 110, 115, 120, 125, 130, 135, 140, 145, 150, 155, 160, 165, 170, 175, 180, 185, 190, 195, 200, 205, 210, 215, 220, 225, 230, 235, 240, 245, 250, 255, 260, 265, 270, 275, 280, 285, 290, 295, 300, 305, 310, 315, 320, 325, 330, 335, 340, 345, 350, 355, 360, 365, 370, 375, 380, 385, 390, 395, 400, 405, 410, 415, 420, 425, 430, 435, 440, 445, 450, 455, 460, 465, 470, 475, 480, 485, 490, 495, 500, 505, 510, 515, 520, 525, 530, 535, 540, 545, 550, 555, 560, 565, 570, 575, 580, 585, 590, 595, 600, 605, 610, 615, 620, 625, 630, 635, 640, 645, 650, 655, 660, 665, 670, 675, 680, 685, 690, 695, 700, 705, 710, 715, 720, 725, 730, 735, 740, 745, 750, 755, 760, 765, 770, 775, 780, 785, 790, 795, 800, 805, 810, 815, 820, 825, 830, 835, 840, 845, 850, 855, 860, 865, 870, 875, 880, 885, 890, 895, 900, 905, 910, 915, 920, 925, 930, 935, 940, 945, 950, 955, 960, 965, 970, 975, 980, 985, 990, 995, 1000, 1005, 1010, 1015, 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7660, 7665, 7670, 7675, 7680, 7685, 7690, 7695, 7700, 7705, 7710, 7715, 7720, 7725, 7730, 7735,



THE MARTINIS BY A. E. W. MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Martine is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of fine personal charm. Into her early life has come a mysterious influence which dominates and directs her whole career. What this sinister influence is only two of her friends suspect: a young schemer who knew her as a child at Roquebrune, and Miss Warrides, who is in love with her, and who, though his proposal of marriage is refused, determines to win her. Late one night at a ball, Pamela and Warrides, a little wiled on by champagne, observe a young couple leaving the opposite door. They are Tony and Millicent Striction, who live in a gloomy house presided over by the rich but unjust father of the young ones. They are really kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and getting out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. This practice they keep up for a year, but finally both of them grow extremely weary of their monotonous life, and in a moment of desperation Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune. While Millicent is to be left behind and sent for as soon as her husband is able to establish a home, Millicent becomes infatuated with Lionel Callon, a gentlemanly adventurer. Pamela wishes to help her. She sends Warrides on a mission to find Tony and bring him home. Warrides returns from a friend of Tony's, Mr. Chase, that Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea on a trader. Warrides uses every argument in prayer upon him to come back, but he refuses, and Warrides is forced to return alone. Tony remains on the trader until the term of his cruise is over (meanwhile having learned of his father's death), and then decides to enlist in the French Foreign Legion, as no other career seems open to him. John Minter, a friend of Pamela's, learns from her of the perfid Millicent is in from Callon, and invites Pamela to leave the yacht native in his hands. Tony goes to Algeria and joins the French Foreign Legion at SOUL-EL-AKHEB, enlisting under the name of "Gibson." Meanwhile Minter has conceived a plan for getting Lionel Callon out of the way, so saving Millicent from perdition. He lays up all Pamela's debts and places them in the hands of a single firm of sell-brokers, who based on a settlement from Callon within twenty-four hours. Callon receives a proposition from Minter to superintend an important enterprise of the latter's in the city, at a salary of four thousand pounds a year, the term of his absence from England to be two years. He realizes that Minter's intention is to get him out of the country, but his financial difficulties compel him to accept the offer, and he leaves England without having seen Millicent again. Tony Striction goes with a surprising expedition of the Foreign Legion, south of Algeria, while crossing the Sahara, they are attacked by fanatical Touaregs. Captain Taverney, commander of the expedition, is mortally wounded during the engagement. He leaves a letter recommending that Tony be promoted from his position as sergeant in the rank of officer. Warrides meets with Pamela in Algeria, and although her manner is not delightfully friendly, she allows him to think that in time it will be possible for her to accept him. One thing, she tells him, would make her take the step now: the return of Tony Striction. Warrides, desirous of obtaining information as to Tony's whereabouts, goes to London to visit Tony's friend Mr. Chase, who, he thinks, will be able to enlighten him. He finds on his arrival that Chase has died suddenly, and on examining the handwriting and address on the envelope of a letter intended for the merchant, thinks that he has found a clue to Tony's hiding place.

CHAPTER XXI

CALLON REVISITS

ALL through that autumn Pamela watched for Tony's return, and watched in vain. Winter came, and with the winter a letter from Mr. Minter. Lionel Callon had booked his passage home on a steamer which sailed on Christmas eve from the port of Valparaiso. Pamela received the news one morning of December. She hinted that day with the quon, and for once her thoughts were set on other matters than this immediate business. The long grass meadows slipped away

from her view - but the whole she pondered how once more the danger of Callon's presence was to be averted. At times she hoped it would not need averting. Callon had been eighteen months away, and Millicent was quick to forget. But she was so weak to respond to a show of affection. Let Callon lay down again persistently, and the danger at once was close. Besides, there were the letters. That he should have continued to write during the months of his absence was a sign that he had not forgone his plan of conquest.

When returned home with an scheme floating in her mind. Some words which her mother had spoken at the breakfast table had recurred to her, and at first Pamela revived the subject.

"Did you say that you would not go to Roquebrune this winter, mother?" she asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Martine replied, "I have been for so many winters now. I shall stay in England for a change. We can let the Villa Fontaine, we don't."

"Oh, there is no hurry," said Pamela. She added, "I shall be going to London to-morrow, but I shall be back in the evening."

She thought over her plan that evening. Its execution would cost her something she realized. For many years she had not been out of England during the winter. She must leave her horses behind, and that was no small sacrifice for Pamela. She had one horse in particular, a big one, whose which had carried her in the days when her troubles were at their worst. He would follow her about the paddock or the yard merrily against her arm, a horse of blood and courage yet gentle with her, thoughtful and kind for her as only a horse amongst the animals can be. She must leave him. On the other hand, her thoughts of late had been turning to Roquebrune for a particular reason. She had a thought that she would rather like to tread again those old paths, to see once more those cypresses and headlands of which every one was a landmark of past joys—just as an experiment. She travelled to London the next day, and drove from St. Pancras into Regent's Park.

Millicent Striction had taken a house on the west side of the park. It looked out across the water and through the glades of trees, and in front of it were the open spaces of which Tony and she had dreamed; and the sunlight streamed through the windows and lay in golden splashes on the floors when there was sunlight in London anywhere at all. When she looked from her window, on the first morning, she could not but remember the place which Tony and she had shared long ago. They had been so certain of realizing then. Well, they were realized now, for her, at all events. There was the sunlight peering through every crevice; there were the wide expanses of green and trees, truly the windows looked on Regent's Park, and on no wide prairie; and of the two who with so much enthusiasm had marked out their imaginary site and built their house, there was only one in the enjoyment of the fulfillment. Millicent Striction thought of Tony that morning, but with an effort. What Pamela had foreseen had come to pass. He had given assent to her thoughts; she could hardly visualize his person to herself; he was almost unrecognizable. Had he walked in at that moment he would have been welcome to her as a stranger.

It was, however, Pamela Martine who walked in. She was shown over the house, and until that ceremony was over she did not brook the reason for her visit. Then, however, Millicent said, with a slight:

"It is what I have always wanted—sunlight."

"I came to suggest more sunlight," said Pamela. "There is our villa at Roquebrune in the south of France. It will be super this winter. And I thought that perhaps you and I might go out there together as soon as Christmas is past."

Millicent was standing at the window with her back to Pamela. She turned round quickly.

"But you hate the place," she said.

Pamela answered with alacrity:

"None the less I want to go this winter. I want to go very much. I won't tell you why. But I do want to go. And I should like you to come with me."

Pamela was anxious to discover whether that villa and its grounds and the view from its windows had sold the power to revive the grief with which they had been so completely associated in her mind. Hitherto she had shrunk from the very idea of ever revisiting Roquebrune: of late, however, since Warriden, in a car, had occupied so large a place in her thoughts, she had wished to put herself to the test, to understand whether her distress was really and truly dead, or whether it merely slumbered and could wake again. It was necessary for Warriden's sake, as much as her own, that she should come to a true knowledge. And nowhere else could she so certainly acquire it. If the sight of Roquebrune, the familiar look of the villa's moor, the familiar paths whereon she had carried so overcharged a heart, had no longer power to hurt and pain her, then she would be sure that she could start her life afresh. It was only fair—as she phrased it in her thoughts—that she should make the experiment.

Millie turned back to the window.

"I do not think that I shall leave London this winter," she said. "You see, I have only just got into the house."

It might spare you some annoyance," Pamela suggested.

"I don't understand," said Millie.

"The annoyance of having to explain Tony's absence. He will very likely have returned by the spring."

Millie shrugged her shoulders.

"I have borne that annoyance for two years," she replied. "I do not think I shall go away this winter."

Was Millie thinking of Calton's return? Pamela wondered. Was it on his account that she decided to remain? Pamela could not ask the question. Her plan had come to naught, and she returned that afternoon to Leicester Square.

Christmas proved, and half-way through the month of January Calton called on a dark afternoon at Millie Karetton's house. Millie was alone; she was, indeed, expecting him. When Calton entered the room he found her standing with her back to the window, her face to the door, and she stood without speaking for a few moments.

"You have been a long time away," she said, and she looked at him with curiosity, but with no more anxiety; to mark any change which had come in his face.

"Yes," said he, "a long time."

Millie rang the bell and ordered tea to be brought.

"You have not changed," said she.

"Nor you."

Millie had spoken with a noticeable difference in her manner, and she had not given him her hand. With her back towards the light she had allowed very little of her face to be visible in her visitor. When tea was brought in, however, she sat at the table and the light fell upon her. Calton sat opposite to her.

"At last I know that I am at home again," he said, with a smile. Then he turned forward and kissed his niece, although there was no third person in the room. He knew the value of such tokens. "I have looked forward during these eight months so very much to seeing you again."

Millie's face colored, but it was with a hard look upon her face; her eyes blazed.

"Yet you went away without a word to me before you went; you never hinted you were going."

"You thought it unkind?"

"It was unkind," said Millie.

"But I wrote to you. I have written often."

"It is no longer have you told me why you went away?" said Millie.

Millie shrugged her shoulders.

"I told you—I told you a great deal of you."

"I told you—I told you something," she said.

"I have come to tell you why I went away without a word. I never mentioned

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COMMENT

THE most interesting feature of the campaign up to date is that nobody seems to have decided definitely whom he will vote for. Four years or eight years ago the average man met on the street after the nominations were made answered promptly, "McKinley" or "Bryan." This year he hesitates, and either asks his interlocutor what he is going to do, or he guesses one is about as good as the other, or he "always has been a Republican, and can't see why," or, "it is a satisfaction to know you can vote for a Democrat if you want to," and so on. Positive commitments are rare. The average man is waiting. The candidates personally are unexceptionable. As for the platforms, he will see what they have to say in their letters of acceptance. In any case, he is well satisfied, and goes about his work with a feeling of security such as he has not experienced in recent years. This is good. It means that a revival in business may not only be expected, but has already begun. Exports are increasing, crops are flourishing, saw-mills are working overtime, railroads are getting ready for the greatest traffic next fall they have ever handled, idle money is seeking investment, prices are hardening—in all ways are evidenced the beneficial effects of the return of sense to a great political party. The way is clear for the conduct of a campaign upon high lines—upon the relative merits of party organizations, party principles, and party candidates—without serious apprehension of any kind. Meanwhile the average man waiting is wise. When there is no danger, there need be no haste.

Particularities of the daily and Sunday and nightly lives of the candidates are now the most popular features of our active papers. No detail from this time on will escape the sometime friendly, sometime hostile, but ever anxious eyes of the reporters. Already we know that the Judge's favorite bathing-suit is blue, mostly set off with narrow white stripes, and of proportions specially designed to afford a striking contrast to the garments worn by Secretary Taft's lacrosse at the big fair. It is expected that this fact will be utilized with great effect by the *Sprinkled Republican* in its masterly elucidation of the true principles of anti-imperialism. On the other hand, the principal meal of the day at Rosemount is served at seven o'clock instead of at noon—a custom wholly discomfited with the traditions of the Grange—and the Judge substitutes a dinner-jacket for the blue overalls universally recognized as the emblem of best form in our agricultural districts. Trust the Tribune to make the most of this incriminating evidence in the weekly edition founded by H. G. The Colonel, being President, is enabled to draw a secret-service crowd around his personal habits, but already sinister rumors are being whispered to the effect that, on the eve of the battle of San Juan Hill, he hid himself to rest within a suit of plumeated pajamas. Suitable pictures therefore may be expected in due time to decorate the artistic pages

of Mr. Hearst's colored supplements. Thus the good work of appealing to the reason of a free people will continue unabated and unaltered.

Needless to say, during the trying period now begun, the conduct of not only the candidates but of the wives and mothers and aunts and children of the candidates, even to the fourth generation, as in the case of Mr. Davis, must be exemplary in every respect. But even that will not suffice in the mind of an active campaign-director. No tricks must be mixed either. It is gratifying to observe that, so far as we can perceive, none has been as yet. For example, we read that while passing the plate on Sunday a suspicious moisture adfused the eyes of the Judge as he reverently accepted a paper from a little colored boy—a living, dusty example of a true race once enslaved but now—except, of course, as to voting—free as untamed steeds. Meanwhile the President was "in his accustomed pew," and Theodore, Jr., in emulation which we hesitate to pronounce politically wise, of the only son of the biggest Trust, began to teach a class in Sunday-school. These we opine to be only preparatory exercises, but they constantly precedents which must needs be followed to the end. Were unto the Judge if he misses the bell before November, and sad will be the fate of the young instructor should he, in a forthright moment, yield to the enticement, in preference, of the waves of the South!

We are disposed to wonder sometimes whether we really are as silly as we pretend to consider ourselves. Suppose, for example, of a crisp Sunday morning, after six days of laboring with the Philistines, the Judge and the Colonel should meet by chance upon the golf-link of a neutral club and forthwith play a match! Would we have a revolution? Would Rev. Dr. Sales C. Summels be elevated? What would happen, anyway? Who would venture a prediction? It would be a game worth seeing. They are good men, and would doubtless prove as antithetic at golf as in statecraft. The Colonel would put out a long ball; there is no doubt of that. But would he keep on the course? Ah, there's the rub! The Judge has a good eye and would keep it on the ball; also, we apprehend, he would play short in the face of trouble, but once on the green, might not his inaccuracy counterbalance the advantage gained by his more daring antagonist? Who can tell? It would be a grand game, anyhow, and we have no manner of doubt that they would like to play it as much as we should like to have them. Meanwhile the passing of plates and the teaching of Sunday-school classes are pastimes quite as unobjectionable and probably make up in usefulness for the greater restlessness to be acquired upon the links.

Of the many estimates of the probable outcome of the coming Presidential election, the calculation published on July 18 by the *Evening Sun*, though not entirely acceptable, deserves particular attention, because the writer is evidently well informed and disinterested. Before marking what seem to us some weak points in his computation, we should remind the reader that there are now 470 Presidential electors, and it follows that, to gain the Presidency, a nominee must secure 235, or more than half. Nobody will dispute the correctness of the assumption that the Democratic nominee is virtually certain to carry thirteen States, which, together, possess 124 electoral votes. Named in alphabetical order, these States are Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia. The only State in this list about which any doubt has been tendered during the last quarter of a century is Kentucky, which in 1896 gave McKinley a plurality of 261 popular votes, and twelve out of its thirteen electoral votes. It is also true that in 1890 Kentucky elected a Republican Governor by a plurality of 283, but in the following year, it returned to the Democratic column, where it has since remained.

Of twenty States, which have 182 electoral votes, and which are set down as indisputably Republican, we noted the inclusion of one Eastern and some Western commonwealths as open to controversy. Disregarding Kansas, which voted for Weaver in 1892 and for Bryan in 1896, but which, since 1898, has increased steadily the Republican plurality—and also passing over Rhode Island, though, of late, this State has

repeatedly chosen a Democratic Governor—we would point out that the seven electoral votes of Connecticut are by no means assured to Mr. Roosevelt. It is true that the State was carried for McKinley in 1896 and 1900, and, during the last eight years, has thrice elected a Republican Governor; but the Republican plurality in 1902 was considerably less than a third of the figure attained by McKinley six years before. The Democratic nominees for the Presidency carried Connecticut in 1876, 1884, 1888, and 1892, and if in 1890 Garfield secured in it a plurality of 2550 it was because he also managed to carry the adjoining Empire commonwealth. Should New York give Judge Parker a large plurality, he is more likely to be successful in Connecticut than is his competitor. This State, therefore, should be removed from the table of "certain" Republican States. As to Idaho, North Dakota, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming, Bryan carried every one of them in 1896, and retained Idaho in 1900. In the last-named year, McKinley carried Utah by a plurality of only 2133 popular votes, and Wyoming by only 4318. If we withdraw at least doubtful the three electoral votes of Utah and the three of Idaho as well as the seven of Connecticut from the *Evening Star's* list, the total of safe-Republican electoral votes is reduced to 169.

We come, finally, to twelve States having 143 Presidential electors, acknowledged to be "doubtful." From these Mr. Roosevelt must add seventy electoral votes to the 169 with which we have credited him, in order to be elected. It is evident that some of the assumptions on which this list is based require revision. Why, for instance, should Maryland figure in it? Since the new Franchise Act became operative in that State, it can be reckoned upon by Judge Parker with as much confidence as can Kansas be counted on by Roosevelt. Well-informed persons believe also that West Virginia has been secured for Judge Parker by the nomination of ex-Senator Davis of that State for the Vice-Presidency. Why, again, should not Nevada, which has never given its three electoral votes to a Republican since including 1892, be much more likely to go for Parker this year than is Idaho to go for Roosevelt? Neither are we able to understand why Montana should be described as "doubtful." Montana has never given its electoral votes to a Republican, except in 1892, and then by a plurality of only 1250. It is true that two years ago it elected a Republican Justice of the Supreme Court, but in that case political considerations were by no means predominant. The thirty-nine votes of New York are also placed by the *Evening Star* in the doubtful column, but when we compare the vote-getting records of the competitors, we must admit that Judge Parker has a better chance of gaining the Empire commonwealth than Mr. Roosevelt has of winning Idaho or Utah. Neither, with the political contests of the last twelve years in view, does Mr. Roosevelt seem to have any prospect of carrying Colorado. Delaware we are inclined to concede to the Republican candidate, in view of what has taken place in that State since and including 1894. We hold, moreover, that the nomination of Senator Fairbanks for the Vice-Presidency ought to give Indiana to the Republicans. We think, on the other hand, that the *Evening Star* is justified in treating Illinois, Nebraska, New Jersey, and Wisconsin in the list of doubtful States. It seems to us plain, therefore, that Senator Fairbanks sets the part of wisdom when, in his Indianapolis newspaper, he urges his coworkers to cease taking results for granted and to be up and doing.

There are those who explain the presence of the "Fore-bill" plank in the platform put forward by the Republicans this year at Chicago—a plank repudiated by Republican leaders in 1900 and 1896—on the assumption that Mr. Roosevelt felt constrained by his conception of his political duty to insist on the insertion of the demand for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment. Others suggest that the probable effect of the Fore-bill plank on negro voters in doubtful States at the North may not have been overlooked by the Republican nominee. Let us see what the negro vote might amount to in pivotal Northern commonwealths. According to the last census there were in California 3711 colored males of voting age; in Colorado, 3215; in Connecticut, 4576; in Delaware, 8354; in Illinois, 29,702; in Indiana, 18,186; in Nebraska, 2288; in New Jersey, 21,474; in New York, 31,424; in Ohio, 31,253; and in Rhode Island, 2765. When we remember

how close these States have been at times—even Ohio gave Cleveland one of her electoral votes in 1892—we can see that, if the colored vote should be cast solidly for the Republican nominee, it might suffice to turn the scale in the commonwealths named. Even in Kansas the adult male negroes of voting age number 14,895; in Michigan, 5193; and in the State of Washington, 1230. Yet, notwithstanding the evident effect of the negro vote in doubtful States on the contest for the Presidency, the late President McKinley and the late Senator Hanna declined fully to secure it by a promise to enforce the Fourteenth Amendment.

At the hour when we write there seems to be no doubt that either ex-Lieutenant-Governor William F. Sheahan or Senator Arthur P. Gorman might have the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee if he will take it. Apparently, it is equally certain that neither is well enough to support the exhausting labors and wearing responsibilities inseparable from the post. Under the circumstances, it is probable that Mr. Thomas Tammert, of Indiana, will be selected for the duty. It may be remembered that, before leaving St. Louis, many of the most influential representatives of Southern States on the new national committee desired formally to recommend the choice of the Indian to the nominee for the Presidency. There is a widespread impression that while Mr. Tammert might not be able to carry Indiana against Senator Fairbanks, he would be of great assistance to his party in all the other doubtful States west of the Alleghenies. On the other hand, he is not known to have excited any jealousy or enmity in the East; and in the management of the campaign in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, he might be expected to rely on Mr. Sheahan's advice. He could not have a safer adviser. Next in Chief-Judge Parker himself, no one has made more progress in the esteem and confidence of his fellow citizens, since the St. Louis convention was called together, than has the ex-Lieutenant-Governor. If his counsel is followed all factional dissensions inside the Democratic party will be allayed or suspended in the pivotal Empire commonwealth; and it should prove even easier to effect the desirable result this year than it was in 1892, because Chief-Judge Parker is of a more placable and judicial temper than was Mr. Cleveland. Whichever position may have been taken, before the St. Louis convention adjourned, with regard to the expediency of nominating the New York candidate, there will be no favoritism and no persecution on the part of Chief-Judge Parker toward any element of the Empire State Democracy, provided, of course, all elements concur heartily in the promotion of a party victory.

Nobody, of course, would moderate the effect on a Presidential contest of the maintenance of contentment on the part of farmers and skilled workmen. If the producers of our export staples have reason to expect good prices, or if skilled labor in all fields can look forward to steady employment at what they consider fair prices, the chances of dislodging the Republican party from its place of power in the Federal government would no doubt be lessened. The pending struggle between the meat-packers and their employees is, so far as it goes, an incident of ill omen for the Republican nominee. It is too early yet to forecast the lengths to which a sympathetic strike may be carried, and as yet, therefore, we cannot measure accurately the political significance of this collision between capital and labor. That the Kansas crop of winter wheat has been materially damaged seems to be undisputed. But the effect of the curtailed production may be counterbalanced by an increase of prior stored Europe's wheat yield fall signally below last year's, as is now asserted to be probable. The prospects of the maize or Indian-corn crop are decidedly better than they were a year ago. As the acreage allotted this year to that product is only 87,000 acres less than that of 1902, and as the condition of the staple at this time is seven points better than it was at the same date in 1902, there are good grounds for expecting the second largest harvest recorded. The largest corn crop ever known was that of 1902, when the output was 2,552,000,000 bushels. Before the trying times of August and September shall have come and gone, it would be premature to predict whether this year the cotton crop will reach once more the record-breaking yield of twelve million bales. The fate of the cotton stands depends

to an obvious extent upon the question whether killing first is deferred until later than the average date of its occurrence, which is about November 1.

In his manifesto from Lincoln, dated July 13, in which he says he will support the Parker and Davis ticket, Colonel Bryan announces: "As soon as the election is over, I shall, with the help of those who believe as I do, undertake to reorganize for the campaign of 1898, the object being to marshal the friends of popular government within the Democratic party to the support of a radical and progressive policy, to make the Democratic party an efficient means in the hands of the people for securing relief from the plutocratic element that controls the Republican party and for the time being is in control of the Democratic party. This plan of organization will be elaborated soon." Will it better suit the Colonel's purpose of reorganization, thus declared, that Judge Parker shall lose or win the election? "Judge Parker," he says, "stands for enough things that are good to justify me in giving him my vote." But how about the votes that he can influence? Does he suppose that the Judge shall receive those also? There are few such votes in the East, and not many, it is thought, in the South, but in the Western mining States there may be some. Parker's nomination was secured, says Colonel Bryan, by crooked and indefensible methods; nevertheless he will vote for Parker as against Roosevelt. But will it be easier to reorganize, or, more accurately, to re-Bryanize, the Democratic party with Parker in the White House or with Roosevelt there? This question can hardly fail to be matter for deep meditation to Colonel Bryan during the coming three months. The Democratic party has been twice organized to promote the ends which Colonel Bryan had in view and has twice been beaten. Can it be organized again for the pursuit of those ends after a successful campaign in which some of those ends were resolutely excluded? It seems doubtful. Would not Colonel Bryan be well advised to take counsel of prudence and postpone the elaboration of his plan of organization until he sees how matters stand on the morning of November 9? It will be time enough then to organize for 1898. An organization for that year, if elaborated now, might break loose and get to work to beat the "plutocratic element" in the Democratic party in the coming election. That would not do. If Colonel Bryan beats the Democrats this year, he cannot count with certainty on Democratic help in beating the Republicans four years from now. The Colonel's best course for the present is to lie low.

The summer's campaign will do all the Republican editors good. They have had too easy a time. In the campaigns of 1896 and 1899 there was practically only one time to play, and if they played that hard enough they did their full duty. That jig is up now. That time gets no votes this year, and somewhat awkwardly and with a perceptible heaviness of spirit the Republican editors wheel into line. It is not that they are troubled with forebodings or timorons about the issue. It is that it is all so strange. No Bryan to plug at; no huge barn-door target of free silver that any tyro could always hit; Parker, and the money question irreverently settled! It means a great change. It means work overtime by all the designers for the slogan factories, and the readjustment of sights on political weapons and careful going over of old stocks of projectiles. All this takes time, and nobody is, or need be, in a hurry to begin. Meanwhile the near-by Republican editors are looking over the new situation, and some of them are grunting. "What happened," says the *New York Mail*, "was the breakdown—the inevitable breakdown—of the conspiracy of silence. . . . We repeat, this is a detested plot in which Judge Parker is almost the principal figure." "Judge Parker," says the *Tribune*, "played a shrewd game of politics. Yet he emerges creditably from a convention whose most respectable figure was William Jennings Bryan." "When the voters," says the *Press*, "deliver their verdict on the Belmont-Parker crime against principle and decency, they will make the silver question a greater man than the candidate who after long silence opened his lips at last only to compound a moral and political felony."

No doubt the Republican editors will miss the silver champion sorely enough, but it is not becoming in them to sigh for

him so audibly. They are on the wrong lay. The better man for them to show at this stage is that assigned by rumor to the patriot statesman of Oyster Bay, whose exclamation on the morning of July 19 is said to have been, "Thank God the Democrats have put up a man at last who is not a word to the contrary." And this exclamation, like most honest words that come from the heart, may even have been good politics. The Hartford *Connecticut* figures out that the stronger the mainline of the Democrats and the sounder their platform, the better the chance for Roosevelt. For it argues simply and reasonably that the stronger public confidence is in both candidates and both platforms, the better for business; and the better business is in a Presidential year, the less desire there is for a change. So the wise thing for the Republican editors to do is to admit heartily that the Judge and his party are deserving of every confidence, and that no business man need postpone any venture for fear of any consequence of anything that may happen in November. Bryan has supplied the Republicans with their most effective slogan. He declares and insists upon it that Parker is Safe.

The plank in the St. Louis platform demanding a recurrence on the part of Federal officials to "Jeffersonian simplicity" in living has provoked a question which the framers of the plank probably never thought of considering, the question, namely, what is meant by "Jeffersonian simplicity." Now, there is no doubt that during two years of his first term as President, Mr. Jefferson believed it to be politically indispensable to counteract the tendencies towards form and ceremony that had characterized the administrations of Washington and Adams by furnishing as strong a contrast as possible. His two predecessors in the post of Chief Magistrate had exalted ideas of their office, and believed that the observance of a good deal of ceremonial was necessary to the maintenance of its dignity. That during the two years from March 4, 1801, to March 4, 1803, Jefferson was acting a part is taken for granted by Mr. William Elmer Curtis, author of *The True Thomas Jefferson*, who finds confirmation of the theory in the fact that the "simplicity" programme was not permanent; that it was abandoned as soon as the third President became satisfied that no further danger was to be feared from the imitation of what he called "monarchical institutions." Among the "citizen" leaders of the French Revolution he had seen something of the leveling system he introduced, and, perhaps, was convinced that it was during a period of transition a useful feature of a republican form of government. At all events, when he first took office, he was determined not to be a personage, but "Citizen Jefferson" and nothing else. There is no doubt that, during the two years that we have named, he carried simplicity to an extreme, and gave great offense to the British and Spanish ministers. That in the case of the British envoy the offense was deliberate is probably true, and here Jefferson was impelled not only by political motives, but also by a desire to humiliate the King of England's representative, in retaliation for the insolence with which that monarch had treated him (Jefferson) when with Adams he visited the court of St. James's on his way home from France.

After he thought the protest against the transplantation of monarchical and aristocratic notions to an American republic had been sufficiently emphasized, Jefferson changed his habits and became a gentleman again. He received visitors with decorum. He returned to the customs of refined society, and the criticisms which had been aimed upon his manners in disparaging hospitality were changed to compliments. He also altered his style of dress. "He has had aside his old slip-pers," wrote Senator Plummer of Massachusetts, "and his old red waistcoat and soiled corduroy small-clothes, and is attired all in black with clean linen and powdered hair." Even during the first year of his first term Jefferson's account-books show that he spent nearly eight thousand dollars more than his salary, which, it will be remembered, was \$25,000. Even then there were almost as many servants on the monthly pay-roll of the White House as there are to-day. Three of these—to wit, the steward, the chef, and the kitchen-boy—were French. Then, as at all periods of his adult life, his table was famous. The writers of his day described his dinners as perfection, and his viands and wines as the best

that could be furnished. One of the Federalist Congressmen, an unfriendly witness, remarked that he wished the President's French policies were as good as his French wine.

As Mr. Henry Adams has pointed out in his history of Jefferson's administration, there is no foundation for the story invented by an Englishman named Davis, and caught up by Federalist newspapers, that on March 4, 1801, the third President rode on horseback to the Capitol, and, after hitching his horse on the railings, went in to take the oath. As a matter of fact, Jefferson, at the time of his first inauguration, was living at Conrad's boarding-house, which still stands on New Jersey Avenue, not far from the Capitol, in the same room which he had occupied during his term as Vice-President, and it would have been absurd for him to enter a carriage or mount a horse for the purpose of traveling so short a distance. He walked between Dexter of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Treasury, and Stoddard of Maryland, Secretary of the Navy, the only members of Adams's cabinet who had had the decency to remain in Washington. He and they were escorted to the Capitol, short as the distance was, by a battalion of soldiers on foot, while a column of honor was fired by a battery from Alexandria. At the close of the ceremony, Jefferson was escorted in the same way back to Conrad's boarding-house. He did not occupy the White House until the ensuing May, probably from his lack of proper furnishings and his own absence from the city. As President, Jefferson had a fine coach, drawn by four magnificent horses, for which he paid sixteen hundred dollars, a very large sum in those days, and his coachmen and footmen were clad in livery. The vehicle was seldom used, however, because the streets of Washington were unpaved and muddy. Jefferson preferred his saddle to a carriage, because it gave him exercise; he was proud of his horses and a fearless rider.

Here it is pertinent to recall some of the facts collected by Mr. W. E. Curtis, which show that not until his accession to the Presidency did Jefferson deem it expedient to affect simplicity in dress and demeanor. While minister of the United States to France he had lived with great elegance. His entertainments were beautiful and frequent. He not only spent the whole of his salary, but drew largely upon his private resources to maintain an appearance befitting his position. No representative of the United States at the French capital has ever done greater credit to his country by his department and his hospitality. On occasion he could be a courtier, and knew as well as any Frenchman how to turn a compliment. So, too, while a member of Congress and Secretary of State in Philadelphia he had kept quite an imposing establishment in a suburb near Gray's Ferry; there were five horses and five men servants in livery, including a butler brought from Paris. He afterwards imported a French coach. His dinners at Philadelphia were notable as social treats, and there was nothing in his habits or his bearing to foreshadow the negligence which afterwards he temporarily assumed. His own scientific tastes, indeed, led him rather into the society of scholars than into the gay world, but he was extremely careful that his daughters should learn dancing, music, and other social accomplishments from the most fashionable preceptors, and showed great solicitude about their manners and deportment. He wrote for them essays on etiquette, and admonished them to cultivate the "art of politeness." He was, it is recalled, fastidious about his table china and plate. It was he, by the way, who introduced finger-bowls into the United States. Of dress he wrote that it was the article in which economy is perhaps the least to be recommended. He warned his daughter that her clothing should be fit for its kind, and that, from the moment she rose from bed, she should dress herself in such style as that she might be seen by any gentleman without being able to discover a pin missing.

Mr. Balfour's army proposals go far to justify what we said the other day, concerning the ability of the governing class in England to govern, by sheer ability, and without theories. The most striking fact about the new proposals is that, flatly contradicting the tendency in nearly every civilized country at the present day, Mr. Balfour has the courage to cut down not merely the rest of the army, but its numbers. He will effect

a saving of some two and a half million dollars a year; something not to be sneered at, in these days of shrinking trade and idle shipping. He will lessen the numbers of the standing army by some nine thousand men, leaving the total of the British army at two hundred and twenty-seven thousand, less than one-fourth of the peace armies of France, Germany, or Russia, each of which has about five million men ready for service on a war foundation. The Secretary for War, Mr. Arnold-Forster, to whom it fell to set forth the government's scheme, declared that he would leave the militia untouched; and that he would not diminish either the cavalry or the artillery branches of the service. The great changes would be confined to the infantry, which he proposed to reduce by fourteen battalions, leaving forty or fifty battalions for home service, after providing for India and the colonies. A certain number of battalions would be kept at home. These would be reduced to five hundred men, four hundred of whom would be enlisted for two years' service, and would afterwards enter the reserve for six years. This would provide for three as many reservists as there are men with the colors, thus raising the army on a war foundation to four times its peace strength; and this plan of building up a reserve is really the great feature of the new proposals. Other points are, that the volunteer establishment is to be reduced to one hundred and eighty thousand men, but these are to be much more effectively trained than at present, so as to become an element of real strength.

Perdicardis (alive) has rather a good opinion of Raouli. In Paris, where he has gone to apprise the French government of the disturbed condition of Tangier, he is quoted as recommending that Raouli be given a chance to keep order in northern Morocco. "He says he can do it," says Perdicardis. "Try him. It would be an experiment, but it is better than anarchy. I consider him the strongest man now available to deal with the turbulent conditions about him." Mr. Perdicardis says it is a mistake to think of Raouli as a common robber. He dresses like a Moorish gentleman, and, apparently, behaves like one. His capture of Mr. Perdicardis was a move in politics in retaliation for persecution of himself and his family. Mr. Perdicardis got no hurt from his six weeks' experience of Raouli's hospitality, but his wife is still somewhat the worse for being thrown down a flight of stone steps by Raouli's men.

Any story about the Czar is credible until a likelier one invades it. The Czar lives behind closed shutters, and there is no trustworthy Jacob Riis to give the public a reliable peep through them. To be sure, he is often seen in public; to be sure, he makes discourse from time to time that the public may hear or read; but it is a man in uniform that people see, and the words of a man in uniform that they hear. The real man lives secluded, advised by counsellors whom his people rarely know and still more rarely trust. In the *Quarterly Review*, a writer, said to be a high Russian official, draws a picture of the Czar which has made some stir in England. It is sufficiently depressing. He represents him as possessed of the dangerous notion that he is God's lieutenant on earth and acting under divine guidance. He takes wrongly, it seems, the legal fiction that the king can do no wrong, and resting on that belief, and relying on advisers who encourage it, he neglects with everything, to the prodigious detriment of the business of state. Pleyer possesses his master to keep his word, evincing Manchuria and avoid war. Says the *Quarterly* writer: "He is ever struggling with phantoms, fighting windmills, conversing with saints, consulting spirits of the dead. Books he long ago ceased to read; sound advice he is incapable of listening to." The grand dukes are the real power in Russia, according to this writer, for no minister can contend successfully with their influence with the Czar. This is a pitiful picture of the autocrat of a great nation committed to a serious war. It may be exaggerated or even false, but it corresponds with the impressions that prevail at this distance from St. Petersburg, that the young Czar is a dreadfully over-weighted man, not at all up to his tremendous job, not able to choose and trust wise helpers, nor to withstand the calamitous influences that beset him.

Mr. Straus is for Mr. Rosenfeld.

Our National Irrigation Problem

A FEATURE of the platform adopted by the Democratic national convention at St. Louis, which deserves more attention than it has hitherto received, is the laudatory reference to the arrangements made for the reclamation of arid lands on a vast scale. The platform congratulates our Western citizens upon the passing of the law known as the Newlands Irrigation Act, for rendering the arid tracts of the Far West suitable for tillage; a measure framed by a Democrat, carried through the Senate by a non-partisan vote, but only accepted by the House in the face of the opposition of almost all the Republican leaders. It is a notable characteristic of this comprehensive measure that it is designed so as to work automatically, however, without further action on the part of the national Legislature, until the reclamation shall have been accomplished. The lands reclaimed, moreover, are to be reserved for home-seekers in small tracts, and rigorous precautions are taken against land monopoly, both of which far-seeing regulations were justly commended at St. Louis as symbols of the policy of domestic development which the Democratic party may be expected to carry out should it be placed in power. We may here recall the words penned by the President of the United States in a letter addressed to the Twelfth Irrigation Congress, which was held at Elgin last September: "The passage of the National Irrigation Law," Mr. Roosevelt said, "is one of the great steps not only in the progress of the United States, but of all mankind. It is the beginning of an achievement so great that we hesitate to predict the outcome." What has actually been accomplished under the law since its enactment in 1902 is summed up in the latest number of the *Review of Reviews* by Mr. William E. Smythe, author of *The Country of the Future*. Before marking some of the results achieved by the Geological Survey, to whose supervision the task of constructing and controlling the irrigation works was committed, we should call to mind the magnitude and complexity of the project. The entire western half of the United States had in the first place to be studied by experienced men, and all available data concerning water supply and the feasibility of reclaiming the vast and unsex of the West had to be collected and considered. The Reclamation law is very far-reaching, and has many important ramifications. Much has had to be taken into account besides water and land. It is not sufficient merely to build storage works and turn water into open channels. The soil must actually be reclaimed, and the capital invested in reclaiming it need be returned to the fund, to be used over and over again as similar enterprises. Then the soil made tillable has to be subdivided into areas of sufficient size to support a family. The Secretary of the Interior may fix the unit as low as forty acres, but it must not exceed 160. The best-named figure represents the maximum amount of water right which may be sold to land held by a private individual. In all cases, moreover, the beneficiary of national irrigation must be an actual occupant of the soil, living thereon or in its immediate vicinity. It is not until the end of the new policy is, as the Democratic platform says, to assist small home-makers in getting a foothold on the land. The government's purpose is not to aid speculators, but only to assist genuine settlers in securing the amount of irrigated soil reasonably needed for the support of their families. The contemplated outcome of the law is not only the storage of water, but the intensive cultivation of the soil by a multitude of landed proprietors. Mr. Smythe is justified in saying that if only one State were to be benefited by the Geological Survey, a thorough study of its resources and opportunities would be a great task. When, however, thirteen States and three Territories have to be examined, and selections made that will stand the test of future judgment, the burden imposed upon the surveyors becomes one of economic proportions. Often the prospects which had been generally regarded beforehand as most attractive, and had been discussed with most approval in the newspaper press, have been found, upon local investigation, to have fatal defects, and, consequently, have been abandoned to the disappointment of large numbers of people.

The principle upon which Dr. Charles D. Walcott, director of the Geological Survey, and Mr. Frederick Haynes Norvell, chief engineer of the reclamation service, have proceeded, is the following: In each of the thirteen States and three Territories named in the law, one leading project has been selected with a view to early completion of the work, provided all of the conditions should prove favorable. For example, in Arizona, a great storage-dam has been begun on Salt River, for holding the flood waters until they can be used. In California, the Secretary of the Interior has authorized works that will reclaim the lands in the vicinity of Yuma by means of a dam across the Lower Colorado River, which will raise water so that it can be used on adjacent lowlands. In the State of Colorado plans are nearly completed for the construction of a great tunnel from Gunnison River to the dry Uncompaghe Valley. In Idaho a great dam across Snake River has been planned, and contracts will be let for construction at an early date. In Nevada work has been begun on dams and canals to combine the flood-waters of the Truckee and Carson rivers. In short, in each

State and Territory, some project of national importance is in process of planning and construction. All of these works are for the purpose of regulating or storing flood-waters, or lifting out of their channels those waters which are too low to be directed by gravity. Its such instrumentalities the intermittent streams are rendered perennial, and the occasional floods are restrained until the waters can be put to beneficial use.

The money needed for building these great structures comes not from direct taxation or appropriation, but from the accumulated sums paid for the public lands, which are being disposed of in these States and Territories. Day by day settlers and investors are paying to the government small sums to obtain a complete title to lands which have been, primarily, in public ownership. It is a little known but an interesting fact that from a half to one-tenth of the total area of the Western States and Territories still belongs to the Federal government. That government is now, as it has been for generations, giving away or selling these lands, and, since the date in 1902 when the Newlands Irrigation Law became operative, the moneys received for lands thus sold are credited to the Treasury to the Reclamation Fund, to be used for the construction of great works, which will facilitate the distribution of the public lands by adapting them to the plough and the furthering the creation of a multitude of small farms instead of a few large cattle ranches. The amounts received from land sales have ranged from less than a million dollars up to many millions a year, the amount varying according to the general prosperity of the country, the activity of the land offices, and the interpretation put by courts or by the Federal officials upon the laws. In recent numbers there was received three million dollars for the year 1904; four million dollars for 1902; eight million dollars for 1903, and in 1905 it is estimated that there will be over five million dollars, and possibly, as much as seven million dollars. As the land grows it is invested in irrigation works, and so it comes to pass that the arid lands pay virtually for their own reclamation, and the government, on its part, is the gainer by bringing about a permanent and flourishing settlement of areas, which otherwise would have been condemned to perpetual sterility. Although the law is but two years old this great national policy is already in full swing in seven States and one Territory, while preliminary examinations are being advanced in all the remainder of the arid region.

It is satisfactory to learn that under the Geological Survey there has been no room for corruption or graft. The spokesman has been rigorously barred from the reclamation service. Nobody has ever asked, and nobody knows to-day, whether the many individuals employed in the works are Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, or Prohibitionists. Appointments have been made under civil service examinations held in various parts of the United States. Only the experience and fitness of applicants are considered. Public men who have sought to influence appointments on behalf of their friends have encountered re-uffs to which they have been accustomed in their political experience. In their behavior toward several projects, all technically feasible, the heads of the reclamation service have acted with a broad view to the future development of the country and a perpetuation of its prosperity. They have been actuated by no considerations outside of the physical and human interests involved. Of course citizens of different localities have directed the attention of the service to what they regarded as promising opportunities for development, but each proposal has been dealt with on its merits. We observe finally, that those charged with the execution of the irrigation laws have steadfastly borne in mind that they are building not for a year or a decade, but for ages.

Mr. William E. Smythe is peculiarly qualified by long study of the subject to discuss the progress that has been made toward the solution of this national problem. It was he who, some eleven years ago, wrote for the *Review of Reviews* the first article that ever appeared in an American magazine in explanation and support of the suggested application of irrigation on a vast scale to the huge arid tracts that lie between the watershed of the Mississippi and the Sierra Nevada. He has taken as effective a part as he has any one in organizing the movement, of which Senator Newlands of Nevada became the sponsor in Congress, and which has resulted in a noteworthy law, for which millions upon millions of our children's children will be grateful.

Judaism's Future in America

The old child of the wind and the sun and their struggle with the passing traveler to see which could first enter him to out-aid his clank is inevitably called to mind by the effect which American toleration in matters of religion and our relative exemption from Anti-Semitism, has upon the Jewish and German Jews emigrating to this country and settling here. The wind of outcast and persecution which they have so stoutly and so successfully resisted in Europe, which has but accentuated their racial and re-

declared to English opponents of this measure that the Chinese freely entered into their contracts to work, knowing exactly the restrictions which they would be put under. It appears, however, that they knew nothing of the kind. The notices posted up in Chinese towns in Shantung and Pechili contain nothing to draw the laborer's attention to the fact that he is to work ten hours a day underground in the deep levels. Nor is there even a hint that, during his three years' stay in the Transvaal, he will be kept in a kind of enlarged bull-pen, from which he will not be allowed to stray. Again, it is not made clear to the laborer that he will have no opportunity to better his position; nor is anything said about the fines, penalties, or imprisonment to which the laborer will be subject if he strays beyond the limits of the bull-pen, or if he helps any one else to escape.

In a word, these helpless and ignorant Chinamen are being condemned to three years' penal servitude, involving ten hours' daily work in deep-level mines, for the crime of seeking work. For this they are to receive something like twenty-five cents a day, less fines and stoppages, whereas a Chinese laborer even in California can earn sixty or seventy cents a day, working as a free man, in the open air. It would be easy to launch into rhetoric against this crying abuse, but it is better to keep to the cold, precise, denunciation of a learned authority on English law, who declares that such a contract would not be valid for a moment if made in England, "because it is in undue restraint of trade and of the liberty of the subject, and is inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the common law."

Holidays

To achieve a successful holiday is almost as difficult a matter as to achieve a successful labor. The requirements of preparation, of courage and power of choice, of poise of intellect and character, alert perception, and indifference to discomfort are almost as severe.

If one goes to one of the usual holiday resorts, and, possessing a sympathetic countenance, is by chance admitted to the secrets of one's fellow pleasure-seeker, what one most often learns is that mortals have led the prison-house of loneliness at home only to find a narrower one away, being bereft of the pleasant tasks and duties that helped to numb the sense of time. Indeed, the amount of listless misery borne by pleasure-seekers is incalculable, and the expense of failure in the field of holidays heart-rending.

The first great factor in a successful holiday, as in a successful life, is to know oneself, and to choose within the compass of one's real abilities. It is futile to try cramming out if one likes blue-tongues, delicate eating, and much service, and rapidly so to go to a big hotel invented and set on top of the earth for purposes of feeding, courtship, and displaying clothes, if one loves nature, and desire a silent communion with one's own soul. As a general rule, the better choice is to take what one has paid for as conspicuously and peacefully absent during the rest of the year. There is always a certain preparation for reaction in buying. So if one's workaday world is in the midst of a city where every turn is filled with people to whom one must adjust oneself and one's mood, the natural bent is to hunt for quiet in one's holiday.

Now on the face of it, a solitude would seem the cheapest and easiest thing to find, left, as a matter of fact, to find one adequate, beautiful, and safe is expensive, difficult, and risky. Perhaps as good a way as any, if one is not prepared to expend great sums and travel far, is simply to reverse the order of the day, and sleep during the sunlight and to repair, fresh and observant, to one's roof at sunrise. Here, with an open-glass for wide vistas into the heavens, with an easy chair or a cushion or two, one may find fresh air, undisturbed loneliness, and such peace as we bring with ourselves to enjoy. Again, this is a solitude lightly to be held aside if we find our mood not nicely adjusted; no money has been spent, no fatigue incurred, and we can face our failure to be delighted without too much humiliation.

On the other hand, if one has planned to run great risks, to travel far, and empty one's pockets, it is well to prepare carefully as one would for any other expensive undertaking. We should turn for advice to those who have already gone forth and triumphed alone. The most shining and conspicuous examples in literature of those who have written poems to the self-poised soul are Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. These two have also the inestimable advantage of being easily procured in cheap pocket editions, so that one can carry this food of the spirit in safe and small compass without worrying. A line or two at a time, a single thought from Epictetus, will furnish matter for a day's reflection, and one need not always be holding the book open. Epictetus's words melt beautifully into the landscape, and easily become part and parcel of the phenomenal world about.

Marcus Aurelius, too, gives us the stuff of strength, though somewhat tinged with patient tears and in somewhat longer sentences, and Nietzsche reiterates all the philosophy of self-poise

in the maxims and lyrics of Zarathustra, with a little added tinge of loneliness, a touch of awe and terror at the significance of desire.

For making one feel a part of nature, for inducing the subconscious mood, lulling the superficial faculties to sleep and rousing the profounder part of one's nature nothing is better than a slow, sleepy review of Shelley, "Alastor," "Lamia and Cythra," "Adonais," "The Cloud," "The West Wind," read as one lies on the ground, half awake and half asleep, rapidly seeing the flecking of light and shadow in the deep grasses, and the swaying of top-heavy daisies, hunches, buttercups, black-eyed Susans, and bitter-sweet twines, —these together, so tried to relieve of the limitations of personality, that one feels small as much in the wind that blows and the brook that gurgles, in the grasses and the meadow flowers, as in a body. One misses the sensation that the self reaches as far as consciousness, so that one really is already the color in the sunset, the song of the evening breeze, or the drip of the afternoon's slant sunbeam filtering over the curves of the hills.

But if we desire a more alert interest in the hours of rest, we can turn to the great professional holiday-makers—those who, like Thorstein, Herrings, and Elizabeth, have gone out into the realm of quiet and have conquered. Interest is mainly unsocial. Unless we are going in back at pictures or cathedrals, historic houses, and battle-grounds, when a special course of reading is usually marked out by the guide-books, it is best to read the praises of space and freedom and silence in general. We can turn to Elizabeth to exhortation for us that "By our own spirits we are deluded." (And surely it would be difficult to chase upon any one less deluded by other people's than Elizabeth.) The very fact of coming to know the joy Elizabeth had in seeing a peaceful landscape alone will give an added value to such a scene for us and never rob Elizabeth our lot of her delight, at such compound interest does interest grow on earth. The philosophy of Thoreau at Walden will help any man to accomplish the difficult task of lifting himself out of the habitual dissipating activities of daily life into a new mood of unbarred concentration: a certain stillness of the body crops one out, and a profounder appreciation of the fine joy of unbroken loneliness. We are at one, then, with all things made, and our restless agillike life is swept out of consciousness.

There are many and varied kinds of associational values. The scenery of the poet provides an opportunity for a filtered view of young heretics, and on the edge of the mystery-shaded plain farther in, he watches those delicate, veiled white ladies foster and lead and whisper is, after all, but our kind. Who shall say it is deeper or more pathetically sweet and patient than that of a man and tired little mountain-maker, who stood on the end of a pier in Maine watching a gorgeously mantled snail drop into the river, and turning to the stranger beside her, said, with child-like good faith: "I love to see the sunset just here. I was once an Egyptian princess, and day by day I watched the sunset and saw I loved from just this point."

A startled glance into the tired, quiet face of the speaker was enough to restore one of sanity. It was simply the logical result of an overabundant introduction to some of the more spiritual and modern forms of mysticism. Doubtless it had done much to relieve the monotony of a life offering little or no scope (ideas) and making large demands upon industry, courage, and fidelity.

If the necessary decoration of life cannot be furnished by the healthy and joyous vitality of the senses, then by all means let those of us who can indulge in past and future here, and put the hero in some more brilliant tale than this. It would be a colossus heart indeed who should destroy such a blessed situation for a mere matter of geography.

A Lost Chance

A PREVAILING feeling with regard to the British Tibet expedition is one of intense regret that provision could not have been made for including Rudyard Kipling among the members of the mission. It will pass through the mind of many a reader of the last of the Lamas, and what Kipling could make out of a fight such as that at Gyantse, a story like the Drama of the Four-Arms sufficiently shows. To read of Pathans and Goerkhas and Sikhs, and to know that Kipling could make something immortal of it all, but will not do so, is to experience a boundless regret. His wonderful word-pictures of rarely visited Rajputana, after wards worked into the Naushah, his descriptions of Bharat of Allahabad, of the Deccan, make it the more desirable that the first opening of the wonderlands of Tibet might be caught on his vivid canvases. The adventure is unique, and will never be repeated. Tibet and Lhasa will never be exactly the same again. Yet, through more inertia and conservatism a marvellous opportunity is lost, and lost forever.



Alton Parker Hall



Mary McIlister Hall



Judge Parker's two Grandchildren on the Lawn at "Roughquest"

VIEWS AT ESOPUS—SNAP-SHOTS TAKEN AT JUDGE PARKER'S ESTATE ON THE HUDSON

Judge Parker's home at Esopus, New York, is on the west shore of the Hudson, in Ulster County. His estate consists of 166 acres, most of which is under cultivation. Here the Democratic nominee for President lives throughout the year, except during the time when the Court of Appeals is in session, when Judge Parker spends the greater part of each week in Albany. The photographs are snap-shots taken recently at Esopus, showing scenes on the estate, with portraits of Judge Parker's two grandchildren, Alton Parker Hall and Mary McIlister Hall.

Photographs by Joley



Sailors at Work on the "Kearsarge"



"Kearsarge" Sailors at Reception



Dinner-hour in the Forecastle



Righting a Slip-hauler

THE VISIT OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON TO PORTUGAL—SNAP-SHOTS OF SCENES ON THE FLAGSHIP "KEARSARGE"



King Carlos I.

At Sea in 1903.

Visiting Brazil.

THE VISIT OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON TO PORTUGAL—KING CARLOS I. VISITING THE "KEARSARGE"

The visit of the four battleships of the North Atlantic Squadron—the "Kearsarge," "Maine," "Albatross," and "Iowa"—to Portugal on June 11 was made notable by the attention accorded to the officers of the fleet by the royal family. King Carlos visited the flagship "Kearsarge" on a tour of inspection; a half given in honor of the squadron of the American Legion at Lisbon was attended by the entire royal family; and in a shooting, fencing, and tennis tournament arranged for the American visitors the king took an active part. The photograph is a snapshot taken just as the king was stepping aboard the "Kearsarge." Admiral A. S. Barker may be seen within the frame, and in the rear (a vertical line) is the Lusitania steamer to Portugal, Mr. Charles Page, Regent. The reader is referred to the article on page 1183 of this issue.



The Interior of the Clinical Ward of the Field Hospital at Feng-Wang-Cheng



Another View of the Clinical Ward, showing Japanese Wounded and some of the Hospital Staff

HOW THE JAPANESE CARE FOR THEIR WOUNDED—VIEWS IN THE FIELD HOSPITAL AT FENG-WANG-CHENG

The photographs, sent by William Dieckhoff, one of the special correspondents of "Harper's Weekly" in the Far East, show scenes in the Japanese field hospital at Feng-Wang-Cheng, where the wounded among the Mikado's soldiers are cared for. The hospital is equipped with modern military appliances, and the wounded are attended by trained nurses and physicians.

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further to do with it. After this they again sought Mr. Justice Bradley, who, after considerable persuasion, became the fifth member of the Supreme Court constituting the electoral tribunal.

The commission began the first day of February, 1877, and met in the Supreme Court chamber in the Capitol building, the court being in recess at the time, as was customary in the month of February, in order to enable it to catch up with the cases argued prior to that time. The law creating the electoral tribunal carried with it the necessary employees. A number of the employees of the Supreme Court were also employed by the Electoral Commission, and the various salaries that they received from the Supreme Court was a basis for services to the electoral tribunal. The writer, therefore, was employed as a page to the Electoral Commission, and received the same pay from both, namely, six dollars per day. The Supreme Court chamber was used in the early days of the Capitol as the Senate of the United States, and consequently would only accommodate a limited number of people. Part of the old gallery of this room, immediately back and over the head of the Supreme Court, was open to the press and public.

Each member of the Electoral Commission was entitled to as many cards of admission each day as he desired, and each Senator and member of Congress was also entitled to these tickets, so some idea of the demand for the number who endeavored to gain admission may be had. The tickets were sold in many instances, and the writer was offered twenty-five dollars for a single ticket, but declined to accept it. The first case argued was the *Florida case*, and right here I think it but just to correct an erroneous impression. It has always been accepted that Mr. Justice Bradley cast the deciding vote in the tribunal, but such was not the fact, as upon hearing both sides of the Florida case, the tribunal adjourned to what is known as the robing-room of the Supreme Court, and there discussed the merits and demerits of the case fully and following the custom of the Supreme Court in voting on cases—*i. e.*, calling upon the members of the House first, the

Senators next, and the justices of the court in the order in which they were named—that is, beginning with the last named member of the House of Representatives designated as one of the commissioners; then the next in order; then the last named in the Senate, then the last designated of the justices, who voted first. Consequently, Mr. Justice Joseph P. Bradley voted first when it came to the members of the Supreme Court, and was followed by Mr. Justice Strong, Mr. Justice Field, Mr. Justice Miller, and, lastly, Mr. Justice Nathan Clifford, the president of the commission; and this method of voting was followed in the other cases. From this it will be seen that Mr. Justice Bradley cast the eleventh vote of the commission; thus I know to be correct, for the reason that I occupied a seat beside Mr. Justice Nathan Clifford, the chairman of the commission, and recorded the vote for him as he called for the same.

Notwithstanding this fact, some misreport, at the close of the Louisiana case, went to the house of Justice Bradley, No. 211 Street, and attached a piece of rope to the door, and the papers all stated that it was done to show that justice was dead. There were two questions submitted to the tribunal in the case of Oregon, and on the one question a solid vote of fifteen was cast for Rutherford B. Hayes as President of the United States, the deciding giving the 145 votes necessary in a choice for President of the United States.

It was not very long after Mr. Hayes became President that Judge Davis, then a Senator from Illinois, came into the old office of the Supreme Court, and among these Senator George F. Edmunds, a Senator from Vermont who had been a member of the electoral tribunal, Judge Davis remarked, in the presence of the writer: "Edmunds, it's a good thing that you fellows get to off the Supreme Court. If I had been there I would have been a member of the commission, and if I had been a member of the commission, I would have voted Louisiana for Tilden if it was only to show my independence." It will be seen from this remark just how close Samuel J. Tilden came to being President of the United States, instead of Rutherford B. Hayes.

A War-time Adventure in Korea

How a Party of Americans made their Escape from the Scene of War in Northern Korea.

By Helen Struve Meserve

IN THE very northwest of this country called Korea, or Land of Morning Calm, and only thirty miles from the Manchurian border, we are spending the happiest times of our lives. Somewhere among the hills we have called our home, and life seems like a dream—no thought, no worry, for the morrow takes care of itself. So many Americans in the neighborhood are surrounded by beautiful places by mountains. At our feet is a river which in summer during the rains becomes a roaring torrent, and ends the life of many a poor Korean who strives to cross unaware of its swiftness and depth. But when the rains are over you marvel to think that this modest little stream humming along so quietly, with the wild flowers on the banks reflected in its smooth surface, could become so tempestuous. Crossing it is a quaint bridge followed by a flower-bordered path which leads up the bank to Somnang and for one who is seeking seclusion and forgetfulness of the world here is the ideal spot. Even here, though, nature of our have penetrated, but we refuse to let that our quiet life can be disturbed, although a trail from Manchu leads down our little valley and under the shadow of the pines. As I write from my studio window I can see it—deserted, to be sure, for Korea, the Land of Morning Calm, has never looked brighter, fairer, and more peaceful than on this summer morning.

ROCK, KOREA

You will see by the lead line of this letter that we found it necessary to quit our seclusion and had refuge in the world. The situation became dangerous, and when Mr. Allen, our United States minister at Seoul—in whom we, as well as all other foreigners, place the greatest confidence—telegraphed that far-reaching hostilities were imminent near us and urged women and children in the vicinity to leave, offering to send a United States war-ship to our rescue, we of course followed his advice. Thirty-six hours afterward we had completely dismantled the home where we had been so happy, packed our belongings, and turned our faces toward civilization.

Under ordinary conditions our northern retreat is not difficult of access. A couple of days by steamer from Chongju to Chongju, fifteen hours is my own launch from there to Anju, followed by a ten days' trip in chairs, brings us in our destination. But at that time the prospect of getting out was not an alluring one. The thermometer was fifteen below zero, the snow was a foot and a half deep on the ground, and navigation was almost impossible. From Puk Chin to Chittabulie our first day's pilgrimage was but a preface to the succeeding ones, and the long weary hours spent on the road in a half-frozen condition were preferable to the nights we spent in Korean houses.

From the time of their construction, until they crumble away and are lost in the heap of mud from which they rose, these habitations know no lesson. A whole family lives in one or two of the low rooms, where all the cooking, eating, smoking, and sleeping are done, and where the little ones come to life and the old ones pass away. But such hospitality as they offer is ever charged for. They looked with astonishment on the enemy when we sent ahead to clear things up, and we fearfully induced us that eighteen men had been at work all afternoon preparing the route, ten by ten, where we were to camp.

At Chittabulie a telegram awaited us announcing that Anju, our stopping-place for the next night, was held by the Russians. This was startling news, as the Japanese headquarters were not sixty miles distant, and an encounter daily expected. But as delay would but postpone the inevitable evil hour, it was decided to press on.

We left Chittabulie at 7 A. M., and started on our long day's trip. Anju was our immediate goal, and the distance was not making it almost impossible for the miles to keep on their feet, for these mountain passes can scarcely be dignified by the name of roads. We were quite a cavalcade, with servants, luggage-vans, and coolies. General Hyon Yong Tak, the Russian magistrate who at one time saved the lives of our party on a Yung lie, accompanied his journey with us. He was travelling in a chair, with numerous attendants, guards, etc.

At nine that night, after the very longest day I have ever experienced we were met by the lantern-bearers, for whom we had sent ahead, they brought strange and startling tales of the Russians, their ferocity and strength, for they had struck terror to the hearts of these simple children of nature. By no means the cold growing more intense and the night becoming darker, the miles nearly giving out. Some of the wagons lost the trail and lay long in the drifts, but they were soon found and safely guided, but still we kept on. It was nearly midnight when the light from a huge bonfire announced to us our approach to Anju, and then even our bodily fatigue could not keep from our minds the thought that we were to encounter the much-dreaded Russians, whose camp injured men. But it happened that the Russians proved most courteous when we met them, which was not until the following morning, although I must confess that through the vigil of the night every sound brought them to my mind, and possibilities of what might happen occupied my thoughts.

The snow of my trip was by long ago, and my excitement of riding, so, after only forty hours of rest, we proceeded on our way. We had just crossed the frozen river and had passed through the historic old gate at Anju when we were overtaken by the Countess. All fear vanished, and a desire to photograph them was upon me, so, taking advantage of any sex, I requested that they allow

me to do so. Most willingly and politely they acquiesced, and, with the vanity of all mankind, arranged their caps and neck gear, put on their prettiest expression, and posed. As they knew no English, French, nor German, conversation was carried on through a Korean interpreter, who spoke to one of the gentlemen of our party.

They thus learned who we were, whence we came, and whether we were going. Cards were exchanged and passes given, enabling us to use telegrams, for they held the office of Anja Protection was also offered, but with this we would gladly have dispensed, in every minute brought us nearer the Japanese. For a good bit of that day they remained near us, frequently leaving the highland to search the Korean villages which lay snuggled in under the shelter of the neighboring mountains, and were supposed to conceal Japanese spies, who, dressed as Koreans, are well disguised, for there is a marked similarity in their faces. They also made maps from the hills of the surrounding country.

The Cosacks are hardy-looking men, with strong, determined faces. As soon as they can walk they are given a rifle and mounted on a horse, so, consequently, they are superb horsemen. Before the days of the telegraph—and that is only a few years ago—a system of signals was used to convey news from one end of the country to the other. This was done by building fires on the mountain-tops, which could be seen for a long distance. When the light grew dim another fire farther on was built, thus communicating anything of importance. These stations can still be seen, and resemble the walls of some old monastery, half hidden in the trees on the sides of the hills, a frequent picture in Korea.

The following day, after parting with the Russians, and as we drew near the fine old walled city of Ping-Yang, a lone horseman came into view holding high over his head that famous emblem of our liberty—the American flag. He was a missionary, and had been sent to escort us in, as no strangers were allowed to enter or leave the town; and so for the first time we felt the protection of our flag. It sent a thrill through us to think that even in this far away land we were really free.

The sun was slowly sinking behind the great purple hills, leaving the old walls silhouetted against its orange light, and the sentries could be plainly seen from their posts as we came slowly on, so that in admiration that we did not know until afterwards that we had been taken for Russians and nearly fired on. It was with difficulty, however, during our stop that we left and re-entered the city, as every gate was guarded. Though courteous to us in the exterior, the Japanese found it necessary to take every precaution, but matters were finally simplified by our wearing a badge of red, white, and blue, which acted as an open sesame in every emergency.

Ping-Yang is in the shape of a ship, and the huge anchor of stone is erected outside the walls. The Koreans have a superstition that if a well should be dug within the city the ship would sink, hence all the water used is carried for a long distance, and the water-course is one of the sights of this quaint, interesting old place. Not so very long ago the water was carried in pike-pole stone jars, but since that enterprising American concern, the Standard Oil Company, have introduced their oil into even the most obscure localities, the jars have been abolished, and their places taken by these ugly modern inventions of the twelfth century of wooden barrels.

Ping-Yang is situated on a hill top, with a view for miles of the surrounding country. At one end is the Fort of Killa; it is thickly wooded, and has a temple and several monuments dedicated to his memory. There sacrifices continue to be offered to his spirit. The spot is kept as sacred by both Koreans and Chi-

nese that during the China-Japanese war in 1894 the defeat of the former is said to have been due to the fact that they allowed no trees to be felled on this ground, thus allowing the Japanese to effect an entrance unimpeded.

While staying in Ping-Yang we were most hospitably entertained by the missionaries, who have very comfortable homes, and are doing splendid work among the natives. Indeed, never within the range of my experience have I known women work so hard and conscientiously. In addition to their caring for their homes and little ones, they teach nearly all day long, and are the patient, tender friends of this down-trodden, persecuted race.

During the China-Japanese war the Koreans had suffered as severely—Ping-Yang being reduced to one fifth its population, houses pillaged and burned—that they now expect a repetition of this, and wishing to save what little they have, pack it in their wooden chests, which comprise the greater part of their house furniture, and start out to seek security in some sheltered spot where the roar of the cannon cannot be heard and where they may sit and smoke their pipes in peace. Often we would meet a whole family, consisting of three generations, for some could be left behind, as the greatest feeling of affection and respect exists among them.

At the time we were in Ping-Yang twenty thousand people had left their homes, and for no fault of their own nor of their country, only that they were the unfortunate victims of two men who saw fit to make this land the scene of a war.

If possible our journey from Ping-Yang to Chinnampo was more fatiguing than the former ones, a driving rain set in, and the roads were so narrow and the hills and rivers so frequent that it was impossible to remain in the backward, as it was standing on one wheel a good bit of the time. So we climbed in and got ourselves comfortably arranged, only to get out again, for there was always "Only one more river to cross," and we began to wish it were the river of Jordan.

If one Korean house can be dirtier than another, we got into it that night between these two places. Korean houses are made of mud and have, for means of heating them, a *leak* or *flue* which is built under the floor, thus giving a comfortable shelter to all insects who may care to take advantage of the opportunity. We were obliged to bring our wearing apparel tied in bags from home in the middle of the room, to put the legs of our coats in this of kerseene oil, and in the air heads up in towels to be innocent. All, but, notwithstanding, these precautions kept us from sleeping. It did not rain on the morning, but turned cold again and a blinding wind blew. Kates' clothing was added, and we were enveloped in rugs, head and all; but even then we suffered. We travelled for three or four miles to the first river, but found that it had thawed during the warm spell and washed away the bridge. The water had risen so high that the mules were nearly drowned in attempting to cross. After rescuing them we turned back and retraced our steps to wait in another native house until nature would give us her kind permission to continue on our way. The next day the crossing was successfully accomplished, although two hours were spent in accomplishing it. Mules were then sent out from the opposite bank and the mules literally dragged over, as standing in the cold water would have been fatal to them. But even the most fatiguing events must have an end, and ours was reached upon our arrival in Chinnampo, where, after a few days' waiting for the ice to melt and drift away, we were rescued by the United States cruiser *Corwin*, and made her feel that even an ordinal such as we had proved through her life's contemplation; for the felled rail was killed, and we were brought safely from the perils of the north to the peace which now prevails in the south.



Working the Cosack Scouts—Conversing through an Interpreter



Eun, Kim, and the first Russian Party in China (K. T. T. T.)



Photograph by F. A. Jones

ALTON B. PARKER

SNAP-SHOTS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL
AND AT CHEVY CH



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

OMINEES AT ESOPUS-ON-THE-HUDSON,
ASE, WASHINGTON

The American Colony in London

By "Anglo-American"

SOMETIMES think the King must spend nearly half his time with the American colony in London. It is a rare thing for a week to go by without an announcement in the *Weekend Post* that the King has dined with Countess, Duchess or Marchioness, with the Duchess of Marlborough, with Mrs. Ash, or Mrs. Arthur Paget or Mrs. Mackay or Mrs. Bradley Martin or one of the dozen or so ladies of Anglo-American society. And it is still rarer when a house party arranged for, and of course selected by, the King does not include at least one or two of his American friends. He has and always has had a genuine and an dignified liking for the company of American women, and he carries it to a degree of politeness that purely English society sometimes turns up its pretty nose at. Somehow, perhaps, that the reign of King John would mean the social triumph of the American woman; and the prophesy has come true. In the eighties and early nineties we used to discuss and grumble at the American invasion. Nobody discusses it now, for the simple reason that the American invasion has taken its place as a permanent and of course, happily dominant, unresistably pervasive. There never was a time when the American colony was so supreme or its supremacy so little challenged.

That is not to say that all signs of opposition have departed. There are still great quantities in London, just as there are in the rest of the world, of the "Rita" who still keeps up a fragmentary fight against the Stars and Stripes. "Rita" is one of them. Americans may have heard her, in "Rita's" opinion, all the folks and the wickedness of the "Smart Set" in London are of American origin. Her ladyship, Mrs. American woman, depending upon a female society that dined at six and went to bed at ten, have taken up its composed routine and sent it whirling through rakes-walks, appendicitis luncheons, the "Washington Post," and a whole heap of unkindly of insinuations. True, "Rita" is not of much importance. She may perhaps speak for a small section of the province, but for nothing more. I merely quote her to show that the American woman may still be called upon to fight, and a pitched battle—those days are over—but an occasional skirmish. And even among the members of the real world you will find from time to time a half-hearted waiting over some first American visitor, another occasional disdain sneer and scorned, another party snatched up. Some Englishmen indeed profess to see no hope ahead for themselves and their countrywomen until the whole of the aristocracy has made at least one visit to America and until the American colony, when all the parties have been suitably called in the New World to profess the banker's taste of the old, there will then, it is hoped, be a chance for the English girl. This hypothesis every Anglo-American marriage is a step nearer to that beautiful consummation when.

But the domination which the American colony has gained and all, not a comfortable rival, but the same or grander, of bringing American influences will seek their place within the borders of the United Kingdom, and when the domination of the American woman will have automatically ceased. For the present, however, that domination is complete and accepted on the whole with a good natured enthusiasm; that occasional little episode of jealousy or such outbursts as "Rita" has favored us with should not be allowed to detract from. There should run through the American people a thrill of patriotic pride at the thought that London possesses in the American colony the social centre of the world and growing yearly in the progressiveness, the variety, and the cosmopolitan tone of its social life. American influence holds the highest places. I question whether any capital has ever harbored so powerful or so brilliant a group of foreign-born women. London possesses in the American colony, in whatever sphere of English activity one turns an American is pretty sure to be found in the front rank. Leaving out art, the drama, sport, and literature, and confining oneself simply to the world of society, the splendor of the American position is almost phenomenal.

I do not wonder that the King delights in the American colony. He might confine himself to it altogether without feeling that his life had lost anything worth having in variety or pleasantness. Wherever his need or inclination he could include it in the full without entering a house merely out of an English house. That sounds like an exaggeration, but to any one who really knows the American colony in London it is more likely to appear a truism. One of the most remarkable characteristics of that colony is the fact that it enters the whole social field, represents all interests, and takes part in a leading part of everything in all positions. As I am writing in the middle of Ascot week I turn naturally to horse-racing for an illustration. I do not know how things may be today, but when I lived in America horse-racing was not considered one of the pastimes of the Four Hundred, and it was an exceedingly rare thing to come across a fashionable New York woman who knew anything at all about it, that in England horse-racing is incomparably the greatest of the national sports.

To know the pedigree and performances of the horses, something of the history of the turf, the names and weights of the principal jockeys, all the technicalities of bookmaking, and

the probabilities of the various tracks, is part of the social education of any Englishwoman who means to hold her own in society. Each American new-comer feels herself at first horribly out of it in this world of sidereal sport, talking a language of its own; but each soon comes to realize that "fair play," and at the end of a season or two will find a steward of the jockey-club with simply paralyzing assurance and an air of absolute knowingness. I notice that no less than six American women have taken country houses just before the Ascot week—just that average about £1000 for the five days—and are entertaining on a scale which pays off in full any debts the world may have had against their Puritan ancestors.

The take-again politics. Politics are discussed round a Fifth Avenue dinner-table about as often as "thine" embroidery, and it would be almost indelicate for a number of the Four Hundred to know anything about them. But in England you are a social outcast if you are not "up" in politics. Politics come immediately after the weather, and either just behind or just in front of horse-racing, as an inevitable topic of conversation. Here again the American dilettante is ignorant of the very alphabet of the subject, but she picks it up somehow, is ready to converse or converse Mr. Chamberlain at a moment's notice, and is just as likely as not to start a political salon of her own. One of the members of the present government has an American wife also. In his own words, "look, after my constituency and is far and away the best political agent I have ever had." Countess, Duchess of Marlborough, is a keen and interested member behind the scenes of English life. She is always playing bridge or politics and often both together. It was of her home at the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Balfour, after their somewhat heated part last autumn, not to smoke the pipe of peace that she had filed for them.

In the more public way Mrs. George West, who was latter known as Lady Randolph Churchill, is an inveterate politician, and scores of American women, whenever an election is on, find themselves irresistibly drawn into it as canvassers, speakers, or platform ornaments. Mrs. Chamberlain, who might, if she chose, be a real power in politics, has sunk herself too much on her husband's estate to take a hold in the matter. The Duchess of Marlborough, though after much practice she has learned the art of platform-speaking to a very possible degree, confines herself in the main to hazar openings and similar semi-political affairs. Lady Naylor Leyland was always active in active in politics when her husband died, and the sudden appearance of the young Duke of Marlborough on political platforms, as a speaker on the free-trade side, is said to be wholly due to the energy and push of his American wife.

As for the domination which the American colony in London has made most distinctly its own is that of organizing lunars and fêtes and concerts on behalf of charities. A book, and a very interesting one, might easily be written about their achievements in this direction. Every American woman is a general manager of it, and in London, with a yearly list of charitable functions that have to be organized, conducted, and made to pay by fashionable volunteers, they find a magnificent field for their energies. The constructive side of Mrs. George West, as she showed when she planned the *Week*, is almost masculine in its firmness. Mrs. Ash is not only a charming hostess, but also a business woman, but also a woman of affairs of first-rate ability. Mrs. Arthur Paget has the inventive genius of a social Edison, and can have money out of people's pockets in a way that abhors strikes me as the best solution of the inequality of wealth that has yet been proposed. The poultry-fall in the famous *Crême de la Crême* was her idea and under her management, and she has recently been collecting all known species of domestic pets for sale at the monster bazaar at Albert Hall.

Mrs. Bunsell, again, whose salon is a gathering place for the most brilliant society in London, is a social hostess of quite cheerfully every season in organizing concerts in aid of hospitals; and Mrs. Mackay is almost as lavish with her presence and activity as with her check-book. And besides all these and many more whose one might mention, there is the cohort of American dilettantes and of course, ladies, in the back ground and lead to any Anglo-American life its last touch of social distinction. It is not too much to say that anything or grander under such auspices and with so much enthusiasm and ability to back it is bound to succeed. Every hospitable secretary of a known institution, in fact, a woman, and all the details he has ever performed a leader of the American colony to get up something on its behalf; and a leader of the American colony is rarely dead to such appeals. It helps, at any rate, to pass the time.

Mrs. Arthur Paget the other day. She was just back from a visit back, she was just going to Paris for the week-end; she had two hundred and eighty-nine letters to answer; she was superintending the building of a new elevator in her house; her lawyer was up-stairs, waiting. I am sure, and all the details of the "domestic pet" still in the hands of Albert Hall bazaar were on her mind. Yes, it certainly helps to pass the time.

Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

"EVERYBODY in this world means to be pretty good to other folks, and when they ain't, it ain't always their fault; sometimes it's the world's collection, is indicative of the outcome of experience and a good heart, is, in the main, Mary E. Wilkins's philosophy in her new book of short stories, *The Rivers*. The title, though borrowed from the animal story to which the collection is devoted, is indicative of the character of all the sketches wherein the spirit of charity or "giving" in one form or another is exemplified. Yet the common denominator to which these stories may be related seems more of coincidence than of design. The title one perhaps may not after thought, for when the first story in the volume appeared in *Hanover Magazine* it was called "The Result of Sophia Lane."

"The Rivers," however, is most aptly appropriated by this story in which Sophia plays an original rôle in fiction. The story has that unexpected turn, that element of surprise which long ago we became accustomed to in Mrs. Wilkins Freeman's work, but which never loses its power to bring an odd situation or truth home to us with fresh and sometimes startling conviction. She may always be trusted to recast an experience as no one else would. Take this story of "The Rivers."

Flora Bell and Herbert Bennett are to be married on the next day but one. Her Aunt Sophia had adopted her when her parents died, when she was a baby, and had brought her up on a pension a year. To-day Flora Bell and Sophia Lane are hurrying the belated preparations, when Sophia's second cousin, Mrs. Adeline Cutting, her married daughter Abby Bell, and her unmarried daughter Louise, who have driven over from Addison with their wedding presents, arrive on the lambe scene of triumph and joyousness. There is too and kindly gossip for a while, and then the Cuttings leave Flora to uncover the park, upon they have brought her the first one—from Mr. and Mrs. Cutting to "Flora, with all best wishes for her future happiness!"—is an afternoon letter, written—"real other; it isn't played!" said Mrs. Cutting with emphasis—in three pages. "It is beautiful," Flora murmured, as she leafed through it, "but I don't like the last paragraph. The next paragraph, quite bulky with expectation, promises to be finger-finger from Abby, sunny guesses and explanations as to their use follow. "They are real parties," said Flora. Sophia said nothing. "Emmie," said Louise, indignantly. "They are lovely," said Flora. Sophia said nothing. By this time the three visitors look as if they had good cause to be aggrieved. The story has become electric. So far the story seems to present a not an uncommon experience in a delicate household and obedient to the fact that it is just here that the genius of Mrs. Wilkins Freeman steps in and leads you by a way you have not.

"Flora has got many good presents," Sophia remarks to her visitors at last, "and I have a few hundred ones, thanks to me and what I did last Christmas. . . . I'll just as soon tell you as not. I must leave the author to disclose what it was Sophia did "last Christmas" for that is her story. Folks are generous enough in this world, she feels, only they don't know how to store their generosity. The story is told with that unrolled power and pathos which have given the author an unrivalled position among New England story-tellers. This sketch, with "Jinx," "The Reign of the Bell," and "The Picture of Arcadia," are equal to the best stories Mrs. Wilkins Freeman has written. In "Lucy" and "Ephraim" there is something forced in the situation, yet her art in telling the stories renders the artifice of the stories themselves. I refuse to liking Mrs. Wilkins Freeman best in her short stories, and I think she is the best in this country, and few in any other. It is seldom that one story tells is capable of adjusting the work of another; too often their own creative mind leads them to see a different development of character and style, and make in the way a just and yet a pitiable appraisal. For this reason, a recent statement made in

an article on "Is American Literature Bourgeois?" by Josephine Dickson in the *North American Review* is as remarkable for its insight and justice concerning Mrs. Wilkins Freeman's work as for its generous appreciation. "To what must we attribute the immense vogue of Mary Wilkins?" she asks. "Not in the information she gave us of the New England character. She did not discover the field. . . . What was the first cause of her success and general attention, of these famous sketches? Their amazing novelty. This author lived her success quite as much on novelty of method as on freshness of material, and stands in consequence head and shoulders above them, even among her own countrymen and temporary authors artistically. But she unquestionably owes her first brilliant reception, on whatever deeper and more enduring foundation her reputation with posterity may rest, to her originality."

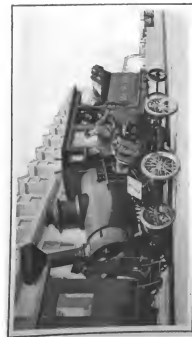
Vanya Stale, by Elsie Macartney Lane, is a novel well worth reading not only for its entertaining qualities, but for its grace and sympathetic portrayal of a beautiful character in history, who came at one time within the orbit of Robert Burns the poet. It is difficult for a Scot to forgive the harsh and passionately selfish delinquency of the Scottish part in his relation to Vanya Stale and other women, and one had to hurry to forgive and read his essay on Burns to find holes for the unnecessary and needless flaying of the poet's besting line. But forgetting that, and certain lapses in Scots dialect, it would be admitted that the author has written a story which appeals to the sympathies and rings true in human nature, especially to Scottish human nature. Vanya is a most breathing heroine as child and woman, and the author makes her live with a sense of pulsating reality that takes one out of the written page into the heart. Jack Stale, as he is called in the fatherhood of no strange and unaccountable a hold on the provincial line with the drinking, is a lovable, blundering character who appeals in his part of narrator as the domestic did in *The Little Minister*. *Vanya Stale* is so good a novel that one's interest is aroused in what else the author has written or may write. I see she is credited with *The Mills of God*, a book which I recall made some stir among the reviewers, but which I neglected to read. *Vanya Stale* will now hasten me to make amends, and I have no doubt other readers will do the same.

At North, in England, there lives an old man named John Cypford, who is believed to be the original of Joe Gargery, the genial blacksmith in *Great Expectations*. Even allowing for the changes wrought by age, the South Blacksmith is said to bear a remarkable resemblance to

Dickens's portrait, and in suggest the peculiar characteristics of Joe Gargery. "I worked was a blacksmith and locksmith in the vicinity of Tavistock House when Dickens lived there, and the world would often stand by and chat with the smith while he did jobs about the house. 'I remember,' says Mr. Cypford, 'having to go there as late as nine o'clock one night, and I was out to work on a cupboard in a dark room. The cupboard was locked, and the key was lost. I could see that Mr. Dickens was more than usually interested in what I was doing. It was a tall cupboard, with a kind of double door. As I say, Mr. Dickens stood by, joking with me, but giving me no hint of what was in the cupboard. I had picked many locks at Tavistock House, but this was the toughest job I had ever had there. I can recall Mr. Dickens's amused look as he watched me unravel that lock. All at once, the bolt of the lock shot back, the cupboard door flew open, and there stood Joe Gargery smiling at what seemed a lot of fuss. The bones of the skeletons rattled with the commotion, and Mr. Dickens burst out laughing, then suddenly pulled up as he looked at me. 'Do you mean to say that you are not frightened, Cypford?' he said. 'No, sir,' replied I. I have seen five skeletons in the rattle of St. Pancras Church to be frightened by this.'"



Mary E. Wilkins Freeman
Author of "The Rivers"



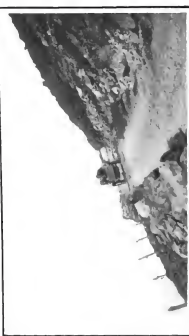
One of the Condemns on Top of Mount Washington after the Race



Mr. F. E. Stanley checking the Steps to the Hotel on the Summit of the Mountain



Mr. Wilson raising the Tape at the Finish



Mr. Otto Verneise climbing the Mountain a Half-Mile from the Summit

THE AUTOMOBILE HILL-CLIMBING CONTEST ON MOUNT WASHINGTON

The photographs are arranged in order of time during the recent automobile hill-climbing contest on Mount Washington, to which such prominent automobilists as Harry Harkness, James E. Brown, and F. E. Stanley took part. The race at which Mr. Harkness won the championship of the club took place on July 23, 1900. The first race was made by Mr. F. E. Stanley, in his 1900 power (Ford); and by Mr. James E. Brown in his 1900 power (Ford).

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College Influence and the Home

By Charles F. Thwing, LL.D.

President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College

THE purpose of the home is the purpose of the college. The parent desires his son to become large-minded, great at heart, strong in will, representative of all that is good and beautiful, pure in his moral nature. The teacher also seeks to secure for his students wisdom through learning, and to cause wisdom to become a guide of the will of each of them. The son of Josiah Quincy, one of the most modest presidents Harvard College has had out of its more than a score, says of his father: "His heart's desire was to make the college a nursery of high-minded, high-principled, well-thought, well-conducted, well-bred gentlemen, fit to take their share, gracefully and honorably, in public and private life." I am sure that the desire of President Quincy for his students was the same desire which he as a parent had for his children.

The Need of Cooperation

The identity of the aim of the home and of the college is indeed significant. For the idea is altogether too strongly and too unanimously held that the college is either remote from or even antagonistic to the home, that its ideals are not the ideals of the home, and that its ways of securing these ideals are not the methods which the home adopts. To be sure, a superficial interpretation gives ground for the judgment of such alienation. For students are away from home. College life is at once monastic and communal. Domestic life is not monastic and in many respects is not communal. College boys live in an atmosphere of freedom as the last class-day orator at Harvard, Billiamine, well pointed out. The domestic atmosphere is one of dependence and supervision. But after all the superficial and temporary differences, at bottom the college seeks what the home seeks; the home seeks what the college wants—the first type of the gentleman.

The home and the college, therefore, should cooperate in seeking the results for which each labors.

The home should lead the college in its work of making the first type of the gentleman in at least three ways:

First, The home should be frank with the college as telling the college all about the boy whom it entrusts to the college for four years. The home is to be frank, it is said, always frank. The college is obliged to find out for itself what kind of a fellow this boy of eighteen is. In certain respects it is well for the boy and well for the college for it to find out for itself. But usually if frank, statements are made, that strength of the college which is devoted to seeking information could be devoted to formation, if need be, to reformation. I have often thought, and I believe I have elsewhere said, that it might be well for the college to put into the hands of every father sending a son some questions about that son. In such a list might be included such questions as these:

1. Has your son inherited tendencies to any disease?
2. What are his favorite studies?
3. To what temptations is he more inclined to yield?
4. Is he responsive to responsibility?
5. Does he readily assume leadership in any undertaking?
6. Can he be trusted not to overwork? Can he be trusted to work enough?
7. Can he be trusted to take sufficient exercise?
8. Has he already formed good habits of study? If not, in what respect are his habits of study poor?
9. What do you wish this college to do for your son?

Arnold's Method at Rugby

Such questions are simply suggestions. They represent conditions and facts of which it is usually well for the college to be informed. College teachers might never promptly and soverely helped, not of course all, but at least a few boys through possessing such information.

Second, I also wish to say that the home may work with the college in trusting the boy. The boy also comes to college entrusted or entrusted by his home, under the fear that he will not prove worthy either an intellect or character, is very prone to prove that he is worthy of this lack of trust. The boy who comes to college trusted by his home is just like him—if worthy, the trust. Nothing makes the young or the old so unworthy of being trusted as being trusted. This was the method of Arnold of Rugby. It was also the method of President Quincy, in whom I have already referred. His son says of him that in his intercourse with the students "he always told it he granted that they were gentlemen and men of honor. He never questioned the truth of any story any of them told him, when in academic difficulties, however insubstantial it might be. That statement was accepted as truth until it was contradicted by some facts and irreconcilable evidence. Then, beyond doubt, the unhappy youth was made to know the value of a good character by the inconvenience attending the loss of it." One of the most significant remarks ever made about Arnold was that made by the boys of Rugby: "We wouldn't be to Arnold, he'd believe us."

Third, The home should look to the college for giving the highest things to its sons. By the highest things I mean what is contained in these four words, which have been said to designate the finest line in Latin literature: *Vir bonus, verus, magnus, liber* (May they see virtue and consume away for that they have broken it). Manliness is first, and the recognition of the fact that to forsake manliness is death is also first. Truth, becoming truthfulness, faith inspiring to faithfulness, and the sense of duty which begets constitutional difficulties, these are the first things. At the present time it is important to make first things first in the American college. For a tendency is appearing to make first things second, and second things primary. The head of a department in an historic American college writes me, saying:

A comparatively insignificant number of boys come here for the purpose of study. The college life—not athletic, as is generally stated, but general social intercourse—takes their time. In many cases their parents look at the college as a girl's parents do on any popular boarding-school—on place to make pleasant acquaintances.

Concerning Social Intercourse

Be it said it is important that a boy should have the advantage of general and free social intercourse. It is an advantage to make and to hold pleasant acquaintances. Social intercourse and pleasant acquaintances, not only as a means of pleasure, but as a means of the promotion of professional or commercial success, are important, but they are not so important as the making of new large in mind, great in heart, strong in will. Primary things and secondary may exist, but they are not coordinate. Let superior things be regarded as superior and subordinate an subordinate. The college, therefore, is eager to cooperate with the home in giving to the boy the best social intercourse—the cardinal virtues as well as in the cardinal graces.

But the college has relations to the home, as well as the home to the college. After three or four years of sojourn the college turns the boy back to the home. It may be said at once that it is a little difficult for him, and especially difficult, I may add, for his academic sister, to resume these domestic relations. If he has not lost touch with the personalities of the home, he has lost touch with its forms and methods, standards and atmospheres. Here is an argument for the boy to return to college, to home, that their relations are not wholly or largely severed that he is at least to put himself back into these relations. He is to be an obedient son, a helpful brother, and a happier brother. He is to be free from all sophomoric exclusiveness and from senior lethargies. He is to become interested in all the interests of the home. He is to bear into it well-being a gentleness which is sympathetic, a strength and an appreciation which are loyal and loyal. He is to assume responsibilities. He is to be efficient without officiousness. If the college shall have helped the boy to become the gentleman it has endeavored the intrinsic wealth of the home.

For the Training of Husbands

But the college has not simply asked in the making of a good home better; it has also aided in making the good home itself. A college president, speaking to the freshmen at the opening of their course said, "You are here in order to become good husbands." The idea is common that college men do not marry so largely as other men, and do not wish to marry. In course there are men, college as well as non-college, who neither marry nor wish to marry, and also there are college and non-college men who ought not either to marry or to wish to marry. Such men, however, are few. The family is normal, and marriage is its foundation. Most college men, like most college women, marry late; but they do marry. When the class of 1924 of Harvard College had been graduated twenty-five years it had living one hundred and sixteen members. Of this number an less than thirty were married. Only twenty-six were bachelors. More than seventy were married, had married and one college and non-college remained single. When one considers the crises which wait for the fifteen men to remain unmarried—due to parents, ill health, such as tendency in tuberculosis or insanity, certain forms of mission and industrial service, it is at once clear that the proportion of college men in this class of 1924 who have remained bachelors for what some would call unworthy reasons was probably very small. The college does seek to make men of the type who are not merely heads of houses. The college not only makes the good home better, it also makes the home, and a very good home too.

Thus the American home, the corner stone of American society, and the American college, an institution of the community, work together, each giving to and each receiving from the other richest opportunities for blessing and for betterment.

CURIOSITIES OF ANGLING

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by Sydney Adams

SOMETIMES by accident, sometimes by design, trout will struggle into places where one would scarcely expect to find them a pollywog. The writer recalls a curious example of this. There was a pool on the upper reaches of a certain trout river, known as "The Haunted Pool." Between this pool and the river channel lay a flat sandy stretch of alder and willow bottomland. One day the writer, during an investigating tour, noticed a two-pound trout persistently jumping in the Haunted Pool. The next morning, not in hand, the writer set out through a heavy rain. It had rained all night: the river was yellow, bank high, and impassable; the only hope lay clear back water, headlands, and such spring-fed levees as the Haunted Pool.

A careful whipping of that dark-green and brownish foam powdered half a dozen leeches. Much back trout, but no two-pounder. A close and minute survey revealed no sign of the big fellow. No fishing that the sandy flat between the pool and the river was several inches deep in water, and that a kingfisher was overhead in that direction, the writer, thinking that perhaps some fly had been washed into the temporary pool, waited some days in vain.

Before I had taken a dozen steps the kingfisher flushed up the stream, wheeled, hovered, and plunged. Instantly a tremendous commotion ensued; the kingfisher struggled a moment in the shallow water, then flurried up to the limb of a dead tree, apparently dazed; and on the surface of the pool a big speckled two-pound trout floated quivering, belly up, feebly whirling round and round in his efforts to right himself. I would scarcely believe that the fisher had struck the trout; he had, and it was a mortal blow—a round blow just forward of the dorsal fin, piercing the backbone.

The puddle was nowhere over four inches deep, a curious place for a big trout to go swimming after plump fly. It was an angler's ruin for Fontenelles. All that day it rained steadily; the river rose in proportion; here and there I picked out a trout from the foaming edge of near sandy whorls, but it was slow sport.

About five o'clock, the rain slaking the river was ankle-deep in water, and the mud was everywhere. I feared for the trout; and my boots proved well founded, for in wading a continuous stream up, saying that trout were lying in mud puddles in the mud, and that every meadow was alive with them. We probed tufts, milk-cans, and volunteers, and drove off to say what we could. It made one's heart ache to see dead trout lying in the grass and in the mud, left by the receding flood. And it was a strange sight, too, to see mud puddles in the mud stirred by darting trout which, in their frantic efforts to escape our benighted aid, ran there where high and dry in the mud and grass. We saved thousands of fish, returning them to the brooks and quieter waters of the river; but I fear that thousands of noble trout perished that day, and I know that the river has never quite recovered from that disaster.

An amusing experience happened to me on a very beautiful and apparently still stream which I had known well, years before, when I first struck the upper waters. I was perfectly certain that it was a gem among trout streams; the water was diamond clear, the pools and rapids apparently formed for the express purpose of harlequin trout. Three hours continued me that there was not a single trout, not a solitary fish of any kind in that stream. Why? Not for lack of food. Here the sandy shallows were alive with caddisworms; stoneflies danced and dipped above the verdant pools; there was food sufficient to sustain many trout to each pool. And, besides, here in the wilderness nobody came; there was not a soul but fish and that pearl among streams.

Another hour's walk down stream explained the mystery; a thirty-foot cataraict falling above, blacked any living fish's progress up the stream. Below the falls there were trout; above that foaming column of water and a fin stirred the calm reaches. This fact once understood and accepted, I, of course, never fished above the falls, until one day wishing to make a detour through the forest, I crossed the stream a mile above the cataraict.

Idly, and without serious intention, I halted midway across and

cast up stream, merely for the pleasure of casting. To my amazement, a fine trout sprang clear out of water, missed, chased the fly, and made off with it. If a tarpon had suddenly shot out of that pool it could scarcely have astonished me more than when I landed that trout. Crawling him to a fine male trout in splendid plump condition, I cast again and hooked his mate, crawling her after a pretty fight with a thousand rods. Not knowing what to expect, I cast again, then waded up stream to the next pool. Out of it rushed a third trout—a silvery creature that seemed unworldly familiar—a strange, deeply built fish that fought bravely on, circling the pool twice, jumped twice, looking like a salmon parr, and then with a rush and a third leap, leaped himself on the gravel at my feet.

Then that second mystery was cleared, explaining the first mystery: for the trout was a California rainbow; and it was plain that somebody had stocked the stream above the falls, trusting that the fish would not run down. I drew in my line, glad to give these tiny strangers every chance to multiply in peace. I do not know whether or not they did; twice since I have visited the little trout stream, not to fish, but to look. And always I have seen one or two shadowy forms dart up through the shining shallows to the shelter of the rock shadowed pools.

The examples of trout in strange waters which I have cited have been instances of involuntary emigration. But trout often make deliberate choice of unusual habitations. An old house, disused by a flood, satrued in the bed of a trout stream. I have looked into the window panes and seen scores of trout dart over the floor, which lay some six inches under water. It was a great hiding place for trout.

On another occasion I was the disgusted observer of a trout inhabiting a jet pen. The pen ran down to the river; the routine occupant had dug a hole in one corner of the pen which the current enlarged into a small deep basin. And I regret to say that I never failed to see from one to five trout lying there, apparently enjoying the limited water, discolored from the filth on the dip above.

Trout, theoretically the spiritual dwellers in icy crystalline depths, sometimes have perverted tastes, as well as individuals may highly organized. They eat one another; they eat other fish; they eat their own eggs when the chance presents itself; and I believe, from personal observation, that they deliberately eat upon and kill maimed or injured trout. Big trout will jump at almost anything that is in motion on the water. I have seen them come swirling up in the wake of a dipping swallow; they will take the tortoise horns of artificial bait, squabs, sparrows, artificial grasshoppers, crickets, frogs, and "dobsons." I have seen trout strike at a small caterpillar swimming; I have seen a trout strike and seize a mouse.

Once, while resting from a canoe, when at dusk the night-birds were very thick, I slipped the flies again and again on the wings of the grating birds, and on one occasion discharged a feather which, falling to the surface of the lake, was seized by a trout. On another occasion, in Maine, resting at sunset, I hooked a trout, not through the hook. The trout crawled up on the bank; the hook carried away a little film of skin and hair without hurting the frightened creature. Recovering, I cast and took a trout on that tuff of hair, which, added to the Farmhouse Belle on my leader, seemed to do the work as long as it lasted. Yet, when it was gone, substituting a black gut with chemical body and lead wings, the trout knew the difference, and refused the offer.

More than once, on the Kennebec, looking for needier a sinner at a vast, I have lost both shiner and fly, and taken a trout on the combination;—and sometimes very small trout. I fancy that experience is not uncommon among anglers. But the worsted tale I have to offer concerns the almost incredible performance of a common catfish which, Heaven alone knows how or why, struck at a spinning spoon, and was landed by the writer, who can blame nobody for doubting his sanity or his veracity after this barren

ing tale. But there was a reputable witness to the intertile performance—an angler whose reproach. And I thought he would hint when he saw that grinning, gaping bullhead come into the landing-net. It was an uneasy experience; and I'm glad I had a witness to the deed—literally "a deed without a name." Doubtless that's what Macbeth's friend meant—landing a catfish on a spoon.

On one occasion while in camp we anglers were under the temporary necessity of cleaning our own catch. At the time I was collecting *Pelocypoda*; and while cleaning a heavy catch taken just after a storm, I found some rare beetles in various stages of preservation in the stomachs of the trout. No doubt the rain had washed these beetles from leaves and branches and other lurking places into the stream.

Curiously, never but once have I seen a trout jump for or take a butterfly. The only time I ever witnessed the phenomenon was in New Hampshire on Greely's brook, when a specimen of *Vanessa arctia* fell into a pool, and a small trout rose and seized it as it was swept struggling over the rapids. The trout, with the beautiful black and silver markings on its body, lay motionless for a minute in a pool close to my feet; then the struggle to

to the hotel, filled a wide-mouthed bottle with grasshoppers, and prepared to be murdered. But justice was on the side to take a full out of cupidity. And this is how she did it:

The grasshoppers being lively, I found that every time I removed the stopper of the bottle, several hoppers escaped. So a dark idea came into my mind. I chloroformed the grasshoppers, and muffled out with the stupefied insects. But not one trout would take a grasshopper so dead. Whether the subtle efficacy from the anesthetic penetrated the water I do not know. At any rate, not a grasshopper was taken, although the trout would always swim up to examine the bait.

Another interesting occurrence took place one day in France when I had put a yellow fly in my bank, and the trout were, of course, dining exclusively upon yellow flies. After an hour of two useless casting, I sat down on the bank of the stream and contemplated the water. All around me in the grass were growing these barely golden blossoms that look like sun buttercups, and which the French call *fontaine d'or*. Idly plucking one I tossed it into the current. "Splash!" A trout took it. Then I lost no time in stripping the handle and wings from a fly, slipping a blossom, and casting. Not a trout lodged. But no sooner did I toss



I stepped the fly again and again on the wings of its sporting head.

bolt the butterfly began, and was continued spasmodically until the butterfly, wings and all, was swallowed, and the trout looked as though his gills were swollen with toothache.

I have seen trout jump when dragonflies were hovering; but I have never been certain that the fish aimed at the dragonfly. Nor have I ever seen a trout rise to a spider, although often and often I have given them the chance by dropping various species of spiders from a bushledge over a school of hungry trout. The spiders, of course, would run off over the surface of the water as easily as though they were running on dry land so their use as baits: the trout would usually rise an inch to look at them, then drop back as though deceived. Never have I seen a trout suffer to mistake a live garden slug, or toad, a leech, a haddock, a water beetle, a "skinner," or a "water boatman." Yet they will sometimes strike at artificial representations of these creatures.

An interesting incident occurred once in Europe when, after days of patient labor, I was unable to interest the trout in any of my flies. A peasant came down to the stream, and cast with a cock-shafer—a big live, berry, buzzing cock-shafer. And the first thing I knew he was fast to a three-pound trout—under my very nose in water I had worked to death.

Another time, in Massachusetts, after proving of an angler, and myself not being bigoted, I early offered a live grasshopper with gratifying results. Then my downfall began: I hastened back

another blossom into the stream than a trout came at it, carrying it under water, and retaining it long enough for me to have looked him had a hook been concealed under the golden petals.

Once, on the Kennebec, I saw a snipe fly across a pool and drop a fair dmax feather from his body. A trout rose to it, repeatedly, yet I had been standing there and casting for over two hours, using every fly I could think of. I attempted to get that lot of down to use, but the current robbed me.

Curiously enough, I, personally, have never had much success with a "white miller." Anything just "off" white seems all right, but a pure white fly never has brought me much success. Yet I have seen trout rise to a live white moth—even to a lot of thousands and a silky seed from a miller. Once, while about the silver dried skin of the pupa of the dragonfly from which the larvae had escaped, I saw a trout take it and felt it, too. Weighing the red skin of a snake once, I dropped it into a pool, and all day long swarms of shiners tugged away at it, biting off tiny glistering scales.

We simple va-banance folk who delight in some quiet, and a still pool, witness many little episodes which cause and delight us—so many that it might take volumes to record them and the patience of Job in India. But there was only one job, and it is high time this group was ended.

Correspondence

ROMAN CATHOLIC IN OFFICE

NATIONAL MILITARY BUREAU, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1904

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR—The current number of HARPER'S contains an article under the caption of "The Papacy and the Republic," in which this passage occurs: "Joan Maria Harrison, elder in a Presbyterian Church, William McKinley, confidant and adviser with Methodist Episcopal bishops, were typical of a long line of Protestant Presidents who theoretically believed that Roman Catholics were Christians, and that they were entitled to offices under the republic, but as for having personal friends among Roman Catholics, as for putting them in places of responsibility, as for living up to the spirit as well as the letter of the law which guarantees parity of standing between Christian and Jew, Roman Catholic and Protestant, they could not; their antecedents, training, tastes were all against it."

How many persons of ordinary intelligence could have been led into making such a misleading statement as the above passes by understanding, unless it was made purposely to mislead. I thought, as the saying is, "the man in the street" knew that President Jackson appointed Roger B. Taney, a Roman Catholic, Secretary of the Treasury, and afterwards appointed him to the exalted position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. It is possible that the writer of the article referred to is ignorant of the fact that Associate-Justice McKenna, of the Supreme Court, an appointee of President McKinley, is a Roman Catholic. Does he not know that Justice McKenna was President McKinley's first Attorney General? If he does not know these things, he ought, before he undertakes to write another article, to strive to gain a little information on the subject on which he intends to write.

William McKinley was a broad-minded, generous man and not the fifth-wheeler, narrow-minded, almost contemptible creature that the author of "The Papacy and the Republic" paints him.

I am, sir,

JOSEPH M. COLEY.

CROSSING THE BOUNDARY AT EL PASO

EL PASO, TEXAS, JULY 8, 1904

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR—The United States Treasury is just now engaged in the biggest business game in El Paso. People living and doing business here are "nipped" by an arrogant and officious immigrant inspector on their return from a trolley ride across the border to our sister city, and subjected in a long impudently questioning as to whether they are intended clients of the United States. It is a happen not to possess their final citizen papers, though residing in this country for the last fifteen years, or they may be immigrants just arrived through Ellis Island, the authoritative inspector with the argosy ever is sure to levy the head or so-called immigrant tax on the unfortunate victim, and relieve him of two hard-earned dollars with the impertinence of a white-collar worker and the persuasiveness of a highway robber in the lonely streets of Nevada.

I confess to a total ignorance of the immigration law as it exists, but I can conscientiously testify to its anomalous stupidity in its practical working as applied by the immigrant inspectors at this port. I wonder if this narrowly conceived ruling of the law had its origin in Washington, or is merely the abuse of an ignorant inspector?

I am, sir,

NATURALIZED CITIZEN.

IS IT PLAC OR MIXIN?

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 7, 1904

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR—As published in the newspapers, one of the planks of the Republican platform, recently adopted at Chicago, contains the following declaration:

"Protection which guards and develops our industries is a cardinal policy of the Republican party. The measure of protection should always at least equal the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad."

The phrase does not inform us whether the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad, which it alludes, should be the measure of protection, in plus or minus; and, in the absence of this information, the statement is without practical significance. As a less cost of production at home than abroad obviously requires no protection, it would seem, at first thought, that the authors of the platform intended to affirm that the measure of protection should equal the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad only when the cost is greater at home than abroad, but in very little consideration makes it evident that, with this interpretation, the statement is destitute of any practical application to the present protective tariff system of the United States. The tariff system of this country gives protection, indiscriminately, to industry in which the cost of production is greater at home than abroad and to industry in which the cost of production is less at home than abroad. And, as this practice has been persistently maintained and defended by those who adopted the platform, of which the above statement is a part, it is obvious that they have not the least intention of reducing the tariff to industry in which the cost of production is greater at home than abroad. Yet the protection of a commodity which can be produced abroad at less cost than at home, and the protection of a commodity which can be produced at home at less cost than abroad, obviously involve very different results.

Even if it is true that the industry of the nation is guarded and

developed by the protection of industry in which the cost of production is greater at home than abroad, or by the protection of what is popularly called the "infant" industry, yet, in view of the fact that nearly every commodity produced in this country is protected by a high tariff, it is manifestly of the utmost importance to obtain definite and reliable information as to the effect of the protection in cases where the cost of production is no greater at home than abroad. Assuming that the cost of production is, in fact, greater at home than abroad, or, more properly, as usual, for instance, can be produced in this country as cheaply as abroad, it seems to know, definitely, whether the protection of these commodities guards and develops the industrial system of the nation, or whether it simply enables the producers of these particular commodities to enrich themselves at the expense of the American people. The most enthusiastic protectionist, if he has any regard for his reputation for sanity, does not contend that industrial conditions and opportunities are so inferior in the United States that nothing can be produced here as cheaply as abroad. The vast volume of merchandise exported each year would make such a claim ridiculous. And, if the protection of these commodities which can be produced here as cheaply as abroad is simply an opportunity to plunder the American people, we certainly have a right to call upon the producer of each commodity for a definite and precise statement of their claims to protection. Merely appealing to Congress with a bald assertion that they need protection, or the claim that they have a right to protection because some of their neighbors are favored in this way, is very far from being sufficient.

Another thing which especially needs looking into is the increase in the cost of production which is caused by the protective tariff itself. By effecting an artificial increase in the cost of production, the protective tariff itself increases the "difference in the cost of production at home and abroad," and thus very largely creates the apparent necessity for its own existence and perpetual growth. It transforms industry into infant industry, which would otherwise not be. It is certainly a very peculiar situation which is brought into existence for the purpose of offsetting the "difference in the cost of production at home and abroad," and which, in practice, constantly increases the demand for itself by increasing the difference in the cost which it was created to nullify. It is well known that in at least many cases the tariff on raw and partly finished materials involves a great increase in the cost of the finished products. The tariff on hides and leather increases the cost of shoes, harness, and belting. The tariff on wool increases the cost of clothing, carpets, etc., etc. The protection of wood pulp increases the cost of everything made of paper. The list may be extended indefinitely. In fact, the protection of iron, steel, and lumber, directly increases the cost of dwellings, houses, barns, fences, etc.; and also of all kinds of transportation equipment; and also of all kinds of machines and implements. In fact, it directly increases the cost of every finished commodity produced in the country, including all of the most important articles of food. This artificial increase in the cost of all the finished products necessarily restricts consumption; and a general restriction of consumption, imposed by an artificial increase in the cost of production, must fail to obstruct the development of our industries, and to make the demand for labor less than it would otherwise be.

An artificial increase in the cost of production, or an artificial increase of price, however obtained, necessarily restricts the market for the good. And, whatever it may do for a few unscrupulous producers, a restriction of the market for the goods necessarily obstructs the development of the industrial system of the nation.

I am, sir,

ISAAC W. GRIMMOND.

THE VIEW OF AN EYE-WITNESS

BATTLING, ILLINOIS, JULY 11, 1904

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR—First paragraph, second column, page 1040 HARPER'S WEEKLY—"and this fine cruiser (the Tenny) might have been," etc. "as it was, she sank because her captain let her up." etc. The writer evidently confuses the Tenny and the Korset. I speak as an eye-witness. The former returned to her anchorage, terrified, wounded and dripping with signals to the sailing vessel. The latter was sinking. Soon after, her hulkers were ashore. She was not blown up but sank in good position to be raised.

The Korset, apparently unharmed by the fight, was blown up by her commander.

I am, sir,

DAVID H. MOORE.

Lately bishop in charge M. E. Miesden Jones, Kew, and Chica.

A PROTEST INDORSED

FLORHAM, LONG ISLAND, JULY 15, 1904

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR—I wish to thank you for your just and much-needed protest in the editorial pages of your current issue of the WEEKLY against the antiquated and wholly inadequate ferry boats which the public is compelled to use in crossing the East River between Thirty-fourth Street and Long Island City—namely "carrioles of transportation," as you say. The boats, in order to cross the river with decency must consult the convenience of the passengers. Their two points, should be at least twice as large, with double decks and extra seating capacity in the cabins. The maintenance of the present boats by such a great company as that which controls and operates them is nothing less than disgraceful.

I am, sir,

A SUFFERER

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

August, 1904

The Baltic Fleet and the Northeast Passage, Rear-Admiral G. W. MELVILLE, U. S. N.	
Automobile Legislation . . . The Hon. JOHN SCOTT-MONTAGU, M. P.	
The Present Crisis in Trades-Union Morals JANE ADDAMS	
Obstacles to Reform in Turkey CHARLES MORAWITZ	
The Principle of Probation CHARLTON T. LEWIS	
More Truth About Women in Industry . . . ELIZABETH CARPENTER	
The Restriction of Immigration ROBERT DE C. WARD	
British Shipping and the State BENJAMIN TAYLOR	
The Dark Rosaleen HENRY W. NEVINSON	
Folly of Chinese Exclusion H. H. BANCROFT	
A Glance at World Politics SYDNEY BROOKS	
Can Congress Constitutionally Give the Filipinos Independence?	
L. It Can H. A.	
IL. It Cannot J. H. C.	

THE SON OF ROYAL LANGBRITH.—VIII.

A Novel by
W. D. HOWELLS

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The Campaign IS NOW ON
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PUCK, under the leadership of John Kendrick Bange, will be a potent factor in the contest between the "Hero of San Juan Hill" and the "Sage of Enospos," and everybody will want to see the telling cartoons.

The Cincinnati "Times-Star," referring to the Double Page cartoon in the Fourth of July PUCK, says: "J. S. Pogue's 'H—,' one of the best of the Anti-Corruption Cartoons, has attracted attention all over the country."

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He Knew His Business

The following story is being told of the adventures of a well-known business man with a shrewd book-agent. The latter revisited at his office by the book-agent who offered him a set of books describing, with alluring illustrations, *Beautiful Homes of America*. The business man liked them.

"All right," he said, "I'll take a set. Leave them with me, and I'll take them to my wife at Pleasantville to-morrow."

"Oh," said the agent, "I am going to Pleasantville myself this afternoon, and will leave them at your house if you wish."

The business man declined the offer, however, and the book-agent departed with the sum as payment for the books tucked in his pocketbook.

Later in the afternoon the business man, arriving at his home with the *Beautiful Homes* under his arm, saw the book-agent disappearing across a nearby field.

"I just paid him for that set of books he ordered at the office," announced he to his wife.

"You did, eh?" shouted the business man, and, coming up the street near the departing agent, he called to him excitedly, "Hey, John, catch that fellow!"

The son turned and ran after the old man, who stopped and turned as he came up.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "you've caught me just in time. I suppose your father wants that set of books he ordered. I have the right here under my arm—as you see, he has them at your house." He handed over to the young man, "Will you pay upon?"

"I'm taking the six o'clock train back to town,"—and pocketing the bill sent the son handed him he made off toward the railroad station.

"Good-bye," he called back over his shoulder.

"I hope your father will like the books."

As It Was Intended

A certain clergyman reports the following incident as occurring just inside the entrance to one of the largest and most popular New York churches during a crowded service.

It was during the reading of a prayer and the entire congregation were kneeling. A man of rough appearance, evidently unused to ecclesiastical surroundings, strode through the open doors and came in apparent wonderment at the silent and kneeling congregation. He looked a moment then turning to the sexton, who stood near by, remarked, briefly:

"Well, this beats the devil!"

The sexton turned a severe eye on him.

"That is the intention," he replied.

What a Good Short Story Must Be

"T. P." BAR recently published some interesting results of an inquiry among writers with regard to their requirements as to the matter of acceptable short stories. The opinions were various; but the following requirements were generally implied: The author who would succeed in producing and able matter in this form of literary art should take care that his story is:

First, Unshaken in conception;

Second, Well constructed;

Third, Well written;

Fourth, Humorous or sentimental or epic

or tragic.

Fifth, A monument on life;

Sixth, and finally, It must be interesting.

"All that I ask of a short story," says one well-known authority, "is that it will compel one to read it to the end"—which reminds one of Lear's definition of the qualities absolutely essential to the equipment of the good pianist:

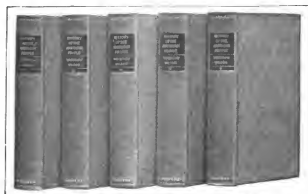
"First, technique, second, technique, third, technique."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Edited by George Harvey



HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK
August 6 1904 Price 10 Cents

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"It may be said without reservation that if the Democratic party in my first campaign had lacked the forceful and potent advocacy of Democratic principles at that time by the NEW YORK WORLD the result might have been reversed."—Grover Cleveland's Letter to *The World*, May 10, 1903.

Bryan on THE WORLD

"THE WORLD never during the last twenty years considered itself a party paper. It promised to spread truly Democratic principles and truly Democratic ideas, and it has done so, and will do so, with entire independence of bosses, machines and platforms, following only the dictates of its conscience."

Quoted, with approval, by William J. Bryan in *The Commoner*, July 10, 1903.



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THE WORLD is not an organ. It does not support any candidate for the sake of party nor does it oppose any candidate because of his party.

The World vigorously supported Cleveland in his last victorious campaigns, and during his last years it opposed with equal vigor his Venezuela policy and the secret bond contract. It was the first newspaper to expose the secret note to the Wall Street syndicate, and it skinned the second secret bond contract.

The World opposed William J. Bryan and his sixteen to one editorial page led in the fight for sound money and against the "free coin and revolution" proposed by the Populist forces temporarily in control of the Democratic party. In this Presidential campaign The World's news will always be fair and impartial. The foremost leaders in both parties will write for its columns. The World believes that the truth is always to be told. Its editorial page will—as it always has—support truly Democratic ideas, expose all fraud or sham, fight all false pretense. It will be as quick and as truthful in exposing the Purse Potentates of one party as of the other.

It will fight for what seems to it Right. It will be true to

its record, as, for instance, when it fought David B. Hill—and defeated him—for Governor of New York; when it opposed with all its might—and also defeated—the tainted candidate whom Hill nominated for the highest court in New York—Maynard, when it supported Seth Low against Tammany and McKinley against Bryan.

The World this year will strive to be even more than in earlier campaigns true to the ideal of its founder when he said The World should be "both a daily schoolhouse and a daily forum, both a daily teacher and a daily tribune, an instrument of Justice, a terror to Wrong, an aid to education, an exponent of true Americanism."

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To encourage the prompt formation of clubs for the campaign a special commission of 20 per cent. will be allowed to agents or parties forming clubs of ten or more in any town. Get up a club of ten and send \$8.

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Address The New York World Campaign Club, Pulitzer Building, New York

HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVIII.

New York, Saturday, August 6, 1904

No. 345

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KEEPING COOL

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. XLVIII

No. 2455

EDITED BY GEORGE HARPER

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 6, 1904

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COMMENT

Mr. Cortelyou is getting busy. He says it is all over, that Mr. Roosevelt has 267 electoral votes "sure," or 28 more than required, without counting New York, New Jersey, or West Virginia. This is the way he figures:

FOR ROOSEVELT.	
California	10
Colorado	7
Connecticut	5
Delaware	3
Idaho	3
Illinois	27
Indiana	15
Iowa	12
Kansas	6
Maine	6
Maryland	8
Massachusetts	16
Michigan	14
Minnesota	11
Montana	3

Total 267

FOR PARKER.	
Alabama	11
Arkansas	6
Florida	5
Georgia	13
Kentucky	12
Louisiana	8
Mississippi	10

Total 84

BOUGHT.	
New York	39
New Jersey	12
West Virginia	7

Total 58

This is really the limit of political vanity. There are times when a campaign-manager can with reasonable surety predict results. Mr. Croker was a master of this art, but even he never ventured a guess until he had received and discounted the final promise of the last district-leader near the end of the canvass. But Mr. Cortelyou, who surely has no better information than anybody else at this stage of the game, jumps blithely into the field of prophecy with cheerful disregard of a hundred possible happenings between now and election day. He could not do his chief a worse service, for the simple reason that he only directs attention to his own lack of experience and wisdom and deprives whatever he might have some reason for saying later of any possible significance. Think of Quay or Platt or Gorman or Aldrich putting forth such a statement

before either candidate had accepted his nomination or declared the principles upon which he proposed to appeal to the people! And contemplate the expression upon the face of Cornelius N. Bliss when he appears in the "financial district" and is told: "Contribute? Certainly not. Why should we? The result is certain. The election is over. Your chairman, who knows, says so." Contrast the counsel of the cunning Mr. Fairbanks, who is shaking his wise head out in Indiana and saying, "I guess we're going to win, boys, but it's a real fight and we must be up and doing every minute till the last ball is in the box." No "sure things" for that astute gentleman! He doesn't believe in them. Nor does anybody but the wisest tyro in politics. Even though he did select his own manager, Mr. Roosevelt does not deserve a handicap such as Mr. Cortelyou bids fair to be.

Mr. Cortelyou may have—and we guess he has—some reason for pronouncing New York and West Virginia "doubtful," but when he puts New Jersey, with its 56,000 plurality for Mr. McKinley, into that category, he must make the Honorable John Kean cry out in his sleep.

Senator Gorman would not and Mr. Sherman could not accept the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee, so Tom Taggart hunted in. Apparently he has about as few qualifications for the post as anybody who could have been selected. His sole idea is to "hustle for votes." Appeal to the sober sense of thoughtful people are regarded by Tom as purely academic. His weapon is noise. This is not necessarily ineffective in certain communities. For example, Tom has carried Indianapolis three times and now reaches the summit of his present ambition at the head of the National Committee. It is the first time we can recall that a man has deliberately and avowedly hunted this particular position with a known end, presentation of "claims," and insinuations that seemed at one time to be almost threatening. However, circumstances enabled Tom to "get there," and already, we are told, "his coat is off." Not because of the heat! Dear no! Tom doesn't mind heat. He is hustling for votes. Well, he may wear Mr. Lechman in Indiana, but if he is permitted to roam about the country leaving a cloud of disgust in his wake he is likely to offset the boasted Cortelyou as a weight upon the candidate. We assume, however, that when the organization of the committee shall be completed, Mr. Sherman or someone else capable of appreciating the fact that only the intelligent independent vote can give the Judge so much as a possibility of election will be found at the helm.

There can be no denial of the fact that the strongest independent journals of public opinion are lining up for the Judge. Of the big newspapers here in New York the *Tribune* alone supports the Colonel. The *World*, *Times*, *Standard*, *Evening Post*, and *Brooklyn Eagle*, all of which favored McKinley, are opposed to Roosevelt. The Sun certainly is not supporting him. All this we could have guessed. But the taking of a positive position by the *Herald* is a complete surprise. Mr. Bennett's theory of making a successful newspaper has not hitherto involved active participation in political campaigns. All he required of his young men was to get and print the news, which they have done so admirably that Mr. Bennett's yearly net revenue from the *Herald* exceeds a million dollars. But he has insisted and consistently acted upon the belief that the taking of sides weakens such a paper as it suits him to make. He considers it an advantage, however, to be on the winning side at the finish, and it has been his custom to return to this country a few weeks before a national election and tell his helpers which way to lean. So far as we can recall, he has not made a single error in forming this judgment since he has shivered his paper. It is certainly significant, therefore, that he should now cast his own precedents to the winds and at this early day come out flat-footed for Judge Parker. What his action means we can only guess. All we know is that Mr. Bennett himself wrote the declaratory article. Is it reasonable to suppose that he really thinks Judge Parker is going to be elected, and that the *Herald* is going to continue to land right side up with care? Or has he, at sixty-three, decided to effect a complete change, not merely in the policy of his paper, but in his lifelong theory of successful journalism?

Maybe he aimed only to attract attention to the *Herald*? If so, he has achieved a most notable success.

The Judge and his friends naturally must chafe over this reversal of form by the great newspapers. But there is a fly in the ointment. One of the first telegrams sent from Expos, if the usually veracious chroniclers are to be believed, bore an invitation to Mr. Hearst to visit the candidate. Up to date Mr. Hearst hasn't gone and his papers don't seem to be going either. They are not only sulky, but are making more mischief and stirring up more trouble than all other public agencies combined. This does not quite tally with Mr. Hearst's congratulatory telegram, but it is a fact, nevertheless, and one that is vastly disturbing to some people. Personally, as we have said before, we do not attach the importance that others do to the routine exaggerations of Mr. Hearst's papers, but towards the end of a well-constructed campaign their enormous circulation and power of vituperation by pen and brush will make them a force to be reckoned with. Indeed, it may not be a fly in the ointment; it may be a spider, and a big, black one at that.

We continue the record of the personal adventures of the candidates. This time it is the Colonel, and the narrative is found in the faithful—indeed, almost exclusively faithful—*Tribune*. Two boys visiting Mr. Thomas Hensett at his ancestral home in Hamington, Long Island, went fishing on the waters of the Sound. Their designs were fixed upon walley-fish, their best apparently having failed to inform them that fancy creatures bearing titles so often no longer lure the hardbitten to raise their heads in those strenuous waters. But they got a bite all the same. The account continues:

Together the two pulled with all their strength, but they could not bring the fish to the side of the boat. Suddenly there was a call just back of them:

"Wait a minute, boys, and I'll help you." Around their stern came a neat, round-bottomed boat, containing two men and a boy. A muscular hand was reached out, and some one who could draw in the heavy fish grasped the first line.

"It's President Roosevelt," gasped Powers to McConr.

Hand over hand the line was pulled in, the fish making frantic efforts to break loose or pull the man at the other end of the line overboard, but at length the fish was pulled up beside the boat.

"Why, it's a big dogfish. Shoot him, look," said the President, and Secretary Lusk drew a revolver and despatched the fish.

Subsequently the President and the boys exchanged letters of congratulation and admiration. The incident calls for little comment. It was a characteristic act of impulsive kindness on the part of the Colonel which does credit to his nature. Fairness compels the admission that the Judge would probably have attempted the same thing, but whether he would have succeeded is a grave question. We have not yet been informed whether his secretary also carries a gun and is that quick on the trigger. We assume that Mr. Lusk had a duly executed permit in his other pocket and was taking no chance of involving his chief as *particeps criminis* in overruling the Constitution and defying the laws of the land. If so, all is well. Everybody concerned is to be congratulated except the dogfish, and so sympathy need be wasted on him. He was probably a Democrat, anyway. Most dogfish are.

The Judge has had his picture painted. It is on a gorgeous first-floor canvas and was done by Mr. Miller-Ly, a quite competent artist. The pose is supposed to be characteristic. The Judge stands before a bookcase, whose contents, we regret to observe, are screened by a red curtain. Nevertheless we are permitted to behold a few volumes of New York law reports and the writings of Thomas Jefferson, all of which he is said to have had in the home. His hand rests fondly but respectfully upon "Cooley's Constitutional Limitations," with which he hopes to fill a place in the White House library and to have been vacant during the past few years. On the table to his side are several pieces of yellow paper closely resembling in color a Western Union telegraph blank. The writing is indistinct, but one readily imagines that if the fragments could be put together they would constitute the first draft of the latest shot heard around the world. The curb is somewhat somber, yet neat and undecorated—black curtains east and west, white waistcoat and four-in-hand scarf and turn-down collar. It is the antithesis of a Rough Rider's costume. The expression in the brown eyes is not alto-

gether satisfactory, but the hair and mustache are as natural as could be. To those who have formed their opinions of the Judge's personal appearance from his pictures in the papers we should say that his mustache is not black but red—not glaring at all, but pretty red nevertheless—and so was his hair before it turned gray. He gets it, we believe, from his mother's side. The portrait will hang in the headquarters room in the Hoffman House, and anybody can look at it without charge.

Grandpa Gossaway must be a cause of constant annoyance to Son-in-law Elkins. Not content with accepting an expensive nomination for Vice-President, the frisky old gentleman now proposes to marry again, if the Washington correspondent of Mr. Wauson's *Philadelphia* paper is to be believed. Thus romance enters the campaign. The story itself is of the regulation variety. Miss Catherine Cushea was "a pronounced beauty," "an acknowledged belle," "a leader of the most exclusive set" (of Washington County, Maryland), etc. Young Davis met her some centuries ago and proposed to her and she was willing, "but her parents would not reconcile themselves to the idea of their beautiful and accomplished daughter marrying a poor railroad brakeman, and the young man was sent on his way with a broken heart." He tinkered up his affections after a while, got a job as a brakeman, made money and married another girl. Miss Cushea married a doctor and apparently lived as happily as any women whose husband is called up at all hours of the night can be expected to. But the other girl and the doctor, not having been made of cast-iron, died at nine old ages, and were comfortably buried. Recently Grandpa met his first love, now a very old lady in the seventies, and the story is that a wedding is to be celebrated in September. It has since been denied, but the mere hope inspired by even its unauthoritative publication ought to suffice to get for the Democratic ticket the solid widows' vote.

The opinions you are known to hold as to imperialism, the tariff, and the civil service strongly commend themselves to men of my way of thinking.—*Carl Schurz to Judge Parker.*

Have men of Mr. Carl Schurz's way of thinking exclusive wireless telephonic conversation with Expos?

Some suspicion is expressed in certain quarters regarding the outcome of the Democratic State convention held the other day at Jefferson City, Missouri. There is no doubt that Circuit-Attorney Joseph W. Folk, who is not yet thirty-five, and who is not even a native of Missouri, having been born in Tennessee, and having practised law there until he came to St. Louis twelve years ago, was nominated for Governor by a vote of 549 to 194. So far so good. In the same convention, however, Samuel R. Cook and Albert O. Allen, the candidates of the corrupt Democratic machine, were, respectively, nominated with equally large majorities and with equal enthusiasm, for the important offices of Secretary of State and of State Auditor. From these curious, and, on their face, inconsistent, proceedings, the inference has been drawn that Mr. Folk, at the last moment, entered into some kind of surreptitious bargain with the machine. There are those who say that Senator Cahill brought about a compromise, deeming it indispensable, in order to avert the capture of Missouri's electoral votes by the Republicans next November.

For our own part, so far as we are able to judge at this distance, we should say that Mr. Folk's unflinching warfare against corruption in the past of Circuit-Attorney should be accepted as a guarantee of the fulfillment of his professions in a larger field of usefulness. There was no sign of wavering in the speech which he made to the convention. He had no favors, he said, to ask of "bosses," and no quarter to give. Between them and him, he continued, the battle had but begun. Should he secure a wider field of opportunity he promised to make Missouri the most unblemished State in the Union for corruptionists to live in. If we turn from the politician's proclamation of personal intentions to the platform, which was adopted by the convention *virtu* *rore*, we again find no ground for the suspicion that a secret compact had been made with the corruptionists. The platform declares that there is no room in the Democratic party for "bosses." It repudiates their support, and invites such a

have been masquerading under the party cloak to bolt. It announces, indeed, a resolve to make them bolt, not only from the party, but from the State. It pronounces the existing punishment for bribery inadequate, and advocates a law compelling witnesses to corrupt transactions to testify, relieving them of prosecution by reason of any testimony they may give. It would have the statute of limitations changed so as to make it possible to prosecute for bribery five years after the commission of the offense. It favors the passage of laws making professional lobbying in the State Legislature a felony, and nullifying all franchises obtained by bribery. Finally, it shows the nominee for Governor to see to it that equal and exact justice shall be rendered to all citizens, and that special privileges shall be granted to none. In view of the fact that this platform was adopted without opposition, and that Mr. Cook, the nominee for State Auditor, promised in a speech from the platform unwavering allegiance to Mr. Folk, we are not disposed to doubt the genuineness of the triumph won by the reform element in the Missouri Democracy.

We are not selecting Judge Parker's guests for him—that would be an impertinence.—*The Times*.

Too modest, by half. Would the World hesitate?

The Boston *Transcript*, taking thought for the Presidential succession as outlined by him, invites meditation on the possibilities of an administration made up as follows: Parker, President; Davis (aged 82), Vice-President; David B. Hill, Secretary of State. "What would be thought of it?" inquires the *Transcript*. It is an interesting field for thought, though not one that calls imperatively for consideration, so many precedents may intervene. Mr. Hay has been such an accomplished Secretary of State that one thinks with reluctance of his having a successor, though that is bound to happen in time. And if his successor were Mr. Hill, and if President Parker, an incorrigible swimmer, followed the practice of President John Quincy Adams, and bathed daily in the Potomac, and were one day surreptitiously eaten by a shark, what then? The first necessary thought is, Who would be President Davis's Secretary of State? It might of course be Mr. Hill, and, in that case, if President Davis, who has an irrefragable fondness for horseback exercise, should one day get too hard a fall, Mr. Hill would be President. And what then? Further speculation might prove interesting, but there are already so many *ifs* in the way that we think it is hardly worth continuing.

The *Tribune* prints approvingly an assertion from "One of the Common People"—signature to be kept standing—to the effect that "Irrespective of the attitude that 'Gold Democrats' may take, it behooves all who believe in tariff reform to vote for Mr. Roosevelt." Maybe so, maybe no; but that is not the precise how held out in the platform, and we question whether Mr. Cortelyou urged that view very insistently in his conversations with Philadelphia manufacturers last week. If the "Common People" keep on interpreting the Republican doctrine, it will soon become a close second to the Democratic platform, which contains so many paradoxes that you only have to ask for what you want.

We are informed by the smartest politician who has directed a Republican canvass in New York city in recent years, that the actual difference resulting from perfumery or earnest work by Tammany Hall is approximately fifteen thousand purchasable votes, cast by citizens who would rather take two dollars from Tammany than ten dollars from the Republicans, but who must have something.

The report that the Vladivostok squadron had been sighted off the northwestern coast of Honko, the principal island of the Japanese archipelago, and that it was headed eastward, as if bound upon a cruise in the Pacific, was naturally seamed with some anxiety by American shippers and by our State Department. The traffic between Japan and our Pacific ports, which has been for some time considerable, has acquired large dimensions since the present war in the Far East was looked upon as inevitable. We are told that during the last six months more than forty million dollars in

gold has been received at San Francisco alone in payment for supplies shipped, or ordered to be shipped, from our Pacific coast to Japanese ports. Two American steamers, laden with foodstuffs, are at this moment tugging Japan. Besides foodstuffs, it is admitted that we have supplied horses, mules, and forage, while that coal and munitions of war have also found their way across the ocean is sufficiently probable. The doubt concerning the status of the so-called "volunteer" steamers, which have been cruising under the Russian naval flag in the Red Sea, does not attach to the vessels composing the Vladivostok squadron, which, on the contrary, are clothed with all the powers belonging to duly commissioned warships. They are undoubtedly at liberty to stop neutral vessels and examine their cargoes with a view to discovering whether they are conveying to a belligerent commodities describable as "contraband of war."

American shippers will naturally expect our State Department to enlighten them as to what is contraband of war, and on July 23 an attempt was made to do so, but the question is more easily asked than answered. Even foodstuffs are contraband, if on the face of the manifest, they are intended for consumption by a belligerent's army or navy. Whether foodstuffs, on the other hand, conveyed in neutral vessels and consigned to private merchants in a non-blockaded Japanese port, would be a fair prize is at least doubtful, and should be a subject for adjudication by The Hague court. Then, again, as to coal, this would indubitably be contraband, if assigned to a blockaded port, or, on the face of the ship's papers, intended for trans-shipment to a belligerent's war-vessels. Whether coal, however, consigned to private merchants in a non-blockaded belligerent port can be treated as contraband is a question which Russia, indeed, answered in the affirmative at the beginning of the present contest, but as to which none of the other great powers has taken a similar position. We take for granted that our State Department would decline to submit to Russia's arbitrary ruling in the matter. We hope that no case of controversy will arise between our government and the great northern empire. We should like to believe, if the Vladivostok squadron really means to cruise in the Pacific, that it has no design of interfering with American merchantmen, but simply desires to intercept the *Hongkong Maru*, the *Yippon Maru*, and the *America Maru*, the three large freighters of the Japanese steamship-line plying between San Francisco and the Far East. These three steamers were used as transports for some time, but have lately resumed their commercial functions, and would constitute more valuable prizes than have yet been secured in any of the raids undertaken by the Vladivostok squadron.

It is not well known to our readers as it is to the riotous strikers of Cripple Creek that Governor Peabody of Colorado has absolutely nothing in common with former Governor Walcott of the same State, or with the late Governor Altgeld of Illinois. He has given ample proof of his determination and ability to maintain law and order in his State without help from the Federal government; and if in 1902 Governor Stone of Pennsylvania had made equally effective use of the resources at his disposal there would have been no pretext for Mr. Roosevelt's interposition in the anthracite-coal strike. As neither the Governor nor Legislature of Colorado has invoked the aid of the Federal administration, and as there is no pretence that interstate commerce or the carriage of the United States mails is obstructed, it was absurd for a deputization from the Cripple Creek rioters, headed by a wilhelm Rough Rider, to visit Oyster Bay, for the purpose of requesting the President to protect them from the enforcement of order at the hands of the Colorado Executive.

The grotesque futility of the appeal would have been patent even to the petitioners had they been familiar with Mr. Roosevelt's published views of the course pursued by President Cleveland, on the one hand, and by Governor Altgeld and Governor Weitz on the other, with reference to the Chicago strike of 1894. It is recalled that those views were set forth by Mr. Roosevelt in an article published in the *Forum* in February, 1895. After praising the "admirable" conduct of the Federal government in the year named, Mr. Roosevelt denounced as shameful and as calculated to "call

down the condemnation of every American who wishes well to his country" the indulgent attitude adopted toward the riotous strikers by Governor Alge, Governor Waite, and the Governors of certain other Western States. He declared that "the worst foes of America are the foes to that orderly liberty without which our republic must speedily perish," and that "the reckless labor agitator who arouses the mob to riot and bloodshed is, in the last analysis, the most dangerous of the working-man's enemies." Some Populist newspapers in Colorado are saying to-day that the people of that State will show Governor Peabody what they think of him when he comes up for reelection. Just what Mr. Roosevelt advised the committee of the Cripple Creek strikers to do we do not know; but if he still holds the views which he propounded in the *Forum* article he must have injured them with the utmost carelessness to reelect Governor Peabody. What he said in 1895 is equally true to-day, namely, that "every true American, every man who thinks, and who, if the occasion comes, is ready to act, may do well to ponder upon the evil wrought by the lawlessness of the disorderly classes when once they are able to elect their own chiefs to power." We know of nothing that has happened since 1895 which should weaken the sagacity of Mr. Roosevelt's prediction that "if the government generally got into the hands of such men as Alge and the other Governors like him referred to, the republic would go to pieces in a year; and it would be right that it should go to pieces, for the election of such men shows that the people electing them are unfit to be entrusted with self-government."

Sometimes, when the Saturnian days return, and American railroads are managed with as much regard to the convenience of their patrons as is reasonably consistent with the interests of their stockholders, benches will be placed on the platforms of stations where passengers can sit in summer while waiting for trains. It is done now on the Pennsylvania Railroad, a road which has long thought it expedient to consult the convenience of its patrons, and to try to make travel agreeable to them. It is not done on most of the roads that run east of New York, on the New York Central, for example, or the New Haven and Hartford. On the one road, and on most others, one sees in summer days the station platforms crowded by standing passengers, while the waiting-rooms of the stations are nearly empty. People prefer to sit down while waiting for trains, but in summer most people would rather stand up outside a station where the air is good and they can see the train coming, than sit down in a waiting-room which is more or less stuffy, and from which they cannot see what is going on.

The saddest stories of tongue and pen that the papers give us nowadays—except always the stories of the destruction of Sunday-school children on excursion trains and boats—are the stories of the newspaper correspondents who went out to see the Japanese and Russians fight. Tokyo seems still to be mainly populated by newspaper men from Europe and America who expected to get to the front and didn't, and who are now pretty well convinced that they never will get anywhere worth reaching, or see anything worth telling about. On the whole they have maintained a creditable reticence about their services, and considering that they went out to write they have written admirably little. But that little is—oh, so sad! Stories of winter outfits hastily and expensively gathered for a campaign in Siberian snows, and then of struggles to keep the moths out of furs, and then of new equipments of khaki and mosquito-netting, and all in Tokyo. And those that escaped from Tokyo with high hopes, presently returned frustrated and de-solate, or if they stayed with an army the censors strangled their news stories. The correspondents are plucky men, and some of them are philosophers. They have laughed when they could. They do not all consider themselves to have been wronged because the war is being fought without consideration for them. The complaint of those who permit themselves to complain is, not so much that they have been restrained, as that they have been continuously deceived and misled with. The Japanese, one of them grumbled, never say "you can't." They say "certainly," and raise hopes and invite preparations, and then nothing comes of it but more disappointment. We trouble to think what the Tokyo correspondents will say of the Japanese, and especially of Japanese severity, when they get home—if they do get home, and do

not rather escape from Tokyo and enlist under the Czar. More than half of them have already gone over to the Russian side.

By the army of workers for newspapers, soon to be resolved into a profession by Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, no craftsman is held in more affectionate regard than Morse Henry Waterston. Indeed, we think it will be agreed that, of the journalists now living—barring, of course, William Randolph Hearst in the somewhat restricted limits of his able assistants—he stands at the head of the list. His idiosyncrasies may be many, but they are incidental to the brilliancy of his intellect. He is loved, not despite his faults, but faults and all. Far be it from us to suggest that at rare intervals a minor defect may be detected in his logic, and yet we cannot but joyfully admit on his behalf a certain looseness of reading which seems hardly conducive to that accuracy, accuracy, accuracy, of which he, as a post grand master, should be a living exponent. For example, he speaks without what seems to us to be adequate information or due consideration as follows:

HARPER'S WEEKLY is one of the best-written publications of the day, its editorial dissertations are replete with political intelligence and sometimes brilliant in expression: its "discusses," or "minor topics," are apt and to the purpose; yet, on the eve of the national Democratic convention, the WEEKLY denounces Mr. Cleveland as if he were, or ever had been, a possibility; a clear instance of the lack of insight as well as of presence; for, although the sensation dealer, never like of the President as a fruitful and picturesque theme of speculation and gossip, the least careful investigation into the facts of the situation would have shown George Henry and his engaging staff of advisers what the *Examiner* has all along told them that no one likely to exercise any actual influence over the matter of a Democratic nominee regarded Mr. Cleveland as a possibility. This has been fully verified by the proceedings at St. Louis.

It is easy to reason after the fact. It is quite true that Mr. Cleveland did not become a serious factor in the consideration of the delegates at St. Louis, but it is nevertheless a fact that he was regarded as a very ominous "possibility" by the very men who not only "expressed actual influence," but finally held absolute control. This we happen to know of personal knowledge.

Furthermore, at no time did we anticipate Mr. Cleveland's nomination. On the contrary, four weeks before the convention we printed in the very first paragraph of this journal the following positive indication of "possession":

We now reckon it a virtual certainty that Judge Alton B. Parker will be the nominee of the Democratic party in opposition to Theodore Roosevelt. That he will have a long lead on the first ballot everybody concedes; that a great many delegates, not interested, are privately but definitely pledged to his support we happen to know to be a fact. The astute managers of Judge Parker's candidacy predict his nomination as the second ballot. *He exerts the pressure that there will be no second ballot.* Massachusetts, Delaware, Wisconsin, all of the "favorite son" States—even, in our judgment, Maryland—will change to the New Yorker before the result is announced, and Parker will enter the lists with the prestige of a nomination as closely approaching Roosevelt's in unanimity as circumstances and free expression of opinion could make possible.

We do Morse Henry the charity of suspecting that he did not happen to see this; or maybe his eyes are becoming a little dim, although we surely hope not. In any case, should we, as he himself suggests, have looked to the veteran editor to guide us safely? Might not we have recalled certain predictions of disaster from a very distinguished pen in the event of Mr. Cleveland's nomination in 1892? If so, could it have been other than natural to look askance at prophecies from the same source relating to the same individual? But perhaps Morse Henry made none such. In the language of Mr. Joseph M. Weber, lately of Messrs. Weber and Fields, we ask him. And, before he answers, we considerably warn him that we know. With what Morse Henry says of HARPER'S WEEKLY we comply.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, a staunch Republican paper.—*Bakersfield Californian*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, the foremost supporter of the Democratic cause.—*Pittsburgh Times*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, Independent.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, the indispensable critic.—*Washington News*.

Quite so!

The New York Governorship

In computations of probabilities may be based upon facts made on the Stock Exchange, the Republican and Democratic nominees for the Presidency have about equal chances of securing the electoral votes of New York. Assuming the presumption of equal vote-getting powers on the part of Mr. Roosevelt and of Judge Parker within their native State to be well founded, we must recognize that the selection of a nominee for the Governorship, who could add strength to the ticket, is a matter of great moment to both parties. It goes and that the tremendous strength exhibited by Mr. McKinley at the ballot box assumed the choice of the Republican nominee for Governor, even Mr. Benjamin R. Thell, Jr., having been swept into office on a tidal wave in the year last named. There is no doubt that Governor Thell, in spite of the fact that in 1892 he only obtained a plurality of less than 10000 over Mr. Cady, would insist upon using his control of the State machine to secure for himself a re-nomination if he believed that Mr. Roosevelt would have a walkover. As it is up to the hour when we write, he has evinced a disposition either to take the nomination himself or to give it to some one whom he would be likely to dominate. Among those whom he is understood to have favored next to himself are ex-Lieutenant Governor Woodruff and the present Lieutenant Governor, Frank W. Higgins. It now looks, however, as if Mr. Thell would submit to being overruled in the matter for two reasons. In the first place, President Roosevelt is loathly averse to the necessity of putting forward a strong and popular man for the highest place in the State administration and he is believed to have succeeded in securing the retirement of ex-Secretary Root to become Mr. 145. In the second place, it is reported on what seems trustworthy authority, that the attempt recently made in Wall Street by the present Governor, who is also, it will be remembered, chairman of the Republican State committee, to raise a campaign fund for use in the Empire commonwealth, have met with humiliating failure. There is, on the other hand, no doubt that the success of war would be booting if Mr. Root should be made the Republican nominee for the Governorship. It is probable, therefore, that Mr. Thell will realize himself in gaining control of the State Legislature, with an eye to a seat in the United States Senate. No well-informed person doubts that Mr. Root is materially stronger in the city and State of New York, than is Mr. Roosevelt himself, and the latter evinces sagacity in denouncing the selection of his friend for the office of State Executive.

To cope with ex-Secretary Root the Democrats would need to put forward a strong man, and it becomes, therefore, a question of much interest, who will be selected by Mr. Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, in whom it is understood that the privilege of choosing a nominee for the Governorship has been conceded by Judge Parker's friends. The recognition of Tammany's claims to designate the Democratic standard-bearer, so far as the contest for State office is concerned, puts an end not only to the candidacy of Mr. Martin Littleton or of Comptroller Grant, one or the other of whom would have been supported by Mr. McArren, the leader of the Brooklyn Democracy, but also to the hopes of at least two conspicuous representatives of the party in Erie County. That Mr. Murphy will select a resident of the city of New York may be taken for granted, and not long ago it would have been assumed with equal confidence that his choice would fall on Mayor George R. McCallan. It is now known, however, that the nomination of Mr. McCallan will be opposed on two grounds: first, that, in the event of his election, Mr. Charles V. Yerkes, president of the Board of Aldermen, who is a legacy from the Low administration, would become Mayor. As the opposition, which is based on this ground, comes from inside the Tammany organization, it might be destroyed by Mr. Murphy, who has shown himself possessed of an ambivalent temper, if it were not supplemented by earnest protests on the part of independent and influential Democrats, who point out that Mayor McCallan's approval of the Remsen this Bill—subsequently vetoed by Governor Thell—is scarcely calculated to commend him to non-party voters, either in the city or in the country. But if Mr. McCallan is passed over, upon whom is Mr. Murphy's choice likely to fall? He needs a man who has already placed himself as the public eye, and challenged popular interest; a man of forceful, picturesque, magnetic personality; a man who would not shrink from facing ex-Secretary Root on the platform, and who, perhaps, would evince superior qualifications as a vote-getter. To ask the question is to answer it: the name of William Travers Jerome at once suggests itself. It is true that Mr. Jerome is not a member of the Tammany organization, and that last year he opposed the Tammany nominee for Mayor, although it was duly tardily and reluctantly that he called to the support of Mr. Low, if Mr. Murphy should decide to accept him, however, it would not be the first time that Tammany has gone outside of its own circle for nomination for a nominee. There is no doubt that the selection of Mr. Jerome would commend itself to thousands of independent Democrats in the city of New York and in many non-partisans throughout the State. It would be superfluous to add that a cer-

tain element in Tammany Hall, which formerly had more influence than it is now capable of exercising, would applaud any sincere enthusiasm the support of Mr. Jerome from the Outside. In Tammany's office, Nobody, whether Republican or Democrat, who has watched the official course of William Travers Jerome doubts that he is a brave and honest man who would be a worthy opponent of the Executive Mansion at Albany, although in power and intellect immeasurably inferior to Mr. Root.

The Republican "Negro" Plank

A SPEECH writing the other day to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* complained that while a great deal of publicity was given to a crime committed by a colored man, little, if any, attention is paid by newspapers to the efforts making by the great majority of blacks for the industrial advancement of their race. He thinks that while men ought to recognize that, on the whole, American negroes have done surprisingly well, in view of the fact that, only forty years ago, they were turned loose, without any education or resources—with nothing, indeed, but a single shirt and a pair of blue jean overalls. Scarcely had this letter been put in type than almost every sidewalk newspaper in the country published extracts from a bulletin issued by the Union League in "Negroes in the United States." It appears from this bulletin that of the 3,573,272 farms operated in the continental portion of the United States, no fewer than 748,715 were owned or leased by negroes. Of the farms filled by negroes working on their own account—and as laborers employed by white men—24 per cent. were owned by them in whole or in part, the remainder being worked by them as lessees. In other words, forty years after the blacks had been emancipated, about one-fourth of all the negro farms had become landowners. Of the farms of the South, considerably more than a fourth (comprising more than a sixth of the improved acreage) are filled by negroes working on their own account. More than a sixth of the gross agricultural products of the South, according to value, and almost a fifth of the products sold to live stock, are raised by negroes operating for themselves. It is further to be noted that negroes here and there of the farm labor employed in the South, measured in wages and in one-fifth of the fertilizers applied to the Southern soil. Of farm products, measured by value, negroes raise more than one-half in Mississippi, two-fifths in South Carolina, and from one-fourth to one-third in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Arkansas. We observe in fine that, according to the bulletin issued by the Census Bureau, negro farmers, working on their own account, produce almost two-fifths of all the cotton raised in the continental part of the United States, more than one-fifth of the sweet potatoes, and about one-tenth of the tobacco and rice. In view of these statistical data, it is undeniable that the colored correspondent of the *Public Ledger* is right in contending that, when the conditions are considered under which he entered on the task of self-support, the American negro has done remarkably well.

To assert, however, that the negro has an industrial taste is to preach to the converted, so far as the Southern whites are concerned. The latter have always maintained that the freed blacks of colored men are those who aim to train them in habits of industry and thrift. It does not follow that, because negroes cultivate on their own account, half of all the cotton farms, more than a third of the rice farms, about one-fifth of the tobacco farms, and one-seventh of the sugar farms in the South that they are entitled to political—much less social—equality. Neither by education, by native intelligence, nor by character are they, as a race, qualified to exercise the suffrage, much less to legislate or administer justice for the whites. Even if the negro were to raise a far larger proportion of the agricultural products of the South than they now do, it would still remain open to grave doubt even from the view-point of Northern smokers, whether the reconstruction legislation, enacted after the civil war, was justifiable on moral or sociological grounds. The conclusions which a large majority of fair-minded and thoughtful persons at the South are now tending to adopt were recently summed up concisely and effectively in the address by Dr. James K. Boyle, of the University of Wisconsin. Now that a generation has passed since the Fourteenth Amendment was added to the Federal Constitution it will surely be disquieted that the time has arrived when the wisdom of the trenchant change projected by that amendment of the organic law of the land may reasonably be made the subject of investigation. In the course of his inquiry Dr. Boyle defined tersely the purpose of the three constitutional amendments adopted after the civil war. As thus: The Thirteenth Amendment made the negro a free man; the Fourteenth made him a citizen, possessing all the rights of a citizen, and aimed to stimulate the States to grant him suffrage; the Fifteenth Amendment undertook to provide a guarantee that the negro's right to vote should be free from any State interference or discrimination on the ground of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." No much for the purpose of the three several amendments. For what purposes were they en-

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Cautiously resumed, Dr. Boyd had secretly undertaken to demonstrate in the House that the Fifteenth Amendment, considered as an experiment in political science, is an unqualified failure than the Republican national convention proclaimed it to be the determination of the party now in power, if successful next November at the ballot box, to compel the Southern States to permit the negro to exercise the suffrage, by threatening, in the event of their refusal, to enforce the Fourteenth Amendment, and cut down the representation of those States in the Lower House of Congress and in the electoral college.

What could have been the motive for lowering in the Republican platform in 1904 a negro plank which was rejected in 1896 and 1901? A Brooklyn correspondent of the New York *Star* suggests that it sprang from a wish to secure the negro vote in certain doubtful States in the North. It would be folly on the face of it to suppose that the negro vote in the North was so important, the negro vote, at the risk of estranging many thousands of Southern white men, who are now living in the doubtful States of the North, and who, but for the negro plank in the Chicago platform, might have supported Mr. Roosevelt, who supported Mr. Kenley. The *Star's* correspondent says that he, his brother, and his friends, who were Republicans, had been told that Mr. Roosevelt had made up their minds to support Mr. Roosevelt. In the current campaign, but now that a negro plank had been inserted in the Republican platform nothing would induce any of them to vote for him. Stress is also laid on the repellent effect of the negro plank on the thousands of Northern business men who live in the doubtful States, and who, in consequence of the negro plank, in connection with his railroad, mines, and factories, and who, be business reasons, do not want a realization of the race question, will do almost anything to defeat the man who has taken that question into the foreground. It is probable enough that the votes of these two classes of men—Southerners residing in the North, and Northern business life by business life in the North—will more than counterbalance the votes of the doubtful States. Whatever may have been the real motive for the last, there seems to be no ground for doubting that it was a political blunder. The fact seems to be recognized by Mr. Fairbanks, who, in one of his last speeches in Indiana, tries to propitiate voters, who regard the negro plank with sympathy, by describing the sectional issue as extinct.

The Volunteer Fleet and the Dardanelles

The strains of the volunteer fleet has long been somewhat ragged, run in Russia, and this vagabond has had more than one admitted by the admiralty on the Nerx, which has on several occasions sought to remote it. The difficulty of the situation dates from the first establishment of this auxiliary fleet, after the last Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78. In that war Russia had no fleet at all in the Black Sea, as the result of causes which we shall presently consider, and she was, consequently, forced to undertake a long and tedious march overland, through Russia, across the Caucasus, and over the Black Sea coastlands. The ships were transported by rail, and the crews by land, through sufficient transients. Russia could have taken her army by water right up to the gates of Constantinople, saving at least six months' hard fighting on land.

This was so obvious that, shortly after the war, a patriotic movement was inaugurated among the Russians of the South, and later, of the whole country, to raise a great national subscription, for the purpose of buying an auxiliary fleet, and holding it ready for use by the U.S.S.R. government should a similar occasion arise. With the proceeds of this subscription the first ships of the "volunteer fleet" were bought, and these have since been constantly added to.

On the morning to provide this auxiliary dock had been started as a result of the war with Turkey, and with special reference to the Black Sea, it was natural that the ports of the Black Sea, like Odessa and Sevastopol, should become the headquarters of the fleet. The Black Sea was the main artery of the Russian Empire, and it played an important role in the trade between these ports and Vladivostok, since the Trans-Siberian Railroad was not then in existence. The vessels that these ships became familiar objects in the Red Sea and the Straits of Singapore, and Englishmen learned to recognize the new Russian ships, which were not only the most modern but also the most powerful. The new ships were, from the outset, employed in the transport of Russian troops and military stores to Vladivostok, and, later, to Port Arthur, while at the same time they were used to transport Russian colonists to Japan and Korea, and immigrants to Manchuria.

The tankers were not crewed steadily until it numbered sixteen and even it was well equipped ships. To demonstrate the popular character of this organization these ships were all named after Russian cities. One of them, the *Krasnaya*, the largest and newest ship in the fleet, was named after the capital of the Soviet Union. It had a tonnage of 12,500 tons, with 16,500 indicated horse-power. The *Moscow* comes next, with a tonnage of 11,600 and 15,500 horse-power engines. Then there are five ships of the 10,000 tons displacement—the *Kryg*, the *Alexand*, the *Sevastopol*, the *Elektrosila*, and the *Chelmsky*. These five ships, the *Krasnaya* and the *Moscow* together, are capable of making 30,000 tons available for naval service. The rest have not more than 3000 horse-power at their disposal, and at best might serve as slow transports. In view of the distance between Rostov and the Black Sea, the ships of the 10,000 tons displacement are in a poor position in the existing situation. To the ships already mentioned must be added the *Anapa*, with 9535 tons displacement; the *St. Petersburg*, with a tonnage of 9282 and an indicated horse-power of 10,700; and therefore the *Novorossiysk*, with a tonnage of 9035 tons displacement, but ten tons too big to be considered anything but an (light) boat; the *Donetz*, of 8540 tons displacement, which is, on the contrary, a fast ship; the *First*, the *Vladivostok*, the *Aurora*, with displacements just under eight thousand tons each, and, finally, the diminutive *Almaz*, of 2500 tons displacement.

Of the sixteen ships which form the volunteer fleet, therefore, only six have sufficient speed to make them useful as converted cruisers; these are, in order of speed, the *Amiral*, the *Minos*, the *Akron*, the *Irati*, the *St. Peterburg*, and the *Scoring*. Two of them, the *St. Peterburg* and the *Scoring*, are, as we all know, in the Red Sea; the others are, for the most part, in the Black Sea, on the wrong side of the Bosphorus.

In 1896 the regulations of the volunteer fleet were found to be vague and unsatisfactory; in that year a new arrangement was made whereby the auxiliary fleet was brought under the British Admiralty, though retaining its own management and capital. It is certain, however, that this arrangement has not received full international recognition, so that the status of these ships must still be considered unsettled.

That status is only raised because of the special conditions affecting the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, regulations and understandings at Russia and Russia alone. These regulations are the result of a series of treaties, dating from early in the last century. By the Treaty of 1841 Turkey was virtually placed under the protection of the great powers, which guaranteed its integrity and independence. This treaty was one of the pretexts for the intervention of France and England in the Crimean war. The debate of Lincolin in what was resulted in the abolition of the Russian protectorate over what later became Rumania and the expulsion of Russian war-cruisers from the Black Sea. The furthest extreme to which the powers went was in forbidding Russia even to land



HENRY G. DAVIS, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT—A SNAP-SHOT TAKEN AT HIS HOME AT ELKINS, WEST VIRGINIA, ON JULY 14

The reader is referred to an interesting personal sketch of ex Governor Davis on page 1266 of this issue of the "Weekly"



The Water polo games—a snapshot of the Contestants and Spectators



A General View of the Larchmont Shore during the Games



Contestants in the 300-yard Swimming race During off at the Start

PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES AT THE ANNUAL RACE WEEK AND WATER-SPORTS CARNIVAL AT THE LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB

Women's day is the feature of the annual race week at Larchmont, the event of the day being the water sports held off the shore in front of the clubhouse. The sports were witnessed by members of the club and their friends, among of whom are prominent socially in New York. Among the events were swimming and tub races, sailing contests, juncu dicant, and water polo, the contestants being members of the New York Athletic Club. Among the winners were P. V. Dunsard, who won the first swimming match; Harold Warren, who won the tub race; and E. H. Adams, who won the 300-yard swimming race.

Photographs by DeWolf



The Mayor's Party leaving the City Hall Subway Station on their Tour of Inspection



A Scene in the Subway—Painters at Work spraying Paint with Pressure pumps at the Ninety-sixth Street Station

THE MAYOR'S INSPECTION PARTY MAKING A TOUR OF THE NEW SUBWAY IN NEW YORK CITY

A trip through the new Subway in New York was made on July 10 by Mayor McWilliam and a party comprising members of the Rapid Transit Commission and various city officials. The tour was undertaken in order to confirm contractor John R. McComb's recent statement to the Rapid Transit Commission to the effect that the Subway would be completed on time, 1 mile of the road that had not before been inspected—the roadway spur under Central Park and up Lenox Avenue to the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street station—was visited during the trip. It is announced that the Subway will be ready for the use of the public September 1.

Photographs by John

Ex-Senator Henry G. Davis

By Melville Davisson Post

THE Democratic national convention at St. Louis was confronted with a tremendous undertaking. Not since the series of difficult compromises which were necessary to the adoption of the Constitution have political leaders so labored to unify vast sectional interests and alloy feeling inherited from recent defeat. It was a work of large adjustment, undertaken with a profound sense of public obligation and the greatest patience. Even the most obscure delegate seemed to feel that this national convention would adjourn, having either instantly united the party or hopelessly disrupted it. When the Presidential candidate was selected the adjustment had arrived. The calm judgment of the convention was satisfied; but its partisan instincts, its class enthusiasm, its sentiment, enmeshed with traditions, remained to be considered. The convention descended for several places on its ticket a party stalwart, of ancient and continuous affiliations, whose name would recall memories—sympathetic fervor and the enthusiasm of reminiscence.

One who studies the history of ex-Senator Davis will presently realize less, prominently for he is for a running mate to Judge Parker, and why the situation at St. Louis demanded him rather than another.

Planning an Industrial Empire

Henry G. Davis was born in Baltimore, and not at Woodstock, Maryland, as the newspaper sketches give it on the 16th of November, 1828. His father was Caleb Davis, a merchant, and his mother, Miss Louisa Brown, an aunt of Senator Arthur P. Coker. His early years were spent on a farm near Baltimore, and his educational advantages were not more than those of Lincoln. Later he came into the employ of a railroad company in a minor capacity, but quickly advanced to a position of responsibility. In 1851 he married Katharine Blunt, of Frederick, Maryland, and shortly afterwards moved to Piedmont, then Virginia. Here the large spirit of the man found an ample theatre. He founded first the mercantile house of H. G. Davis & Brother, and then began his investments in lands. He saw what great wealth the forests and railroads of this portion of Virginia represented. In this estate he was quite alone. It was the fashion in Virginia to consider these Western mountains barren and hopeless territory. And one was still a pioneer who came down through the Cumberland with the sun behind his back. For the most part the information which the South and East had of the Alleghenies was still smacking of a Marco Polo. It was No Man's Country, presided by the black bear. Young Davis had here something of the same vision that came earlier to Henneschawett and his great guest, only Davis dreamed of an industrial empire, added to the republic. No pro-

motor of to-day, summing from a broker's office to a hotel lobby, could grasp the tremendous difficulties of this plan which young Davis was turning in his mind. It would take half a century and the revenues of Maryland to construct a commercial highway from the Cumberland westward to the mouth of the Kanawha—and to strip and dismember the mountains.

A Triumph at Eighty

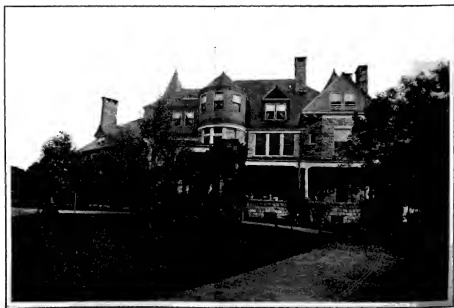
Henry G. Davis was eighty when his plan was half carried out. He had conquered the mountains to the Tygart's Valley River. He had a system of railroads literally chiseled into the bosom of the Alleghenies, comprising the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg, Piedmont and Cumberland, the Coal and Iron, scores of towns, and hundreds of industrial plants. Millions of feet of lumber and millions of tons of coal had gone down to the market places from this wilderness. The dreamer was uncovering his empire.

In 1900 a New York city syndicate endeavored to purchase this vast development, and Senator Davis sold. In one cash payment he received fifteen millions of dollars. He was just the scriptural measure for life. His friends presumed that he was weary and that he would now be content "to dust from his hands the sands of granite"; but Henry G. Davis was not going to the Silence with a plan half worked out when the life in him was still vigorous. He took the money and began a railroad line from the Tygart's Valley westward to Elk River and down to the Kanawha, as he had planned fifty years before. He would put again into the mountains what he had got out. The republic should have its province developed to the Ohio. And so he was at work at eighty when the St. Louis convention called him to another labor.

Eighty! Most men are dead then, or as good as dead. But not all; some have done their greatest work when the lights were going out. Li Hung Chang in Asia, for example; Bismarck in the unification of Germany; Gladstone, Tolstoy, and Lord Roberts.

The Senator's Locust-trees

Senator Davis seems never to have calculated against an age limit. One afternoon in the present summer he was walking through the grounds of his locust-estate at the town of Elkins, where he resides. He was accompanied by one of his superintendents, and the conversation ran upon the growth of trees. "These North Carolina poplars," said the Senator, "grow rapidly, but they are poor trees at the end." "Why don't you try some harder trees?" responded the superintendent. "I have thought about the locust," Senator Davis answered—"let me see, a hardy grove about twenty-five inches in twenty years," and then, musingly, "I think I shall put some out."



Ex-Senator Davis's Home at Elkins, West Virginia

Such as one does not fall in readily with Robert Louis Stevenson's theory of living. "If a man knows he will, sooner or later, be robbed upon a journey, he will have a battle of the wits at every inn, and look upon his extravagancies as so much gained upon the thieves."

It need be said of Mr. Davis in his youth that he must eventually amass a fortune, because he did the work of three men and spent the income of one. And, further, his rule was to hold no post mortem over matters that had ended—when an event passed, it was gone for good and all. A younger business associate came to apologize for the failure of a venture which had been intrusted to his care. He was brought up thus abruptly in his elaborate regret: "Well, isn't that thing over? Let us get to work again!"

It is attempting to arrive at a classification of such a man as Senator Davis one is apt to grope for a comparison. Compare him to a familiar with two types best exemplified in the careers of Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Cecil Rhodes, respectively. The one depends upon rickshaws and established methods—a progress from one ship in Glasgow to a hundred others. The other seeks to advance the outposts of human dominion over the sea, the desert, or the wilderness, and thereby add some new province—some leading permanent wealth to the common holding. The one takes a measure from every man to make his own bag larger. The other brings a bushel from nature to the common heap.

Of the Class of Cecil Rhodes

Senator Davis is of the class of Cecil Rhodes. His great development of the coal and timber regions of West Virginia was later felt than that of Mr. Rhodes in the mining regions of Mattheleland and Mesopotamia. It was so much closer pain to the common wealth. So it comes about that Senator Davis's fortune represents no man's loss. He never traded in values or took anything by usury. It was all wrested from the wilderness.

Before the creation of the State of West Virginia Mr. Davis was a Whig; afterwards he was a Democrat. He was elected to a seat in the Legislature of West Virginia in 1860; later he was in the State Senate, and in 1871 he was chosen United States Senator. He was re-elected and served continuously until the 4th of March, 1883. His business interests were now in that fortunate state which required the closest personal supervision, and he declined to stand for reelection. That he continued active in the political councils of his party—a lively and regular debater, he was a member of the First International Conference of the American States which met in Washington in 1889-90, and became a member and potential host of the International Railway Commission, which grew out of this conference. Later President McKinley continued the compliment of President Harrison to Mr. Davis, by making him a member of the Second Conference of the American States held in 1891-2 in the city of Mexico. The delegation from the United States recognized his prominence by selecting him for its chairman.

A "Regular" Politician

Throughout his political career Mr. Davis has always been what is generally called "regular." He believed that his party, at its basic principles, stood for the best policy of a representative government, and that while it might be dominated at times by one element, and that while it might be dominated at times by one division, yet, like Seneca's pilot, it could be, on the whole, depended upon "to keep the rudder true"; and then, too, there was the Tribune's line for the legion.

Ex-Senator Davis was a delegate-at-large to the convention at St. Louis, and a member of the committee on platform and resolutions. When the labor of that committee ended, and Judge Parker was nominated, he left St. Louis. A visitor from his State, who wished to sit in the delegation, asked Mr. Davis for his proxy and badge, and he gave them to him. The visitor inquired whom he should support for Vice-President, and the ex-Senator answered, "Jay good man." His faith in the convention was established, and he was setting out for his home contest.

The Story of the Nomination

The inside story of party councils is rarely written, but there was little closet history attending this nomination for Vice-President. In the as-sembling conference of party leaders, who met to consider a proper candidate, the number of the national committee from West Virginia, who had been a life-long friend of Mr. Davis, arose and moved the venerable ex-Senator. His prominent fitness under the situation was apparent to all and he was at once agreed upon. When the convention assembled the committeemen went down in his delegation. "Don't worry," he said, "our own ex-Senator Davis will be nominated on the first ballot. Delaware will yield to West Virginia when the roll is called, in any and present him to the convention." The roll was scarcely called before the nomination was made by acclamation. Mr. Davis was already in his native State when the news reached him.

He is a hale, rugged old man, broad-shouldered and strong-featured; his step is elastic, his eyes clear, and his voice vibrant. Childhood was Prime Minister of England at eighty-five and not so sturdy. Like the great Englishman, ex-Senator Davis believes that health and many days are in the open; no worry and a regular life, to bed at ten, a rambling walk in the morning, a good horse in the afternoon—and the water and the air of the mountains. There ought to be good years yet to his account.

The nomination of this man should bring all the elements of his party into near and confident relation. His very age makes for the closer sympathy of all. He has lived through the experiences of every class, up from the farmer's roof, and there is some fragment of his life to recall the needs of each. And whether or not he obtain in this best great hour, when his life shows, the republic will do all indeed to bring his type in the resting of her sons.



The Browns, Lee, and Davis Children—Nephews of ex-Senator Davis's Grandchildren taken at his home in Elkins, West Virginia

Two Rising Englishmen

By Sydney Brooks

London, July 20, 1904.

I HAVE never known a party make such a dead set against any one as the Conservatives are at this moment making against Mr. Winston Churchill. The other day he was howled down in the House. A few weeks ago when he rose to speak almost the entire party got up and walked into the galleries. The local Conservative organization in the constituency for which he sits has already announced that he need not expect its support at the next election. The elder members of the party seem to take a particular delight in snubbing him. More than one of them has publicly renounced his friendships, and others are refusing to give him the cut direct. It is all a tribute to his power. That it should take so personal and aggressive a form is as much Mr. Churchill's fault as his misfortune. He has, of course, committed the unpardonable sin of breaking away from his party. While the rupture is still in process of maturity some bitterness on his side and on theirs, is inevitable. But his manner does not tend to lessen either its amount or its quality. He himself talks so hard and shrewdly, and makes so rare a use of his clever, ready tongue, especially in the way of personal attack, that he cannot logically, though he sometimes does in fact, complain if his old party treats him with special severity.

Winston Churchill began life well in being the son of a beautiful and popular woman and a brilliant politician; and he has improved on the excellence of this start by crowding his life with the use of years of life into all round experience than fall to the lot of one man in ten thousand. I first heard of him as a vivid war correspondent, writing letters full of fire and color from Cuba during the Weyler regime. Later on the letters ceased; their author had taken up arms himself in the Spanish cause, winning thereby the First Class Order of Spanish Merit. Then he saw service in India, accompanied Sir William Lockhart as his orderly officer during the Tirah campaign, and showed more muscle. A year later he was heard of in the Sudan, serving under Kitchener, and taking part in the recklessly brilliant charge of the Twenty-first Lancers that decided the campaign. The result was more medals, and a graphic, outspoken, slashing look—*The River Roor*. But it was the trouble with the Boers that first made him a national figure. He went out as correspondent for the *Evening Post*, and had hardly been a month before he found himself "a hero." The work of the summer-train at Freetown, his cool talking of the shaken troops, his dual capture by the Boers, his escape from Pretoria and his baffling of the first yoke of, made up one of the most dramatic and popular incidents of the war. Good judges not only of style, but of matter, put him first among all the correspondents in South Africa. His descriptions of men and things, of battles and battles, were, if not the best, at least among the best; and he threw into his letters, besides, so much transparency and sanity, showed such a masterful grasp on the political and resource situation, was at once so thoughtful and imaginative, that all serious Englishmen turned to him for guidance through the South African maze. Winston Churchill was the first son to paint the Boer in his true colors, to try down and expose the abuse and misrepresentation that had engendered him, and to convince England that she was dealing with a foe in all respects worthy of her steel.

It was a foregone conclusion on his return home that he would enter Parliament. He contested Tottenham in 1900 and was elected, no less than three cabinet ministers helping him in his fight. You have seen him in America—no lay to look at, red-faced, ebullient and wholesome, and something of a boy to talk to, ebullient, joyous, and a trifle irresponsible. He looks at things from the oratorical standpoint; his interest in himself, his achievements and prospects is frankly whole-hearted and engrossing. Lord Randolph Churchill's personality and career are among the most brilliant memories of English politics. His son was one of a welcome in public life from the start, and there was the keenest interest to see how he would shape. He has shaped exceedingly well. No one has dropped into the House of Commons more at ease, as he has. Long-headed and yet fresh and emotional, emphatic yet at the same time persuasive, he commands a ready audience. In spite of his lip and unsmooth neck, he forces men to listen to him, and with such effect that I have seen this low of twenty-nine lead a reluctant House to his views by the sheer logic and power of his speech. Lord Randolph was genius and ignorance. His son may not be a genius—though, personally, I am inclined to think he is—but he has already a store of knowledge and a capacity for using it in debate such as his father never acquired. There is self-possession, self-confidence, and a tremendous capacity for hard drudgery beneath his youthful mannerisms. Moreover, people are interested in him. He gets talked and written about; his speeches are reported almost, if not quite, verbatim; there is a popular

feeling that wishes him well. One can see already that he will go far. He was among the most persistent and effective critics of Mr. Bismarck's army scheme; he is quite the most effective critic in the House or out of it, of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy. He is pretty sure to repeat his father's success; he may also repeat his father's misfortune. His position is still undetermined, but he is likely to lead him into splendid blunders as into splendid triumphs. Either way he will make his mark, and most certainly arrive at the top, or at least near the top, of the political ladder. I know of no Englishman in a more enviable position than he holds in the great names of the House of Commons and in the varied and exciting post behind him, with a yet more picturesque future in front, and, above all, with the parts and energy to turn everything to brilliant account.

Another coming man, though of a different stamp, is Lord Hugh Cecil, the late Lord Salisbury's younger-son and eldest son. The son that will be long remembered and spoken of in the world of English politics as Lord Hugh Cecil's son. It was the Education bill of that year that brought him into such sudden and splendid prominence. The extreme Hugh Cecil view taken in him is most unimpaired. He is an extraordinary man—abnormally thin, abnormally thin, a boyish anatomy fine perched on a fragile graceful lath of a body, an overgrown huddlesbody tormented with the length of his legs, and at a loss to know what to do with his hands; his face, his eyes, his hair, his features, his very air, his very tone; you hear a thin reedy voice, faintly unimpaired, you catch his gestures, nervous, spasmodic, the contortions and interferences of his slender fingers; and the conclusion seems inevitable that if manner, presence, address go to the making of a Parliamentary man, that he, too, may be a man to watch. He is a man to watch. But wait a minute. This overture of a post, this minute asseverate, has something in him worth attending to. "Reserve of that man," said some one of Bismarck, "he means what he says." You cannot listen to Lord Hugh Cecil for two minutes without remembering that he, too, means what he says, that an overbearing contention is behind his lightest word. Before five minutes are passed you have the impression not only of supreme sincerity, but of a flashing brain, of a searching, half-irritable wit, and of an indubitable power of eloquence. A grandiloquence is not more proud of utterance than is Lord Hugh Cecil, yet a grandiloquence could not master his audience more completely.

The House of Commons is rather a worldly body, impatient of boredom and genius and eccentricity. Intolerant of everything that puts a heavy strain on its emotions. There enters into it the same element in a frank set, talking to it as a person might talk to a congregation of boys, forcing his way into the recesses of each man's conscience, and the House, half repelled and slowly uncomfortable, sits, nevertheless, entranced. After one of Lord Hugh Cecil's perorations I have seen this frivolous, material, cynical assembly pay his oratory the last tribute of an awed, half-grooping silence. Lord Hugh stands to-day pretty much where Gladstone stood sixty odd years ago. Gladstone was just turned thirty when he wrote *Church and State*. Lord Hugh Cecil is thirty-four. The same ideals and beliefs, the same insouciance in religion, the same passion for the Established Church, the same tendency towards ritualistic ritualism, are to be found in both men. The parallel is curiously close, down even to the subtlety and medical cast of the men's minds. Gladstone was utterly antagonistic to the instincts and sympathies of the majority of the House of Commons; not less so is Lord Hugh Cecil. Yet Gladstone ended by playing on the moods of the British legislature as Paganini played on the violin; and if he goes on as he has begun, Lord Hugh's mastery will be equally complete. In one point only do the two men part company. Gladstone had neither wit nor humor. Lord Hugh has both; and in this he takes after his father rather than after the great antagonist of his father's later years. Like his father, too, he kicks angrily against the party priks. He is not a man of whose support his leaders, even his own cousin, the Prime Minister, can feel sure. Already he has revolted against the majority of his party over the Rural question. Forty years ago it was said of the late Lord Salisbury that "he was just as likely to turn against them at some moment of political importance. He could not fall in with the discipline of the party; he could not subject his opinions or his caprices to its interests. Some men on his own side of the House disliked him. Many feared him: no one regarded him as a trustworthy party man." That is exactly a picture of Lord Hugh Cecil's position to-day. He is a power, and a growing power, but still so uncertain one. No one dare forecast his future. It is certain to be great and brilliant, but whether along Gladstone's lines or along Salisbury's it is impossible as yet to foresee.

In Camp

By Robert Gilbert Welsh

FROM exile to my kingdom I return,
To winds and waters, councillors of mine.
My treasure,—yonder lake where sunsets burn,
My palace roof,—the blue above yon pine,

Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

"Do you know," said a friend to me a short time ago, "I have never read a novel of Meredith yet, but I am going to take him up as a serious writer." How I expect that first adventure into the unknown and unexplored tracks of the great English novelist's splendid imagination! When *Jude the Obscure* came out with *The Egoist* and *The Sign of the Cross*, it was Zangwill who led his antagonist satiric laugher the authors by parodying the titles as *Meredith the Obscure* and *The Unknown Egoist*. Even the most ardent lovers of Meredith find much to deplore in the style of his later books, just as Browning admirers find much that is difficult in the art of his later poems; novelist and poet in their declining years became more mannered and in vained in their literary methods and less glowing and inspired in imaginative effort. Both blessed the antiquity and indifference of the public, and for lack of genuine appreciation and recognition, went their own way, which is never a good thing in art. The artist, be he poet or preacher, novelist or painter, composer or sculptor, must ever have a high and humble regard for the clear and lucid expression of his ideas, jealous though he may be of their origin. "Who really cares for what I say?" Meredith is reported as saying in a recent interview. "The English people know nothing about me. There has always been something antipathetic between them and me. With luck, after a while, it was always the same outcry of remorse and disapproval. The first time or ten I minded it. Then I determined to disregard what people said altogether, and since then I have written only to please myself. But even if you could tell the world all I think, no one would listen." The novelist's feeling, notwithstanding, I am sure that there is a large body of readers who would be glad to hear again from the author of *Kohe Poreia*. There seems, however, little likelihood of this. The work of George Meredith, like that of Thomas Hardy, the two great Victorian novelists left to us, is probably never finished. "Some say I am ill," Meredith says, "I have felt a peculiar disinclination for work of all kinds. The thought of taking up a pen is quite absent. I am as receptive as ever. I read and enjoy hearing of new things. But my mind seems now as if it could not give out any more. A visit to me now will give you but a warmed, old hen instead of the plump pullet you look for whenever his vigorous now is laid to rest."

Nevertheless, Mr. Henry W. Neilson, of the *London Daily Chronicle*, in a recent article, addresses these remarks, takes leave with the author's view of himself, and states that in spite of the serious illness of last autumn, Meredith was stronger and in higher spirits than he had seen him for some time past, when he called on him at his home. The fine line, so like some of the Greek statues now labelled "states" or "admiral" or "poet" in our museums, was borne as heavily as ever, the laughter quietly pouring nearly all that was said. The language came in a full and unobtrusive stream, but concise and accurate, flowing closely upon the point of thought, entirely free from the softness, vagueness, or languors of mood that at sometimes thought characteristics of poets and imaginative men. Of late years he has spoken very rarely, but his interest in the great issues of the time remains as acute as ever. He shared a great interest in the campaign now going on in the East. His own politics are apparently with the Japanese, whom he admires as a really people. "They are a people capable of great ideas, and at the same time of great practicality of detail. They have known what to do; they have never faltered or quailed. Besides, they are an artistic people, full of invention; and the whole race feels a great sense of nature—a sense of the beauty of landscape and flowers. With their Buddhism, their devotion, restraint, fearlessness of death, and artistic sense, it may very well be that the Japanese are a more valuable race than the Russians from nature's point of view."

This led the novelist into a digression on fearlessness of death as essential to manliness. "Doctors and priests are doing a lot of harm by hovering the sick and death and making the English less manly. No one should consider death or think of it as worse than going from one room into another. The greatest of political writers, has said, 'Despise your life, and you are master of the lives of others.' Philosophy would say, 'Conquer the fear of death, and you are put into possession of your life.' I was a very timid and sensitive boy. I was frightened of everything; I could not endure to be left alone. But when I came to be eighteen, I looked around the world (as far as a young of eighteen can look) and determined not to be afraid again. Since then I have had no fear of death. Every night when I go to bed I know I may not rise from it. That is nothing to me. I hope I shall die with a good laugh, like the old French woman. The end of mine waiting in her about her salvation and things like that, and she told him her best unrequited story, and died. The food of Nature and human nature does not dislike human, you may be sure, and would rather bear it in extremity than the formless official death. Let us believe in a hearty God—one to have more than is lost."

Speaking of Emily among the patriots, he observed that there was one thing he had long been anxious to say about her—long affairs, and was glad of the opportunity now offered him. "In speaking of a foreign nation, we must always try to realize what it has done for the world—the very best it has done—instead of always criticizing and dwelling on its weak points or on its malevolence toward ourselves. The other day I was reading a spirited attack upon the Germans. The writer found their manners very distasteful. Well, I dare say they are distasteful, though there is still a simplicity about the Germans that outshines elaborate civilization. But instead of finding fault with their manners, we should have returned to the world—where as philologists, editors, scientific observers, aviators of disease, or, again, as artists and musicians. And, besides, they produced little. I think there is no race to which the world owes more." The student of Meredith knows, of course, that he has always been deeply attached to France. She has given us a splendid literature—think of *Montaigne* and *Rabelais* and *Molière*—great things in art, and, above all, manners. France has shown herself rapidly at the very highest, as well as, by fits, of the lowest. Take America; she has been the shrewdest leader of men; has given us Emerson, that very great writer. The Americans have dominated the world with their inventions, promise of the great things to be expected of them. And they are, however, a large-hearted people; but they are a very young people still, and hitherto perhaps the country has been rather too large for them. What I want to make plain is the necessity of insisting on the best in such people—on its high art service to mankind. That is one of the ways in the sentiment of brotherhood, to the spirit of unity among nations, will not dwell on our own virtues. But foreigners might remember that England's emancipated the slave, and at a cost; that she has been the example of free institutions, a light of freedom; and that she has likewise a noble literature."

Dr. Emil Reich's admirable work on *Success Among Nations* would please Meredith. He has approached the study of the causes of national success from a new standpoint, has arrived at his conclusions largely through personal and experimental research, as well as from comparative history. He has attempted to arrive at the real soul of the national people, by a series of brightly shining glances for existence among them. The work is of timely interest and importance; it is written in an attractive and popular manner, and has already been warmly received and highly approved.



Emil Reich, D.D.,
Author of "Success Among Nations"



MAKING NEW AUTOMOBILE RECORDS AT THE VANDERBILT'S MACHINE, DRIVEN BY PAUL SARGENT

New track records were made at the Empire City track, near New York, on July 18, by Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Jr., in his machine, driven by Paul Sargent. The records were 15 min. 41 2-5 sec. for 16 miles; 16 min. 39 4-5 sec. for 17 miles; 17 min. 38 4-5 sec. for 18 miles; and 18 min. 37 4-5 sec. for 19 miles. This is a great improvement over the previous best record, made by Fournier, of almost 6 minutes. Fournier's time was 23 min. 45 sec. for 19 miles.

Illustrated by G. G. Gould



Photograph by Perinold

THE EMPIRE CITY TRACK—MR. ALFRED G. TORI, IN HIS RACE FOR THE 20-MILE RECORD

Vanderbilt's 60-horse-power Mercedes driven by Paul Sartori. The records made by Mr. Sartori are: 18 min. 37 1-5 sec. for 19 miles, and 19 min. 37 1-5 sec. for 20 miles, the latter being an excess of 25 2-5 sec. Near the finish of a subsequent race, the machine broke down and had to be retired.

Theodore Roosevelt—Cowboy and Ranchman

A Cowboy's Reminiscences of the President's Early Experiences as a Ranchman in the Bad Lands of North Dakota

By William T. Dantz

ONE evening in the fall of '83 Theodore Roosevelt stepped from the train at the little squabbling town of Little Missouri, where, six hundred miles west of St. Paul, the Northern Pacific Railroad crosses the river of that name in the heart of the Arctic Dakota Bad Lands.

He was a slender blue-eyed young man of twenty-six, quietly dressed, and carrying little baggage save a fine collection of rifles. It was an inviting sight that met his eye. All about were towering buttes of scoured clay and granite hiding in their dark recesses, deep shadows as treacherous as the silent, silent, muddy river that swept their feet.

Those who have never seen the Bad Lands of North Dakota and their weird old buttes, scarred and precipitous, can ever understand its loneliness and mystery hidden in their depths, particularly in those early days. Long a rendezvous for bad Indians and worse white men, the region had been abandoned as a plague spot. Four years before, hardy engineers and chain-bearers of the Northern Pacific Railroad had passed through under strong military guard, and even the completion of the railroad did not warrant the removal of Major Vandee's little command, whose ranchment stood a few hundred yards east of the station.

At the time of the arrival of Theodore Roosevelt from New York not more than a dozen residents were there to give him welcome. "Old man" Moore, who ran the hotel and collected his bills with a cavalry salute; "Big Mouth" Bob, who kept the saloon; Harry Paddock, hunter and trapper, and Tom Stark, the station agent, who was usually roaring drunk, were the prominent citizens. Added to these were a score of nondescript—bailiffs, hunters, milkmen, bull-whackers, and horse thieves—who eyed the visitor with icy indifference, string him up as one of those predatory "duke" hunters, who, after a fruitless residence of a day or two, "pulled their freight" for home.

It was the flock of the great and red stand of the buffaloes, whose countless herds of these noble beasts, grazed by the horses from the Black Hills had pushed north to the headwaters of the Grand and Yellowstone rivers, only to meet the end of an unending from the north. They were shot down by thousands. All along the line of the trail, the Northern Pacific were stacked innumerable piles of hides that only represented a fraction of the slaughter.

At the Running of the Big Game

It was to be in at the hunting of this big game that Roosevelt came to the Bad Lands, then the paradise of this modern race of untamed humanity. Quietly he entered the hideous crowd, and found a couple of quiet young Canadians, who owned a bunch of saddle ponies which grazed on the sage-brush flats below the town.

A bargain was struck, one of the brothers agreeing to act as guide. The ponies were brought up, saddled, and with the extra ones packed with provisions and blankets the outfit started for the infinite range fifty miles to the south.

The guide, Joe Ferris, headed straight through the almost trackless Bad Lands to Pretty Butte; here they ran into buffalo, and even the seasoned Ferris was forced to abandon the grim and dogged tenacity of the stranger. Hunger, cold, wet, all immovable in such a wilderness, were not the least of their troubles. They were not "took his medicine" like a man.

They packed such meat as they needed and returned. As they passed along the fertile river bottoms, with their wealth of big game, this thought occurred to Mr. Roosevelt: "If this country will support so many elk, and deer why would it not keep cattle?"

Some struggling ranchmen had already started the nucleus of herds at favored spots, but they were rare and isolated. So impressed was the young New Yorker with these sleek and shining cattle grazing on the rich river bottoms that he determined to enroll himself a ranchman.

While to the casual visitor the Bad Lands looked an impenetrable waste, closer inspection showed the valleys and narrow spring-fed coulees leading far back into the forbidding hills covered with a rich growth of bunch-grass and blue joint, on which countless deer, elk, and other game thrived in luxury.

The "Maltese Cross"

Eight miles to the south of Little Missouri the buttes crested, leaving a wide stretch of bottom lands. Here was the home of Joe Ferris, the guide, his brother Sylvanus, and their partner, William Merrifield. They had built a comfortable shack of logs, and as professional hunters made this their headquarters. They owned several ponies and also a small bunch of cattle that grazed about the valley close to the ranch. These were on their left hips the bend of the "Maltese Cross."

From this began the Roosevelt ranch; for in those days the question of land ownership was never raised. The first lands were unencumbered, and he would was welcome to all five ranges desired. So purchasing the burnt cattle and ponies of the Ferris brothers, Roosevelt returned to New York, with a promise to return back in the spring. When he returned train after train of stock

cattle rolled in after him. These cattle, after being unloaded and branded with the Maltese Cross, were driven to the ranch.

This was in the spring of '84. There were ominous signs in those days. Many and loud were the threats about "Big Mouth" Bob's saloon at "Little Missouri" over "stuck up tenderfoot shassany" round, driven in cattle, not "cheat" and game. The old-timers foresaw that the influx of cattlemen meant their doom, the end of riotous lawlessness, and their hearts were laid. In them the young man saw an interloper, a tenderfoot, although they confessed that "few a cutter with a spint he was' plum handy with a gun."

It was a busy summer for the young ranchman. He took an active part in the work of branding and improving the ranch. Endowed with a grim tenacity and untiring energy, he was everywhere, down on the ground struggling with a husky cow that objected to the branding iron, or out in the hills after deer or mountain sheep, always alert, quick to decide and act, he found in that life abundant opportunity to develop those natural characteristics.

He was a good, though not a "fancy," shot; his success as a hunter was more due to that dogged tenacity with which he followed his game and which always wins in the long run. He was particularly good, however, at long range and running shots—all the more singular, as he sighted through glasses. He had a beautiful collection of rifles, one of them an express—being inland with solid gold plates, exquisitely engraved with hunting scenes. This he rarely used, however, his favorite being a plain Winchester of .45 caliber.

"Old Manitou"

The accompanying photograph shows him as he looked in the summer of '84, and was taken on the Maltese Cross Ranch. The horse is "Old Manitou," a favorite hunter of which he was very fond. He bought the horse that spring of "Hell-roaring" Bill Jones, and trained him to be one of the best hunting horses in the Bad Lands. Any one who has tried to lift a lamp, freshly killed deer on a horse's back can understand "Old Manitou's" virtues. He was a real hunter, and was not a little of a "hell-roaring" Bill. The saddle, made in Denver, weighed sixty pounds, and was handsomely adorned and ornamented with silver "cowhorns." It was a hunting suit of buckskin, knife, and .45 caliber pearl-handled revolver in his belt, and with rifle slung in saddle, Roosevelt would be off before daylight, never failing to return with a deer or sheep and usually with several others hanging up somewhere on the hills.

In the mean time his cattle thrived and prospered. Other ranchmen began to come in, and soon the weary old buttes held great herds of cattle, which found there abundant food and shelter summer and winter.

With the cattle came the cowboys—lean, gaunt, young Texans, half-bred Mexicans, men from the South and West, slow of speech, quick in action, magnificent riders who sat their sturdy cow-ponies with that unconscious grace that comes only to those born in the saddle. Here Roosevelt found congenial spirits. He rode, ate, and slept with them; sat at night by their camp-fires listening to their simply told stories that often spoke a world of tragedy. One of the "Chinamen" in his outfit, a little Chinese thief, shot three deputy sheriffs and had nearly escaped before he was surrounded and killed in the Wind River Mountains; for through the whole game of cowboy talk runs this keynote of single, uncomposing manhood—the jealousy of personal valor, the gospel of "make good."

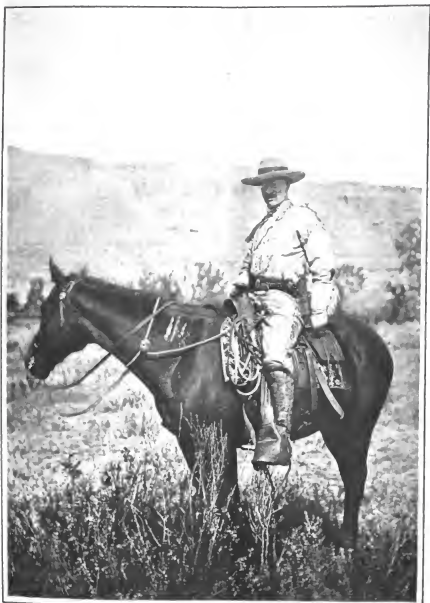
His First Presidency

During the winter the destruction of "Big Mouth" Bob's saloon in the little shack, built at the foot of Graveyard Butte, gave these cowboys with alarm. It is safe to say that no finer aggregation of great American citizens ever went unshaken. Their protests finally developed into downright lawlessness, so that no property was safe, ponies were stolen, cattle run off or killed, and it became necessary for the ranch owners to organize for mutual protection. They met, less than half a score of quiet determined men, in a little frame shanty on the east side of the river, where the town of Medora now stands.

It was openly hinted that a certain deputy sheriff was in collusion with the outlaw element. He and a number of his friends were present as sneering spectators. After a few preliminaries the "Little Missouri Stock Association" was formed, with Theodore Roosevelt as president.

The latter then addressed the meeting, or, rather, addressed the sheriff. Never in the history of the frontier has such a speech been listened to. He openly accused the sheriff of incompetence and dishonesty, and with the red light of the officer's pearl-handled revolver at his belt flashing across his glasses, the speaker accused him as a man unworthy and unfit for his trust.

It is one thing to deliver a fiery accusation of general or personal charges before a crowded meeting of law-abiding citizens—



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**A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT
ROOSEVELT, TAKEN DURING HIS RESIDENCE IN
THE BAD LANDS OF NORTH DAKOTA**

The reader is referred to the article on the preceding page containing reminiscences of the President's early experience in the Bad Lands by Mr. W. T. Dunz, who lived near the President's ranch, and who was one of his companions during that time

it is another to stand coolly before a silent handful of frontiersmen and merely accuse one of dishonesty. Death stares a man closely in the face who attempts it, for these men, bred in isolation, are sensitive to the quick of their personal honor, and an accusation that would be laughed at in a convention hall would cut out man's heart here. Standing, with downcast head, the sheriff said never a word, but his jawline was gone.

That was the beginning of the end. The story of the "bad man" gradually gave way before the ranchman. Most of these were young men controlling Eastern capital—men of education and intelligence. The "Custer Trail" Ranch, owned by the Eaton Brothers of Pittsburg, was located a few miles north of the Maltese Cross, while to the south lay the ranch of Mrs. Lloyd Roberts, and further on my own.

The lady in question was the only woman rancher, and though somewhat strenuous was held in high esteem by all the cowboys, including Roosevelt himself. Left a widow with five little girls she bravely fought out the struggle for existence unaided and alone. With a few cattle and sheep she not only put the wolf to the woods, but always had a piece of cake or pie or bit of codfish for the hungry orphan, who never failed to stop when passing her little log shack on Sleeping Bottom. One by one her girls grew into womanhood, and were quickly "married" in turn by one of many suitors, until all are now married to prosperous ranchmen.

Two years passed and the "Maltese Cross" Ranch grew and prospered. Their cattle now bore the eight-pointed cross over and beyond the Bad Lands from the Killdeer Mountains to the north to Chalk Buttes at the south. A new ranch, called the Elk-horn, had been established thirty miles north, and the Roosevelt cattle in all numbered over 2000 head. Cowley life in earnest was now at hand.

In '85, "Three-Seven Bull," foreman of the Berry-Baker Company, was captain of one roundup, and Jack Goodall of the other. Both were crowded-begged, hard-riding cowboys, and showed no mercy on man or beast. Roosevelt took his place as a common cowboy, neither asking nor receiving favors. He had his own string of ten horses, and stood his trick at night stand with the others. The work was hard, the hours long, and little time was given for sleep. Saddle soiled and half dead from exhaustion, I could have cried from sheer distress, but the ethics of cowboy life called for grin, dogged silence—"make good" or pass out.

These trying days on an Easterner's men told on Roosevelt as well. He grew gaunt, thin-skinned, and showed teeth with which I have seen him when you could have spanned his waist with your two thumbs and fingers.

"That four-eyed maverick has got wind in his crew a plenty," slowly drawled "Three-Seven Bull" one evening as Roosevelt un-saddled his second faded horse and threw his rope over his night pony. "He's a sure man to hold up his end."

On the roundup Roosevelt was singularly astute in his personal habits. He was the only man in the outfit who carried a tooth-brush and a razor. His blankets and "teepee" (tarpaulin) were always clean, and though he belabored with any bare-legged puncher in camp, he drew the line sharply on their occasional festivities. Although the entire social life of the cowboy centered in the saloon, I never saw him take a drink or even smoke.

Only once did I ever see his temper get away. It was a bitter night late in the fall. The last cold roundup had reached "Chinney Buttes," a mile south of the Maltese Cross Ranch. A driving rain that from as far west turned the whole river bottom, where the camp was made, into a sea of half-frozen mud. The cattle were restless and hard to hold. All hands were cold out, and the nervous beasts were finally rounded up under the shelter of the bluffs. The creek's fire had long been drowned out, and all hands were superfluous.

Roosevelt and I slept together. After helping to quiet the 400 horses we crawled, hungry, wet, and cold, into our bed that meant

some blankets spread on the wet ground covered by a tarpaulin or water-tight canvas. Hardly had we turned to when a night rider slashed a wet lariet across our bed, calling out:

"All hands turn out; cattle breaking away."

With a groan I slipped out sideways and groped in the darkness for my pony's parker line. Suddenly I found a herd of picturesque language, the gist of which was a general malice on the country, the man who made it, the man who lived in it, and the "blankety blank feed that would leave God's country for such a blankety blank wilderness"—but there are certain situations of which it is too sacred to go into detail.

It seems that there had collected a good-sized tidal of half-frozen rain on the tarpaulin covering our bed, and in getting up my partner had instinctively raised his knees, with the result that the whole refrigerating outfit spilled down the open neck of his gray flannel shirt. Hence the outburst.

Roosevelt established and stocked the "Elkhorn" Ranch in '88, and while this was a better hunting location, he lived here to stay at the Maltese Cross, where were kept his sixty head of saddle-horses. Most of these came from the Pumpkin Creek Ranch, over in Montana, and were bred by the Revingtons (one of the owners being the artist of that name). They were the biggest, huskiest, and most unquenchable breeds that ever swam the Little Missouri. They seemed to take a fathom's delight in making air-ships of their riders at the slightest provocation. The young owner took a keen delight in their breaking, and often "choked brother" himself. He is a clever rider, and ran out with ease any ordinary buckler. That crafty old "Ben Butler," past-master in high and lanky picking, "smashing," and all the villainous tricks of the confirmed barker, pruned him much. After a bitter fight one frosty morning on the logging camp range, where the roundup was in camp the horse threw him violently, breaking three of his ribs. Though white and drawn with pain he insisted on remounting the horse.

Like other cowboys, the Maltese Cross ran a mess-wagon during the summer roundups, and representatives from other ranches joined it. This wagon moved along the main streams, the riders accompanying, circling the surrounding hills. A big herd of extra horses followed, driven by a boy, while a man was usually employed to guard them at night. The night herder attached to the Roosevelt wagon was a man named "Wannigan," or at least that was his only known name. He was a solemn, lean, hungry vermin, whose only evident ambition in life was to eat up everything in sight.

Under the quiet reserve of the cowboys lies a keen sense of humor that finds particular delight in clever story-telling. The men who can gravely tell the wildest story is much admired, and each ranch usually has one of these raconteurs, around whom revolve their local pride.

"Wannigan" was the story-teller of the Roosevelt outfit. He went up to the H. T. horse ranch on Deep Creek one day to visit his friend Jim Harman. "Hell-roaring" Bill Jones happened along, and the trio sat down to dinner together.

Bill started off with a story about his own cat. It seems this feline had a way of sneaking into the family pantry and stealing the cream off the milk crocks. Bill's mother laid for the cat, and whenever she caught it thieving would plance the animal's head in the milk and fire it out the window. This continued so long that whenever Bill's female relative bore in sight the cat would run to the pantry, dip its head in the milk, and then dash out; it had become a habit.

After finishing his third three pound can of raw tomatoes, "Wannigan" gravely told a painful story about his two mules who lived in Minnesota. It seemed they owned adjoining farms, and that their relations might be peaceful reconciled to build a fire fence between them. After a beautiful fence had been built their such talk broke down and went down opposite sides to tie off the knots. They fell to quarrelling, and a desperate fight ensued,



The Roosevelt Ranch as it looks today



The Custer Trail Ranch

with the result that both had all their arms and ears sheared clean off with the keen blades.

The assembled company looked gravely and looked at Jim; the latter had just poured a bit of molasses on a pile of butter cakes before him. With his knife he lobbed the pie, and standing both actions in his mouth at once swallowed it with a gulp; it was "up to him."

He told of his ten grandfathers' work in New York State who went out one day with cross-cut saws to trim their apple-trees. While about they had a dispute that ended in a desperate fight with the saws, so that both trees raised arms and legs—till a shout of derision stopped his story; he had failed to equal the cool, precise nonchalance of his rivals.

Rosevelt had a grim but keen sense of humor, and enjoyed the camp-fire tales and songs. His vocal melodies we will pass over, but ever in a while he would join in the singing chorus of the following cowboy song:

The old black bull came down from the mountain—
Hoors! Johnny, hoors!
The old black bull came down from the mountain,
Long time ago,
He drew his horns through a white-oak sapling—
Hoors! Johnny, hoors!
He drew his horns through a white-oak sapling—
Long time ago.

The adventures of this celebrated animal were so many and weird that the end has never yet been reached. I have listened to sixty-four verses, with no sign of the finish apparent.

The Marquis de Mores, who married Medora, the daughter of L. A. Van Hoffman, of New York, arrived here in '54 and built the town now bearing his wife's name on the sage-brush flats across the river from "Little Missouri." He was a dashing Frenchman, one of the old aristocratic Bourbons, a white fly of France. Backed by large capital, he built immense structures here for the purpose of buying and killing the big breeds of beef cattle that were herded Chiquito. Soon a miniature city rose up at the foot of the belly buttes, the population being gathered from that floating spirit of irrepressible humanity which circumscribed the frontier in those days. A stage route to Deadwood—225 miles—was established, and soon Medora had a lurid aggregation of residents whose chief characteristic was an uncontrollable desire to make trouble and an unquenchable thirst.

Of all the "bad" men—and their name was legion—"Bad Man Finnegan" was "cock of the walk." He said he came from Bitter Creek, where the further up you went the worse the people got, and that his headquarters were at the fountain head. His heart got lost one day after fling his skin with Bob's "conviction juice," so taking a commanding position in the centre of the town, he "jumped head" into everything within his line of vision. The first shot, through the office of the *Red Land* Curlew, sent the editor flying into a washout; the second took off a corner of the pad-table in "Blood Run John's" cedar grove, while various other shots judiciously scattered soon had the whole population hiding in the shallow caves at the feet of the butts.

Satisfied with this popular respect for his person, Bad Man Finnegan wandered down to the river, and entering an old saw-logs floated on to other fields. Passing the Klinton Ranch he spied Roosevelt's men hunting head first to the back. All boots looked alike to Mr. Finnegan, so absconding his own he appropriated the other and went his way.

When the young ranchman discovered the loss he was "sure bustle." Securing another boot he started in pursuit, the swift current carrying pursued and pursuer alike. Nearly a hundred miles were thus covered when a fortunate late-20:00 caught Roosevelt to overtake and capture Finnegan and also the latter's surfer, whom he had picked up.

There was a nice "load of poles"—a hundred and more rafted from civilization with two ugly characters in his hands. West of the Kibler Mountains, far out over the divide, Roosevelt knew that Jack Mason had a ranch, so with his prisoners before him, he marched them through the wilderness to that place, where he secured a team, finally landing Finnegan and his partner in Dickinson jail.

Dr. A. H. Stickney, whose twenty-one years' work as physician and surgeon has been spent healing the injured and maimed frontiersmen, who within a radius of fifty miles were brought to him for treatment, thus describes Roosevelt's appearance when he reached Dickinson that time:

"He was all teeth and eyes; his clothes were in rags from forcing his way through the wild cow-bushes that cover the river bottoms down there; he was scratched, bruised, hungry, and in fact, but grumpy and determined as a bulldog."

Although usually returning to New York after every fall beef roundup, Roosevelt remained one year if I think it was '84; and still Christmas. As before stated, a comfortable ranch-house had been built on the Malheur Cross range, where he had liked to stay. By the way, the house has since been dismantled and is now a part of North Dakota's exhibit at the St. Louis Fair. The question has arisen whether or not this is really the authentic Roosevelt home. The writer can emphatically say that it is.

The facts are these: For several years after Roosevelt gave up active ranching his cattle continued to remain under the care of his foreman, Sylvius Ferris. The latter still purchased his employer's interests, including ranch and cattle. Among his headquarters to Medora, Mr. Ferris sold the house to Jim Harrison, of cross-cut saw fame, who in turn turned it over to a friend of his, Jack Snyder, for a residence.

Snyder, whose ideas of correct architecture were chiefly gained through living in dugouts, covered the peaked shingle roof as too cold and unsatisfactory. This he removed, and taking off the top logs from the side walls used them for ridge-poles to support the flat clay roof then placed on. As a consequence the house looked much lower. On its removal to St. Louis the ridge-poles were replaced in their original position on the side walls, the hipped shingle roof was restored, and the house as it now stands is an exact reconstruction of the original.

In the fall of '86 more than 200,000 head of cattle ranged in the lower Bad Lands along the Little Missouri and tributaries. During the preceding four years all had been prosperous, and the cattle increased to the danger point. The summer had been intensely hot and dry, the sun-baked river bottoms being shown as bare of grass as billiard-tables. The ranchmen shook their heads ominously at the prospect; a hard winter would soon leave less, for not an ounce of hay or provender should reach the cattle and their ability to rustle for themselves.

And it came; colder and colder their grim, snow-faced old Bad Lands clutched at the throat of the intemperers. Blizzard after blizzard, storm after storm struck and wasted the splendid herds to ghastly shadows; the place was a howl. Thousands after thousands of the fine cattle lay down and died of sheer starvation. Without mercy that ghastly winter hung on until the late showing of spring saw only a few wadded shadows where before had ranged splendid herds.

The Bad Lands were a charnel house; many carcasses were stripped here, while others saved but a fraction. Some gathered up the remnants and moved away, while others took their own or borrowed money and heavily began again.

Roosevelt was one of these. Although he never again visited the ranch he had it stockaded. A few years ago he sold out his interests to his trusted manager, Sylvius Ferris, who continues to run the Malheur Cross cattle, now cut down to a few hundred head.

Twice since then Roosevelt has revisited the Bad Lands—once (Continued on page 1131.)



Rosevelt on the Cedar Trail



The Author, William T. Austin, and his Staff

SEMITROPICAL SHOOTING

By Robert W. Chambers



Written by Sydney Johnson

TO a man bred in the North there is something peculiarly disappointing in semitropical shooting—that is, in the actual shooting of the game itself—though the novelty of the surroundings and the unexpected plays a great part in the game's sport that amply compensates for the qualities of the game. For it is quantity and not quality that predominates in the extreme South. I am not now speaking of that kind of man who goes wandering into the South, firing at everything new and strange—the sort of man who instinctively flinches away at alligators and crocodiles and pelicans and spoonbills and herons and waterfowl. I mean a man who, who, eager to test new conditions and compare them with conditions familiar to him, accepts lessons with proper humility, and maintains his own standard of decent sportsmanship and unobtrusive surroundings.

I recall a typical day with the quail under semitropical conditions. Around me stretched the flat open pine forests of the wilderness, set with thickets of slender and well-knapped, crossed by red-barked "bushes" from which rose foaming eucalyptus trees. Under foot pulchritudine scrub partly concealed the thick, silicious palm roots over which our primitive ungainly humped and hooped until I thought it would loosen every tooth in my head. My old darkey had no teeth to loosen; he apparently cared nothing for the piling shocks.

His dogs were natives, ticked, goat, wizen, saddle-backed, sapwood mongrel stives, covered with what appeared to be a poppy-crown. One, I think, must have been a "dog-dog," but only the Lord, who fashioned him, knew. I fancy. Both were belated a prevention I did not at first understand; for, although they ranged like pointers, the hundreds of miles of wilderness were flat, and the forest open, and I could not see why he could not pick them up. Thinking of this, I took my eye from the dogs for a moment; and when again I looked for them they had vanished. Suppressing I had marked them down, and expecting to see their fox eyes glimmering between the trees, I continued scanning the scrub until it was plain that we had lost them.

The old darkey and I drove in a circle of a mile without a sign or without hearing a bark. Certainly they were standing somewhere, but where? At last, baffled and impatient, we rounded their call, but the dogs were too stanch. They were so stanch in a circle, bumping and prancing over the palm scrub and roots; and presently drove us back into a hole of quail, our first. The brown whistling whistled us for a second; I sprang up, and dug for a cartridge—with the marvellous result.

"Dev's done gone, sah," observed old Mueh, stolidly; "muk's two down in dat bush, sah."

The next instant he drove us in and pointed.

"Der de dungs, sah. Whoo! Whoo. Tak yeh time, sah."

There were the dogs, old Turkie, frozen into a second up point, belly down in palm scrub; and there rode to the southwest the hideous drooping, stanch as an oak, "bouncing" Turkie's point, content to spread there in the partridge pose like a white-legged wooden horse. I might as well tell the truth; I was not used to birds that lay invisible on the bare ground within six inches of my feet, and the spectacle of a red setter, slaving eyes, like coals, pointing apparently at the very spot on which I was standing, unnerved me.

The trinity was almost insupportable; nothing dashed, I launched a nervous kick at a thin drift of nettles, whistling. I was southerly, blinded by a storming rush of brown wings. One barrel went off at ridiculous range; the second barrel sent me smokeless back too late; and some twenty-four quail went whizzing off into perspective, bearing a mad young man, two dog-headed dogs, and a pessimistic nigger hunched together in the palm scrub.

We clashed back into the wagon, for the quail had disappeared into an impenetrable express swamp, and for the next ten minutes I listened to the counsels of a wise old darkey who knew what he was talking about. In ten minutes the dogs stood again; again I sprang out, teeth set, determined to slay the first bird. But the foxing came again; it seemed as though I could not kick up those invisible birds unless I tried on them. But at last came the whirling rack, the first barrel fired too quickly, then a long cool shot, and

my first score. The quail of the far South is about half the size of his best brother of Virginia and the Carolinas; a small, rather dull-colored bird that turns the earth with both feet and wings apparently until pushed bodily into the air. Its quality as food is indifferent; it flies like grained lightning, and, at times, I have seen an entire flock when first flushed drive up into one of the tall pine-trees and settle there. This, fortunately, is not very common. It was a sight, running from eight to twenty thirty birds. It is a pretty sight to see them, after a long point, creep, old rock looking with all the point, dainty, dignity of a heron, and the broad following in an irregular bunch, while the patient dogs creep forward on soundless padded feet until the broad steps under me cover once more.

There is a small wrenlike bird that answers sportsmen in the semitropics. The dogs invariably point this bird; the guides insist that the best dog in the world would do the same, and that this small bird excels the rest of quail. I have seen the bird frequently, and have been fooled, as well as the dogs; but I never got near enough to the bird to inspect him closely. All I know is that, from the distance, he seems to resemble an ordinary Northern wren in shape, color, and flight. We seldom followed up a berry; there were plenty of berries, and our birds, thirty, was nearly enough.

There is one disagreeable feature of scrub-shooting under semitropical skies; rattlesnakes infest the sandy pine plains; and, in the branches, the chances are that you will cross a rattlesnake's nose. These are a little more disagreeable snakes are fat, short, lay reptiles who give no warning. True, also, they seldom strike at you unless you actually touch them. But not to him who treks on a mountain. The unfortunate culture of the matter is that these mountain snakes closely resemble the thick skinned palmate rattle that it is very difficult to distinguish them in the soft light of the express forest, or even in the full glare of the sun.

I remember one that we shot which lay across a pile of mud in a stream which we were fording, and looked exactly like a tree root. It was only the glimmer of the sun on the snake's scales that stopped me. The creature was as thick as the hips of an ordinary man, but not over three and a half feet in length. As I say, this sort of thing makes semitropical shooting rather as pleasant at times, especially when one is trying to "rest," wild nature that it is very difficult to distinguish them in the soft light of the express forest, and their road is usually in a cypress thicket.

I remember one late afternoon and evening squatting in a swamp where I could command a turkey runway. The "cracker" guide whose crew extracted me from that swamp after dark, and he was posted a mile away. The sounds from that swamp at dusk were wonderful. First, out of the gathering gloom a snow-white heron rose like a winged ghost; then a hideous snake-bird followed; then, with a whumping whir and splash, a dozen wood ducks dropped in. But of all weird noises I ever heard, the choicest collection came from that jungle; fox-queers looked at me, ears slowly bent, unknown creatures rattled and screamed and clogged. I could hear deer there, and the strange yelps of herons. But the frog's racket became almost insupportable. Then, in the midst of the infernal racket, something struck the water with a splash and a muffled squeal that defied identification. What it was I never knew; it sounded like a bull elephant, but I declined to believe it was a razor-back slout.

At dawn, the startling, thundering clap-clap of wings echoed like valleys of pistol shots. It was only a wild turkey leaving its roost in some swamp hidden express. I remember one, when tracking wild turkeys through the forest over freshly burnt grass where the ash held the darkish imprints of a huge soldier and great attendant harem, stumbling on a fine serpent-shaped Indian mound in the heart of the forest. Even the black guide had never known of the existence of this mound. We dug a little, lying here some charcoal, but had no time to do more. I never saw it again, although I was there after days we went far out of our way to camp near it. Between grass-landing out of season and turpentine farming, the far Southern forests are gravely threatened. It is sickening, too, to see the hawks hanging just outside of the

smoke where the quail are seeking safety.

Curious to relate, I personally never saw but two woodcock in the extreme South. One rose from a "branch" one day when we were returning from quail-shooting; another flushed close beside the high-road on the St. John's River in Florida. I knew of two that had been seen on the Tomoka, but I never saw any along that tropical and jungle-bordered stream. Wild-pigeon shooting is sharp work in Southern climes. The bird is the Carolina dove, of course, not the heavy-tailed and almost extinct passenger-pigeon.

I recall a typical day in the interior. We were six game; we were posted, by dawn, at stations widely separated, on a flat scrubby plain some four miles long by a mile and a half broad. The ground lay surrounded by densest jungles of palm, live-oak, and cypress. At dawn I heard a gun crack, and peering up into the gray sky I saw a dozen birds drive overhead like paddle-stricken jack-wagons. Two barrels did nothing.

In a few moments five guns were crashing; bunch after bunch of pigeons went scurrying across the sky, from their roost far in the forest, to their feeding grounds on the scrubby plain. After a while it occurred to me that these birds were within range, although the effect of the early light made them appear too distant. My nearest neighbor had jerked a blind out of wire-gauze, and I could see the muzzle of his gun poking upward, and at every crash down came a pigeon.

Holding far ahead of a tiny company, I found that they were within the danger zone. Then the firing grew steadily hotter, and nobody could believe how terrifically easy it is to miss a Southern pigeon at full speed at any angle. I got every known angle; they came from all four points of the compass, although the majority followed one aerial route. Now and then single birds driving low



Illustration by J. H. H. H.

The sportsman . . . mounted me

would go bounding past; and it was a great relief, at the crack of the gun, to see the four sunny tail-brothers flash in the sun and the bird whirl shooting into the scrub, leaving a fine blotch of smoke dust hanging in mid-air.

The amusing incident occurs to me: my host was trying a pointer pup at retrieving; and, to my surprise, seemed to set great store by the dog. An unprepossessing exterior has nothing to do with the qualities of a field-dog, of course, but I had glanced askance at the pup, and made up my mind that the trainer lied when he pronounced him an accomplished, but thoroughly broken pup. To me he exhibited all the field characteristics of that most hopeless of creatures, the "fool dog." After some hot shooting and retrieving by a brace of noble E. W. and T. setters, I, at my host's request, started with the fool dog to put up some down-scattered single birds that had sighted in the long grass of a dry swamp.

The first bird the fool dog raced down. At the second barrel the bird struck grass behind the fool dog, who began a series of crazy circles. I jerked the bird, and, retranslating my language to suit the formal landscape, requested the fool dog to "go home!" Not much! He liked the fun. He raced up several more singles out of range. Then a long quartering shot came, and I scored. The bird fell before the fool dog's nose. With a yelp of delight he snuggled up the bird, holding it in a flash, back and claws, and began eagerly lapping up the feathers. The dog was not my dog. I walked back to the wagon, where five amazed, mortified, and enraged gentlemen sat speechless.

As I say, the fool dog was not my dog. I was sorry for his owner, sorrowed yet for the unfortunate trainer who had pronounced him "tough and ready, lacking a bit of polish." There is no man more to be pitied than the man whose dog mortifies him in public.

Quick-firing Guns

By Sir Hiram Maxim

THE advent of the torpedo-boat called for a new type of firearm, something that could be trained with sufficient ease to follow the torpedo-boat in its rapid movements, and at the same time have a sufficient rapidity of fire to put the torpedo-boat out of action before it got within striking distance of the ship.

The Hotchkiss revolving cannon was first employed for this purpose, but the gun was too heavy to be easily trained by the ship, and the cartridge too feeble to put a torpedo-boat quickly out of action. The British government therefore called for a new gun.

Sir William Armstrong, Mitchell, & Company produced a six-pounder quick-firing gun, which was, however, very clumsy,—

firing some eight or ten rounds per minute. The Hotchkiss Company produced a much lighter form of gun, with a single form of mechanism, which could be fired about twenty rounds per minute, and Nordenfeth produced a still lighter one which could be fired at a rate of twenty-five rounds per minute.

Then came the invention of a semi-automatic gun, using the same six-pounder cartridges, and firing at a rate of forty rounds per minute. All these systems, except the original Armstrong gun, are now in use, the Maxim semi-automatic gun being largely used in the American navy as a battleship-pounder.

One large manufacturing company is now making quick-firing guns of various sizes, which require no cartridge-cases, and this is supposed to be a distinct improvement.

Correspondence

HOW LONG DO WE LIVE?

DEARER, BROX, July 12, 1902

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Professor William Smith has an article in the *North American Review* for May on the "Immortality of the Soul," in which he appears to be at all divided in his own opinion regarding that all-important subject. At the beginning of the article he says:

"Immortality, if taken to mean conscious existence, is inconceivable. The attempt to conceive it ends in mental vertigo."

Yet further on he says:

"On the other hand, there are some tendencies and features of our nature to be considered which, though they are very far from being conclusive proofs of the immortality of the soul, seem to point to something beyond our present sphere and state of existence. That there is nothing beyond our present sphere and state of existence we have apparently no reason to assume."

While, then, we have "no conclusive proofs of the immortality of the soul," which every one admits, yet the fact that "we have no reason to assume that there is nothing beyond our present sphere and state of existence" gives a long way to show that "the attempt to conceive immortality as a conscious existence" does not always end in "mental vertigo." Immortality surely is conceivable so Mr. Goldwin Smith's own statement so given above, and especially if taken in connection with the last sentence of the article.

"After all, great is our ignorance, and there may be something yet behind the veil."

If Dr. Smith had read Bishop Harold Browne's Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles, and had not paid special attention to what the learned ecclesiastic says on Article XVII, he would hardly have made himself responsible for the statement that:

"Nothing can be more certain than that the Hebrews were devoted, down to a late period of their history and literature, of any such belief"—i.e., of the immortality of the soul. The bishop shows conclusively that the Hebrews, or, at least, certain writers of the Old Testament, had an unshaken belief in a future state. Their ignorance in the matter may have been, what Dr. Smith says our own is, great, but then they clearly show that they believed that there lay something yet behind the veil."

Is not the learned professor rather extraordinary in what he says of evolution in connection with this matter? He speaks of it as the "discovery of Evolution," and says that there are many "apologists" who at first concluded that "we must rather freely adopt it. Now to make a discovery is no hard matter, for a discovery relates to a fact. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood. Everybody believes it, because it is a fact. The properties of the magnet were a discovery, which most people certainly "adopt" because they are known to be a fact, and most scientists believe it, because it is a fact. It is absurd to speak of "adopting" a discovery, for a discovery relates to a fact,—like the discovery of America, which most people certainly adopt.

But evolution does not rest on any such grounds as this. It is not a fact, and, therefore, never was discovered, and this is actually admitted by Dr. Goldwin Smith himself when he speaks of evolution, almost immediately afterwards as "Darwin's theory" or the "Darwinian hypothesis." And here he is on firmer ground. Here he has a right to speak of men who have "adopted" it. Many have adopted it, so far as that goes, and many have not, and among those who have not adopted it, and never did adopt it, are and were some of the ripest scholars and men of the first-class intellects known, including an Agassiz, a Huxley, a Harvey Thompson, and many others. This is admitted unflinchingly and in rather a sorry manner, because most unpalatable to him, by Mr. Grant Allen in his *Life of Charles Darwin*.

It is true that Dr. Smith alludes with regard to "Darwin's Discoveries" that "it has been overwhelmingly demonstrated that man's bodily frame, as well as his mind, otherwise it is an 'overwhelming demonstration' of a process of evolution from lower forms of animal. It may be of vegetable life." The "overwhelming demonstration" apply appropriately to "the process of evolution" from lower forms of animals only, for he admits a doubt as regards the evolution from vegetable life, otherwise it is an "overwhelming demonstration" of a thing that may or may not be true! He admits that a point has been made against the evolution theory in the failure of science, so far, to discover the origin of life, and he simply begs the whole question by saying that "we cannot be sure that the discovery will not in time be made!"

Is this one of the "overwhelming demonstrations"? And we may ask, if evolution has been "overwhelmingly demonstrated," why is it that only some have "adopted it"? A demonstration is the establishment of a fact, and that is just what is wanting in evolution. If it had been demonstrated that would have been the end of the matter. We should simply have had to write under it "Q.E.D.," and the "adoption" of it would have been rendered certain and universal. But as the learned professor speaks of it himself as a theory, and, therefore, how can it be established by "overwhelming demonstration"? In Euclid's propositions there is first the hypothesis (theorem or problem) and then the demonstration. Evolution certainly has not reached this latter stage.

Most writers attempt to establish evolution in this way, but it need not be lost sight of that it has never passed into the realm of actual science. It is still the "great hypothesis" and nothing more.

And Dr. Goldwin Smith seems to indicate, in the article referred to, that he is not entirely an evolutionist in his own mind. "Man is manifestly unlike other animals, and superior is then, in that, whereas they remain stationary, he advances, and apparently will continue to advance in the future."

Evolution, then, has ceased, according to this, with the brute creation. All dumb brutes remain stationary. Man alone advances. There is no danger, one would infer from this, that any other animal will ever spring from the lower creation to rival man in his peculiar and unique powers. If so, can any one be blamed for holding that man is a separate creature, separate at least from all other living beings, and we know something about Dr. Smith seems to think so himself, and so far as our observations go, he is undoubtedly right. He is right in five particulars, which he clearly states:

- (1) Man is manifestly unlike other animals.
- (2) He is superior to them.
- (3) They remain stationary.
- (4) He advances.
- (5) He apparently will continue to advance in the future, presumably after death, or as the learned professor puts it, "he yoneth the veil."

As man has apparently ceased to "advance," as regards his physical structure, the advance referred to must be an intellectual or spiritual one, not on the same lines as the supposed evolution which slowly pushed him up from a lower state, from which he now so "manifestly" differs.

We may have something to hope, then, regarding a future life for man, even from this article, which began in an optimistic strain and apparently in a spirit opposed to it. We only wonder how a writer who states as clearly as noble and distinguished characteristics of man, should not also write:

"It is impossible, since Darwin's discoveries, to uphold anything dependent on the belief that man is a creature apart from the other animals, with a special soul infused into him by his Creator."

We must choose between these two statements. There have been no "discoveries" that can in any way upset the old belief, which we have no doubt still lurks near the heart of Dr. Goldwin Smith himself,—that "the Lord God formed man (all other animals have been produced) from the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

I am, sir,

C. H. MCKENDEL, D.D.

DO MEN MANAGE THEIR WIVES?

New York, July 12, 1902

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Lillian Bell, who has always been rather strenuously critical of men, now, after several years' experience of married life, avers in *HARPER'S HAZARD* that men frequently manage their wives in a mastery and tactful manner, and that the world has hitherto not accorded them a credit which manifestly they deserve. In the multiplicity of proverbial about wives and domestic wives, "Who ever heard the phrase," asks Miss Bell, or Mrs. Boyd as she now is, "As tactful as the proverbial husband?" Who ever heard anybody say, "As clever as a husband?" This view of the case is almost pathetic, and appeals at once to the sense of justice. Men must have their due without delay. If they are tactful and clever, and not the stupid old deans we have been led from time immemorial to think them, let us rise at once to the new idea—the new man, indeed—and offer him a related but sincere and generous homage. To think that a man is tactful and clever, and to call him a creature to be led merely! Yes, that has been the crux of our attitude toward husbands. It is what our mothers have taught us—that "the way to a man's heart is through his belt"—but let us not repeat the worn-out absurdity. If days are saved, this is the hour of the man's triumph. The husband, the husband of manifold resource, and let wives beware. They believed themselves to be leading great affectionate lears at the ends of matrimonial ropes—they were, on the contrary, being led. They thought they were amusing themselves by playing with petted and spoiled husbands, but it is the old story of the Frenchman and his cat, when the man realized that while he amused himself with his cat, the cat likewise amused itself with him.

Possibly this accounts for the happiness of the American husband—happiness on an individual scale to men of other nations, who prefer to manage their wives in the more blundering fashion of barbaric ages. It has remained for the American husband to pull the wool over the eyes of not only his wife but of all other men who have pined him as one who gave his womanhood no thought. These footmen have even in him only the type of the man who remarked that he had so difficulty in maintaining his authority over his wife, having a never-failing system. He is variable found out what she really wished to do, and then told her to do it. But this is only the first step in the American man's management. As Mr. Boyd truly says, wives have permitted themselves to do things they don't want to do, and wrapped in the time-honored belief in their own meritorious authority, they wonder again why it has come about. They never suspect, poor things, that they have been managed, yes, managed, by the time and happy-looking man slipping his cunning office at their own door of the table.

I am, sir,

A MICH-MANAGER WIFE.



THE TRUANTS BY A. E. W. MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Mabile is introduced to the reader as a young society widow of London, a girl of rare personal charm. Late one night Pamela and Alan Warfield—who is in love with her—discover a young couple leaving the opposite house. They are Tony and Margaret Strillon, who live in a small house provided for by the rich but unwell father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whim of the financial old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. But finally they both weary of their prison-house life, and Tony determines to go to Algeria to make his fortune. In his absence Mable becomes infatuated with Lionel Trolan, a wealthily idiosyncratic French widower in his fifties. She sends Warfield on a mission to find Tony and bring him home. Warfield finds that Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea on a frigate. Warfield loses every argument to prevent him from coming back, but he refuses. Tony remains on the frigate until the moment his fortune is used up, when he has learned of his father's death, and then decides to enroll in the French Foreign Legion, as no other career seems open to him. Julia Wadde, a friend of Pamela's, learns from her of the poor Mable is in town talking. He takes up all Pamela's debts and places them in the hands of a single firm of solicitors, who hold on a settlement while they wait. When Pamela receives a proposition from Mable to superintend an important enterprise of the future in Tunis, which his financial difficulties would make it impossible for him to undertake, she is persuaded by her generous-hearted father, again asks Pamela to marry him, and she allows him to think that to him it will be possible for her to accept him. This thing, she tells him, would make her take the step upon the return of Tony Strillon. Warfield, desirous of obtaining information as to Tony's whereabouts, goes to London to visit Tony's friend Mr. Thos, who, he thinks, will be able to enlighten him. He finds on his arrival that Thos has died suddenly and on examining the handwriting and address on the envelope of a letter directed for the lady here, thinks that he has found a clue to Tony's latest whereabouts. He returns from Tunis and persuades Mable to go south with him. They are even during together late at night in Bedford Park by Mr. Mander, who tells Pamela that he suspects danger for Mable. Pamela suggests Warfield to go to the old place of refuge for consultation—the police of the village inn, in order to devise a plan to help Mable.

CHAPTER XXIII BONAPARTE REVISITED

THEY accordingly they met on the following afternoon. Pamela rode across the level country between the Credit Hill which overhung her house and the village. In front of her the three poplars pointed skyward from the ridge. She was anxious and troubled; it seemed to her that Mable Strillon was slipping beyond her reach, but the sight of these trees lightened her of some portion of her distress. She was turning near and near to her thoughts towards Warfield when even trouble knocked upon her door. In the moment of greatest perplexity his companionship, or even the thought of it, rested her like sleep. As she came round the bend of the road at the foot of the hill she saw him coming down the slope towards her. She quickened her horse and trotted up to him.

"You are here already," she said. "I am very glad. I was not sure that I had allowed you that hour."

"Oh yes," said Warfield. "I came at once. I guessed why you wanted me from the character of our meeting place. No work at all before. Is not that so?"

"Yes," said Pamela.

They walked to the door of the inn at the top of the hill. An older look charged Pamela's horse, and they went within in the park.

"You want me to find Strillon again?" said Warfield.

Pamela looked at him remorsefully.

"Well, I do," she answered, and there was compunction in the tone of her voice. "I would not ask you unless the matter was very urgent. I have used you for my needs. I know, with too little consideration for you, and you have allowed me to use you very

you again.

Here were strange words from Pamela. They were spoken with hesitation, too, and the color burned in her cheeks. Warfield was surprised to hear them. He laid his hand upon her arm and gave it a little affectionate shake.

"My dear, I am serving myself," he said, "just as much as I am serving you. Don't you understand that? Here you forgotten our walk under the elms in Lady Millington's garden? If Tony returned and returned in time, why, then you might try your finger on the turrapigate and let it swing open of its own accord. I remember what you said. Tony's return helps me. So I help myself in serving his return."

Pamela's face softened into a smile.

"Then you really do not mind going?" she went on. "I am reminded in a way, because I asked you to go over before in this very moon, and nothing came of all your trouble. I want you to believe now that I could not ask you again to undergo the same trouble or even more, as it may prove, were not the need ever so much more urgent than it was then."

"I am sorry to hear that the need is more urgent," Warfield replied. "But, on the other hand, the trouble I shall face is less in much less. For I know where Strillon is."

Pamela felt that half of the load of anxiety was taken from her shoulders.

Warfield smiled.

"And what he is doing? He is serving with the Foreign Legion in Algeria. I thought you might want to lay your hands on him again, and I wished to be ready. I have given me a cheque on the postmark, a postmark, as the other by the way, as an example of Strillon's handwriting. It was the same hand writing as that which directed the envelope. So I was sure."

"Thank you," said Pamela. "Indeed you do not fail me," and her voice was musical with gratitude.

"He was at Ain Seira, a little town on the frontier of Algeria," Warfield resumed, and Pamela interrupted him:

"Then I need not make so heavy a demand upon you, after all," she said. "It was only a letter which I was going to ask you to carry to Tony. Now there is no necessity that you should go at all. For I can post it."

She produced the letter from a pocket of her coat as she spoke.

"Ah, but will it reach Strillon if you do?" said Warfield.

Pamela had already seated herself at the table and was drawing the blotting towards her. She glanced at Warfield's question and looked up.

"Surely Ain Seira, Algeria, will find him."

"Will it?" Warfield repeated. He sat down at the table opposite to her. "Even if it does, will it reach him in time? You say the need is urgent. Well, it was last summer when I saw the postmark on the envelope, two days after we talked together in Lady Millington's garden. I had business in London."

"I remember," said Pamela.

"My business was just to find out where Strillon was hiding himself. He was at Ain Seira then. He may be at Ain Seira now. But it is a small post, and he may not. The headquarters of the Legion are at Sidi Bel Abba in the north. He may be there, or he may be altogether out of reach on some Saharan expedition."

There was yet another possibility which occurred to both their minds at this moment. It was possible that no letter would ever reach Strillon again; that Warfield, worried he never so thoroughly, would not be able to find the man he searched for. There are so many graves in the Sahara. But neither of them spoke of this possibility, though a quick look they interchanged revealed to each its presence in the other's thoughts.

Besides, he wanted to be hidden. So much I know, who knows nothing of his story. Would he have entitled under his own name to do you think? Or even under his own nationality? It is not the common practice in the Foreign Legion. And that's

(Continued on page 1222.)



A Match between the Brooklyn and Kings County Teams—"stepping out" to meet a long pitch



Washington vs. Kings County—"pulling around to leg" (the Ball has just been faced made by the Batting)



Brooklyn vs. Kings County—Running for a brace



"pulling to left" (the Batting is intercepting a Ball, which may be seen in the air at his left)

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Photographs by Graham

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"Git outer my patch, durn ye!"

"Go 'way, boy; can't you see I'm only a lamb?"

young. His flesh is solid and rose-tinted. It does not hang from his chin in the heavy folds of old age. His beard, hair, and eyebrows show more black than gray. His eyes are clear and sparkling. He could probably give any of the other three candidates a good walk for their money."

How does he manage it? Hal he laughs, "I do not drink wine—much; and I do not use tobacco at all. I neither smoke nor chew. I go to bed every night at eleven o'clock and I get up at seven in the morning. I manage to get eight hours of good, refreshing sleep every twenty-four hours. I don't feel a year over fifty, and I don't carry a cent of life-insurance. I have no doctor, and no use for one. I eat a breakfast that makes my secretary, who is twenty-nine years old, feel like an invalid. Then I put on my long boots and my farmer's broad-brimmed hat and I walk around the farm. When I feel like it, I do some haring on my own account." That is a good point—about the wife. Mrs. Hayes reached the White House on the same platform. We do not quite like the qualifying "much," though some consideration, of course, is due the party. But how is the fatal ritual going to get around the broad-brimmed hat and the rose-tinted hair? He cannot wear a hat all the time; he would get held if he did. And he hasn't a bow to his name. A happy thought! He can borrow BAYARD'S.

A fine-tooth comb drawn through the columns of the *Times* has not produced a solitary criticism of the quality of the Judge's visitors since Mr. CHARLES R. MURPHY went to Europe. Mr. OGDEN, we believe, is in Europe.

We have never questioned the political policy of Judge PARKER's telegram. After silence had served his purpose he found speech when that in turn could serve him. But we have never been able to take it seriously as the indication of an heroic and self-sacrificing spirit, which, regardless of political expediency, could break on conventions.—*The Tribune*.

Then what did you mean when, in a leading editorial in your issue of July 19, you said:

Judge ARTHUR B. PARKER's refusal to stand for the Presidency on a platform which ignores the money question and bases its bidding upon the Democratic doctrine of the free-silver orange planks of 1896 and 1898 does signal credit to the firmness and courage of his public character. Judge PARKER is widely respected in this State for the conspicuous ability he has shown in politics and on the bench, and for the purity and integrity of his private life. Every man who knows him esteems him. The Republicans of New York have nothing but good words to say about him in his private capacity and in his political activities. His message, therefore, to the convention, which, misled by the unbounded assurances of his representatives at St. Louis, offered him a nomination on terms offensive to his self-respect, will surprise no one familiar with Judge PARKER's honorable achievements and honorable record. . . . Judge PARKER's action clears him absolutely of any complicity in the cowardly surrender of his rejected managers in the committee on resolutions and in the convention.

If this was not "taking it seriously" what was it? Were you making a grumping effort to be humorous? And was that as near as you could get? Fudge! 'Tis better to be an American man than an American ambassador any day in the week. But why not be both? Nobody objects.

The loud and obscure note that wrought that platform at St. Louis.—*The Sun*.

Strady! strady!

It seems odd to speak of the editor of the *Spectator* of London as a man of ardent temperament, capable, under provocation, of bursting into song. Yet this was what we find in his stated columns:

At this moment President BAYARD is probably the most interesting political figure in the world. He is one of the protagonists in what is certainly the foremost of constitutional debates, but he is also the inaugurator of a new era in American public life, a revolutionary who has dared to face the ghosts of the cultivated classes and the ingrained corruption of party politics, and by the sheer force of a masterful personality has compelled the majority of his countrymen, many, no doubt, against their will, to think with him. Whether he succeeds or fails, things can never be quite the same again. America's eyes have been

opened to the chances in her destiny, old catchwords have been discarded, old phrases exposed. A thrill of electric energy has gone through classes who at one time saw in the political life only a soulless career without honor or plebe. Like MANACAT, he has been a "smotherer of formulas," and he has forced his people to discard the veil of mist and rhetoric, and look facts simply in the face.

That surely is pitched on a key sufficiently high to satisfy the most critical that even an Englishman may be inexpressible. When on his first visit to this country a year or more ago, Mr. STANLEY visited the White House, and was obviously stirred by the British despatch by the bewitching personality which he found there. That the impression was lasting is evidenced by the fact that he is still under the influence, that circumstances have arisen since this was written which necessitate somewhat the subject's appreciation of the tribute. The lion had not then become a lamb. Nowadays the Colonel does not like the word "revolutionary"; it grates upon too many sensitive ears. Moreover, it is much easier to swallow formulas than to digest them. The comparison with MANACAT sounds fetching, but there may be a question of its timeliness. After the 5th of November, anything will go, but just now—well, the probabilities are that, if MANACAT were a candidate, the Judge would beat him. We remember to Mr. STANLEY a thoughtful study of the picture upon the first page of the cover of this paper, with a view of consultation. Otherwise he may find himself demonstrating his personal admiration and friendship in injudicious ways.

"I do not expect to lose a pound of flesh or an hour's sleep in this campaign," said THOMAS TANTER to a friend soon after he had been elected chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and he pulled off his coat and went to work.—*The Journal*.

You must sleep in his coat; he seems to be pulling it off in all his waking moments.

According to the daily papers, the big corporations are not refusing to contribute to the Republican fund—the Democratic collector hasn't been around yet—but they are doing it on the installment plan. No money is offered for the fullness of the offering, but hope is held out that it may be only a sample of more to follow—and maybe not. All depends upon prospective assurance. The money-owners do not want to buy Safety and Sanity in a poke. They want a look at the pigs. If satisfactory assurances shall be forthcoming and if they shall be suitably explicit and authoritative, more will be contributed; otherwise not. That is the long and short of it—and we perceive no cause of complaint. There were good and sufficient reasons for large contributions in 1896 and in 1900, but there do not exist this year. We hope and have reason to believe that none will be made.

We have always regarded the Judge as a kindly man, but there certainly was a species of crumbly apportioning refusal in inviting J. EDWIN STANBURN to Europe and then not letting him talk. It was like asking JOHN D. CARVER to an Irish picnic and telling him that some one else was going to Irish it.

The *World* continues to job at Mr. BELMONT. The latest report is that he is so disgruntled by the National Committee's preference of TOM to himself that "the Democratic managers say he has 'laid down'." The names of the "managers" responsible for the assertion, of course, are not given. As a matter of fact, Mr. BELMONT's course has been characterized throughout by breadth, tolerance, and unselfishness. That he would have appreciated keenly the honor of holding the position filled by his distinguished father in two successive campaigns we have no doubt. But he had no ambition to be gratified at the expense of the Judge's candidacy, and when he said that, although he did not represent Wall Street, under no circumstances would he give that candidacy a significance it did not really possess, he spoke as a patriotic and sincere upholder of a cause which he believed to be in the best interest of the country. Nobody begrudges Mr. BELMONT's paper all the credit it deserves, or, indeed, all it claims, but it certainly renders no service to the Democratic party by

constantly displaying manifestations of interest from men of the inheritance and type of AUGUST BALDWIN and HARRY FAIRBANKS.

We are surprised that the distinguished editor of the *Springfield Republican*—himself a perfect gentleman, despite Mr. LAFAYETTE's rebuffing appellation of SUMNER, and a connection by marriage of Judge E. R. BROWN and Senator GEORGE FRANKLIN HOAR—should so far forget his manners as to refer to the President of the United States as "Teddy." It is eminently proper and quite in consonance with American custom to refer to a candidate colloquially, often affectionately, as "the Judge" or "the Colonel," but as Chief Magistrate he is always President ROOSEVELT; never "Teddy" in whatever capacity spoken of. SUMNER ought to apologize.

The *Herald* reports from Washington that Secretary SULLIVAN is "chafing" under the restraint of writing till GEORGE BAILEY makes out his field of oratory. The Secretary is said to consider himself the best speaker in the cabinet, and he is gawking at the bit. After noting that California is eager to be spellbound by Mr. SULLIVAN, the correspondent nicely observes that GEORGE BAILEY may let him speak "once or twice in Maine." It is not for us to advise, as Mr. CHARLES R. MILLER used to announce before he visited Essex, but it is painfully manifest that, if Mr. SULLIVAN can do no better than when he fired the opening gun on the banks of the Goussans, GEORGE BAILEY will make no mistake in confining him strictly to Maine, where many votes can be lost without endangering the cause. If he must go to California, the Canadian Pacific is the preferable route. Tail-end speeches in Manitoba can do no harm.

Oyster Bay feels better since the Colonel got that speech off his mind. When he left for Washington—but let the *Evening Telegram* tell it:

The President, tanned brown, jumped nimbly from the high wagon to the station platform. He assisted Mrs. ROOSEVELT and Mrs. LARA to get out, and, adjusting his glasses, looked at the crowd of summer residents, acknowledging their applause by lifting his hat. . . .

Just before the train pulled out, the President called to GEORGE BAILEY, the veteran backson of the village, to come over.

"I want to give you a farewell hand-shake," the President told him.

Where put out his hand, and the President shook it cordially.

Richard himself again! If the oldest Esquimaux backson ever had a chance, he has it now.

The Democratic search for a treasurer is not nearly so urgent as the search for a treasury.—*The Tribune*.

Nor is the Republican search for a treasury nearly so urgent as the search for something to put in it. The only serious face among the campaign-managers up to date is that of the good man, with whose name we are not familiar, who is conducting the canvass of the Rev. Dr. SILAS C. SWALLOW. He doesn't even have to chase rainbows.

You can't keep Uncle DYAN down long. He drew back into his shell when he felt the full effect of his *four pie* in St. Louis, but his old head is beginning to appear again at intervals. The familiar items announcing his mysterious arrivals and departures, as of yore, are found more and more frequently in the papers, and he continues to "say nothing" with menacing looks. His first appearance at Esopus was signalized by one of his oppressively vulgar observations that, as the bearer of the proxy for Alaska, he was able to report great enthusiasm on the left bank of Herby Strait. The best service he could render the Judge would be to go to the place—be represented by proxy and stay there till the fifth of November. If that is not feasible, we would suggest that he be stowed away in a more modern cold-storage vault, padded

locked and barred, or, better yet, that he be pickled and added to Mr. HANSEN's stock of otherwise desirable varieties.

Uncle REDFIELD PROCTOR brings cheering news from Vermont. The weather up there has been a little larkish of late, and he ain't quite sure, but he guesses the old-soldier vote will pull the ticket through if it will only stop raining long enough to let 'em get the hay in.

That exquisite specimen of America's foremost statesman, former Mayor ROBERT A. VAN WYCK, informs the *Paris Herald* that the atmosphere was very blue in Carlsbad until word came that the Judge had taken the bit between his teeth and planted his party on a rock of gold. "At once," he adds, "the sentiment changed," so it is now probably safe to put Carlsbad in the Democratic column. "A second CLEVELAND" is the way Mr. VAN WYCK speaks of the Judge, without perchance reflecting that it might be better to be a first PARKER. The Mayor does not say what particular ill he is seeking a cure for, but whichever of money it is, he needs it, and would confer a favor upon his countrymen by staying in Carlsbad until it is pronounced permanent. There is no such luck, however. He says he is coming home "to work for the independent vote." Great Scott!

How hard is the heart of Mr. EMIL ROOS? It must be flint indeed if he can hold out against the entreaties of his Republican fellow citizens of New York that he shall lead them in their State fight this fall. And yet why should he lose them? Nobody supposes that Mr. ROOS wants at this time to be Governor of New York. He has just got out of public office after a long period of very hard and important work. Most of his pay for that work he took in reputation, and in the consciousness that he was doing his duty, and promoting confidence in the administration of his friend CALVIN ROOSEVELT. Must he give himself up indefinitely to promoting confidence in Colonel ROOSEVELT? Is it not possible that Mr. ROOS may feel that the Colonel is entitled now to have an unfettered chance to inspire confidence in himself, and that the people of the country, and especially of the President's own State, should be left, undistracted, to say whether they want him or not? In an emergency, the work of inspiring confidence in another man may be worthy of the largest of men and the noblest of patriots. Mr. ROOS has had his now well through. There is no sufficient reason why he should run for Governor of New York unless he wants to. It takes two whole years to be Governor of New York, besides the trouble of running. If Mr. ROOS wants to be Governor, let him run; if he thinks the people of the State need him at Albany, let him run. But he should not be expected to run to oblige a friend nor to make any one President except himself.

The worst defect the *Boston Herald* could find in Mr. ROOSEVELT's speech was Speaker CANNON's variegated record on silver, which it rebukes with the gloom of a discoverer. But why try to saddle upon the candidate the inconsistencies of a generous old demagogue? The Colonel has record enough of his own, and declares his readiness to stand or fall by it. What more should he asked?

Five thousand people gathered in the great hall of the Cooper Union to rejoice in a murder is not a pretty sight. It was seen on the night of July 29, and the rejoicing was frank, outspoken, and as hearty as the police would permit. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Jewish radical East Side paper, *Forward*, to celebrate the assassination of the Russian minister VOY PRATSKIN. The anarchists were out in force, coming from the near-by New Jersey cities, and from their lairs in Manhattan. It was a red meeting; the women wore red ribbons in their buttonholes; bits of red fluttered everywhere at every outbreak of enthusiasm. There is every reason why Russian Jews should hate VOY PRATSKIN and all his works, and should be enthusiastically resigned to his death. Their rejoicings in the fall of their enemy, however indecent, are understandable, and in a way excusable.

but the anarchists whose shouts rose with theirs the other night would be just as ready to shriek approval if the assassin's bomb had cut short the life of the best and wisest ruler on earth. VON PLATZ, as he is known to American readers, stood for all that was worst and most hopeless in the Russian practice of government. But we can condemn and lament the manner of his taking off, because we do not believe that any good cause was ever helped by assassination. We hate political murder quite as much as Russian Jews hated VON PLATZ, and for reasons quite as good, for it has sorely injured us. But it has injured Russia far more, and we cannot but fear that this last resort to it, at a critical time, when great changes are possible in Russia, will make bad matters worse, and defer reforms that seemed imminent. Anyhow, a public meeting in New York to glory in a political assassination was a disgusting spectacle. The best that can be said for it is that it may be better that those who rejoice in murder should rejoice openly and be recognized and counted.

Mr. MULLIN, who came out of the West with an excellent reputation to be president of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, may go back to the West again at his early convenience for all the people of Connecticut care. They are heartily displeased with Mr. MULLIN and his kind of rail-roading. All along the shore of the Sound rises every morning a host of disparagement of Mr. MULLIN. It lasts all day, and is strongest in the late afternoon. It rolls north, and is met by a similar wave from that direction. Mr. MULLIN does not run his road to suit the people of Connecticut. In midsummer, after people had committed themselves to their summer plans and gone as planned, counting on stated trains as advertised to bring them back and forth, Mr. MULLIN says travel is light, and takes a lot of his trains off. That was bad, directly and indirectly. Indirectly, because the trains that are left, being overloaded, cannot make schedule time, and no traveler by them hopes any more to make the connections the time-table suggests. Accordingly, all Connecticut and a corner of New York are hopping mad. And not without reason. No doubt President MULLIN had reasons that seemed to him good for running his road so much to the inconvenience of his patrons, but, whatever they were, even he must have cause to doubt the expediency of that course.

The proposition to tie up the yellow journals during the prospective visit to this country of the Archbishop of Canterbury naturally meets with much favor, but is not a practicable suggestion. No Archbishop of Canterbury has ever before honored us with his illustrious presence, and of course we want to make the best impression possible upon the mind of such a visitor. But it should be an honest impression. He must see us as we are rather than as we would wish to be, and our yellow journals are a part of us. They are better than they were; that is one comfort; and another is that his Grace will make his longest stay in this country in our city of Boston, which, in appearance and perhaps even in fact, is the most glibly and respectable of all our big towns. We are very glad he is to visit in Boston. He arrives in New York about August 27, goes immediately to Canada to visit Lord Minto, thence to the coast of Maine to stay with personal friends; thence to visit President ROOSEVELT; thence to New York, and possibly to St. Louis, to Boston on October 4, and after the Episcopal convention there to New York to take ship for home on October 14. So the last deep inspection made on his mind will be made by Boston, that civilized town, where his host will be the Bishop of Massachusetts. We believe the Archbishop will have a good time. He will be the most distinguished visitor whom our World's-Fair year will bring us.

This is interesting news that comes to us from Washington, according to which the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, acting under the authority of the War Department, has adopted a plan for the formation of a huge national reserve of qualified marksmen. All members of the National Rifle Association and of affiliated organizations are eligible to enter the reserve, provided they can

satisfy the tests of marksmanship. The only conditions are that the applicants for membership must be citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, and that they must use the United States magazine rifle, or a rifle inspected and stamped by the National Rifle Association, together with the United States Service ammunition, or private makes that come within the official rules. The board expresses the belief that, by the plan proposed, the United States within a few years will possess more than a million of men who, for practical purposes on the line of battle, will answer nearly all the requirements of the most efficient soldiers in the world. The report points out that as our permanent military establishment, or regular army, is now, and will continue to be, small, we should be obliged, in the event of a war with a first-class power, to depend mainly upon the militia and on volunteers for our fighting force. To this end it is especially desirable to bring about an effective use of firearms by the younger element of our population, because by far the larger part of an army in the field is certain to be made up of very young men. The board, consequently, would encourage rifle practice, not only in the militia of the several States, but in military and other schools, so that a large fraction of boys over fifteen years of age might become expert rifle-shots. The example of the Boer war was not lost upon Japan, and it should not be lost upon ourselves. About all that could be said for the Boer farmers, considered as soldiers, was that they were, almost to a man, good marksmen. Their responsive aptitudes, like that which the Japanese are now exhibiting, was, of course, obtainable only by practice.

The following interesting facsimile of Judge PARKER's famous telegram is printed by courtesy of the New York Herald:

Hon Wm F Steadman
 Natl Jefferson
 I regard the Gold Standard as
 firmly and inviolably established
 and I shall act accordingly if the
 action of the Convention to
 day should be ratified
 by the people. In the platform
 is silent on the subject
 my view should be made
 known to the Convention
 and if it proves to be in-
 satisfactory to the majority
 of the members I feel free
 to decline the nomi-
 nation for me at
 once. So that another
 may be nominated before
 adjournment.
 Nelson R. Parker
 7-5-1894

Mr. Roosevelt's Speech of Acceptance

At Oyster Bay on July 27, Mr. ROOSEVELT was notified of his nomination by the Republican party for the Presidency of the United States by Speaker CANNON, chairman of the committee appointed for the purpose by the Chicago convention. The speech in which the nomination was accepted has attracted relatively little attention, because it is generally believed that the platform adopted at Chicago had practically been dictated in advance by the nominee. There was nothing left, therefore, for Mr. ROOSEVELT to do except to repeat himself, and, at the same time, to allay, if possible, the misgivings of those who have imputed to him an arbitrary disposition, and an impulsive, aggressive personality. When he says that he and the party of which he is the standard-bearer come before the people content to be judged by their record of achievement, he does not maintain the position taken by ex-Secretary BLAIR in the speech addressed to the Chicago convention, and subsequently defined at length in the Republican platform. When, however, Mr. ROOSEVELT claims for himself the political record of his party during the last seven years, it is at least open to question on the part of his opponents whether there has been a continuity of policy during the four years of the McKinley administration, and also during the three years of Mr. ROOSEVELT's tenure of the Presidency, is a question extremely desirable in the matter of tariff revision, and in the matter of turning to account the reciprocity clauses of the Dingley act? All that Mr. ROOSEVELT now deems it expedient to say touching the expediency of tariff revision is that "whenever the need arises there should be a re-adjustment of the tariff schedules"; but he hastens to add that "such changes can with safety be made only by those whose devotion to the principle of a protective tariff is beyond question." The utterance is, of course, only an echo of the dilatory and insincere assurance inserted by the standard-bearer in the Chicago platform. We need also say Mr. ROOSEVELT's wish to state fairly the position taken by his predecessor, when he says that "we believe in reciprocity with foreign nations on the terms outlined in President McKinley's last speech, which urged the extension of our foreign markets by reciprocal agreements, whenever they could be made without injury to American industry and labor." Apparently the President has forgotten the terms of Mr. McKinley's last speech at Buffalo. Twenty months ago he was himself alive to the fact that the reciprocity advocated by Mr. McKinley was the reciprocity of the absolutely free market, and that would meet with the approval of the "stand-patter." Declaring in his second annual message (December 2, 1902) that the adoption of reciprocity treaties was greatly to be desired, Mr. ROOSEVELT pointed out that, while, on the one hand, such international agreements would widen our markets, and open larger fields to the activities of our producers, they would secure, on the other hand, a practical lowering of duties when there was no longer needed for protection in our home markets, "or when the minimum of duty can be disregarded for the sake of the maximum of good accomplished." Evidently Mr. ROOSEVELT took for granted twenty months ago that reciprocity might cause incalculable damage to certain industries, while benefiting others, the expediency of a particular reciprocity treaty being determined by the question, on the whole, if promised profit to the American community. There is, virtually, no such thing obtainable as a reciprocity treaty by which one of the parties would have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

When Mr. ROOSEVELT asserts of himself and of his party that they know their own minds, and mean the same thing from year to year, it is obvious that neither he nor his party agree the same thing to-day with reference to tariff revision that they would have meant had Mr. McKinley lived to carry out the fiscal changes recommended by him at Buffalo. It is also a matter of history that the Republican party required a great many years to become converted to the gold standard: that Mr. McKinley himself was a bimetalist up to the meeting of the convention by which he was nominated for the Presidency, and that it was against his personal wishes that the gold plank was inserted in that convention's platform. As it was, the convention justified itself by an insouciant profession of a desire to bring about "international bimetalism." It is as preposterous for Mr. ROOSEVELT to credit the Republican party with a national and consistent monetary policy during the last quarter of a century as it would be to impute the panic of 1893 to the Wilson-Gorman tariff, which was not enacted until the following year.

Mr. ROOSEVELT's reference to the behavior called for the clean sweep which we expected of him. He says that "we conducted the negotiations for its construction with the nicest and most scrupulous honor, and in a spirit of the largest generosity towards those through whose territory it was to run." The President does not explain whether it was the negotiation with the Bogota government, or that with the Republic of Panama—towards which we served as foster-parent when we prohibited the suppression of it by a usurper—in which we displayed the "nicest and most scrupulous honor." It is certain that few Colombians regard as "scrupulous" our construction of the Treaty of 1846. But to this we attach

little importance, in view of the fact, as we happen to know, that the President stood ready at any time to grant suitable compensation to Colombia for the loss of territory which by her at least was deemed extremely valuable. We add that, when we call to mind the approval of the canal treaty, expressed by the Democratic majority of the House of Representatives, and by almost half of the Democratic Senators, notwithstanding Mr. KIDDER's attempt to secure the adoption of a different course, we can see no ground for Mr. ROOSEVELT's assertion that it would be unwise to entreat the construction of the interoceanic railway to "those who have endeavored to defeat the whole undertaking."

The President's reference to the treatment of the Philippine problem by the Republican party is felicitous; and it might also be accounted reasonable in substance, if we could overlook the dangerous effect upon American citizens at home of accepting definitely the doctrine contained by far out of the same judges of the United States Supreme Court, that the Constitution does not follow the flag. It was Mr. OLNEY who, in his latest speech, pointed out how fatal a solvent of our traditional conceptions of liberty and of the relation of governments to the governed the doctrine propounded in the insular cases may prove. Were we to waive for the moment that fundamental question, we should not be prepared to dispute Mr. ROOSEVELT's assertion that suddenly to withdraw our government from the Philippine archipelago at this time would mean to the average native the loss of all even such civil freedom as we have conceded to him. The also which Governor TAYLOR undoubtedly kept in view was neatly stated by the President, when the latter said that "we have established in the islands a government by Americans assisted by Filipinos. We are steadily striving to transform this into self-government by the Filipinos assisted by Americans."

Does Mr. Bryan Mean to be Mischievous?

THERE have been times when we have regarded Mr. WILLIAM J. BRYAN as an honest politician. We have been inclined to see and then to credit him with a sincerity carried to inconvenient excess. We have seen in him a fanatic rather than a hypocrite and a trickster. We have, therefore, described his influence as mischievous rather than malicious or malignant. On more than one occasion in the past he has been obviously a mischievous man, but it was by no means equally clear that he meant to be mischievous. In view, however, of one of the statements issued by him at Lincoln, Nebraska—a statement purporting to explain why he should support PARKER and DAYTON—it is scarcely possible any longer to acquit Mr. WILLIAM J. BRYAN of a deliberate design to injure the Democratic cause. He begins, indeed, with a show of good feeling, by setting forth four reasons for denoting the Democratic ticket superior to the Republican. It will be observed that three of these so-called reasons are sham reasons, because they do not refer to matters in which the American people seem deeply concerned at this time. Mr. BRYAN alludes, for instance, the Democratic declaration in favor of reducing the standing army. He comments, also, the proclamation against the retention under the American flag of transatlantic dependencies in the status of colonies. He asserts, in the third place, that the platform and program of the Democratic stand for peace and arbitration, as against blood, force, and conquest, provided in the Republican standard-bearer.

Now it must be obvious to Mr. BRYAN, as it is to any keen-sighted man, that, with reference to none of these three matters are party lines sharply drawn, and that none of them is likely to figure in the foreground of the campaign. As regards, on the other hand, the question of the race issue into American politics by the Republican platform-makers, this would, undoubtedly, be recognized as of vital importance, if the Republican party was believed heartily to approve of the adoption at Chicago of a Force bill plank. That some of the longest heads in the St. Louis convention doubted whether the race issue was likely to play a great part in the campaign now begun is evident from the fact that no allusion to it was contained in the relatively compact, coherent, and well-considered platform reported by the subcommittee to the full committee on resolutions. The subcommittee evidently thought that the contest would turn mainly on the question of tariff revision; provided, of course, the attitude of the Democratic party toward the gold standard, on the one hand, and toward the trusts on the other, should be definite and satisfactory.

So far as the tariff is concerned, Mr. BRYAN intimates a suspicion that Judge PARKER, while he would have placed himself willingly on the conservative ground taken by the subcommittee with respect to tariff revision, will fail to net upon the sweeping declaration which Mr. BRYAN persuaded the full committee to make—the declaration, namely, that protection is not the deduction intended to be drawn from the principle thus roundly

asserted being, of course, that no money or consideration need be given to robbers and receivers of stolen goods. Mr. BRYAN, however, in the statement under review, admits that "some little" progress toward tariff revision might be hoped for in the event of Democratic success. On the other hand, he renewed harsh criticism concerning the letter that the laboring men is likely to drive from Judge PARKER's election. He points out that, in the platform framed by the subcommittee at St. Louis, the full committee on resolutions insisted on inserting planks in favor of an abridgment of an eight-hour day, against government by injunction, and against the treatment of the Colorado miners by the Executive of that State. Mr. BRYAN indicates that if Judge PARKER, in his speech of acceptance, should be silent or ambiguous on any of these subjects, the inference would be justified that the financial influences back of him would not permit him to take the working-man's side in controversies between capital and labor.

We came to the position taken with relation to the trials in the St. Louis platform as this was ultimately reconstructed by the full committee. The position is deemed by Mr. BRYAN much more commendable than that which was adopted at Chicago. He has in mind, no doubt, the demand inserted in his declaration for a rigorous enforcement of criminal, as well as civil, statutes or parts of statutes applied violations of the Anti-Trust Act. He surely knows, however, that the anti-trust plank eventually fashioned at St. Louis was virtually nullified by the nomination of Judge PARKER, also, as we are told by the Nebraskaan, need not be expected to pursue a different course from that followed by President ROOSEVELT, unless, indeed, he should counsel himself, in his speech of acceptance, to drastic anti-trust legislation. But the many questioners, Mr. BRYAN warns Free-soil Democrats that nothing can be hoped for from Judge PARKER. If the latter, as President, should not go as far as the Republicans would, to gratify the "Wall Street element," it would only be, says Mr. BRYAN, because he would be influenced by the Democrats in the House and Senate.

If, in the Lincoln statement now before us, Mr. WILLIAM F. BRYAN had confined himself to discussing the difficulty of reconciling a platform framed largely by himself with the supposed views and wishes of a conservative florentine, the expediency and value of such "support" might have been questioned, but the Nebraskaan might have escaped the accusation of misbehavior. It is hard, however, to discern anything except spite and malice in his denunciation of the method alleged to have been pursued to procure Judge PARKER's candidacy—a method which Judge PARKER himself is taxed with countenancing—as "a plain and deliberate attempt to deceive the party." Mr. BRYAN evidently views with rage, instead of admiration, the early message sent by Judge PARKER to the St. Louis convention in the forenoon of Saturday, July 1. This is what the Nebraskaan has to say about that upright and straightforward act: "After six [Judge PARKER] had secured the nomination, he injected his views upon the subject [the gold standard] at a time when he could not be taken from the ticket without great demoralization." Mr. BRYAN's conclusion is that "the nomination was secured by crooked and indefensible methods." He is *felix avaritior*. By denouncing Judge PARKER's course in regard to the gold standard as "crooked," Mr. BRYAN has revealed himself in his true colors. Under the lion of the robe of the reformer and the philanthropist he has disclosed the chosen fiend. He is the prey of evil and base passions. In imputing spite, sinuous, and despicable methods to Judge PARKER, the Nebraskaan has proved himself a vindictive, venomous, treacherous man.

Venezuela Again, and the Germans

Time will show whether President URBANO CASTRO is the Napoleon or the Bonaparte of Venezuela. He has shown qualities suggestive of both. The New York and Bernardino Asaph Company has been in hot water with the government of Venezuela ever since it obtained its first concession on Lake Fribol. President CASTRO has given advice through his ministers that he intends to bring suit against this company for fifty million bolívares—that is, \$10,000,000—on the ground that the company was an active participant of General MARIAS in the revolution of 1902 and 1903; that the defeat and extinction of this revolution cost the Venezuelan government an immense sum, and that this sum was increased by fifty million bolívares as a result of the aid rendered to the revolutionists and President MARIAS by the Asaph Company. But what use do the Germans make counts and their relation to the Executive, we cannot but sympathize with the company. It is further alleged that President CASTRO's government has failed to carry out its undertaking to set aside one-third of the customs in order to pay the sums awarded by the Hague Court, and Venezuela is once more threatened with the separation of Trinidad, Venezuela, and Guayana from Trinidad that the British minister at Caracas has entered a strong protest on behalf of the English bondholders against the

seizure of the asphalt land at Guayana, so that all appeared point to a reversal of just diplomatically pressure on Venezuela by Germany and England at the present time.

The Recrudescence of Nihilism

The assassination of Minister von PLATKE, following so closely on the heels of that of General Bismarck, recalls the days of the great Terrorist conspiracy which culminated in the assassination of ALEXANDER II. There is an evident relation between war and revolution in Russia. Immediately after the Napoleonic wars, which had a profound effect on the life of Russia, revolting as they did not only the invasion, the burning of the Kremlin and Moscow, and the calamitous retreat of the French army, but the return tide, which carried the Cossacks to the banks of the Neva, came a revolutionary period in Russia which culminated in the December outbreak so vividly indicated in Tolstoy's great novel *War and Peace*. In the same way, the Crimean war was followed almost without interval by a period of moral and social revolution, the most remarkable event of which was the emancipation of the serfs in 1861, two years before LINCOLN's famous proclamation. But the freeing of the serfs was only one of many reforms which broke up the old order, and introduced the new. The whole field of education was similarly affected, the doors of the schools and colleges being thrown wide open to classes that had never hitherto profited by them, and eventually to the sons of the emancipated serfs. The education of women also entered on a more liberal phase than ever before in the Russian Empire, and the new woman made her appearance in the land of the Czar.

A new fermentation of Russian society began to take place about the time that the Slavophile dependencies of Turkey were preparing to make a new fight for freedom. Speculative nihilism, which was a scholastic rather than a political creed, had long been at work. HETZLER had carried on a vigorous and abundantly gifted propaganda from Geneva, where a radical press had for some time flourished. BAKUNIN, the father of speculative anarchism, had been building up the great revolutionary society called the International, which WILLIAM BLAKE has painted in *Maxims*. In Russia itself a like propaganda had been carried on, especially in the universities, and the wonderful writings of life, as in spirit books like *Utopia* and *Rousseau* and influenced much more of TURKOVICH's work, were everywhere felt. At that time the other great Russian, TOLSTOY, was wrestling with the darkest and most complete divisions of materialism, having broken loose from the national tradition of religion, but having not yet reached any first standing ground in behalf of his own. All these new elements of moral fermenting and dislocation, and the crowds of educated and penurious men and women poured forth year after year by the universities, formed a fruitful soil in which the seeds of revolutionary ideas might germinate. It is worth noting that the colonies of TURKOVICH's disciples tried in vain to practice receiving the ideas which inspired TURKOVICH's *Utopia* and thus showing the solidarity of the different movements of new thought in Russia, a solidarity generally unrecognized by these movements themselves.

But the fermentation which was working in the life of Russia was not confined to speculative words and idealist theories. There was a strong and defined revolt against the forms and, even more, the abuses of authority. The Terrorist movement sprang into being, almost in a day, as the result of the assassination of a high official by a certain YEN ZAMOTCHIK, who sought to avenge what he believed to be the unjust condemnation of a Russian student. She scurped across the frontier, and, with LAUREN, became one of the moving spirits of the Russian Revolutionary Committee, to which so many political associations are to be traced. It is probable that much of the fever of the Nihilist and Terrorist movements was disquieted by the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78. But certain of the leading spirits had gone too far to retreat, and, three years after the Treaty of San Stefano was signed, the great conspiracy reached its culmination. NIKOLAI has made us familiar with the progress of this conspiracy, with its details, with the scientific composition of nitroglycerin and construction of bombs; DIMITRI LINSKOE, the "saint" of the movement, as the writer of *End-of-the-world Russia* calls him; with SOFIE PERMYATOVA, the fanatic and enthusiast, who gave the signal along the Ekaterine Canal on the fatal morning when ALEXANDER II, liberator of the Russian serfs, liberator of the Bohemian Nationalities, and prospective founder of Russian constitutionalism, fell a victim to a fatal and remorseless group of conspirators. That era had the darkest outlook of the millennium of the nineteenth century, and it is worth recalling that the unravelling of this widespread and destructive conspiracy was the work which made the name and fame of Minister von PLATKE.

The Terrorist outbreaks under ALEXANDER III. were not very important. There were a few attempts on his life, like that of SOFIE PERMYATOVA, who, like so many of the Terrorists, including

JEROME HILFMAN and GILBERT WILSON, was a Jew by birth; but the wide-spread infirmation was no longer there. Now, however, under NICHOLAS II., we have something very like the conditions prevailing at the beginning of the eighties, or, even more, during the year of the Russo-Turkish war. A wide and far-reaching view enables us to see in this seething fermentation, this feverish inflammation, a new stage in the development of Russian life, holding the promise of many great and wonderful developments, of rich harvests for the future. Russia seems to grow in this way, sloughing off old coats of skin through a combination of war and revolution, just as England grew through the chaotic upheavals of the wars of the Roses, the way of the commonwealth, the decisive wars, and the struggle with Napoleon, which narrowly missed the accompaniment of a revolution at home. The symptoms of Russia's growth may appear alarming, yet from a wide view they are only such as most companies, and always have accompanied, the development of a strong and robust nation.

News from Latin America

PRESIDENT ROBERTO AYALA in his recent message to the Brazilian Congress calls attention to the important works that have been begun in the city and port of Rio de Janeiro for the purpose of improving their sanitary condition. We are justified in expecting very satisfactory results—even that Rio may become a healthful place—since the great Rio city, Buenos Ayres, has shown what it is possible to accomplish in this way. At the opening of the National Congress of the Argentine Republic President Roca said that the death rate of Buenos Ayres for the past two years has been only sixteen per thousand. And nearer home also, at Port Limón, Costa Rica, the local authorities are undertaking certain reforms in the interest of travellers from the Panama Canal region, who must pass through Port Limón on their way to the nearest health resort. Within a moderate distance from the canal zone (only fourteen or fifteen hours by boat and railway from Colon, and Port Limón) is the plateau of Cartago, in Costa Rica, which has a pure, dry atmosphere, the temperature ranging from 75° F. in the hottest part of summer to 20° F. in the coldest winter night. This region, at an elevation of 4500 feet, is said to be entirely free from yellow fever and malaria; and certainly has local supplies of good food and pure drinking water, besides the well known mineral springs. "Of great value," writes an American engineer long acquainted with that country, "for the cure of diseases incident to the canal zone"; in brief, "an ideal place for sick and debilitated workers from the isthmus." We might mention other indications of a new purpose that is active in many parts of Latin America—the endeavor to make the ports and chief cities fairly salubrious.

It seems proper to refer to these welcome signs when making our comment upon the announcement that some of the leading men of the North American countries before the Congress are advocating the reconstruction of a canal, described by the British minister to the United States as "connecting the head of navigation in the [southern] tributaries of the Amazon with the head of navigation in the tributaries of the Rio de la Plata, thus making all water inland communication through the heart of the continent from Venezuela on the north to Buenos Ayres on the south." Details of the plans for such a canal, though they may have been formed in Brazil and Bolivia, have not yet been made known in the United States; but the new *Corporación Intercontinental* (vol. xiv), which has just been issued, shows that in the vast central regions of South America the upper courses of great rivers lie side by side, approaching each other so nearly at many points that they furnish a number of almost continuous waterways between the northwest and southeast; and that therefore the reclamation of fertile territory several millions of square miles in extent waits upon the linking together of the navigable rivers and perfecting the mode of transportation in respect to which South America, above the Tropic of Capricorn, can be made to excel all other inland regions of either hemisphere.

These lines of new canals seem to us to be interesting in the highest sense. It is a pity that subjects of this class do not receive more attention from our people, and the petty squabbles of the Latin American politicians less. The latter are the incidents of a wretched transitional period: the former suggest the future development of the Andean and Antillean continents by means of immigration. For a fact worth thinking about is this: When the tropical cities and parts shall be made more habitable, when the tropical inland districts of South America shall be made accessible, then the South and Central American countries will secure all the European immigrants (and, for that matter, all the North American capitalists) they need. But it is self-evident that additions to the wealth-producing, contract-obscuring element must be made continually until the new element is numerically strong enough to give a new character altogether to the industries and politics of the present population of the most backward among those southern republics.

Temperamental Unhappiness

THAT there are many artificial means to happiness none would deny; culture, health, work, affection, hith all tend toward a cheerful frame of mind. But also a certain genial acquiescence in one's own insignificant place a long way toward the making of content.

There is a very suggestive engraving of WILLIAM BLAKE's, entitled "I Went." In it, upon a little bit of level land, jutting into the sea, stands a speck of a man at the foot of a ladder. The ladder reaches up higher than the distant hills, beyond a crescent moon, and descends into a faint line among the stars. The man, with one foot on the lowest round, grasps the ladder with both hands and looks up, while two other specks of mortality, a man and a woman, with arms linked together and their backs turned to the ladder, seem to be wandering toward the rolling hills and peaceful ridges of the background. The way of the ladder, though it end in the stars, looks warlike, and perilous, and lonely. There is no suggestion of companionship or of resting-place. The toddlers with their running brooklets, the trees with their nesting-birds, even the highest rocky hills will seem to be lost from sight, and there will be only the solitary, monstrous climbing between two worlds.

The recent whimsical, petulant, noble-spirited, and wholly delightful letters of Mr. ROSSINI in the *Athletic Monthly* have been quite full of the services of the stars who influenced his ladder against the stars. "I am tormented," he writes, "by what I cannot get said or done. I want to get all the TITIAN, TURNERS, PAUL VERONESE, TURNERS, and Sir JOSHUA in the world into one great free-freed, Gothic gallery of marble and serpentine. I want to get them all perfectly engraved. I want to go and draw all the subjects of TURNER'S 1800 sketches in Switzerland and Italy, elaborated by myself. I want to get everybody a dinner who hasn't one. I want to manufacture some new roads to heaven with broken birds' heads; and I want to hang up some known old of the way, not that I've any dislike of them, but I think it would be wholesome for them and for other people, and that they would make good crow's' meat. I want to play all day long and arrange my cabinet with new white wood. I want something to amuse me when I am tired. I want TURNER'S pictures not to fade. I want to be able to draw clouds and to understand how they go—and I can't make them stand still nor understand them—they all go sideways. Further, I want to make the Italians industrious, the Americans quiet, the Saxons romantic, the Roman Catholics rational, and the English Parliament loyal—and I can't do anything, and I don't understand why I am less."

We all more or less know the difficulty of allowing the Creator to run the rhumb his own way. We have all more or less wistfully questioned why we were born, since with all the desire in the world to reform the universe, the most we can do is to order some household, to add to some little child's happiness, or nurse a neighbor. Haring a hall-dance great reformers, three poets, one or two discoverers, no one man's achievement amounts to much. The mills of God grind slow; the machinery is enormous; too big for any human eyes to see in its entirety; each man is but a peg or a screw in the right place. To live cheerfully on the face of the planet requires many virtues and insight enough to know one's place and accept it. Not in the least in the spirit of CARLYLE, who responded sarcastically to MARGARET FULLER's exhortation "I accept the universe," with "God! she'd better!" but in KUBLER's:

For to admire and for to see,

For to behold this world so wide.

The last is, mortals are put under a discipline of accomplishment by doing small things faithfully. BLAKE did not elaborate TURNER'S 1800 sketches, but by dint of patient and reiterated talking and writing about TURNER, by pointing out and explaining his excellencies he taught masses of blind people to see what otherwise had been hid from them. No one man reforms the prison system, but each man who takes it seriously to heart affects somebody else and prepares a soil into which a seed may some day drop.

The finest achievements are compact of patience, fidelity, tolerance with some stray gleams of intelligence, insight, or genius added. To cry for the Pleiades and listen to the clamor of disciplined desires paralyzes the will, and a more cheerful occupation is to be busy laying the blocks that are at hand. The great astronomer is not the man who sits on a hill with a telescope and yawns for the stars; he is concerned with minute and detailed calculations on a slip of paper. Even BLAKE's little mortal will not be able to skip a rung of his ladder. He will have to keep his eyes fixed steadily one step ahead and no more, up round by round, or he will grow giddy and fall. He must give his brain and talent account of his losses. For the ascent to the stars is a difficult journey, and it is pleasant to reflect that TURNER, with his ladder balanced against the stars, had from time to time a human word of sympathy upon the incommensurate proportions of our desires and achievements.



**THOMAS TAGGART, CHAIRMAN-ELECT OF THE DEMOCRATIC
NATIONAL COMMITTEE**

Thomas Taggart, who was elected chairman of the Democratic National Committee at a meeting of the committee at the Hoffman House, New York, on July 26, has been active in political affairs for almost twenty years. He was elected Auditor of Marion County, Indiana, in 1880, and re-elected four years later. In 1895 he was elected Mayor of Indianapolis, and was re-elected in 1897 and 1899. Mr. Taggart has been a member of the Democratic National Committee since 1892.



The Autos lined up for the Start opposite the Automobile Club



Photograph of the Start taken from the Automobile Club, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street

THE START OF THE AUTOMOBILE RUN FROM NEW YORK TO THE ST. LOUIS FAIR

The start of the New York contingent of the automobile delegations on the run from New York to the St. Louis Fair was made from the club house of the Automobile Club of America, at Fifty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, on July 25. Fifteen machines were in line at the start, and half a dozen others joined this lot. The distance to be covered on the tour is 1,125 miles, and the trip will take about fifteen days. One of the contestants, Mr. F. A. La Roche, has announced that he will make the attempt to cover the entire distance without stopping the engine of his machine.

Photographs by Foxhall



Mr. Stuart Dunson's "Hasty Queen," Winner in Class 5 (Heavy Harness Horses)



Winners in Class 8 (Pair of Carriage Horses exceeding 12.5 Hands)—Mr. Stuart Dunson's "Roadster" and "Atlas"



Spectators watching the Saddle Horse Class

SCENES AT THE OPENING OF THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL HORSE SHOW OF THE MONMOUTH COUNTY ASSOCIATION AT LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY

The photographs are snapshots of scenes at the opening of the Eleventh Annual Horse Show of the Monmouth County Association at Long Branch on July 27. Among the prominent exhibitors who entered horses in the different classes were Mrs. John Gresham, Mrs. E. R. Ledner, Mr. Irving Rodman, and Mr. Stuart Dunson. The feature of the opening day was the exhibit in the roundabout class. Other classes in which interesting exhibits were shown on other days of the show were the Harness Pony, Tandem, Saddle Pony, and Hunter classes. These annual horse shows at Long Branch are among the most brilliant of the year.

Photographs by Fredrick

a banquet and say so. Incidentally, Paterno promised that he would look over the speeches and see that there would not be left in them the least possible particle of anything that General MacArthur and Judge Taft and the commissioners and generals might object to hearing. I suppose when it was all arranged they wrote to Aguinaldo about it, or to the Hongkong Junta, and received courteous replies in reply, because otherwise it is hard to account for the way it all turned out. Paterno was not a fool.

The Speeches that were never Read

On the afternoon of the banquet a newspaper reporter came into Paterno's office, saying that he had come directly from Paterno's house, and produced copies of the speeches bearing the "O.K." of that astute intermediary. They are now in the archives of the secret service in the Philippines. They had things in them about "independence now on the field of battle," of "glory for both the Filipinos and the Americans who had died in the combat," and the last one, which was Paterno's own speech, ended with a toast to Aguinaldo and to Mr. McKinley. Paterno took these words in to Mr. Taft. The dinner party was eliminated, and fluttering secretaries stood by a great and hushed speech. The expression of it was a letter to Paterno declining to attend the banquet; this was to accompany one from General MacArthur forbidding the speeches, of which he dictated paragraphs between sessions of the sole council which made even Paterno cautious. I delivered this to Paterno just as he was about to enter the banquet. He has never been quite the same man since.

Arguella's Warning

It was through my letters that Taft came to know the Filipino and how to treat him, and the Filipino to know, to wonder, to hesitate, and finally almost to worship. One of the first and certainly one of the most steadfast of his admirers was Manuel Arguella. He had been a colonel in the insurgent army and was one of the commissioners appointed by Aguinaldo to go to General Taft to see if a check could be averted which seemed so threatening in January, 1900. As this commission acted on the assumption that they were our recognized allies and had in some mysterious way been promised that when we had driven out the Spaniards we would come out and turn the country over to them, nothing came of the mission, unless it was that the insurgents opened fire on our troops a few days earlier than they had intended to.

When Aguinaldo had lost most of his army and much of his self-confidence he sent Arguella on smaller commissions, through the lines to Manila to ask for a respite to talk things over. General Taft had learned a message thirty years before from the great soldier who taught them all, and he sent back something like "unconditional surrender." The alleged Philippine government was not far from its primitive and romantic though uncomfortable days when leaders of the people were not treated well. Arguella was dragged around the valley of Luzon until London caught up with and smashed the tail of Aguinaldo's army in retreat. When Arguella was found in the ruins, paroled, and brought to Manila to tell his story. He was given a small position under General Taft and transferred to the commission as soon as it arrived. One day a letter came through the post addressed in pencil to "Mr. Gen'l Taft." It read like an excerpt from the immortal Nicholas Carter literature: "Be ware, Mr. Taft, all you say, all you do, is known to Aguinaldo. You have an enemy close to you who tells." It was written in English, Filipino English, and unsigned. There seemed to me to be lots of color in it, and it quite took the breath out of Arguella when I showed it to him for, of course, he looked upon it as referring to him, but I doubt if Judge Taft thought the matter of sufficient importance to be able to recall it. He said to throw it into the waste basket and to tell Arguella that that was the way we treated such things in America. I told this to Arguella and let him see me throw the letter into the waste basket. It was a great revelation. Later on he became some political campaign was at its height. Arguella underwent a contrition which was sent over the cable at the infinite risk of a hole cut in his back if news of its authorship should get back to Manila. It was the secret instructions of Aguinaldo to that insurgent commission, and it began: "While the United States has never promised us our independence," you will find

in the speech with which Mr. Root opened the campaign of 1900 in Puerto Rico, Illinois, and you will find Arguella, about you can to look him up, pliantly translating Tagalog papers into English and learning the typewriter to do it the better, just as if he had never fought eight good-sized pieces of artillery against an American army. Taft did that with Arguella, and with a whole great race.

Taft and the Medals

It was the Presidential election agitation of 1900 which kept up the shooting and killing, and after it was over, the situation became so much better that in the spring the commission got into effect its local Civil Government bill. Governor Taft and his associates visited the capitals of all the provinces which were supposed to be in a proper condition to receive the benefits of the measure of self-government which that bill accorded, and the ladiness of personal contact with him did more to dispel the native idea that they were going back under a ruler similar to that of the Spaniards than anything else could have done. In one of the central provinces of Luzon there was an old native who, as a boy, had been a Spanish captain's valet and had learned French enough of Spanish and soldiering to become later a captain in Primo De Rivera's native volunteers, after which he was the most prominent citizen of his town. When the commission came to select a Governor he put on his old volunteer uniform, buried his Spanish sword, and pinned on his dress the badge of the Philippine Republic, which was a three-pointed star with a cross in the center, and a sword in the center. He wore a discolored collar, and a straw hat. Sometime afterwards a man of a good deal of importance visited that province, and, as the old native had become Governor, he went, at the head of the people, to meet him at the station. He wore white duck, a broad-brimmed straw hat, and instead of a sword, a walking stick. When he was asked what had become of the medals, he explained that it was "no longer the custom."

"Husling the East"

Some day a book will be written on the establishment of a civil government in the Philippines, and if it tells truly of the work it will be as interesting a story as Macaulay and O'Rourke told of the work of the English in India. The people of the United States who read it will be able to appreciate the work and trials and struggles and failures and successes of Mr. Taft during those first two years in Manila. They will see how, from the beginning, only a half dozen people believed that he could rear an edifice which would stand; how many things, people, and elements, fought to tear it down as he built it up inch by inch; how, now often then over, he was betrayed by his own people, and how little had enemy he found in quarters where he had a right to expect sympathy and aid. There was a time in the fall of 1900 when everything seemed at its worst. Mr. Taft was worn out and lay ill in the hospital, looking very white, and his friends were all about him, but he could not get up. The great question about the work he had done had ceased to be "was it right?"—he had solved that question; but "was it premature?" He was assailed on all sides by the propaganda that it was. He had certainly put in a real civil government more on the heels of an old and tried military government than any other man had done before, and this in the East where the years are as our Western days. I remember that he used to quote from his sick bed the words of a poem of Kipling:

The end of the fight was a tempestuous white,
With the music of the late December.
And the crimson death—'A foul fire here
Who tried to handle the East . . .

and to wonder if that would be so in his own case. When he became ill enough to go home the enemy which pursued him next relentlessly, the American press in Manila, advanced the theory that he had succumbed to the impossibility of the situation, and would not return. He gave out a statement from his bed that he would come back, and that his friends could hold it.

He redeemed the promise almost months later, although his doctors thought that it might kill him, and although he was offered a vacancy on the Supreme Court, which is his ideal ambition for himself. Perhaps some of all this will give rise to the question, as to the Philippines, I do not know. It was a remarkable situation, and it was well solved by a remarkable man.

Count Tolstoi on the War

By Charles Johnston

THE English mail brings the full text of Tolstoi's extraordinary discourse on the Russian Japanese war. One is struck, at the outset, by its difference in tone and purpose from the cabled summaries, which gave extracts of only one kind, and were therefore exceedingly misleading. Coming from London, these summaries not unreasonably confined themselves almost entirely to the attacks, very unparaphrasing and very varied, which Tolstoi makes on Russia, on its government and its church, and they left out, among other things, the equally severe things he has to say against the Japanese. This is not unusual, because what Tolstoi has to say about Russia is first-hand and certain, while what he has to say about Japan is hearsay. But the fact remains that Tolstoi had not at all in mind

to write an attack on Russia, for the reason, if for no other, that he has done so a dozen times, and has said everything that can be said from his point of view.

His attacks on Russia, or, rather, the existing order of things in Russia, are certainly sufficiently scathing and drastic. Beginning with Nicholas II, he characterizes him thus: the Russian czar, the prince who exalted all the activities in the cause of peace, publicly announced that he would maintain all his efforts to maintain the peace so dear to his heart (efforts which express themselves in the seizure of other peoples' lands and in the strengthening of armies for the defense of these stolen lands). He, the prince, is the attack on the Japanese, commands that the same shall be done to the Japanese as they had conspired doing to the Russians—that they should be slaughtered; and in announcing

this call to murder he mentions God, asking the divine blessing on the most dreadful crime in the world. The Japanese Emperor has proclaimed the same thing in relation to the Russians.

Again he speaks of the Russian Emperor as an adulterate, entangled young man, recognized as the leader of a hundred and thirty million people, continually deceived and enabled to conduct himself, who confidently thanks and blesses the troops when he calls his army to the slaughter in defense of lands which with not less right he calls his own. All present to each other hideous lies in which not only no one among the educated believes, but which uneducated peasants are beginning to abandon—all bow down to the ground before him, kiss him, and pronounce pompous and deceitful speeches in which no one really believes.

Toistol carls himself in invective, in a sentence like the following: all the ungodly, feverish, hot-headed, insane excitement which has now seized upon the upper ranks of Russian society, is merely the symptom of their recognition of the criminality of the work which is being done. All these insolent, amoral speeches about devotion to, and worship of, the monarch, about readiness to sacrifice life for one's king, for one's fatherland, for one's own (and not one's own); all these promises to defend with one's breast and which does not belong to one; all these eternal benedictions of each other with various banners and monstrous lies; all these *Dei Gratias*; all these preparations of blankets and bandages; all these detachments of nurses; all these contributions to the fleet, and to the Red Cross presented to the government whose direct duty is to exhibit it has the possibility of collecting from the people as much money as it likes; having declared war to organize the necessary fleet and necessary means for attending the wounded; all these National, pompous, senseless, and blasphemous prayers, the utterance of which is various; all these religious hymns, where; all this dreadful, deprecate newspaper verbiage, which, being universal, does not fear exposure; all this superstition and brutalization which has now taken hold of Russian society, and which is being transmitted by degree also to the masses; all this is only a symptom of the guilty consciousness of that dreadful act which is being accomplished.

Just one sentence more from this masterpiece of obfuscation: Men of science and of low, Monsieur Muraviev and Monsieur Stoukoff only try to prove that it is the recent call of all nations to universal peace and the present inclination to war, because of the seizure of other people's lands, there is no contradiction. Diplomats, in their refined French language, publish and read out circulars in which they circumstantially and diligently prove (though they know no one believes them) that, after all its efforts to establish relations in reality, after all its efforts to devote other countries, the Russian government has been compelled to have recourse to the only means for a rational solution of the question—to the murder of men. The same thing is written by Japanese diplomats, Scientists, historians, and philosophers, on their side, comparing the present with the past, deduct from these comparisons profound coincidences, and argue interminably about the laws of the movement of nations, about the relation between the yellow and white races, or about Buddhism and Christianity, and on the basis of these deductions and arguments justify the slaughter of those belonging to the yellow race by Christians; while in the same way the Japanese scientists and philosophers justify the slaughter of those of the white race by Buddhists, without concealing their joy, try to outdo each other, and, not hesitating at any falsehood, however impudent and transparent, prove in all possible ways that the Russians only are right and strong in every respect, and that all the Japanese are wrong and weak and had in every respect; and that all these are also bad who are inimical or may become inimical towards the Russians—the English, the Americans; and the same is pictured likewise by the Japanese and their supporters in relation to the Russians.

There is invective, obfuscation, vituperation as there is Jargon, as nothing so Junius. No such sweeping indictment has been written of any nation by its enemies in modern times, compared with it, Matthew Arnold's characterization of England's

life: an upper class materialized; and middle class vulgarized; a lower class brutalized; is faint and pale. If one were to take sentences like these, and omit the short compensatory references to the Japanese, the whole thing is such a lank like a horse attack on the Russian government and church, and, as such, might be readily answered by a large section of the public, which holds similar views.

But there is such a thing as justice. And this view would be primarily unjust to Tolstoi himself, who wishes to attack, not at all the civil and religious state of Russia, but the materialism and atheism of the modern world, as they appear to him. His quarrel is not with Russia. His quarrel is with the modern world, with the ideals of the *Sermonee* upon the Mount, do we not like by them? Why do we continue to render evil for evil, to follow after the world, the flesh, and the devil? Why do we not seek pure and more of? Why do we not bring forth the good which we have, we, poor? Why, having the Light, do we prefer darkness rather than light? Why are the longanities of our hearts evil continually? Why do we lay up treasure upon earth, where rust and moth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal? Why do we worship Mammon rather than God? Why do we bow down to the earthly and powerful, forgetting that blood are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven? These are the questions that Tolstoi really has in mind; and we note the whole

purpose of his message. If we take it to be merely an attack on the *Cur's* gotten world, a piece of academic nihilism. Tolstoi would have exactly the same kind of thing to say, and would say it with the same intense conviction, against the life of the average business man in New York, who lives in a state of war, not less fierce than that street Port Arthur, though a war of another kind. Let us consider, for a moment, Tolstoi's view of Russia, which is, with minor variations, the popular opinion, certainly, Russia is today. The Germans as a nation, the Austrians, the English, and most Americans think very much the same things about the Russian autonomy that Tolstoi thinks, and express themselves, though with less vehemence, in pretty much the same terms.

Tolstoi forgets, and the whole Russophile public forgets, that there is such a thing as historic development: that nations never consciously plan their growth, whether that growth be for good or for evil. It is the resultant of an infinite number of individual forces, no one of which is fully conscious; or, to drop scientific slang, history, whether of mankind or of nations, is made by the wants of men, and these wants are full of fancies, desires, loves and hates, darkness and fear, but rarely held a far off and clearly held purpose, but merely with quiet and conscious determination. The English did not set forth with determined intent to develop constitutional government, and the free individual. This was rather the result of generation after generation of robust and self-willing individuals, rubbing against each other, until all were polished into mutual tolerance. In just the same way, Russians did not say, "Let us make an obscure despotism!" and thereafter devise all kinds of perverse and tyrannical expedients. Nor could the Russians at the present moment say, "Let us make a model state, in which each man shall be enlightened in the cradle!" This does not happen in that way. There is an immense force of moral inertia to be reckoned with, and this Tolstoi in his reforming zeal wholly forgets, just as the ecclesiastical public opinion of Germany, England, and America forgets it, and so does great injustice to a people possessed of many and great virtues.

Tolstoi is, by temperament, an extreme individualist; a Trinitarian or Anglo-Saxon, firm in a Russian body. He has exactly the intensest sense of being always in the right, which Tolstoi has been reared his friend at the state, or which Luther had, when he declared, as tradition says he declared, that within twenty years there would be no Catholic Church. Humanity gains by such obstinate assertions of their own individualism; and Russia will gain much from Tolstoi. But when reading his fierce structures on the Russian state, we should remember that he has said equally crushing things, for instance, of Wagner, of Schopenhauer, of Schylin, and that he has done it all in the holy name of charity and toleration.



A recent Photograph of Count Tolstoi, taken at his Home in Russia



A POLITICAL DISCUSSION IN THE CUM

The drawing was made in the Cumberland Mountain region of Tennessee incident—an encounter between a politician from Whiteley County, Ga.

Illustration by George



Drawn by Fletcher C. Ransom

BERLAND MOUNTAINS OF TENNESSEE

seen by our artist, Mr. Fletcher C. Ransom, and pictures a recent
trucky, and a local orator, with whose political views he disagrees

England and the Presidential Election

By Sydney Brooks

London, July 27, 1904

ENGLAND has more than one reason for being interested in the Presidential election. As the country that stands nearer to the United States in every way than any other nation, so the country that reckons a good understanding with America to be the foundation of her foreign policy, the personality and programme of the American Civil Executive are naturally matters that very nearly concern her. But there are some special reasons why English politicians should have watched the opening moves in the Presidential campaign with peculiar closeness. It was, of course, on the Democratic convention and its outcome that their attention was chiefly fixed. The Democrats had before them a problem exactly similar to one which confronts, and has for many years confronted, the English Liberals, and which may also before long have to be faced by the English Conservatives. The Democrats had to get rid of free silver; the Liberals for ten years and more have been striving to get rid of home rule; the Conservatives decide hence may be trying every possible expedient to wipe protection from their slate. There was, therefore, an unusual eagerness to see whether the Democrats would succeed in extricating themselves from the mazes of Bryanism and how far their success or failure would throw light on English conditions.

I wonder whether Americans themselves quite realize how great a political miracle was performed at St. Louis and how enormously the convention system has justified itself. For what was its outcome? It was this, that a party repudiated one, what was the same thing, silently agreed the measure that eight years ago raised the delicious riddle of all but a section, and that four years ago were again firmly inscribed on its banners. That is an achievement, I believe, to be unique in the history of the party. As a rule, the most difficult of all operations in politics, as in warfare, is a retreat. To ask a party to erase a policy that has once been incorporated in its programme is to ask what is nearly impossible. A measure once accepted, once made the battle cry of a party, acquires by that fact alone an unusual longevity. It is not the case of political parties to come out in the open, recant, repent, and confess they have erred. In a moment of panic, rashness, or subservience a party pins itself to a certain policy. That policy is repudiated by the country, not once or by small majorities, but repeatedly and overwhelmingly. Even those who have subscribed to it realize its hopelessness, and confess among themselves that until the ungodlike cargo is dumped overboard they can never expect to make the haven of office. Nevertheless, the zeal of some, the half-heartedness, timidity, or sense of shame of others, and the vainglorious tenacity of the opposing party combine to prevent the sacrifice; and for a period altogether irrational in length the party continues to represent, and suffer by, a cause in which it has lost all faith, which it acknowledges to be fatal to success, and which it is yet deterred from discarding.

This has been conspicuously the case with the English Liberals in their relation to home rule. Home rule and free silver have played an almost identical part in the recent history of English and American politics. Neither measure was a natural outcome of the principles of the party that adopted it. In each case it was grafted on the party programme forcibly and at word of command. In each case it staggered and scandalized the average elector, led immediately to a party split, and was absolutely repudiated by the country. For a while the English Liberals, like the American Republicans, became a virtually national party—no conspicuously representative of the sound conservatism of the nation that no one but a few fanatics wished to see them turned out. The Spanish war and the Boer war strengthened their position. On each side of the Atlantic the Democrats and the Liberals proceeded at once to show that their foreign was no better than their domestic policy. In each party the same discussions appeared, due to the same causes, and expressing themselves in the same forms; and the political effectiveness of the English Liberals and the American Republicans, such as it was, was lost from being positive or inherent, became simply the reflex action of the blunders of their opponents.

A party so situated inevitably splits into two sections, the section prizes itself on recommending facts, realizes the folly of perpetually advertising policies to which the country is hostile, and endeavours to steer the party back to its old anchorage. The other section, from nervousness or conviction, or under pressure from a commanding and indisputable leader, or in obedience to the blessed principle of "party regularity," reaffirms the new programme, harries the country's hostility once again, and of course, is roundly beaten for its pains. Among the English Liberals

these sections are roughly represented by Lord Rosebery, who is prepared to drop home rule, and by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who will not lose sight of its significance. The Rosebery movement—an attempt at regeneration from within an effort of a great party to conquer, not its opponents, but itself—precisely corresponds to the movement of the conservative Democrats who set themselves to eliminate free silver; and the attitude of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman towards that movement exactly duplicates the attitude of Mr. Bryan. It is true that the sudden irruption of the fiscal issue has forced home rule into the background, and made the Liberals once more a united party. Nevertheless, the Irish question is still just about as far as ever from being really settled, and when it again emerges it is to find the Liberals once more in hopeless disagreement as to how it should be treated. There is nothing in English politics that at all resembles an American convention. There is nobody qualified to speak for the party as a whole. There is, therefore, no way of discarding an issue that has once been raised or of rejecting a measure that has once been adopted. Tied to a home-rule platform the Liberals know that an electoral campaign fought out on that issue must go against them. But they have no means of freeing themselves from the entanglement. They can but wait till time or chance or the growth and predominance of some other questions obscures, overleaves, and finally kills it. Already for twenty years they have been immorally bound to the policy which Mr. Gladstone forced upon them; they may be just as surely bound to it for another twenty. It is, therefore, with a personal interest and an anxious anticipation that they have to find the American Democrats in the short space of eight years shaking themselves free from the grip of free silver.

Judge Parker's telegram raised in England something like enthusiasm, the more so as it emphasized wisdom and force in the vacillation of one of England's most trusted leaders. In Mr. Balfour we have a Prime Minister who says he is opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's policy, yet acts as though he were in favour of it; who declines to make his position on the greater issue of the day clear beyond possibility of doubt; who has so desperately enveloped his attitude in a mass of subtleties, sophistries, and equivocations that no one knows what that attitude really is; who is, in short, indulging in a species of peasant politics. The Roosevelt decisiveness of Judge Parker's telegram, the evidence it gave of being dictated by a man, and by a man with the shrewdness to see that in politics the bold game is always the paying game, provided the free-trader with a text from which they have fired off I know not how many sermons at Mr. Balfour's head. Apart from this Englishmen realize that, thanks to Judge Parker, the Democratic party is itself again, that the contest is not by any means going to be a walkover for Mr. Roosevelt, and that the Democrats, having conquered themselves, may really succeed in conquering their opponents. Such a prospect is far from dampening them.

Knowing Mr. Roosevelt and admiring him, they would prefer, on all personal grounds, to see him elected. But so long as the Republican party upholds protection and postpones reciprocity to the Greek Kalends, and so long as the Democrats foster tariff revision, it is the latter party that makes the greater appeal to British interests. With the idea of anti-imperialism that is observable in the Democratic platform Englishmen have no sympathy, and they regard the proposal to treat the Filipinos as the Cuban were treated as deplorable run mad. On this point they find more to approve in the Republican platform. On the other hand, Englishmen are anxious to have it understood that they and their country are not the friends of any one party in America, but of the United States as a whole. It has so happened that the new era of Anglo-American amity has coincided with Republican administration, and that the Democrats, partly for political and partly for traditional reasons, have more or less stood aside from the birth and growth of the improved relations that now detain between the two peoples. Englishmen are no less valued that inclination, necessity, and the plainest dictates of self-interest be in the future make Anglo-American friendship, if not Anglo-American cooperation, still more secure, that a Democratic victory in November has no terrors for them. On the contrary, they would welcome it. It would give them a chance of showing that English cordiality towards America is not confined to any one party, and at the same time by realizing the Democrats once more into intimate touch with the realities of international politics, it would satisfy them, as it has already satisfied the Republicans, that for the United States under present conditions there is no more to be gained from a world-power and anti-British in little short of an impossibility.

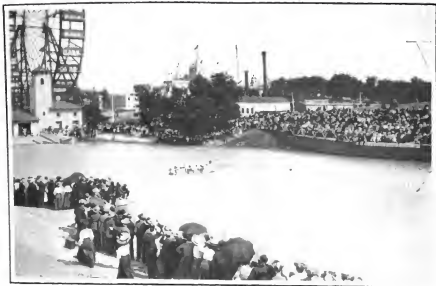
Memories

By Louise Morgan Sill

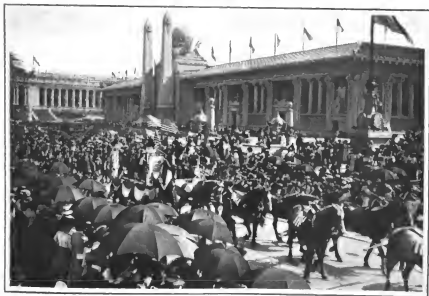
FIRST, dear, I loved you like the dawn,
A cool new love, discreet and pale,
A love that trembled like a fawn,
Full of shy fear lest love should fail.

Then came the noon-love like a flower
That glows in the embracing air
It flung its beauty to the hour
And passing, left a fra, -ance there.

And now 'tis sunset, and the merr
Is all bloom like blossoming trees...
And now my evening love is here,
Half sleeping with old memories.



Snap-shot of the Life-saving Drill on the Fair Grounds



The Liberty Bell being Exhibited on Parade through the Grounds

AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR—SNAP-SHOTS OF SCENES ON THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS

The photographs are snap-shots taken recently at the St. Louis World's Fair, showing the life saving drill and the procession of the Liberty Bell. The managers of the Fair have arranged an elaborate programme of events for each day of the Fair. A recent programme for a day's events included a guard mount, a drill of sea-coast guns at Government Hill, an organ recital at Festival Hall, a parade on the Plaza St. Louis, and a meeting of the National American Carfare Association at Festival Hall.

Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

"NEVER chew your pills" was, I believe, a proverb which Mr. Spurgeon introduced in his once-popular series of common-sense sermons for the people, entitled *John Ploughshares' Talks*. A candid hearer adopts the proverb, and applies it to the northmen, the damp points, the ink-stained trade of life in one of his recent "Correspondence" letters in the *British Weekly*, with that astonishing of rare truth in the commonplace, which always characterizes his business interpretation of the facts of life. Particularly pertinent to writers and readers is the following: "Never chew the pill of a laborious and unengaged task. Men who are easy in circumstance are eminently wise in choosing early some great work on which to expend their energies. In the absence of compulsion the task must never be fulfilled, but even so it is pleasant to think about it, and pleasant to talk about it. These are those who win a reputation on the score of a huge addition they were to make some day to the literature of the world. George Tichener was a fortunate American—fortunate in many things—but never more fortunate than in his conception and execution of his *History of Spanish Literature*. That work gave his life significance and dignity. It brought him into the best company of the world; it gave him an unchallenged superiority to all the rest of his countrymen in our important field of knowledge. It is easy to see how it sweetened his whole existence. Even Prescott, in the face of his severe physical disabilities, found endless pleasure in the preparation of his history. But when the task is irksome and when it has to be accomplished in a given time, it is very necessary not to chew it. By this I mean that a man should give the due number of hours to the work each day, and then make the best of what time may remain. He should turn his thoughts and energies into other fields. If he fails to do this, if he eats, drinks, sleeps, talks, and walks his work, that work will not only become intolerable to himself, but will in all probability look fresh and life and reflect only too plainly the weariness of its creator. What signs of weariness there are in Sir Walter Scott's *Letter to Napier*. Yet he looked at it dispassionately; he did his best; he turned over conscientiously the volumes of the *Minstrel*, which are the saddest sight in Alfordshire, 'the great French gun that had the power of bestowing him.' What a change from the free, untrammelled conditions in which he had wrought before! Carlyle made life terrible for himself and other people, while he squandered in the valleys of the shadow of Frederick the Great. He insisted on those who lived with him descending to dark duties, and living there with him. Still Carlyle, though he chewed his pill, did swallow it at last. In one of his lately published epistles he says that the stupor he experienced was, he, the sure necessary he found it to get to work at once. No fewer chew your pills while work is waiting, but you and like the towns in *The Golden Balthus*, who were always putting off beginning their work of genius, and ended by doing nothing at all."

A bust of Carlyle, modelled by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, a well-known London man of letters, has recently been placed in the Chelsea Town Hall. The following letter by Mr. Fitzgerald, printed in Mr. Shorter's *Literary Letter in the Sphere*, tells how he came to obtain the rare privilege of a sitting from the Sage of Chelsea, and also relates some pleasant incidents which throw a general glow about the great old philosopher.

"The likeness of Thomas Carlyle—whether pictorial or plastic—are but few indeed; perhaps none are wholly satisfactory to those who knew him. Both in the late Mr. Watts's picture and in Sir Edgar Boehm's seated figure on the Embankment there is too soft and gentle a touch. They make him a pliant, suffering sort of person, which he certainly was not. The grand ruggedness and uncompromising—above all, the grim smile—are lacking. I knew him well. I may say, and he was always kindly and indulgent to me. I wrote to him and he answered my letters. He never allowed me to dedicate an edition of Boswell's Johnson to

him—a privilege rarely accorded; and when he forewore dining out save on his birthdays I was one of the happy few privileged to meet him. I have even met him *en petit comité* at his friend Foster's, when I think Bos was also of the party. I have smoked a pipe with him; few men can say this. I recall a trait of his kindly tolerance. At one of these birthday dinners at Foster's when Edwin, Browning and his son, the late Earl of Lytton, and one or two more were of the company, the Irish Church became the topic after dinner, and Carlyle was delightfully vehement when I made some incoherent remark, which he answered with a roar. 'We'll just cut a ver throats first! Never shall I forget the delighted shout of laughter with which this burst was greeted, at the top of which Foster's own particular roar was conspicuous. I believe they were all intensely grateful to me for having thus 'poked up' the old lion, who was then rather sick and moody. Later in the drawing-room I was standing apart when I heard him beside me: 'Well, and how air ye getting along wif yer work?' No doubt he good-naturedly wished to make up for what he had said so roughly.

"In the last year of his life I had the boldness to propose to 'do' his noble old head, and in my entreaty he agreed. Accordingly I drove up one morning with a clay head roughly blocked out from photographs and recollection, with a man to carry all the apparatus upstairs. Fancy this at Chyne Row, the shade of his dear 'Gosnie' hovering about! His niece, then Miss Arden, afterwards Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, was staying with him and taking care of him. I cannot distinctly recall in which room the enterprise was carried out. I fancy it was in the drawing room, where he sat more frequently after his wife's death. It was a nervous business for a presumed artist. He settled himself in a chair and said, 'I am smoky.' I made a faint objection, wishing to secure every chance, but he made a gentle, growling protest, and, of course, did smoke, and from one of his favorite 'long clays' or churchmen. How he did talk, and how pleasantly—about 'Foster,' as he called him—then dead—and about Bos, every inch of him in a house now, but I particularly remember one phrase of his—his inquiry about 'our dear Premier.' I suppose I was there for a couple of hours, and succeeded in fashioning what may be considered at least a recognizable likeness. The bust has now found an appropriate home in the hall of Chelsea Town Hall."



A Bust of Carlyle
Sculptured from life by Percy Fitzgerald, recently placed in
the Chelsea Town Hall

of an octavo volume a price of nineteenth-century history, as it has been in turn moulded by and reflected in caricature. To this end, a very careful and representative selection of cartoons has been made and included in the text, numbering over two hundred. The range of the work covers four periods: "The Napoleonic Era"; "From Waterloo through the Crimean War"; "The Civil and Franco-Prussian Wars"; and "The End of the Century." This fourth part is less adequate and satisfactory, but the development of caricature has been such during recent years that to do it justice it would require a volume to itself. The fault, therefore, is not so much with the treatment as with the subject, which makes greater demands than the authors have been free to give it. It is a notable fact, by the way, that, as the authors state, "it was not until late in the sixties, when Thomas Nast began his pictorial campaign in the pages of HAZARD'S WEEKLY against Ring which held New York in its clutch, that the American caricature could claim a pencil which entitled it to any sort of consideration from the artistic point of view." One is also reminded that it is to Nast's pencil in the WEEKLY we owe the jargon of caricature of the Democratic party, and the labor cap and the fall dinner pail as emblematic of labor.

FISHED OUT

By Robert W. Chambers

Drawn by Sydney Adams

FISHED OUT is a phrase usually applied by an unscrupulous angler to waters in which he can take no fish. By use of rod and reel alone it is almost impossible to "fish-out" waters having auxiliary attributes of proper depth and temperature for spawning; also natural food and shelter sufficient to sustain fish life at all seasons of the year. "Fished out," in almost every instance, should be translated, "poisoned out," "drained out," "settled out," and "dynamited out."

Fish, in "fished-out" waters, may be superlatively wary and shy, inhabiting abnormal cautions and cunning from generations of savatores who have been worried and terrified and deceived by generations of fishermen. These fish may even have changed their normal habits, feeding, for example, only at night, whereas their ancestors fed by day. But the chances are that in many "fished-out" waters there are fish—plenty of fish.

I know of making more ichthyology than the dry bones of a stream, unless it be a stream in whose waters there is no life. The beauty of brooks is composite; no element lacking near the harmony. Take our delicate, graceful minnows from a stream, and it seems as empty as an abandoned palace—still beautiful, but only a shell. Beauty is defined in many phrases and synonymous substantives; perhaps a true definition of beauty might be *varied life*. Truly, it seems to me, that without life,—wholesome, busy, intelligent life,—our woods and fields and streams would be sadder than painted tapestries.

I have never seen a stream that has been fished out through the legal employment of the angler's tools; but I have seen many streams known far and wide as "fished-out" streams. One in particular I shall never forget. My discovery of it happened in this manner:

The last day of March ended the duck-shooting; the first day of April, at that time, and in that country, permitted anglers to take trout with rod and reel. It was the first day of March. Since dawn we had been point-shooting; and now, leaving my tent and byways, I landed on a marsh, with the idea of following a fresh-water creek through the salt marshes to the village, expecting on my way to catch up a black duck or two. I did see black ducks; there was a man ahead of me who was attempting to do so, accepting the situation. I reversed my gun and snatched along, warning the stream from fear of habit. A few small fish darted up and down the breakneck channel; here and there muskrat swam, diving at my approach.

About a mile up the brook, and just before the stone dike which separates the stream from the springing pool where it takes its rise, I saw a fish swim out from under the bank and lie motionless in mid-channel. At first I could scarcely believe the fish to be a trout; for I was then scarcely half an hour's railway journey from New York. But there was an indication the fish what I was looking at proved to be a trout that night he weighed half a pound or more. Climbing to the road I hailed a passing countryman, asking him if there were any trout in the little rocky lake above the bridge. To which he replied:

"Now! The hell blamed thing is fished out!"

I went over to the lake and looked in. The water was clear enough to see through, near the edge; and, after a patient hunt, I started a good-sized fish from a sunny shelter, and saw him sail off into deep water. That fish was a trout; and that was enough for me. Walking back to the hotel, I found a crowd of sportsmen, haysmen, and loaders in the barnyard, which was the only gathering place in the hotel.

"Captain! Mr. Peck," who presided over a restaurant when abroad, and the bar when ashore, replied to my question, that there were no longer any trout in the lake; and, appealing to the escautier for confirmation, I received the same old verdict. "Fished out" those ten years.

Thus, sheep, serpents, strings of ducks, willies were being hauled into the stage for the station. Duck-shooting was over; even-beds unloaded for March; among others my self. But before I left I told "Captain" Peck to expect me back on the midnight train, and to notify me hereon. Bob Keene, to hunt up a lost and launch it on the little fresh-water lake, so that I could find it there at daylight.

Bob Keene, the best layman I ever knew, not only did what I asked, but he did more; for when at midnight I arrived from Manhattan with rods and fish hooks, Bob met me with a quiet chuckle, informing me that he had discovered what I wanted, and that he had brought me, as guide, an old man who knew the little lake and who would act as baitman for me. Rembrandt or Vermeer alone could have done justice to this ancient relic of the past when I found asleep by the stove in the barnyard.

I shall never forget him as I first saw him dozing in the lamp-light, gaunt, rugged, bent, his aged face split into a thousand wrinkles, his great knotted hands suddenly fished.

"Hight!" shouted Mr. Peck, leaning over his hat.

The old man roused eyes unopened, peering up at me.

"This is the gentleman from New York who says there are trout in Sedge Pond," continued Mr. Peck.

The old man rose, erect as a weather-beaten spar; we shook hands gravely. His name was Hugh Montgomery; he was eighty-three years old, and had never been twenty miles from the village where he was born. Many years ago a President of the United States had fished Sedge Pond, and Hugh had acted as gilly. Since that time first and never trout had been taken, until, ten years ago, Sedge water was famed as "fished out," and even the village set, limping forth into the April sunshine, no longer turned his steps toward Sedge Lake, but skirted away the day beside his pole and can of bait, where the salt creek's channel widened to meet the shallow waters of the lake.

"Hugh," I said, "are there any trout in the lake?"

"Trout!" he repeated, in his high, cracked voice. "They was trout three fifty year since."

"And now?"

"Ye be he!" he chuckled, "fell, fell me it's phant fished out! But it was fair water once, young sir,—it was fair water fifty year since."

"Give him a drink," whispered Bob Keene.

The old man drank as they drank in an age long passed; he drank frequently and deeply, and his draughts were the heroic potations of heroes—such as they also consume eternally in the lonely meadows of Valhalla. But all he would say was:

"There are fish in the ocean, young sir, and there is gold in the earth. Them that know, know; them that get, get. Show me the trout in Sedge Lake, and I'll tell ye where they swarmed."

When I retired to sleep I scarcely expected to see old Hugh at sunrise. But I was wrong; there was someone without the sun, but old Hugh was there, snatched in cushions and propped with his feet, and I should be believed the cure, in his other hand a net-bag hung.

"What's that net for?" I asked.

"That depends on you, sir," he said, grimly. A hellish walk brought me to the little lake; it was drizzling, but, even as we embarked, the drizzle was turning to sleet and snow. Hugh at the oars watched me closely as I ascended my light rod and knotted on a trial cast. The rod was a strange one, I had no idea what the net for, as, as a baitman's case, I decided to feel them with these primitive standards, reel also, machine, and black gut,—a matter neither thought nor entirely illogical.

Over the broken water the sun and sleet whirled; the net went out my bare hands, afflicting my fingers as I cast. Never had I seen such hopeless weather on such unpromising water. After a dozen casts I glanced at old Hugh, who sat, resting on his oars, peering up at me with inscrutable eyes.

"Your fish, my more!" I told ye," he said, leading suddenly to the oars. The boat headed out into the lake; and, as I watched, it seemed to me that the tower was going some definite course, perhaps an unseen channel known to him since boyhood. Presently he peered on his oars again, bringing the boat head-on toward the west.

"Try it here," he quavered.

At the first cast a bulky duck shape came up in a whirl of gray water; the rod recoiled, and in an instant I was free to a three-pound speckled trout. There points and one more he waded dressed. Then, in a thickening snow storm on that first day of April (all Fords' day at that) began the most extraordinary two hours of sport that I ever have seen my fortune to participate in.

Correspondence

THE DEMOCRATIC FLOOD

WICHITA, Mo., July 25, 1934

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—Now that the action of the two great political parties has passed into history, we may review the incidents connected therewith calmly and impartially.

The result of the Republican meeting at Chicago was determined long in advance, for, after death had removed Mr. Hanna from the scene of action, it was well known that no other name than that of Theodore Roosevelt would be presented, even to the convention, for with that abolitionist with which he dominated the councils of his party, the meeting was unwise to register the edict which he had himself prepared long before.

Not so, however, with the Democrats at St. Louis. While all thoughtful and closely observant men believed that Judge Parker would be their nominee, it was by no means certain that it would occur without an earnest and prolonged struggle. But the "Killer Angels" of the Democracy seemed to provide over its deliberations, and the distinguished New York jurist was nominated with practical unanimity on the first ballot, and the lofty moral courage and honesty exhibited in his now laudatory telegram showed clearly that the party had made no mistake in its selection. With such a leader it may meet with defeat, but no disclosure will stain its escutcheon.

But what of the outlook? Since the adjournment of the convention the writer has scanned pretty closely the columns of the leading journals of the land, Republican, Democratic, and independent alike, and has been conducted to the conclusion that Alton Brooks Parker will be the next President of the United States. Many things lead me to this opinion. In the first place, he is a perfectly "safe and sane" Democrat. He has agreed that is unassailable. His political history is without stain or blemish, and his judicial career for the past twenty years has been of the most brilliant and exalted character. In short, the Democrats, but as their standard bearer a man for whom no apologies will have to be made.

The Republican nominee, on the other hand, is on the defensive from the very start. It is an undisputed fact that a very considerable portion of his party regard Mr. Roosevelt as an erratic, neurotic, and, in many respects, an unsteady, though honest and sincere, man. I have long been of the conviction myself that his position on the race question will rebound greatly to the benefit of his opponents, and turn thousands of votes to the Democratic party.

The writer of these lines has seen the negro in slavery and in freedom, and the race has no warmer or stancher friend, nor one who would go farther, or risk more, to protect him in his civil and political rights than he, but mortal man, even the strenuous Roosevelt, cannot do that, which the eternal God of all has said cannot, and shall not be done, make the negro the social equal of the Caucasian, and this feeling, in my opinion, is just as strong in the bosom of the Northerner, as it is in that of the Southerner, man.

The erratic genius, who for the time being provides me the headlines of the "White House," where he presided over the race issue, by inviting Booker T. Washington, eminent though he be, to a seat at his dinner table with his family, committed a social sin, the impropriety of which was recognized even by his distinguished colored visitor, and which, in my judgment, ought to relegate him to the obscurity of private life. If he did this because he believed Booker Washington to be his social equal he is to be pitied; if he did it as a political trick to catch votes then he is to be condemned.

There is not an intelligent colored man in this land, North or South, who will read these lines, who does not know, that up to the time of this occurrence, the utmost harmony and good feeling characterized the intercourse between the races, and that all ill feeling and friction that has taken place since are traceable directly to that cause.

I repeat, therefore, that it is my honest belief that this untimely and ill advised act will transfer thousands of good Republican votes to the Democratic nominees, and make them President and Vice-President of these United States, and so note it, he,

[Our correspondent evidently cannot realize that Dr. Roosevelt invited Dr. Washington to dinner, neither because he believed him to be his social equal, nor because he wanted to catch votes, but because he wanted to talk with him. If that dinner invitation was a mistake, as in view of its results, we believe it to have been, it was purely a mistake of inadvertence. Not so, however, the Crum appointment and the post-office race. As to those matters the President acted with deliberation, and meant all he did. But he never meant to "make the negro the social equal of the Caucasian."—EDITOR.]

THE AGE LIMIT

MONTREAL, P. Q., July 23, 1934

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—Under "Comment" in your issue of today you mention King Christian of Denmark and Senator Pettus and the case of Alabama as the only men of full fourscore who are still both active and conspicuous in the business of government.

Senator David Wark of New Brunswick, sometimes spoken of as the Grand Old Man of Canada, celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth on February 19, 1934. At the moment of

writing he is still at his desk in Ottawa as usual. He was appointed a member of the Upper House when the Canadian provinces were united to form the Dominion in 1867.

I am, sir,

L. C. B.

THE NEW NEGRO CRIME IN MISSISSIPPI

CHARLESTON, Miss., July 21, 1934

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—In three of your recent issues you made the surprising statement that there had been no case of the "new negro crime" (meaning rape) committed in the State of Mississippi since the adoption of the Constitution of 1890.

About six weeks ago I wrote you a personal letter in which I called your attention to the true state of affairs. Up to date I have seen no correction in your paper.

Inasmuch as your paper is the leading publication of its kind in the United States, statements appearing in it are usually accepted as true. Believing it to be your purpose to publish the facts without fear or favor, I addressed a circular letter to the sheriff of each of our seventy-six (76) counties, quoting the statement of *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, and inquiring how many cases of rape, or attempted rape, there had been in each county since 1890; how many such cases had been followed by legal execution, how many by hangings, and how many by imprisonment in the penitentiary.

I have received replies from forty-seven counties, with the following result: There have been sixty-three cases of criminal assault by negro men upon white girls and white women since 1890, and there have been twenty-four hangings.

It has been rather difficult to get at the true state of things, because of the unglorious notoriety given the victim of the black brute's lust if published; because no record has been kept; because the sheriff's tenure of office is only four years, and he can't succeed himself under our Constitution; and, finally, because the sheriff of every county took the oath on the first day of last January, and is not in a position to know his county's history as well as he will know it at the expiration of his term of office. For these reasons I feel sure that a number of cases have occurred that have not been heard of, outside of the neighborhoods in which the crimes were committed.

Considering that there have been sixty-three cases of this "new" negro crime, and that only twenty-four are negroes have been made to pay the penalty in Judge Lynch's court, it speaks well for the patience and temper of our people. Only those known to be punished have been punished. We have never practiced retaliation upon them, regardless of age and sex, as has been done in Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, and other States recently.

Trusting that you will give this space in your valued paper.

I am, sir,

Yours, JACKSON KAT.

CAMARADERIE

ANN ARBOR, Mich., July 15, 1934

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—A. C. H. in *HARPER'S WEEKLY* of June 18, says "Of Women": "The camaraderie which exists between her and her youthful friends is delightful to her," etc., etc.

A handsome girl dressed all in white sat on a bench in a dancing pavilion. She looked to me to be about fourteen years old. She was what the comic papers call a "summer" girl. She was there besides everything. Presently up came a "camaraderie" and "sat down beside her."

"Hello, May!"

"Hello herself."

"Whysomever darsin'?"

"At that golden."

"She's golden—just—don't know!" jeered another gallant who sat on the railing some ten feet away.

This conversation was plainly overheard by many people sitting near.

"Quit yer joshin', Phil. Hark, yer lemme lone" (this to the gentleman beside her). "Tere yer ole dirty hase offere—quit that!"

"You've had Sippers on yer before—of anybody's yet?" came from her gentlemen acquaintance on the railing.

Then another of her high school mates came and engaged her for the dance.

I am, sir,

MANAGED WIVES

NEW YORK, July 21, 1934

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—The letter you print from "Much-Manned Wife" bears the internal evidence that she is laughing at us. I have not seen the article she mentions on the management of wives, but I think her letter is another example of the coquetry and evasion of her sex. I would be willing to wager a round sum that "Much-Manned Wife" manages her husband, and is the most dangerous wife-fer him—the alarming way. I have seen wives do it—so far as I am concerned, do you suppose for a minute they do it unconsciously? Not on your—no! In bad garden. My wife looks unhappy when I use slang. (There you are!) Looks unhappy—and looks unhappy, that's all, and there you are!

I am, sir,

A THOROUGHLY-MANAGED HUSBAND.



THE QUALITY

BY A. E. W. MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER

In the opening chapter Pamela Marston is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Late one night Pamela and Alan Warfield, who is in love with her, observe a young couple leaving the opposite house. They are Tony and Millicent Stratten, who live in a gloomy house provided for by the rich but unwise father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners in the palace of the tyrannical old man. Tony is sent by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to meet at all times in the life of the outside world. But finally they both desert of their mysterious life, and Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune. In his absence Millicent becomes infatuated with Lionel Talbot, a violently adventurous young man who is to help her. She sends Warfield on a mission to find Tony and bring him home. Warfield finds that Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea on a frigate. Warfield does every attempt to prevail upon him to come back, but he refuses. Tony remains on the frigate until the form of his crime is over impossible having learned of his father's death, and then decides to enlist in the French Foreign Legion, as an other career seems open to him. John Mosley, a friend of Pamela's, learns from her of the peril Millicent is in from Talbot. He looks up all Talbot's debts and places them in the hands of a single firm of solicitors, who insist on a settlement with Pamela's heir before Talbot receives a proposition from Mosley to experience an important enterprise of the father's in Chile, which his fiancée will 50 miles escape him to reveal Warfield, although he has proposed to her unsuccessfully before, again asks Pamela to marry him, and she allows him to think that in time it will be possible for her to accept him. This time, she will think, would make her take the step now. The return of Tony Stratten. Warfield, desiring of obtaining information as to Tony's whereabouts, goes to London to visit Tony's father Mr. Chas. who, he thinks, will be able to enlighten him. He finds on his arrival that Chas. was not only dead, but also that the bank's will and address on the envelope of a letter intended for the man Tony, thinks that he has found a clue to Tony's hiding place. Talbot returns from Chile and persuades Millicent to go south with him. They are seen driving together late at night in Regent's Park by Mr. Mosley, who tells Pamela that he suspects danger for Millicent. Pamela suggests Warfield to go and try to find Tony for consolation—the peak of the village has, in order to do so, a plan to help Millicent. Pamela, for the second time, persuades Warfield to go in search of Tony, and he gladly accepts. Pamela goes to Berpurgate, which she had visited as a young girl, and while there learns of the presence of Lionel Talbot.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE END OF THE EXPERIMENT

THE village of Ain-Sefra stands upon a high and fertile basin on the very borders of Morocco. The oasis is well watered, and the date-palm grows thickly there. It lies far to the south. The railway, in the days when Tony Stratten served in the Foreign Legion, did not reach to it: the barracks were newly built, the power-plant newly enclosed, and if one looked southwards from any open space one could a heavy belt of sand in the extreme distance stretch across the horizon from east to west. That is the beginning of the Great Sahara. Tony Stratten could never see that belt of sand but his thoughts went back to the terrible horse-catch march from Bir-el-Thlame to Thaurila. From east to west the Sahara stretched across Africa, breaking the soldiers who dared to violate its privacy, thrusting them back maimed and famine-stricken, jealously guarding its secrets, and speaking by its very silence its terrible "thus far and no further" as few could and a thousand times more truthfully, than ever did the waves of the sea.

On one morning Stratten mounted the steps on to the veranda of the hospital. He looked across open country to the great yellow line. He thought of the Thaurila hanging persistently upon the flank of his big fire, the long laborious days of thirst and hunger, the lengthening trail of graves which he left behind—the milestones of invasion. He felt as though the desert gripped him again and would not lose his hold, clinging to his feet with each step he took in the soft yielding sand. He had brought back his handful of men. It was true; they had stumbled into the night, and the last; but there were few of them who were men as good as they had been when they set out. Even the last, if almost seemed

to him, had lost something of vitality which they would never recover; had a look fixed in their eyes which set them apart from their fellows, the look of those who have endured too much, who gazed for too long a time upon horrors; while the others were, for the most part, only fit to squat in the shade and to wait for things to come. There was one whom Stratten had passed only a minute before sitting on the ground under the shadow of the barnyard wall. Stratten was haunted by the picture of that man. For he was the only white man he had ever seen who did not trouble to raise a hand to brush away the flies from his face, but allowed them to settle and cluster about the corners of his mouth.

There was another in the hospital behind him. Him the Sahara definitely claimed. Stratten turned and walked into the building.

He passed down the line of beds and stopped where a man lay tossing in a fever. Stratten bowed over the bed.

"Barber," he said.

Further Barber had grown very quiet and thin during these latter weeks. He turned his eyes upon Stratten and smiled in a coherently. But there was recognition neither in his eyes nor in his voice. An orderly approached the bed as Stratten stood beside it; and in a low voice, but happily Barber should hear and understand, Tony asked:

"What did the doctor say?"

"Nothing good, my word," the orderly replied, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

"I am very sorry," said Stratten, gravely.

Veritably Barber looked to be lying at death's door. The bandage around his arm remained and the color of wax lay outside upon the corner of the bed. His eyes, unnaturally lidless, unnaturally large, showed deep sunken in dark purple rings. His eyelids were red, as though with much weeping, and below the eyes, his face was drawn with fever and very white. Stratten laid his hand gently upon Barber's forehead. It was burning hot. Stratten dismissed the orderly with a nod. There was a lagged restlessness in Barber's appearance, his long bony shapely hands, his little well-knit figure all betrayed the man of race. Yet he had once more to bauldness about perception at a fire in the desert like any mortal child.

A heavy step sounded in the ward, and Stratten's colored stool beside him, a steady built man with a white mustache and imperial and a stern yet not unkindly face. It expressed a deal of solitude at this moment.

"I have seen the doctor this morning," said the colored, "and he has given up hope. Barber will hardly live out the night. They should not have discharged him from the asylum as cured."

The idea of perception had become fixed in Barber's brain. He had never left him since the evening when he first gave utterance to it in the desert. The hourward march, indeed, had aggravated his mania. On his return he had been sent to the asylum at Bel-Aïda, but there he had developed cunning enough to conceal his hallucination. He had ceased to complain that his officers were in a conspiracy to entrap and ruin him, his threats were heard, no more dangerous sleeping glances detected. He was sent back to his battalion at Ain-Sefra. A few weeks and again his malady was manifest, and on top of that came fever.

"I am very sorry," Stratten said again, and then, after looking about him and perceiving that the orderly was out of earshot, he bent down towards Barber. Lower than he had bent before, and he called upon him in a still lower voice.

But Barber was no longer the same he used.

"Monseigneur le Comte," he said, first of all, and then, "Mon sieur de..." He uttered a name which the pretorian before had made illustrious in French diplomacy.

At the sound of the name Barber's face contracted. He started up in his bed upon one arm.

"Heads!" he cried. A most extraordinary change had come over him in a second. His eyes protruded, his mouth hung half-open, his face was frozen into immobility by horror. "There is some one on the stairs," he whispered, "coming up—some one

"Sir Anthony Stretton?"
Stretton was no longer seeking to evade discovery.

"Yes," he said. "The stranger's face became vaguely familiar to him. 'I have seen you before, I think.'"

"There," replied the other. "My name is Warriden. You saw me for a few minutes on the deck of a fish-carrier in the North Sea."

"To be sure," he said, slowly. "Yes, to be sure, I did. You were sent to find me by Miss Pamela Mardale."

"She wants me again," replied Warriden. Stretton's heart sank in fear. He had discovered the woman before. He remembered Pamela's promise to defend his wife. He remembered her warning that he should not leave his wife.

"She sent you, then, with an urgent message that I should return home," he said. "I carry the same message again, only it is a thousand times more urgent."

He drew a letter from his pocket as he spoke and handed it to Stretton. "I was to give you this," he said.

Stretton looked at the handwriting and nodded.

"Thank you," he said, gravely. He tore open the envelope and read.

To be Continued.

The Labor War in Colorado

(Continued from page 1251)

over the strike district. I saw copies of it on the telegraph poles, and even on the trees in the country. It reads in three languages:

"To All Mine-Workers: Wherever You Are—

We, as citizens, mind, under all circumstances, observe the peace."

"I make no distinction and keep other. Make no distinction which will get you into trouble. Do this in the interest of the mine in which you are involved. It is necessary for each and every one in the best of conditions; it is for the best interests of the United Mine-Workers of America."

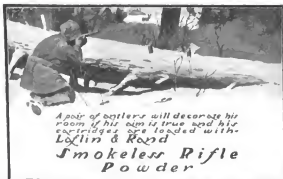
At Del Norte there were sixty-three men employed when I visited the range, and these have been taken in a covered cage to and from work, in order to avoid opportunities for riot and insult. The other camps that I saw were breathlessly quiet, and there was no fire in the coke ovens.

The chain of the superintendents of the mines is that the mine's demands are unwarmed for two reasons: one that the industry will not stand greater expense on the labor side, that wages cannot be increased without affecting dividends and profits, and that the amount of geological work being carried on by the company gives the employees and their families greater opportunity than any increase would do.

The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company has thirty-one mines, twenty of which are coal-mines, and it has 35,000 coke-ovens, all practically in this coal-district. At the present time there are kindergarten and clubs, on the order of social settlement clubs, which are provided by the company. There are thirty-four regular sociological workers in the kindergarten, clubs, and hospital. A monthly publication, *The Coal and Mine*, is published by this department, and gives the news of the work being done among the employees and the various news items. This publication has a large circulation among the English-speaking employees.

The root of this strike has been heavy for both sides. It would seem that the experience of the motherhood of the Colorado ought to have profited the operators in Los Angeles County and elsewhere, for, and there is the loss in the production of their coal traffic and the expected loss to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, which has to keep the steel plant shut down because of the strike.

On the union side the disbursement some time ago amounted to \$100,000. At first it was planned to give each unemployed member in the mine so much per week—\$5 for each single man, \$5 for each couple, and fifty cents for each child—but the expense was so great that the commissary supply system was adopted and groceries were given



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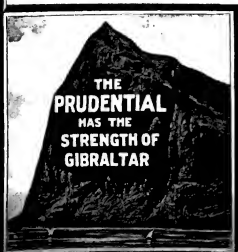
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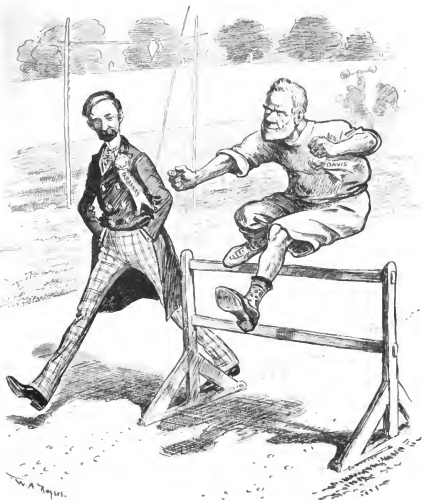
HARPER'S WEEKLY

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New York, Saturday, August 20, 1904

No. 347

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HEIGHT OF THE RACING SEASON

(The Race is not Always to the Swift)

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

PLATFORM: NO ISSUE!

The net result of the two letters of acceptance is a virtual definition by each candidate of the principle upon which he appeals to the people.

Imperfection (as defined by Mr. ROOSEVELT). Recognition of the necessity of meeting a condition, regardless of the possible effect of a precedent thus established.

Constitutionalism (as defined by Judge PARKER). Rigid adherence to theory, irrespective of temporary consequences.

Each apparently is satisfied with his position and willing to abide cheerfully by the judgment of the country. All other issues are incidental.

The Judge made a good speech. "Admirable," we should call it if he had not prompted the word in speaking of his party's leadership of a platform. But it was a praiseworthy utterance, able, dignified, judicial, to-be-sure—just the sort and the only sort of speech the Judge could make. Mere recitation of the vows of the Democratic candidate in the last two elections gives it a refreshing sound. We discuss it at length elsewhere, only pausing here to note the eagerness with which the candidate expresses his idea of the real issue, namely, government scrupulously within the restrictions of law as against government having less regard for form than for substance. He says:

The difference in these powers is the difference between a republic—such as ours, based on law and a written constitution, supported by intelligence, virtue, and patriotism—and a monarchy, sustained by force exerted by an individual, uncontrolled by laws other than those made or sanctioned by him; one represents constitutionalism, the other imperialism.

There is the whole case in a nutshell as seen and stated by the Democratic candidate. But he is careful, in fairness, to note that officials (i. e., the President) who have disregarded constitutional limitations have done so only for the purpose of accomplishing "that which seems to them good." This is frank recognition of the existence of the motives of the Colonel, the giving of which incidentally reflects credit upon the Judge. We attach little importance to the declaration against a second term. Not that Judge PARKER would do as Mr. CLEVELAND did, i. e., pronounce against a second term and continue ever thereafter to be a candidate, because he wouldn't. When the Judge says a thing, he means it. But there was no occasion for saying this, and it would have been better unspoken, despite the sincere conviction behind the words.

How will the new voters vote? In order to appreciate the importance of this question, it is needful to keep in view what

proportion of the electorate is renewed every fourth year. The Northampton Tables, used by many life-insurance companies, justify us in saying that the average length of life enjoyed by voters after they attain the voting age (twenty-one) falls considerably short of a quarter of a century. We are thus well within bounds when we say that the national electorate is renewed once in twenty-five years. It follows that one-sixth of it must be renewed in about four years. Now the total popular vote in 1900 was nearly 14,000,000. If our premises are sound, upwards of 2,300,000 of these voters will be dead next November, and will have been replaced by new voters. Under normal circumstances, one-half of those new voters might be expected to be predisposed in favor of the Democratic party. During the last eight years, however, in such pivotal States as New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana, and Wisconsin, the so-called Gold Democrats have either waded for a candidate of their own (1896), or have refrained from voting at all, or have supported the Republican nominees for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. This means that one-sixth of those Gold Democrats as have attained their majority in any of the years beginning with 1896 and ending with the present twelve-month, have been taught by precept and example to withhold their votes from Democratic candidates. Now it is comparatively easy for a father to influence a son before the latter is of age, but much more difficult later. Because many a quondam Democrat is this year disposed to revert to his earlier predilections, and to advocate the election of Judge PARKER, it by no means follows that he can secure the adoption of the same course by the son or sons who have been encouraged and accustomed to vote the Republican ticket since they were qualified to exercise the franchise. Those sons now range in point of age from twenty-one to twenty-nine; they have formed opinions of their own, and are quite likely to quote the past against the present views of their sires, appealing, as they may dryly put it, from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

It was only a question of time when some trained analyzer of human emotions would dissect the Judge. No such affliction confronts the Colonel because he has performed his own operations so thoroughly that little is left to be learned. But with the Judge it is different. If the truth must be reverted to, it is not so very long since less was known of him in a personal way than of a good many others, and now, while he occupies the centre of the stage, theaching void in the minds of the people must be filled. Mr. JAMES CLEVELAND, of the *World*, who personally superintended his nomination, then barbed the famous telegram out of him and put on the finishing-touch by printing a note he once received from the Judge—why instead he did not publish his letter which evoked the response we are still unable to understand—of course, did his best. But, despite the size of his canvas and brush, Mr. CLEVELAND requires so much space for the expression of his own serious thought that the result was anything but satisfying to those who earnestly attach more importance to the opinions of the Judge than to those of Mr. CLEVELAND.

With all thy faults, THOMAS, the *Non*—
 At this point the pen falters.

We are happy to be able to announce that the *Herald* has risen to the occasion. It gives a page to a most intimate and minute study of the candidate by Mr. GUYST KENN, a practised writer who knows a lot about music and a little about politics. The scope of Mr. KENN's able article is indicated by its title, "Round about the Mind of ALTON B. PARKER." His arms, legs, eyes, and hair had already been described, so Mr. KENN merely completes the picture by surrounding the seat of the Judge's intellectuality as neatly as the Japs are supposed to envelop Port Arthur. He begins with the X-ray and finds "a fair-sized library of general literature stored in his mind." Also there are some books in the house, notably those written by DICKENS, TWAIN, SCOTT, COOPER, and a complete presentation set of the works of THEODORE ROOSEVELT, bearing the autograph inscription of the author, "As a slight token of esteem and friendship." As the Colonel's literary product now approaches twenty volumes, the token is less slight than its donor modestly indicates. However, we can readily imagine the relish with which the Judge studies his contemporary's reflections, and

consider it wholly possible that his admiration occasionally reaches a pitch which induces the unspoken hope that the brilliant author may in the near future have more time to devote to literature. In any case, if the Judge should desire to return the compliment, we permit ourselves to suggest that he present the Colonel with the copy (duly autographed) of COOPER'S *Constitutional Limitations* upon which his hand rested when Mr. MILLER-LAY painted his picture. It is a good and useful book and ought to be in the White House.

Travelling a step farther "round the mind," Mr. KOOME informs us that, in common with several others, the Judge read DICKENS while still comparatively youthful, and that when he first visited London a few years ago (arriving, by the way, "at night and stopping at the Savoy"—we are glad it wasn't the Cecil) he rode up the Strand on a "bus and knew, from his recollection of DICKENS'S descriptions, where he was. All we have to say to that is that anybody who can recognize the London of DICKENS in the Strand of to-day is a wonder. Of his favorite author's creations the Judge prefers *Pickwick Papers* and *Black House*, which leads us to suggest a reprint of *David Copperfield*, although we readily appreciate the advantage to a lawyer and a candidate of familiarity with *Pickwickian* expressions. Another favorite even to this mature age is *The Steadfast Chief*, but for this preference Mr. KOOME makes incidental apology. He does not want to put the Judge in the false attitude of an admirer of undue strenuousness. "He realizes that in the days of the Scottish chiefs the appeal was not to reason, but to the sword, and that those men met the requirements of their day." We congratulate Mr. KOOME upon the delicacy with which he makes his point without upsetting the æsthetic quality of his subject.

Poetry apparently is not the Judge's strong point. He likes FREDERICK FIELD and WHITTIER'S RHAPS—this ought to be worth a few votes in Indiana—but the poem that has impressed him most in recent years is the late Senator FOLEY'S somewhat doubtful verse entitled "Opportunity." It is as follows:

Master of human destinies art thou!

Fame, love, and fortune on thy footsteps wait.

Villains and felids I walk; I prostrate

Deserts and seas remote, and passing by

Heed and halt and pause, none or late

I knock unknown once at every gate.

It sleeping, wake; if fawning rise before

I turn away. It is the hour of fate.

And they who follow me each every state

Mortal desire, and conquer every foe

Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,

Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,

Seek me in vain and uselessly implore:

I answer not, and I return no more.

How many times Opportunity may have flown safely over Eugene in the past we cannot say, but we do know that the last time it appeared to a certain reflective horseman in the early moon it got caught. The Judge answered the first knock he heard, and Opportunity stopped as advertised. Some maintain that she is still there.

For music Mr. KOOME reluctantly admits that the Judge has not had time to "acquire a cultivated ear." He probably would have done better to cultivate the one he had. However, in the inexpressible language characteristic of musical critics, Mr. KOOME pronounces the Judge's taste "trifling and, as such, interesting to analyze." We regret to note that he punches upon Gimmelp's preserves "when he goes about the house humming 'I'm Just as Young as I Used to Be,'" but "he also hums 'Grandfather's Clock,'" "doublets out of respect for his colleagues, and occasionally, after the chores are done and the wood is in the stove 'The Building on the Bank' to the hired man's 'Polka-Rose in the Park.'" This ought to fetch the undergraduate vote. Farther than this Mr. KOOME, the Waggoner, declines to conduct us. He seems to feel that he is treading delicate ground, and he walks gingerly around the musical section of the Judge's mind. Candidly we cannot confirm his implication of dissatisfaction. If in the songs mentioned could be added "Lead, Kindly Light," we fail to see why, for campaign purposes, the repertoire would not be reasonably complete.

When it comes to art, the Judge is a thorough American. He visited the galleries when abroad, "and admired much of what he saw. The Venus of Milo, the Winged Victory, the Comets, MILLER—they were very nice in their way. But when, at The Hague, he came to PAUL POTTER'S famous picture of the young bull, there he stopped and looked long and earnestly. There was something he knew all about. No painter could fool him on live stock. The picture caught his fancy as none other had in all the galleries visited, and it is a tribute to its value as a nature study that it is the one picture he saw in Europe of which he brought home a copy." This copy stands on one of the bookshelves in the hall at Bossmount. We reproduce it herewith. This sample of the



Judge's artistic taste is interesting, and would be useful if properly exploited by Tom in the agricultural districts but for the breed. If the model had been a Jersey cow, nothing better could have been desired, but these "Hollands" as a distinguished literary lady once described them to us, are not really appealing except in point of looks. They are good-enough milkers, but twice as much is required to get the same amount of butter—and this has come to be a latter country. On the whole, we question whether the picture can be utilized successfully except perhaps in West Virginia, where the owner of the bull might pass for Grandpa in his young days. This is by no means a full synopsis of Mr. KOOME'S subtle analysis; there is much more of equal interest. But we feel that we have travelled sufficiently far around the mind to deserve, for the moment, a rest.

Sanity must be catching. Even Tom has a slight attack.

We thought it was getting to be about time to hear from OLIVER H. P. BEZMONT—and lo! here he comes with a letter to the *World*, pitching into that shy Journal for allowing traitor Democrats like himself who were voting the ticket while the *World* was canvassing at the party's defeat. The *World* replies that it has not abused them, in the first place, and that it does not care a continental damn for O. H. P.'s opinion, in the second. Such petulance is really very unbecoming in the truly great. Just why O. H. P. felt called upon to put his head into the lion's mouth and "keep it there a while," we cannot imagine, but it is silly for the *World* to pretend that it does not care. The favorable opinion of a man capable of getting for a wife the smartest woman in America is worth anybody's having.

Washington reports that the President is fretting about his figure. When he undertook his present job he weighed 182 pounds; he now weighs 208, and has been up to 212. This is pretty heavy for a man of his height, and he doesn't like it, especially in view of the fact that he has to exercise violently to keep where he is. He has given up eating sweets, things containing starch, etc., but to little purpose. He has not found the root of the difficulty. It is this: he drinks too much milk. No man who doesn't smoke can drink milk and keep or get thin. Let him substitute a light claret and avoid water and better results will be observable sooner than he thinks. In his present placid mood, moreover, an occasional

mid cigar ought to taste good. It would also have a soothing effect. The Judge smokes.

The *Times* is the latest great journal to find its editor asleep at the switch. On Tuesday it printed a curious yarn to the effect that the chief backer of Colonel LAMONT as a candidate for Governor of New York was JAMES J. HILL, who did not approve of President ROOSEVELT's course in connection with the Northern Securities case. The story continued:

From a national committee source the belief was expressed last night that Mr. HILL could contribute fully \$400,000 to the national campaign and \$100,000 to the New York State campaign if Mr. LAMONT is named, and that his donations might reach twice that sum if the indications continued to point to party success and it could be shown to him where further contributions on his part would aid the cause.

Now the *Times* is, up to its lights, a faithful supporter of the Democratic cause; only a fortnight back, as we carefully noted last week, its editor, Mr. CHARLES R. MILLAR, was invited to Equus to help to heaven the hump. We can imagine the expression of his frow when he read in his own columns this account of prospective barter and sale. But he lost no time in apologizing. On the very next day he "confessed" in humility and contrition that his paper had been "deceived into publishing some very unworthy political gossip." He goes on to tell how it happened:

Among the base language at political headquarters such gossip is common enough, but no attention is paid to it. These statements came from no hanger-on, but from a member of the Democratic National Committee. Had they apparently been made in good faith the making of them might have been attributed to mere verbiage—new and untruthful figures always come to the fore in every campaign. But as the observations in question were plainly malicious and uttered with the intent to serve a purpose not avowed, the theory of ingenuous candor falls to the ground.

We hope we shall not have occasion to refer to further exhibitions of such tactics in that quarter.

This is lame enough to satisfy the Judge's worst enemy. What does the man mean, anyhow? Had the statements been made "apparently in good faith," they might have been attributed to mere foolishness; but since they were "plainly malicious," no room is left for "ingenuous candor." So don't let it happen again! That is the substance of this frank, brutal, and enlightening explanation. We sadly confess our own inability to make head or tail of it. What we should like to know and what the public is entitled to know from the New York *Times* is the name of the member of the Democratic committee who made this assertion, and, did he speak the truth?

Belief might be brought to the minds of some citizens by the anti-retraction assurance that no matter how the votes go Mr. D. B. HILL will not become Secretary of State. This relief cannot be afforded them. On the other hand, no positive pre-election assurance will or can be given that under no circumstances will Colonel ROOSEVELT act as his own Secretary of State. A certain measure of uncertainty is inseparable from the conduct of affairs. Whomever we vote for, some chances must be taken.

BORRICE COCKRAN is still for PARKER.

The Judge has a coat of arms. A Brooklyn girl who thought she might be related found out by writing to him and sending him her picture. In reply, after expressing thanks for the photograph, the Judge wrote: "The first of my line in America, so far as I have been able to trace, was JOHN PARKER, who married OLIVE TENPLE, at Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, in 1750. You may be able to tell if there is any connection between your PARKERS and mine from the coat of arms, which shows three stages and a chevron charged with a trefoil slipped." The Colonel can trace his Dutch ancestry much further back than this: he has a coat of arms, too, although he is not wearing it just now. But the PARKERS are good, sturdy folk. We have known a good many of them and cannot recall one who has given the family cause for blushing. There is no Scotch or Irish in them; they are

English undiluted, and descend from a Norman who came over with WILLIAM, and located at what is now known as Plymouth. The PARKERS who stayed at home or scattered to the north, like their cousins over here, never did any very great things, but they seem always to have behaved themselves and kept faith. How about that coat of arms, though? It sounds a trifle aristocratic from one who is standing on a platform which vehemently demands "a return to Jeffersonian simplicity in mode of living."

"Chain everything," says TOM, taking off his coat; "Admit nothing," admonishes GEORGE BUTTZ, adjusting his eyeglasses. So the good work goes on.

The *Tribune* is like the leopard. We dare say it would change if it could, but it can't. Listen to this from a letter to Editor Rood printed approvingly:

It may be good Republican politics to speak of Judge PARKER as a brave, honestly upright, and high-principled man. That means, however, that an honest, high-principled man consents to reap the fruits of an, as yet, disavowed, dishonest, and low principled deed.

In its very beginning Judge PARKER's candidacy is stained, through and through, with the leprosy of deceit. Z. Y. Pittsfield, Mass., August 2, 1904.

Strong language this—vigorous thought! What an earth is the "as yet, disavowed, dishonest, and low-principled deed!" And pray, who is the leper practicing deceit upon everybody except Mr. Z. Y. of Pittsfield, Mass.? There ought really to be a special ward set aside in the Home for Incubables for the Z. Y. family, and an inclosure, at least, for editors who print such rubbish.

"Now plain ALTON B. PARKER," is the head-line over the newspaper account of the candidate's resignation as Chief Judge. Technically, perhaps, true, but in a broad sense far from it. He will always be "the Judge," and he is anything but plain. In point of fact, so far as looks go, he is much handsomer than the Colonel.

We give it up. HARPER'S WEEKLY surely has the *Courier-Journal* dead to rights. So speaks MARCE HENRY.

The Washington *Post* suggests that the average domestic trouble maker by comparison with the spectacle of Senator ELKINS's effort to be a good West Virginia Republican and a good son-in-law at the same time. This is not the first time in the recent political history of the State when Mr. ELKINS has found himself in Debsmann's predicament, "confessing a divided duty." Close and cynical observers of prevailing collisions between sentiments in the Senator's breast have ever to the conclusion that his Roman virtue is more than a match for his family affections. It happened not very long ago that a Representative was to be chosen from a certain Congress district, and ex-Senator DAVIS's sympathies were strongly enlisted on behalf of the Democratic nominee. All his influence was exerted on his favorite's behalf, and during one forenoon he convinced himself that he had captured all the working-men voters of a given locality by strong personal appeals. In the afternoon of the same day, however, Senator ELKINS visited the place, and had a confidential, heart-to-heart talk with the same close-furrowing citizens whom his father-in-law believed to have "conquered." So it came to pass that, to the bewilderment of ex-Senator DAVIS, his young friend found himself "snowed under" when the ballots were counted in that locality.

There is no doubt, however, that ex-Senator DAVIS would this year have had a walk-over for the Governorship, had he not accepted a nomination for the Vice-Presidency, because it was settled that the Republican party would not put forward a competitor. How absolute is his control of the Democratic party in his State was demonstrated at Parkersburg on August 4, when, at his request, the Democratic State convention rejected by 887 to 87 votes a proposal to insert a "white supremacy" plank in the State platform. If Mr. DAVIS had been running for Governor, the plank would have been approved by a unanimous vote, but he and his friends had the good sense to recognize that such a declaration would be, to say the least, inopportune, from the view

point of its possible effect on the prospects of the national ticket in pivotal States. The greatest menace to the commonwealth in West Virginia was proclaimed by the convention to be the debauchery of the ballot by means of "repenting" and of illegal voting, which, it is asserted, has been carried on systematically in many counties of the State by a ring of corrupt officials, State and Federal, and which has been rendered possible by the systematic importation of illegal negro voters. What the State needs, apparently, is a registration law.

It was not, of course, technically necessary that the Democratic nominee for the Presidency should resign the office of Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York before accepting the nomination of the St. Louis convention for the Presidency, because his fellow citizens of the Empire commonwealth do not vote for him directly next November, but for Presidential electors. There is no doubt, however, that had he availed himself of this quibble, he would have violated the spirit of the State statute, which forbids a member of the judiciary to run for any office except a judicial one. Not only was the resignation a rightful act, but it was announced at the right time. Had the announcement been made earlier, it would have been impossible for Judge PARKER to keep office with a clean docket. A conception of the volume of business which had to be disposed of may be formed when we note that at the very short midsummer session of the Court of Appeals held in Albany on August 5, no fewer than sixty-two decisions were handed down. Only two had to be left over, because the judges who were to write the opinions are in Europe. The most cordial cooperation on the part of his colleagues was needed in order to make it possible for Judge PARKER to leave the bench with a clear conscience. We may mark in passing the fact that of the sixty-two cases decided, Judge PARKER was in the minority as to none of any importance. At the hour when we write, it is unknown who will be appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals *ad interim* by Governor ORRILL.

He is likely to designate a Republican. If Judge PARKER had postponed his resignation three days longer, Governor ORRILL's appointee would have kept his place upon the bench for a year and nearly five months. As it is, he will only serve until January 1, 1905, when he will be superseded by the Chief Justice to be elected in November next. With reference to that election, we hope that public opinion will pronounce itself overwhelmingly in favor of the non-partisan movement started by many influential members of the New York bar. The proposal is that both of the great political parties shall nominate for the Chief Judgeship of the Court of Appeals EMMA M. CULLEN, of Brooklyn, now Justice of the Supreme Court, and for the Associate Judgeship of the Court of Appeals, which will become vacant on December 31, Justice WILLIAM E. WERNER, of Rochester. Justice CULLEN has been all his life a Democrat, and Justice WERNER is a Republican. There is no doubt that both of the judges named are able and conscientious interpreters of the law. It is certain that Judge PARKER, in the event of his failure to be chosen President, would have been re-nominated for Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals in November, 1905, had he postponed his resignation for three days, because in that case, as we have said, there could have been no election to fill the vacancy this year, and Governor ORRILL's appointee would have held over until January 1, 1906. In view of possible contingencies, some astute politicians would have taken care to keep a second string to their bow. The fact that Judge PARKER did not main-
tain *averbly* the reflection that Mr. FAIRBANKS has not yet resigned his position as Senator from Indiana.

We hope the report will prove well founded that our State Department has determined to protest against the decision of the Russian prize-court at Vladivostok in the matter of that part of the cargo of the neutral steamer *Arctia* which was consigned by American shippers to private merchants in Japan. The *Arctia*, it will be remembered, at the time of her seizure by a Russian cruiser, was carrying one hundred thousand barrels of flour from Portland, Oregon, to Yokohama. After an examination of her papers, the prize-court came to the conclusion that the vessel should be liberated,

together with so much of the flour as was consigned to a neutral port—Hongkong. On the other hand, it pronounced "good prize" and, accordingly, confiscated 50,000 pounds of flour—a good is about thirty-six pounds—which was destined for Japan, and all the railway material on board the *Arctia*. It is said to have been proved that the railway material, although primarily to be landed at a Japanese port, was to be transhipped thence to Chempulop, and was to be used in the construction of the military railway now in process of construction by the Japanese authorities between Seoul and the Yalu River. It will scarcely be denied that the railway material, if purchased for the account of the Japanese government, was contraband of war. It is the treatment of the American flour by the prize-court which, unless we should resent it promptly and firmly, might have consequences of tremendous import. Without going back any further than the last six years, we may recall the fact that our government, in our own contest with Spain, and, again, during the South-African war, propounded the principle that food conveyed under a neutral flag to an unblockaded belligerent port cannot be regarded as contraband, unless it is consigned directly to a belligerent military or naval force. It is, of course, theoretically possible, if not probable, that, after food thus conveyed should be landed, it might eventually be employed for military purposes, but our government has held that a belligerent cruiser cannot go beyond a neutral vessel's manifest, and that if food products entered thereon are consigned to private merchants, they must be exempt from capture.

It is easy to see why Russia on the one hand, and the United States and Great Britain on the other, would be impelled by their respective interests to take different views of the subject. Russia, in normal years, is not only self-nourishing, but a large exporter of food staples. She has, therefore, nothing to lose and much to gain by insisting that all food transported in neutral vessels to belligerent ports should be dealt with as contraband of war. It is equally obvious that if England, the principal consumer of our surplus food products, should become involved in war with a Continental coalition, American producers would be keenly interested in the enforcement of the view that food sent by a neutral to a belligerent should be exempt from seizure, unless consumed directly by the belligerent government. Great Britain is even more vitally concerned in securing the establishment of such a rule of international law, for she is dependent on foreign countries for more than half of her food supply, and in the event of war with two or more Continental maritime powers, could literally be starved, if the principle asserted by the Vladivostok prize-court, in the case of the American flour shipped on the *Arctia* from Portland, Oregon, to Yokohama, should meet with general acceptance.

On August 1, by a decision of the House of Lords, the highest court of appeal in Great Britain, about twenty-nine obscure ministers and congregations, mostly Gaelic-speaking Highlanders, were declared to be the legal owners of the property of the Free Kirk of Scotland. The value of this property is reported to be about sixty million dollars, of which fifty-five millions is in churches, colleges, and manors, and the rest in money, or income-producing investments. Another report says twenty millions; but all this property, whatever there is of it, has been accumulated by the Free Kirk since it left the Established Church in 1843, on a question of patronage and authority, and chose to become self-supporting. There was another independent Presbyterian body in Scotland—the United Presbyterians. With this body the Free Kirk determined to combine in 1900, and did combine, forming the United Free Church of Scotland. But the twenty-nine obscure Free Kirk congregations were opposed to the union, and declared that as the only true Free Kirkers they would bring suit for the Free Kirk property. No one dreamed that they could succeed, but now, on appeal from the Scottish courts, they have won their case. The decision affects eleven hundred ministers. To say that there is consternation from end to end of Scotland is to put it mildly.

Sixty years ago the Free Kirk ministers walked out of their manors and churches under the leadership of Dr. CHALMERS, gave up their livings, and exchanged the assured support of the Establishment for such doubtful maintenance as their

sympathizing congregations might provide. It was a moment the heroism of which is still a tale that Scotland is proud to tell. Now their successors find themselves again bereft of houses of worship, income, and shelter for a stunning legal decision which is absurd in equity, however good in law. What will follow cannot be predicted. The only legal remedy for the Free Kirk's plight is an act of Parliament. A compromise with the twenty-nine Highland kirks is theoretically possible, but the vicars hating war on a question of creed and conscience after a hard fight, are likely to hang on stubbornly to the spoils. There is said to be no prospect of help from Parliament before it adjourns, and meanwhile the day of the decision every Free Kirk treasurer has been re-trained for injunctives from paying out money for church purposes. The Free Kirk may reasonably see in all this evidence of the special solicitude of Providence that its spiritual upliftings shall not be obscured by material hindrances, but the chances are that it will try hard to get back its property. Some immediate solace it may find in the quickened spirits of its ministers. There will be great sermons, born of affliction, and the Scotch appreciate a sermon.

In spite of the Eastern war and the strikes and the candidates, the first week in August was rather a slack time for news, and Bishop Porter dealt kindly with the newspapers when he came down from Copenhagen and made a speech at the opening of the Sulway Tavern. It has made an interesting scandal that a bishop should appear at the opening of a saloon where liquor, undisturbed and undisturbed, is to be sold, and the resulting denunciations, approbations, and discussions have filled the local papers and spread far and wide through the land. Did the Bishop do right? He did what he thought was right, which is as near as any of us usually comes. Whether he did wisely is a harder question. Mr. Johnson, the inventor of the ethical tavern, says in a letter to the *New York Times*: "I am not pleased that the motorist which has befallen us has increased our sales so largely. I would have preferred that the experiment be given a chance without the visits of the curians." It was the presence of the Bishop that gave the new tavern most of its notoriety, which Mr. Johnson regrets, and invited the visits of the curians. But of course Bishop Porter knew that his action would make a stir, and thought the stir worth making. He took a definite and conspicuous stand on one side of an important and much-mooted question.

Incidentally he rebuked the opinions that have resulted in the suppression of the army canten. "If you place the saloon under the ban," said the Bishop at the opening, "you would make one of the most tragic, or comic, failures in history. Are you going to make the saloon and what it stands for so execrably bad that a man cannot go into it without losing his self-respect? The temperance question is as far from solution now as it was twenty years ago, with the addition that false methods have bred a large amount of hypocrisy." His purpose, then, at the opening of the new tavern, was not to give encouragement and approval to drinkers, but to rebuke hypocrisy, and reveal his conviction that since men are going to drink, and there must be drinking-places in great cities, it is far better that the drinking should be done in decent, reputable places than in dives. That is precisely the position that has been taken by the defenders of the army canten, and it is sound. Of course the new tavern could have been opened without the Bishop's presence and could have gone its way. He could have avoided all the row, saved Bishop Nicholson's blushes, and escaped a huge amount of recreation. But he is a bold man, and a man of affairs as well as of religion, and does not mind rows—except church rows—if he thinks one is needed. Church rows he tries to avoid, since most of them arise from the desire of one party to put shackles on another.

Judge CORNELL of New York has been so profusely charged with advocating a shotgun policy with unruly automobilists that he has thought proper to explain what basis there is for supposing he held the views attributed to him. He says it is true that one day, seeing an automobile dash wildly through Thirty-fourth Street, driving cars up on to the sidewalk and pedestrians to the stoeps of houses, he said, unofficially, to a bicycle policeman, "If the automobilist had run over any of these people, I should not have blamed them

very much if they had shot at him." The judge is a judge, and it was doubtless indiscreet of him to talk about checking or punishing automobilists except by due process of law. Of course the habit of shooting at automobilists would never do, for prompt and accurate discrimination would rarely be possible, and the chances are that when an automobilist was bagged it would be the wrong one. Practically it is much more dangerous for the shooter to shoot at a culpable automobilist than to endure his aggression and let him go. But the aggressive and reckless automobilist is an enemy of society. When contrary to law and right he runs down or imperils the life of an innocent citizen, he ought not to get away unscathed. He commits an assault, and if an assault with an automobile is not an assault with a deadly weapon, what is? Theoretically any way of stopping an automobilist who is running amuck is excusable. Practically, of course, it is exceedingly unwise to shoot.

At Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, six non-commissioned officers have been reduced to the ranks for running what is technically known as "a blind pig," or unlawful canten. When the men grumbled that they were doing no more than the commissioned officers did, Colonel WUTTERHALM, it seems, disclosed with some emphasis that what was met for officers in the post club-house was not necessarily proper for privates in quarters. The papers say that he said: "To put the private on the same footing as the commissioned officer would be ruinous to discipline. We must have caste in the army just as there is caste in outside society. We have the same class distinctions, and without them we could have no discipline."

Colonel WUTTERHALM's sentiments are sound enough, but if he was quoted accurately, he was not fortunate in his method of expressing them. Military law gives officers privileges which privates do not share. It creates an artificial caste for military purposes, though whether it formally gives officers larger liquor privileges than it gives to privates is arguable. But in outside society American law recognizes no caste and no class distinctions. Our men are as good as another, and no better, except in so far as he can make himself superior to some of his fellows by obtaining superior qualifications. There is no definite artificial barrier between classes in general society, as there is between officer and private in military society. Superiority in fortune, in breeding, in education, in character, raises men above their mates. There are plenty of superior people, and their children are apt in their turn to inherit their advantages, but that does not constitute caste. There are no rigid divisions between folks in this country. Inevitably the Ins are going on and the Outs are coming in. Inevitably society is dying at the top and being replenished from the bottom. There is no caste in American society. Money, character, and brains are at the bottom of all our social inequalities.

The fashionable hotels and restaurants of New York are pleasant places for people who can afford to use them. They are luxurious and brilliant. A contemporary newspaper writer suggests that they are lending the clubs as places of resort. They have the best food and drink in the market and nowadays they seem to have the liveliest society. They don't exclude women; that is their chief advantage. Women are very decorative. Men like to dine with them, and if not with them, at least within sight of them. The show of women at one of the great New York restaurants on an evening in summer is almost worth the price of admission. The commentator whose suggestion we have noted recalls that the oldest clubs began as taverns and presently excluded the public, but now, he thinks, "the open bar is recovering its importance with us." That may well be, for another defect of the New York clubs, besides that they exclude women, is that they exclude too many men that men who use them want to see. No club (nor any three clubs in New York) includes all or nearly all the men whom the average grown-up man in New York wants to stand a chance of meeting. But at the big restaurants there is a chance of meeting all the world. So long as a club merely keeps out people you don't want to meet, it is advantageous. When it keeps out four-fifths of the people you do want to meet, its advantages as a social centre begin to be debatable, though it may still be very valuable as a place of rest and seclusion, a second home.

Judge Parker's Speech of Acceptance

It was a difficult task to which Chief-Judge ALTON BLOOMER PARKER addressed himself on Wednesday, August 10. In the speech shortly to be signed, he accepted of the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. It was difficult because, in his message to the convention, he had objected to only a single feature of the Democratic platform. Was it to be inferred that he gave an unqualified endorsement to every part of the platform of which he did not utter disapproval in advance? If such an inference were to prove warranted, he could hardly be expected to counsel himself to those conservative Democrats and Independents who hold that the St. Louis platform, as manipulated by Mr. BRYAN, and notoriously reported by the Committee on Resolutions, was objectionable, not only by reason of its silence concerning the gold standard, but in many other particulars. Let us say at once that Judge PARKER, in his speech of acceptance, has graciously condescended to his own platform, and in so doing the fact that, in words which we cannot but deem provocative, he has described the platform framed at St. Louis as "admirable." It is true that he enumerates specific grounds for admiration, but impartial persons are likely to find more justification for his approval in his personal interpretation of the spirit of the document than in any of the criticisms made from the *letter* of the text. As expounded by the Democratic nominee, the programme to which he pledges adherence is much more definite and satisfactory than the incoherent forays of professions put forward at St. Louis. While what he says about the trusts will certainly seem not aggressive enough to suit those who would regard capital, who, whether consciously or unconsciously, are converts to socialistic doctrines, there is nothing equivocal in Judge PARKER's declarations touching the imperative duty of each of the three departments of government to respect the limits traced for it by the Constitution; touching the right of every citizen, including the non-union workman, to live and labor where he will, and to pursue his calling as he chooses; touching the urgent need of tariff revision and touching the vital importance to American citizens themselves and to their posterity of remedying openly and definitely any intention of exercising permanent rule, no matter how enlightened and benevolent, over the inhabitants of the Philippines.

It is obvious that Chief-Judge PARKER has in view certain acts of the present Chief-Magistrate as the interpretation in the antislavery struggle, the assumption of the existence of a constructive reason between two immediately consecutive sessions of Congress, the establishment by Executive fiat of an age-limit of physical and mental disability, and the notification lately given to Latin-American republics that, if they wish to escape interference on the part of the United States, they must pay the debt incurred to foreigners, including those arising out of contract—when he points out that, nevertheless, "because the limitations placed upon the departments of government by the Constitution are disregarded by officials desiring to accomplish that which to them seems good, whether the power exists in them or not, it becomes desirable to call attention to the fact that the people in whom all power resides, have now fit, through the medium of the Constitution, to limit the governmental powers conferred, and to say to departments created by it, 'Thine far shall thou go, and no further.'" With this sentence, which is plainly levelled against the exhibition of a self-willed and arbitrary, as distinguished from a judicial, temperament, may be coupled the repudiation of the spirit of militarism which of late has gained ground in this country. It is not disputed, in the speech of acceptance, that such armament, military and naval, as may be needed for the security of the republic, and the protection of the rights of its citizens, at home and abroad, should be maintained. Any other course is repelled as "false economy."

At the same time the Democratic nominee protests against the feeling, which, to his eye, is now too prevalent, "that, by reason of the commanding position we have assumed in the world, we must take part in the disputes and brawls of foreign countries; and that, because we have grown great, we should intervene in every important question that arises in other parts of the world." Judge PARKER denies that our government was "created for a career of political or civilizing condescension in foreign countries or among alien races," and it is his conviction that "the most efficient work we can do in uplifting the people of other countries is by the presentation of a happy, proper one, self-governing action as an ideal to be emulated, a model to be followed." He repudiates, too, the notion that either physical courage or patriotism is a civic virtue generally or generally required in the arts of peace, and when no large military armaments are kept up. Such was the situation of the United States—with the exception of the brief and small war with Mexico—during the half-century preceding the civil war, but those who imagine that the nation must have grown effeminate during that period are misled by Judge PARKER in reading the casualty rolls of the armies on either side at Shiloh, Vicksburg, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg, at Stone River and Chickasaw. The heroic deeds wrought in the civil war are ever prompted by devotion to the country, and not by the sedulous cultivation of a bellicose spirit.

With regard to the tariff the Democratic nominee speaks with moderation and sobriety. He invites the voters who desire tariff revision to consider whether, judged by the record of performance, rather than by that of promise, on the part of the Republican party in this regard, it is not probable that in the event of that party's success, its attitude toward the tariff would be so shaped as to gratify those interests which are opposed to any change whatever. As it is an unquestionable fact that, with absolute control of both the legislative and executive departments since March 4, 1897, the Republicans have made neither any reduction, nor any attempt at reduction, in tariff duties, it is not unreasonable to assume that a future Congress, in which that party shall have a majority, will carry out no revision of the tariff downward.

Judge PARKER at the same time acknowledges that the Democratic cannot hope to secure a majority of the Senate during the next four years, and, therefore, will be unable to secure any modification of the tariff, except with the help of some Republican members of that body. So firm is he, however, in the belief that the demand of the people for a reform of the tariff is just, that he indulges the hope that, should a Democratic House of Representatives and a Democratic Executive be chosen by the people, even a Republican Senate may lend the warning, and not give at least some measure of relief. To the end that the hope may be fulfilled, Judge PARKER proposes an invention of capital impotence, an innovation calculated to disarm much of the resistance usually offered by manufacturers to tariff changes. He emphasizes the expediency of inserting in any project of tariff revision a stipulation that such a reasonable period shall intervene, between the date of the enactment of the statute making a revision and the date of its enforcement, as shall be deemed sufficient to enable the industry or business affected by such revision to adjust itself to the changes and new conditions imposed. We do not hesitate to say that this proposal, though novel, is, on the face of it, a suggestion that ought to be printed in letters of gold. There is not an intelligent manufacturer or business man who will not acclaim the suggestion of a method by which, manifestly, tariff reform can be reconciled with industrial and financial stability.

The section of the speech of acceptance that deals with the "Greens" will, undoubtedly, be eyed with suspicion by that wing of the Democracy which regards Mr. BRYAN as the great prophet. What the Bryanites want is additional Federal legislation of a drastic kind against all combinations of capital which, conceivably, may acquire monopolies, and the inevitable enforcement of all existing and future statutes. Judge PARKER expresses a grave doubt whether any Federal statutes are needed to avert or suppress such combinations, and in so doing he is, we think, to be commended. He protests against the assumption that the decisions of the United States Supreme Court, of the New York Court of Appeals, and of the courts of last resort in many other States—affords a complete legal remedy against monopoly. The fact, if it be a fact, that monopolies have multiplied in number and increased in power, is attributed, not to the failure of the courts to apply the law, when properly moved therein by administrative officials or private individuals, but to the failure of officials charged with the duty of enforcing the law to take the necessary *procedura* to procure the judgments of courts having appropriate jurisdiction, coupled with the fact that the legislative departments of some State governments, as well as Congress, have by legislation encouraged the propagation of monopolistic combinations.

What is needed, in the judgment of the Democratic nominee—in addition to a reasonable revision of the tariff—is, not so much, other and different laws, as officials having faith the disposition and the courage to enforce existing laws. We repeat that Judge PARKER's view of the obliquity of the common law for the control and coercion of trusts is likely to cost him the votes of a good many Bryanites. He deserves all the more credit for facing unflinchingly what he must foresee may be the consequences of truth-telling.

One of the most notable paragraphs in the speech of acceptance is that in which Judge PARKER announces that, inasmuch as if chosen Chief-Magistrate, he will not be a candidate for reelection—Mr. CLEVELAND said that in 1891—that he will not accept a re-nomination. He declares any intention, in making this declaration, of criticising any President, from WASHINGTON down to ROOSEVELT, who has either held the office for two terms, or sought to exercise himself. On the contrary, he is merely making a strong argument may be advanced in support of the reelection of the President. It is, nevertheless, Judge PARKER's deliberate and irrevocable judgment that "the interests of this country are now so vast, and the questions presented are frequently of such overpowering magnitude to the people, that it is indispensable to the maintenance of a fitting administration before the people, not only that the Chief-Magistrate should be independent, but that that independence should be known of all men."

To sum up the purport of the letter of acceptance in a sentence, we repeat that the Democratic nominee has by no means

strengthened himself with the Bryanite wing of his party, but he has indicated precisely the sort of President he will make, if elected.

The Last Days of the Session in England

NOTHING more remarkable has been seen in a long time, in English Parliamentary life, than the intemperance of vigor which is marking the last days of the session. Mr. BALFOUR is gently but firmly asserting himself, and it is becoming evident to all parties that his influence in the House of Commons is as great as ever, perhaps even greater. He continues to govern by sheer sweetness and light, as MATTHEW ARNOLD would have said, or by the innate gift of the governing class, as we have already expressed it. His impetuosity is hardening and growing steadier with every week. In spite of the tropical weather, which tempts so many members out of town and away to the moors, in nearly every important division, for the last week, or two, Mr. BALFOUR has had a majority of from seventy to eighty, all adverse by elections to the contrary notwithstanding. At this rate, should every election go against him, he will still have a working majority three years hence, a sufficiently remarkable political phenomenon.

The impetuosity of all this fire, of course, in its bearing on the great question to decide or not to decide. If Mr. BALFOUR feels his position firm and solid, if he has a good working majority, there is no reason in the world why he should not continue to hold the reins of power, at least until February next, when Parliament again meets. It will be able to do as it pleases, as soon as the session is over, unhampered by fears of adverse divisions or Parliamentary schisms. The whole power is in the hands of the ministry, between two sessions, and Mr. BALFOUR has shown that, whatever may be said as to his fiscal and economic theories, at least he can use power to admirable purpose in the daily conduct of the empire.

The last days of the session have been remarkable for a clearer expression of his views by the Premier than he has hitherto deemed it opportune to give. "I am a free trader," he has declared; "though I do not accept all the definitions of free trade put forward by the opposition." Even more important is his sound and far-reaching criticism of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S views on certain privileges of the fiscal question. "Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thinks," says Mr. BALFOUR, "that the imperial tariff system is or calls it, is a simple and natural arrangement. He thinks that to take the colonies into our confidence on foreign affairs is quite a simple operation. But it is quite difficult enough for any government to take even the House of Commons into its confidence on foreign affairs; how, then, could we possibly carry out my honorable friend's suggestion as to taking the colonies into our confidence? Whether in time some great constitutional inventor will find a method of having a representative institution dealing with the affairs of the empire, I do not know, but I have never expressed a doubt that it is our business to find out what the colonies can give, and what we can give, what they want, and what we want."

This is sound, practical sense, absolutely and broadly sound, and shows that while Mr. BALFOUR'S theories lack the rigidity of a mathematical theorem, or, perhaps, just because they lack that rigidity, his instinct is sound and sane, and may be trusted to reach a wise and workable conclusion.

That was Mr. BALFOUR'S reply to a very strong appeal from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to dissolve Parliament and let the electorate speak its mind on the great fiscal issue. "In my opinion," Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has said, "this policy is ready to be submitted to the people of this country. I do not say it would be accepted at once by a people accustomed for sixty years to another policy, but that it will be accepted eventually, I am as certain as that I stand here. And the sooner it is submitted to the country, the sooner that consummation will come. If it is legitimate to make a reciprocal arrangement with a foreign country, why, in Heaven's name, is it not proper with your own kindfolk?"

Speaking a few days ago at Welbeck Abbey, the house of the Duke of Portland, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN outlined the definitive form of his policy, returning to the original lines he had drawn at the outset, and banishing every shred of compromise, whether to his friend the Premier or to the more convinced free traders, like the Duke of Devonshire. He came out clear and distinct for a tax on food, a tax of five shillings a quarter on wheat; a tax on flour, as high as to be prohibitive, and to put the grinding of the nation's bread wholly in the hands of English millers; a tax on meat, on eggs, on butter, and every form of food, practically, except sugar, which hardly enters at all into the diet of any class in England. From this extreme position Mr. CHAMBERLAIN evidently does not intend to recede; and if by-elections have any meaning at all it is precisely this policy which the British electorate will have nothing to do with on any basis. Here in a contrast, sufficiently marked, with the sweet reasonableness and patience of the Premier, and it is on this policy that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN wishes his honorable friend to go to the country, on in-

stitution which his honorable friend has no intention of accepting. The breach is, therefore, much wider than it was in the beginning of the session, when Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN were almost at one on the expediency of a protective tariff. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is unwilling to wait, because he cannot very well afford to wait. If Parliament were dissolved at once, the Liberals would probably have a majority sufficient to enable them to hold together for two or three years at least, and only after that could Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S turn possibly come. But by that time he will be seventy-two, hardly an age at which one could begin a new epoch of imperial statesmanship. Mr. BALFOUR, who is only fifty-six, can afford to go ahead, but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is naturally in a hurry.

A Loss to Literature

WILLIAM McLENNAN, of Montreal, who died in Vallanholme, Italy, July 28, at the age of forty-eight, was not only, as JOHN RUSKIN has said, "one of the most substantial contributors to Canadian literature," but a distinguished writer of fiction. He is best known to American readers by his novels *Spanish Jack* and *The Span of Life*—the latter written in collaboration with Miss JEAN S. McLENNAN—published serially in HARPER'S MAGAZINE (1902 and 1903), with illustrations by the celebrated French artist, F. DE MEYERBECK. *Spanish Jack* dealt with the fortunes of the Scotch Pretender to the throne of England. *The Span of Life* is a story of the French and Indian war, and ends with the capture of Quebec. Both novels were among the best historical romances of the latter part of the nineteenth century, more truthful than SCOTT'S, and equally powerful and picturesque whether portraying court or camp life. In quite another vein, this author's stories of old France—published earlier in HARPER'S under the caption "As Told by His Grace," were the best of their kind, and would not suffer by comparison with ALPHONSE DARTRE'S sketches in the same field. Mr. McLENNAN was also the author of a number of poems of rare lyrical excellence.

He was emphatically a man of letters, a careful student of literature as well as of history. To know him best one should have met him on a winter evening in his well-selected library and have chatted with him before the open fire, mostly listening while he mingled with his talk about books humorous and characteristic anecdotes and descriptions of Canadian and European life. Those who met him thus, especially if they were admitted to his list of friends, know how much has passed with him away from earth.

Those who have only known him by what he has written will regret a loss which has come to us, and, after years of physical suffering, which he bore as bravely as STEVENSON and STODOLSKY.

Repression

IT is reported that the boss hands of the country, which had prepared themselves to stimulate the Republican gathering this fall with the strains of "A Hot Time," have been generally notified that that tune will not be in favor, and that they must restrict themselves to pieces more consonant with the present mood and querulous humor of the Republican confabulate—*fourth page.*

What's that the band's a-playing, Grouse?

The tune of Cuba free!

It's no safe time for bands to play

"A Hot Time," Grouse, for no!

I know it makes my pulses jump.

The best of times, I know!

But, oh, don't let them play it, Grouse!

We're not in Cuba now!

For got to be a Grouse, Grouse.

For ten long weeks and more.

And never speak a strenuous word.

And never touch a gun.

And walk a chalk-line every day.

And fold my hands, and wait.

We've got to keep my shirt on, Grouse!

Until November eight!

But Grouse, my Grouse, it's uphill work.

On that that band is playing.

It's hard enough without that tune.

For me to hear the hit!

If they'll come round election night.

And things have gone our way.

"A Hot Time"? Well, I guess so, Grouse!

That's what the band shall play!



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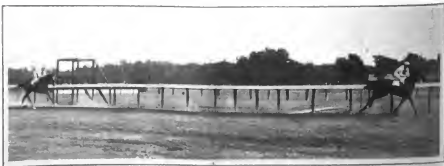
THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. ALTON B. PARKER



Finish of the Saratoga Handicap, "Lord of the Vale" winning, "Red Vega" second



The first Race of the Meet—the Struggle in the Stretch, "Minnow," on inside, leading



Finish of the Flash Stakes, won by "Sycoby" by Six Lengths

SNAP-SHOTS OF SCENES AT THE OPENING OF THE RACING SEASON AT SARATOGA

The racing season at Saratoga begins on August 1, and will continue for twenty-one days. One of the most important races during the meet is the Saratoga Handicap, run on the first day, which was won by "Lord of the Vale." "The Picket," "Alexander," and "Major Deussenfeld" were among the great horses defeated by "Lord of the Vale." The most valuable race of the Eastern turf season, the Great Republic, for \$50,000 stakes, was run on August 6, and won by "Belth."

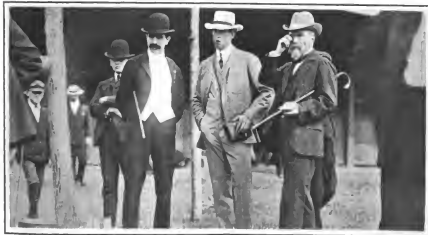
Photographs by Fredrick



"Roughie," which James R. Keene pronounces the greatest Colt of the Century, and for which he refused an offer of \$100,000



"Roughie" on the Jump in the Ballston Gap Steeplechase



Fitchell Kerner (at the left), Edward L. Smith, and James R. Keene at the Saratoga Race-track

VIEWS TAKEN DURING THE RACING SEASON AT SARATOGA

"Roughie," the winner of the Flash Stakes and the Saratoga Special, is considered by his owner, Mr. James R. Keene, the greatest two-year-old yearling in the world. Mr. Keene recently refused an offer of \$100,000 for "Roughie," which is \$50,000 more than was ever paid in America for a two-year-old colt. "Roughie" has never been beaten. Mr. Keene is also the owner of "Delhi," winner of the Great Republic Stakes. Four interesting steeplechase events have been run during the meeting at Saratoga, among them the Ballston Gap, the Meyersbrook and the Saratoga Cup, but these were less and less satisfactory, owing to the fact that the local horses refused the hurdles in some of the most important events.

College Reminiscences of Senator Fairbanks

By Julius Chambers

THE college year was about to begin at the Ohio Wesleyan University. Recitations were to start on the following day. President Frederick Merrick, an aged man, who wore a beard, rather like that of Homer, literally, was seated at a table upon which lay an open book. Before him stood two boys, candidates for admission to the college and about to go through the solemn formality of "matriculation."

Two lads now dissimilar in appearance could not have been found among the hundreds of students, active and prospective. They were farmers' boys from an adjoining county. Their fathers, who had driven nineteen miles along country roads to bring them to the town of Delaware, had parted with the boys in tears only a few minutes previous to their appearance before the college president. The younger had been raised on adjoining farms, had wrestled and romped together on the village green, had attended the same county school, and had come, literally hand in hand, to the nearest seat of learning to simultaneously struggle for an education.

The taller of the boys was addressed first by the president. Letters of introduction and references from his teacher were demanded. They were produced. To pay for his tuition the candidate offered scrap iron for ready funds when the institution was founded. It was a funny and comical bit of money, but on its face were the words "Good for four years' instruction at the Ohio Wesleyan University." On the faith of that promise rested the hopes of the candidate; he hadn't any other means. His answers were satisfactory, the scrap was acceptable, the former boy was matriculated first at the table, a job was placed in his hand, and, with his tongue in the corner of his mouth, he wrote, in bold but awkward characters:

"Charles Warren Fairbanks, age fifteen, Enonville Centre, Union County, Ohio."

His companion, Ira Ambrose, some six years older, underwent similar catfishing, signed the roll, and the two boys became members of the senior preparatory class.

My only excuse for dwelling upon this scene is because I happened to be present, as a sophomore, to watch for a candidate for my native town. Years afterwards I saw this same Fairbanks, grown to lank and wealth, take the oath as a Senator of the United States; but the grade that filled the boy's heart and made ready his sun-faded face that September morning, 1867, far outshone the graduate that came to the light on forty-four.

Carrying their matriculation cards in their hands, these two "preps" from Enonville Centre walked to the white sulphur spring on the campus and, kneeling upon its brink, drank for the first time of the bubbling water. The spring was then, as now, the pride and glory of the college and village.

On that occasion, likely as not, the strangers first heard a tale that never grows old at Delaware: How Professor Harris, afterward a bishop of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, was "dicked" by irreverent colleagues. "Harris," Professor of Moral Philosophy (a word that may have been a misnomer), was fondly and earnestly toward his pupils. He often humiliated them in the classroom, and they bore him no love.

The pedagogy was indignantly fond of the springwater. His passion exceeded that of temperance. He revolved, "how thirsty! Amid the high grass near the spring, and hidden, he believed, by a board which the professor carried to the fountain and placed across its head, stone high. Upon this wooden support he would stretch himself, and with his face among the bubbles, drink deeply.

The dark night this board was sawed neatly through and replaced. When the complacent instructor, puffing and blowing, lay down next morning to enjoy his draught, he took a sulphur bath! For this mishap several students were expelled.

I doubt if Fairbanks registered the delight in which he would have stood had he been in college at the time of the Harris episode. Not that he was object to pranks; but he was a carpenter. Had his kit of tools, and worked at his trade on Saturdays. Among that outfit were many saws. He revolved, "how thirsty! Amid the high grass near the spring, and hidden, he believed, by a board which the professor carried to the fountain and placed across its head, stone high. Upon this wooden support he would stretch himself, and with his face among the bubbles, drink deeply.

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In these days, even in Western colleges, the classics were an enforced study. The only Wesleyan institution in Ohio boasted the possession of Professor Syntaxis Williams, whose (local) reputation was that of the first Greek scholar in the West. The door of his classroom was the phrase, in Greek characters, *Μόρρις εστίν*—(Study is everything). The memorable translation about Professor Williams was that he insisted upon translations in the Greek verb. The "Amphibian," for example, was required to take this: "All things and things are things to be, on the one hand, Airtaureas; then, on the other hand, Cyrus."

Students under "old Syntaxis" thought his methods of instruction very silly until they took up Greek prose composition, then they recognized the wisdom of the professor's wisdom. Consequently, they learned the order in which the words must stand, and only aimed to dig them out of the dictionary.

In addition to his other studies, the care of his room, and preparation of his meals, Fairbanks "clevered." German, which was a sophomore study, and entered the class under Professor Lachow. The candidates for instruction in the modern languages were so few that one professor sufficed.

The subject of this sketch was essentially religious, regardless of his attendance at chapel and church; but he was fond of sports, and revelled in skating and swimming. Though the southern part of the college town of Delaware flows (flowing) Creek, a dam across this stream supplied power for a saw-mill, depth of water for a swimming-pool in summer, and a run for a mill-race in winter. The dam was in winter, the creek was a mile above the mill, on a narrow bank and under a group of maples. The water was "over your head" at all seasons, owing to the stability of the dam's masonry.

During his freshman year Young Fairbanks made himself generally known to the village of Delaware. He and his class enjoyed the excitement of attending fires. The town owned two hand-engines, largely manned by student volunteers. When the count house bell was heard, the collegians would promptly turn out. An old day-mill was a frequent offender, but its fire occurred in daytime, the one occasion, however, a serious conflagration broke out at night in a closely settled district, and when the foreman of the company did not appear, Fairbanks took command. The students, under his direction, put out the fire and rescued several women and children from burning.

Near the campus, the chairman of the Wesleyan Union joined the "Christianian Literary Society." Joseph H. Fowler, who had been prominent as a student for three years, had left Wesleyan that fall (1868) for Cornell University. Being in the junior class, it is doubtful if Fairbanks knew him.

If the Union County boy had not met over the people of the town as a freshman, he captured the hearts of his college companions when he became a sophomore. The coup was made in this way:

Two of the elevated upper classes were John E. Lock and John E. Lock, and a limited number of freshmen. First rivalry existed between these two literary societies, and a contest was arranged. College politics prevented the selection of either Lock or Jones as speakers. When a "mock program" made its appearance on the night of the affair it was traced to them, and the faculty suspended the two juniors.

Fairbanks of '72 saw his opportunity and seized it.

A students' meeting had been called. To this Fairbanks went, and, harrowing official condemnation, made a stirring speech, criticizing the faculty's action as an interference with the rights of American citizenship. He held that the "mock scheme" did not constitute anything scandalous or blasphemous, and, therefore, was not calculated to bring disrespect upon the university, its officers, or its students. He demonstrated its humor by reading portions of the sacred constitution of the United States, and by expelling the men ridiculed until they disclaimed any feeling of annoyance or humiliation. The preparation of the "kit," the speaker asserted, was merely an exercise of the right to criticize an exhibition arranged among the students, for their own education and amusement. The faculty had no business to meddle in a literary controversy between two associations of collegians; to do so was usurpation of authority, which, if unchecked, might infect the whole body politic, subvert the rights of man, and even render the constitution of the land. He "viewed the aggression with alarm"—remember, Fairbanks was not trying to be humorous; he was gravely earnest!

Everybody in the chapelroom that night conceded that the sophomore had made "a rousing defense" of Lock and Jones. Yet not one agreed that Fairbanks would be sent home for criticizing the action of the faculty. He would have been, if Dr. Merrick, an anthropologist in pedagogy, had had his way. But that faculty contained two remarkably progressive members. One was Dr. McCall, who should have been in the "Unionists" class; the other was Professor Whitlock, who "held down" the chair of advanced Latin.

At a special meeting of the faculty, called next day, these up-to-date teachers took sides with Fairbanks. They spoke up, and declared that students should be encouraged to have opinions and to express them.

Dr. McCall's speech to the faculty brought tears to some eyes, for there existed a tone of human sympathy in his vocal chords that became silent when his heart was in his talk. He said that I am not the father of the "Amphibian," who spoke without regard of disapproving the King of England.

John Lock and "Clint" Jones, and the new officer, Fairbanks, were summoned before the inquisition. The sophomore, knowing

that his bridges were gone behind him, repeated his address of the previous evening. It was more logically arranged, no doubt, for he had had time to put the points upon paper and memorize them.

The suspended men were reinstated, and after that hour the name of Fairbanks was on every tongue. He became the most popular man in the Ohio Wesleyan University. Members of the faculty who had condemned his association with one another in showing him consideration in the classroom and on the street. The secret fraternities "crowned" him, the most aristocratic

among these organizations gladly overlooking the fact that Fairbanks was the son of a poor farmer, making his own bed, cooking his own meals, and working at a carpenter's bench to earn his way through school. He joined the Phi Kappa Delta, with which literally dozens of his other friends were affiliated, and of which society he was the national president.

Fairbanks wasn't a phenomenon in his studies; but had there been a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa at Wesleyan he would have at least been so belonging to the first eight in his class. He was a tremendous orator.

Will Mr. Chamberlain Carry Home Rule?

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, August 3, 1901.

I T seems fairly certain that the Irish are about to become once more the masters of English politics. For a long while, ten years almost, it has been possible to move or less decisively than from one's political calculations. Since 1885 the Unionist majority in the House of Commons has been large enough to outbalance the combined forces of Liberalism and Nationalism. The Irish party in consequence has been little but a party of protest and obstruction. It has been more than that, however, and sometimes less. During the floor war it rose to heights of tactical relief: during the debates on the Education Bill of 1892 it sank so low as to become almost a wing of the Unionist party. The Irish have been at times a party of protest, a party of assumed acquiescence. But though it has scored one or two minor victories and been responsible for a considerable number of "secesses" in the House, though it has fought every measure which it objected to with its old energy, the Irish party as a whole, has not been able to influence the course of events at all decisively. It has not been in that position which to a small party is the most desirable and effective of all positions—it has not been able to hold the balance of power. No English government since the collapse of Lord Rosebery's ministry has been obliged to depend for its existence upon Irish votes. There has, therefore, been no opportunity for the "deal" in which the Irish party could, on chance of borrowing its support in return for legislation that would square with Nationalist ideals, no hope of bringing to bear on ministerial measures a remorseless and devastating pressure. For the past decade the Irish Nationalists have been irregular auxiliaries to the regular opposition.

I need hardly say that the goal of Irish politics continues to be home rule, and that the attitude of the Nationalist M. P.'s towards the two great English parties is determined solely by the degree of their willingness to help Ireland towards that goal. The Irish entered on an alliance with the Liberals in the eighties, not in the least because they felt any sympathy for Liberal aims or principles, but because Mr. Chamberlain was ready to champion the home-rule cause. That alliance could only endure so long as the Liberals remained faithful to the Gladstonian heritage. Everybody knows that they have long ago scorned it, that some have definitely repudiated it, and that a consciousness of its political hopelessness has sunk deep into the minds of the rank and file. There is no possibility, even if the Liberals are returned to power at the next election, of a third home-rule bill being introduced into the House of Commons. That is recognized on all hands as axiomatic, and its recognition has naturally severed the old alliance between the Liberals and the Nationalists, and left the latter free to transfer their allegiance to some other quarter. I wish again to emphasize the fact that from the Irish point of view there is no more reason why they should be working with the Liberals than with the Unionists, as between those parties their actions are governed entirely by Irish considerations, and that the capacity of Mr. Chamberlain to have learned the value of perfect political impartiality. There are, indeed, several reasons why they should prefer to be in temporary alliance with the Unionists rather than with the Liberals. One is that Unionism today is far more sane and rational than it used to be. It has practically abandoned the policy of coercion, and it has passed two important measures—the Irish Local Government Act and the Irish Land Purchase Act—that go at least part of the way towards meeting Irish aspirations. A second and greater reason is that the Unionist party controls the House of Lords. The fundamental trouble with the Irish Liberal camp was that its results could not be guaranteed. The House of Lords always blocked the way. There is an irrefragable rule in the event of an Irish Unionist alliance would at once disappear. The Upper House will pass any measure that has once received the approval of the Conservative majority in the House of Commons. The Unionists are thus always able to do what they please.

So much for the general position. Let us now see how it is affected by the floor war. There are in the House of Commons 220 members. Of these 182 are Unionists, 34 are Liberals, and the Nationalists number 4. The Unionist majority in the House is thus large out of the question, as he is not supposed to have any votes, and his seat is never contested. Of the 182 Unionists some 120 are known to favor either Mr. Chamberlain's policy of reticence and educational preference, or Mr. Balfour's policy of reticence. 30 have definitely broken away from the party and voted on the free-trade side; and about 120 have yet to commit themselves definitely. The normal question which is coming to be with the floor war is the extent of the majority in the House of Commons of 100 over the combined Liberal and Nationalist forces.

A full dress debate on the floor question would probably give a majority of between 40 and 50, assuming, as we may fairly do, that the Unionists and the Chamberlainites supported one another. To give the Liberals and Nationalists a working majority over the presentists in the next Parliament it would be necessary for them to capture at least 60 seats. To give the Liberals alone a clear plurality over presentists and Nationalists combined nearly 100 constituencies will have to be stormed and taken. It is true, they are voting against the present government and doing all they can to turn it out; but that is simply because they hope that the result of the next election will enable them to offer a bargain with whichever party is prepared to bid the highest. If that party goes to be the Liberals the Nationalists no doubt would be willing to counter their protectionist sympathies. If it proved to be the Conservatives, so much the better. The Nationalists would then be able to induce their protectionist leanings, and at the same time real assets that any respect they might enter into would be carried out by the Conservative majority in the House of Lords. Is Mr. Chamberlain, who controls the two great English parties, a man who is prepared to prepare to bargain with them? I can hardly doubt that when the time comes he will be found not merely ready, but anxious. It is a characteristic of the man that whatever he is engaged upon for the moment always seems of infinitely more importance than anything else. The immediate object engages him, and he allows no scruples and no tame objection to inconsistency to stand in the way of its attainment. The floor war engulfs his whole heart and soul. It is a cause which he honestly regards as worth almost any sacrifice, and if it cannot be carried without an alliance with the Nationalists, then it must be carried with one. Mr. Chamberlain does not know the Nationalists; the Nationalists do not know Mr. Chamberlain; but if such can be needed to the other, the essential basis for negotiation is provided. If Mr. Chamberlain sees that he cannot win without the Nationalists and can win with them, one may be sure he will do what he can to come to terms. If the Nationalists see that by bargaining with Mr. Chamberlain they can advance the cause of home rule, it is almost superfluous to say the chance will not be neglected.

I do not of course mean that as the price of Irish support in getting Chamberlain to adopt protection and reticence as a basis Mr. Chamberlain would be prepared to bring forward a home-rule bill. That would be giving a little too far even for a man who by this time must be pretty well used to testing his words. But I do not mean that the Nationalists would be asked to do anything in the event of the Irish holding the balance between the free-traders and the protectionists. Mr. Chamberlain would be ready to take a long step in the direction of home rule, either by a complete recognition of the Balfour-Cecil system, or else by a large extension of "local autonomy"—that blessed phrase which is yet destined to give Ireland home rule in fact, if not in name. But could he begin to carry the Unionist party with him on such a scheme? What he is so skilfully negotiating is a bargain, and the Unionist party is so intensely protectionist, that it is not by any means impossible. Already the Unionist papers are showing out kind to the effect "Look, for instance, at this extract from a recent issue of the *Irish Free Press*, which is a leading paper on the whole, but represents the rank and file of the party, and is also, I need scarcely say, a thorough-going supporter of Mr. Chamberlain's policy." But there is a large and growing number of politicians who, like the protectionist devotees of a leader, put fiscal reform before Irishism. There is an unexpectedly large number of Tories whose sympathy with home rule was awakened, not so much by the Irish cause, as by the methods adopted by various national leagues to obtain it. If Ireland could be free from lawlessness and outrage menacing in the future as she is at present, these scotch Tories home-rulers may again raise their heads. That is an extract which should be filed for reference. There is contained in it a foreboding which is almost comically ironic—curious situations that English politics have ever known.

Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

I THINK it is Brander Matthews who says somewhere that the historical novel is to be true to its name—that is, to be a faithful reproduction in speech, manners, characterization of the life and times it depicts—must be written by a contemporary; all else that bears the name is, to definitely describe it, historical romance. So that the works of Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot are truly historical novels, excepting *A Tale of Two Cities*, *The Trainees* and *Henry Esmond*, and *Roundels*, which, according to Professor Matthews, are, strictly speaking, historical romances, and all of Sir Walter Scott's tales. The present is never lacking in the romantic for those who have eyes to see and hearts to feel; but it must be confessed that it is more easy, as it is more tempting, to "romance" about the past and to give the imagination free rein in conceiving afresh a life that has passed beyond our ken, and lives only in contemporary records. There has ever been a fascination in grouping a dead world, and translating its buried speech and acts into contemporary and picturesque terms of the present. More effective than all the histories and documents that have been written have been the historical romances of imaginative writers in conveying to the mass of the people the glory that was theirs, the grandeur that was theirs, and the struggle of the continuous world drama as enacted by the nations of the earth of all times. The masses never die. We are told that the verge of historical fiction is just, but if it is, it has suffered decline by its own impetuosity and failure to convey its grandeur and gloriously the romance that moves all human effort and consummates all human achievement. Romance cannot die so long as the imagination lives, and men and women are quick to feel the thrill of conflict in the great human romance. Joy and sorrow, happiness and pain are the common lot, and the night has been is always a refuge and an inspiration as reflected in the lives of others through its sympathetic portrayal of genius. We learn to love our own nature more philosophically, and are lifted to new hope and aspiration, and conceive fresh possibilities of achievement from the contemplation of great deeds gained by courage and endurance, and the fulfillment of the mighty hopes that make us weak. I am speaking now of the serious historical romance, and filled with a high and noble purpose and a grave sincerity, and not of the easy-buckling tale that is written only to amuse and while away the tedious of an hour. Of such serious and sincere historical works of fiction is *Verghilus*, the new novel by Mr. Irving Bacheller.

It is natural that the mind should turn with avid interest and earnest inquiry to that period which rift time in twain, and formed the dividing line between ancient and modern history. The appearance of Christ marks a pivotal moment in time, and has ever been a theme of the deepest significance and universal interest. The New Testament story never can be surpassed for its inimitable simplicity and revelation of enduring truth. Yet because it has become a familiar commonplace, a work like *Verghilus*, which tells the glorious of romance over the oft-told and familiar narrative, is warmly welcomed and eagerly read everywhere. We know with what anxious sincerity and reverence General Lee Wallace approached the preparation of his work; with what honest doubt and humility he threw his mind and heart into the task, and as he worked, left the force of his confirmed faith

and conviction of the truth of the miracle upon the pages of his story. It is out of such deep consciousness of spiritual realities that any work that is to foster itself upon the mind and heart of others must issue; a book must be lived through before it can become a vital element in other lives. It is the knowledge that Mr. Bacheller's new story, which is "a tale of the coming of Christ," was pondered long before it was written, with the same seriousness of thought and profound respect for the miracle of the Nativity and the great spiritual truth it signified that persuades one to believe it will be received gladly throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Mr. Bacheller's story, to begin with, has the advantage of novelty. Opening in Rome a few months before the birth of Christ, it closes on the night of the Nativity, under the Star of Bethlehem. The closing elements of the plot are drawn from Roman and Jewish conditions as they then existed, and the scene of action alternates between Rome and Jerusalem. The Emperor Augustus and Herod the Great throw their gigantic and powerful shadows across the pages of the story, actuating the drama, and propelling its events to ward the stupendous calamities which came so suddenly and obscurely into that despised corner of the world. The opening chapters disclose with glowing yet severe tones the noble love of Verghilus, a young Roman tribune, for Arria, a beautiful Roman maiden of patrician birth. Their love is sensually gratified by Augustus, only to be rudely severed by the imperial edict which separates the lovers and sends Verghilus on a perilous mission to the east of Herod in Judea. A sinister evil threatens the happiness of the lovers in Antipater, passion for Arria and his hatred of Verghilus. Antipater, now in Rome, is the son and heir of Herod, and is engaged in a conspiracy to remove his father and ascend the throne, profiting by the growing rivalry that have arisen in Judea, of a new king who is to come and restore Judea to her former prestige and glory among the nations. Verghilus is unwittingly involved in the intrigue, and is further embroiled in the net that has entangled him, as he too has enemies have set for him by the fascinating wife of Herod's beautiful daughter, Salome, the Jewish Venus. It would be unfair to the author to follow the fortunes of his hero father. I have but hinted at the thread of a story which is full of dramatic interest from start to finish. *Verghilus* is not a religious novel in the sacred sense, though the motif is the stirring in the minds and hearts of men and women of that noble, pure conception of the great hour which saw its embodiment and found its fresh explosive force in the coming of Christ. The final scene on the hills of Bethlehem is a triumph of picturesque art, and sounds the note of spiritual victory which lies at the heart of the New Testament story and has thrilled nineteen centuries.

"Of all the literary deeds I have seen," writes a friend of Mr. Bacheller, with reference to the pictures on the opposite page, "Mr. Bacheller's seems to me the most ideal. It is a study in the art of the picture-maker, with the use of the words which whisper lullabies or shouting glories; and the ever old, ever new panorama of day and night, sunrise and sunset, moonlight and star light, and sun barbing close by, ending the career of the morning and intolerant militarism. Somehow these utterances are just as they reflect the author of *Ebene Holden* and *Verghilus*."



A New Photograph of Irving Bacheller—Taken in his Den at Round Bay, Connecticut



A View of Mr. Bacheller's Workshop, taken from Long Island Sound



A View of the Interior of Mr. Bacheller's den at Sound Beach

PHOTOGRAPHS OF IRVING BACHELLER'S LITERARY WORKSHOP AT SOUND BEACH, CONNECTICUT

Mr. Bacheller has just completed a new novel, "Veronica," a story of Rome and Jerusalem, upon which he has been engaged for the past two years. A review of the book, together with a brief description of Mr. Bacheller's picturesque workshop, are given by Mr. James MacArthur on the opposite page.



Photograph by Joley

JUDGE PARKER RECEIVING THE FORM AT ESOPUS.

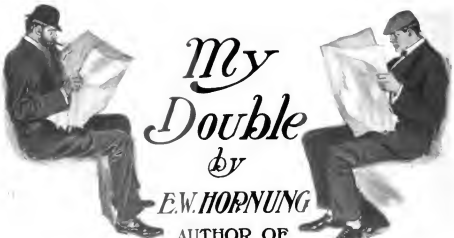
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"Champ" Clark

Allen B. Parker

AL NOTIFICATION OF HIS NOMINATION
AUGUST 10



"RAFFLES," "THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN," ETC.

IT was on the non-stop midnight run between Euston and Finsbury that I first perceived my appalling likeness to Ronald Chandler; and the robin-hood of the discovery has left an even sharper impression than the truly horrifying sequel, probably because it came calm, and there was still time to think, not any apparent ground for serious apprehensions.

Yet the moment had its own uniqueness. This young man Chandler had startled London less by his vile, but, unhappily, commonplace crime than by the really remarkable manner in which the criminal had melted into thin-air. The lighthouse evening press was in its clearest; the missing man's guilt was beyond moral doubt; variation reports of the impost were headlined by every democratic epithet; inconsistent clue and impromptu commentary filled out the editorial columns; and I confess that I was settling myself for ten minutes' would entertainment when my own portrait sprang upon me from the painted sheet. I started back; was this face of last? I bent, and looked again. No, it was infamy—and Ronald Chandler? But, if I knew myself in the glass, his newspaper presentation would have stood for mine. I held my paper higher, but only to hide my discolored face and to think. I was not alone, and now I knew that this horrid resemblance was no mere accident of the printing house. It was a most disconcerting fact, patent at a glance to him who read and used his eyes. Already it had been patent to one or two, now that I recalled certain hitherto insignificant events of that very evening. I saw now why the cabman had looked at me so hard; guessed what he must have stopped to ask the policeman at the corner, who, fortunately, knew me as well as I knew him. Then there was the big man at Euston in the bowler and frock overcoat. He must have judged me from my risk to the looking-officer. I even remembered his following me in the queue past the window, without looking anywhere, after all, an occasion which caused me momentary wonder at the time, but none whatever now. I could only suppose that my intonation had been enough for that palpable presence from Scotland Yard. Nor is it my great loss to add that socially at least there was a somewhat obvious difference between Ronald Chandler and me.

That was all very well for the skilled detective intelligence; it would scarcely turn away the suspicious glances of the average newspaper reader; and there at the moment sat one behind his newspaper in the corner opposite mine. We had the third-class compartment to ourselves; so should have it to ourselves for three usual hours! I glanced at the fellow's face; they looked muscular, and the feet were firmly planted in substantial boots. What if he should see the likeness, and pin me for the murders where I sat? I might challenge him to pull the cord, might stop the train, and show my papers, but with this pretzel and my face I saw myself a prisoner in the guard's van from that to Finsbury. And I trembled at the prospect as might my guileful double in my class. A preventive measure was to cast the incriminating sheet out of window into the rushing night. The window near us was open one hole of the strap; and I was about to obey this impulse when I saw to my horror that the act would be useless and some thing worse. It was the same wretched rug in which my companion sat absorbed! Now, it was even frobed the same way; I could feel him glowing over the sensation of the heat, and under his nose my hairpins and the number's sign!

I say I saw all this to my horror. But I could still smile grimly to myself. After all, I had ample evidences of a decent

identity upon my person; but there might well be an unpleasant scene ere I could establish it, and I hate and dread unpleasant scenes. They inevitably make me tremble, and I was beginning even now to tremble while I smiled.

I trembled the less I had already seen of the man behind the other newspaper. He had got in after me, and my casual impression was of an elderly man, bearded to the waist like a missionary, but still abnormally active and robust. The carpeting above his head had been sling up there by his own hands. Yet it was immensely heavy for the task. The middle-aged man who came home newly bleached and bearded from the tropics, as a rule, came had been. And my missionary for so I labelled him from the start had the makings of a sufficiently formidable antagonist.

Could one keep the same newspaper before one's face from Euston to Finsbury? Could one not go to sleep behind one's newspaper with perfect propriety at dead of night? To be sure, and pull one's cap over one's eyes and one's collar about one's ears! I was proceeding to do both when my companion addressed me, lowering his guard, as my ears assured me.

"What a dreadful row!"

For an instant I was not going to answer, for another I would tell him he had woken me up, yet in the very next I was acting in equal defiance of either impulse. How preparations for an important man to entertain the fears of the guilty! I would take the bull by the horns, and did so the spot; at least I lowered my own paper and took my elderly companion by the eyes.

"It is, indeed," said I.

"We mean the same thing, of course," said he, smiling, but not with his hard, clear eyes, which already had a rather unpleasant grip of mine.

"I mean the William Green murder." I returned, with a gruff under, assumed subsequently to meet suspicion half way.

"And so do I," said he, smiling at my aggressive tone, as though he read me and misread me as it was. "A nice young man, that Chandler?"

"Very nice," I echoed, laconically enough.

"But it's his youth I think of," went on my missionary, his metallic eyes on mine. "A youngster like that, really out of his teens, to be married at all in the first instance!"

"But they all do marry young in that class," I interrupted with some confidence, for I had not before reflected that, after all, I was right and twenty if I did not look it, while the murderer's age was twenty-two.

"They do, do they?" said my companion, his bright eyes close together, but sound teeth showing in a smile between the bushy grey beard and moustache. "And what may they do in your class? Ain't you married—eh?"

I considered my reply. I had already taken a rapid dislike to my impertinent interlocutor, and it was in my heart to snub him, as he deserved. His fixed stare, his familiar leer, his metropolitan accent, had between them soon dispelled my missionary theory, and I delivered instead a Cockney sneer with a strong fancy for himself. It was the hobby of the bicycle, and here was just the type then floating into heady prosperity on the bicycle wave. But, apart from the fact that I shrank from avoidable quarrel with a glib Londoner whose company I must endure for over two hours more, there was still a doubt in my mind as to whether he had seen the likeness or not. If he had not, civility again

night at least start off the scene I dreaded. As it happened, I was married, and was leaving wife and child for the first time in our married life, on a visit to an old school in Scotland. I admitted the pliancy left.

"But I'm greatly thirty," said I.

"You don't look it," he replied, skewering me with his horrid eyes. "And where's your wife?"

"I have left her in town."

"Alive?" (he bristled again) but I held myself in without difficulty, for now, of course, I knew that he had seen the likeness all the time.

"She was at ten o'clock," I answered.

"And where did you leave her? Not Waltham Green way, I hope?"

And he beamed with the good humor, but I saw his strong hands ready to spring and clutch my throat.

"Well, at Chelsea," said I, in my determination to make no more bones.

"That's pretty 'ell," he returned; and for the first time he let me see his teeth. "No we'll read!"

"So it seems."

"Looks a nice young man, don't he?"

"You can't judge by rough cuts in the paper," said I, on the sly of a queer instinct, as though I really had been the flying felon.

My companion was much tickled, and showed it with a roguish grin.

"That you can't," said he, holding his paper out between us. "It's impossible to tell from this whether he's a tall or a young chap — the sentence snapped between his period —"

"Whether he isn't," was his final form.

"Not much of the stuff about him," I remarked. And his eyes gleamed again.

"Don't you make any mistake! He's a smart one, you bet!"

"Perhaps, but he is a greaser's assistant."

"And what are you?"

"Oh, I write a bit, that's all," said I, no doubt with that which opens honesty.

"And what's the difference?"

"Well, I sell my own stuff, for one thing; and I don't have to sell it across a counter, for another!"

I do not say my work was rightly placed; but there it was, and my manner as aggressive as you please: for I felt that, in some inexplicable way, I had pierced my adversary's skin, and the sensation was to be entered. We glared at each other, or, rather, he glared and I glared, for a change, while the express changed swiftly through the night. There was the last train's inevitable amount of motion, and we both swayed almost sensationally where we sat, while in my ears at least the jangling rhythm had long allied itself in a popular piano organ tune of the day. The lamps layered as dimly as the lamps always do in these absolute non-corridor third-class carriages. It was as well we had no more to read than a fresh-and-blood face paper. There was enough light for that. But so feverishly afraid about nothing did my companion seem — no indignation were the young wolf eyes above the old wolf's muzzle — that I could afford to let a certain jealousy.

"I must give you the smartness," said I. "It was a foul deed, but nevertheless smartly done."

"Who said he did it?" the fellow almost thundered through his teeth.

"Isn't it plain?"

"No one was him, any one; and in England a man's innocent until he's found guilty; don't you forget it, and I'll try not to," he went on, comparing his strange reaction with an output of native strength, and regaining his sinister gentility by the same effort. "You say I'm a greaser?"

"I thought I had treated him badly," he added, as though I had treated him badly.

"How so?"

I was successful in regressing a prosecutive tone.

"Most men would have pulled the cord and stopped the train," he replied. "And you know why?"

"Because of my likeness to this young wretch Chandler?" His eyes flashed, but he nodded.

"He's scowled, you see. He may be on his way to Scotland — there's some one very like him in this 'ere carriage!" — their four eyes had never been so close together.

"I suppose you think I think you're 'im?" he went on.

"My good fellow," said I, "I have seen that all along! And, according to this paper, I admit the likeness is astounding."

"Is it?" said he. "I wonder if I can't show you no absolute?"

He lifted his paper, and I thought he was showing it already until I saw his bright eyes still on mine above the rim. The paper rustled as he fumbled behind it. The paper fluted down between our knees, and it was as though a mirror had been placed there; I was seated opposite my living image, with other eyes, and a huge lobe heard, and a pistol revolver held on either thigh.

"Wrong again, you see," he grinned. "I never thought you was Bireley Chandler, because — I am!"

There could be no doubt of it. For one instant, despite his looks, I had found a triple coincidence to accept, and had set him down as a detective on my tracks.

Would suspected murderer travel deliberately with his double? Would he proceed to reveal himself of his own accord?

I was too bewildered by the sudden change of position to see for myself any conceivable object in such conduct. And yet I believed him on the spot, and only wondered that his young eyes and his young hands shone so cruel and so strong, had not betrayed him long ago.

His youth in mere years was as apparent as his maturity in all evil.

The jaw was powerful, silent; the full lips parted grossly under the mere expression of a mauler.

But might have been one better to mine. The small bright eyes gleamed close together.

The inverted mirrored, but the depth of shall belied its frontage. A bad face, a face capable of any given evil, given also the jaundiced eye of one who knew beforehand the evil that lay behind.

I ended that, despite this special knowledge, for, as I say, the case was as clear as crystal, I for one was amazed and distressed at its frank, its deliberate, its incongruously British expression.

"I've had a right, you ever said it 'appened," said the young murderer.

"You see, I knew about this before," and with two long strong fingers indicated our faces.

"How did you know?" I asked. I was interested, in spite of all. I had never even seen a murderer before, and this one was all unlike my preconceptions. Interest in his personality had already borne up beyond the confuses of fear, and now curiosity as to his motive overcame even a proper human abhorrence. The phase was fleeting, but while it lasted the young monster was no longer even objectionable in my eyes.

"Ever" said of a paper called "Jack Thistle" said he.

I had, and for my sins. My portrait had once spilt up its pitiless columns in context gilling to remember even in present company; nay, when I thought of the *Black Thistle* interview I was a murderer myself at heart. I must have changed color with my soul.

"That was what put me up to you," continued Chandler. "My friends need if it was one, and I told one girl it was, and that you mine was the one I wrote under."

"You shouldn't let those interviewing come give your notes away. I've fairly hated that fat of yours ever since I've been in trouble; if I hadn't said you were off to Scotland to-night, that's where I should be talking to you now. But this is better."

His vice bite lit with unobtrusive satisfaction; and I began at last to feel afraid.



"All the time I kept the smoking pistol out of her's view."

"But what good can I do you?"

"Ah! You'll see."

"You don't propose to murder me, too?"

Rowland Chandler had gripped his plated pistol. But it was only at my words that the devil broke loose in his face.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, with clanking embroidery. "Who's murdered anybody? You say that word again, though, an' some one will! Do you see? You say that again, and you'll be the first! . . . I never touched 'er. It may look black upon me, but I never . . . They can't prove it. They didn't see me. But I know them! I know their damned criminal evidence! They'd like an' hang me on that, as they've took an' hung many as good a man as me. They must hang some one; that's their game." He had worked himself into a white fury, standing over me with his pistol, but he shuddered through his identity, and the narrow, grim glinted under the lamp. "They don't hang me," he screamed. "I know too much; they don't get the chance!"

He withdrew, covering me—and to the far end of the carriage, but half way—and sat down muttering on his old side. His hand as trembled that I thought I should be a dead man before he left the revolver safely cocked. But it was the tremor still of brain rage.

"Now," said he, "you start take' off those clothes!"

And I began to understand, as I obeyed.

"Every stitch, and don't you move a thing from the pockets!" he thundered. "How much money 'ave you?"

"Between three and four pounds."

"Well, you leave it where it is, and it'll have to do me; and I'll have some while it is, and it'll have to do you," he added, with a grim chuckle.

"As many shillings?" I asked, in my short-dresses to the elbows. "I was philosophic enough so far. The situation demanded it. But already I began to feel a drain on my philosophy."

About as many pence, quoth Chandler, and was out of his own coat and waistcoat like lightning, while my hands were still laid in mine.

"Trowsers?" I asked.

"Shirt and vest first," said he. "Every blessed stitch! Let me see you stark in that corner, and every stitch on this seat next me."

He removed some of his own clothes while I stripped, but sparingly, at his leisure, with his revolver and his eye never off me for a moment. And soon enough I stood stark naked to mine enemy, my back to the door, hand on either rock, at one end of the carriage, while at the other, still watching me, and always armed, he had been young criminal got deliberately into my clothes.

"I can shoot through these as well as not," he would remind me, as hand and arm followed the soaked pistol slowly through a sleeve, and my terror was lost—he should shoot when best intending.

And then I got me into his hoarse garments, and so had another opportunity of resisting him with effect, since he could neither have dressed me undressed me, or even attempted either, without coming to quarters at which I should have stood some chance. But I had reasoned the whole thing out in my mind. It seemed madness to resist an armed man with one murder on his head already. The penalty for a second was absolutely not. And yet, had I but plumed the death of my miserable design, it would have been Rowland Chandler or I for it ere this.

His clothes fitted me wonderfully, and were even quite as good as mine, for the dangerous fellow was almost his class in ideas and tastes; but he had worn them; they were warm from a murderer's skin, and they swung fresh about from my reluctant members.

Had I but guessed his inhuman purpose? I was so far from doing so that even now the popular tale that I have mentioned ran rather pleasantly in my head with the staidest allegorists of the train.

"Don't turn out the pockets!" cried Chandler as I jettisoned respectable pipe and pouch. "This ain't a robbery, murder; it's a fair exchange!"

"I don't intend, you."

"No!" The wolfish twinkles was back in his eyes. "Well, you put the things where you found them."

"They're no use to me," I said, cowering with a shrug. "I might have said more, but in such a situation the only valor is his better pull."

"No!" repeated Chandler, grinning outright like a fiend. "Well, they may be of some use to Madame Tussaud's, when you're done with them."

"That," said I, drawing a well-kup Waterbury from his waistcoat pocket, "will be nearer three-quarters of an hour if your watch is right. You make it five minutes past two; we are due at Creve at 2.31."

"Ah, dar!" said he. "Doe, I grant you?"

"You mean to let the train, of course; and you mean me to be taken instead of you."

The murderer smiled, but with a sly and sinister reservation that made me pause.

"Of course," I continued, with less confidence, "they won't believe my tale in a newspaper; they do at all tonight, but they will to-morrow when they get me back to town. So all you will have gained will be that much start."

Chandler looked at me. We were still where we had changed, at opposite ends of the carriage, and beyond arm's length, or I had fallen on him, revolver and all, as the true significance of his look dawned on me in a flash. It was different; it was almost pitying.

But the full lips parted over tight-shut teeth; and in the cruel unrelenting eyes I read my death.

"Did you really think I would like all this trouble to get a night's start when I might have had a day and a night's if I hadn't've hung round waiting for you?" He gave a glance at his weapon, and came sidling nearer. "Did you really think that I was going to let you live in put a rope round my neck?"

"If I don't, you will put a second rope round it yourself!" said I, calm as another at the last, but bitterly reckoning the chance a bolder man might have taken before it was too late. In the beginning I should have hung myself upon him. But it was not inhumanism as much as fear that had deterred me then: I did not want to die a coward in my own eyes, and yet—dare I confess it?—even in the eyes of this accursed creature. And yet to make the slightest show of resistance now was but to precipitate my end, to argue with him, on the contrary, might at best postpone it; and it appeared that I had used the happiest argument as it was.

"They can't hang you twice," he had answered without thinking; but then come thought with the cunning gray flash I had drawn before. "They couldn't hang me once, not yet," he went on, defiantly. "They didn't see me; they can't bring it home. As, and this ain't going to be no case of a wonder, either. Back up, I promise you that. It's going to be a case of an' antic, that's it! Sounds better, don't it? Smile at Rowland Chandler, the alleged murderer, in the Scotch Express!"

He disabused my mind of my abnormal power of following clearly, of saving even further than he than he; my own dream served but to stimulate my brain. Yet it was the clever and audacious plot of a sufficiently clever and audacious criminal. Yet was I criminologist enough even then to see the weak point in both. It is the poorest type of criminal who makes your ready mare.

He invariably lacks imagination. That may be the charitable explanation of his cruelty; it is the sure cause of those unaccountable mistakes which bring the most calculating assassin to the gallows.

He foresees his own course of escape. His head is for the day and for his own skin. His mind's eye will not stay behind upon his gruesome handiwork. Yet here Rowland Chandler was notably above the average of his infamous kind. It was the body in the train that he most probably saw most clearly of all; the evidence of his own resolve, his own clothes, his own line, at the instant which should establish the murderer's death and remove him from the minds of men.

But there was one thing he had forgotten, with all his reasoning, and I told him so with the staidest deliberation of a man talking against time and eternity at once.

"And what's that?" he asked.

"I was getting out at Brentford Junction. They expect me to be there, where I was going to get on for a match all day to-morrow. When I don't arrive they will wire you (or I) will no longer provide the only subject of inquiry; there will still be two, of live, or dead, and after all, you will only get just start."

Then I'll get it now," he roared, with an oath; and my plotted death came nearer, nearer, with feeble flashes from the criminal lamp.

"Starrer still!" I urged with an inspiration that seemed to strike him as I thought. "You must bring me down at an inch if you wish me to look like a case of suicide!"

An oath answered me; the crafty bound had seen that all along, but he had not expected me to see it. I could read him raving with himself for ever having appeared me of his left intent. He had done it to cheat over me, instinctively, I think, but some the line for the gratification of his murderous lust, and it was to cost him dear as he deserved. Had he resisted this refinement he might have clapped his barrel to my temple and shot me all but unaware; as it was he had to feel and jab at me, and I had ten spread fingers to keep him off, and of a sudden five of them had the barrel tight.

Heaven knows how it happened, or which of us was the more surprised: I only remember the sleek stark, hard to grip, and cold as ice one instant, but hot as a red-hot iron the next. Then I knew he had fired twice, and I gave myself to the struggle as the express ran on with a rattle and a clack that no longer conveyed any tune.

It was as when the orchestra stops playing before the acoustic climacteric.

He was stronger than I. He bore me down; I slid from the seat; he fell upon me with both hands, striking me in the face with his free hand, and all without a syllable, but with soft eyes and ferret's teeth. And all this time I kept that smacking pistol out of his way, and when he got another hand to the butt, I got another to the barrel.

It was all I thought about, and I was still intent when the compartment filled with fresh night air. I had not seen the far door open as we ran rattling through the dark. It did not bode it, but I was too far toward above us a giant in a bowler and fringe overcoat.

"It's Chandler! It's the man they want for the murder!" the ready whetters yelled as he was dragged from my person and hurled upon the floor.

But there were our two faces, and the trained eyes knew which was which.

"Don't hurt him!" I remember saying, as I climbed into a corner with the revolver in my charge.

"Hurt him!" cried the big man over his shoulder, a bold man now, with great fierce eyes, at work like pistons. "I wouldn't hurt a hair of his head!"

And his tone was tender as an entomologist's with a new moth in the net.



R. D. Wren serving



Holcombe Ward executing the American twist serve



Burt C. Wright serving



W. J. Latard making a backhand stroke

THE FOUR MOST PROMINENT CANDIDATES FOR THE NATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP AT NEWPORT THIS WEEK

The National Championship Tennis Tournament begins at Newport on August 16. The present holders of both single and double championships are the Doherty brothers of England, who will not defend the titles this year. Wren, Ward and Wright, the East-ern champions in doubles, and Wren, Sullivan and Little, who represent the West, will meet in the semifinals at Newport, and the two winners this match will hold the championship in doubles. W. J. Latard, R. D. Wren, both former National champions; Burt C. Wright, Canadian champion, and Holcombe Ward, Metropolitan champion, are the most prominent candidates for the championship in singles.

Is the Education of Women with Men a Failure?

By Elv Van de Warker, M.D.

Commissioner of Education, at Syracuse, New York

As there appears to be some confusion as to the meaning of education, a few words in explanation may be necessary in order to make clear the position of the writer. Education is not education until the sex problem has entered as a disturbing factor. President Murray Butler says, in a recent article in a popular weekly, that fifty millions of children are being educated. That the children in primary, grammar, or secondary schools, living at home and under home influence and control, comply in any respect to the conditions controlling educational reforms is not to be taken seriously; neither is the statement of the President in this respect taken, as he actually says at the conclusion of his article, "but not in favor of the attitude of the present in under-education alone."

[illegible]

Commercialism and Coeducation

Commercialism cannot be carried further in educational enterprise. That the people who were responsible for this ill-adviced effort to realize upon an investment are not unconscious of their mistake will appear in the following extract from an article in the *Independent* by Professor Sisson of Wyoming University:

"The other charge, that economy was a dominant motive in establishing coeducational colleges, ought to be precluded, because it inflicts unnecessary suffering. It is not only false, but it hurts. Our fathers may have been mistaken when they founded coeducational colleges, but they were not stingers."

In order to see the extent to which commercialism has prevailed in the East in grafting construction on colleges for men, a few examples, selected from money, will suffice. After the Legislature of 1886 had passed the law for the establishment of Cornell University, the faculty objected that there were no funds to meet the increased expense. The women of the State raised \$100,000, and women were admitted. The same sum of money was given to the University of Rochester, and women were admitted. Johns Hopkins University. Half of this was antislavery. The University of Rochester, Cornell University, after being liberally treated by a generous legislature, considered, in adult women, money as a means of raising funds. It is a fact that in the East that good business enterprise, and not the needs of the people, has underlain the whole superstructure of education. It is a significant fact that the money was raised mainly by the women.

Does coeducation educate? This is the supreme question. If it prepares men and women for the highest utilities, if it inures to its graduates a broad culture and a high standard of character, and gives this to a degree equalled by the college for men, or the college for women, it must be given consideration. It does not, and, from the limitations with which coeducation imposes, it cannot. Coeducation is a hybrid bred from an unnatural union between two systems that contain irreconcilable differences. It presents no method of self adjustment to the needs of women.

Harvard's Two Standards of Education

Harvard University is making an effort to create two standards of education: one is for utility and the other for culture. It means a difference of one year of college work. Let us suppose that an effort is made to adopt the idea in a college for men and women. It would merit the approval of the men who intend to take up post-graduate professional work, but where would it leave the women, a very small percentage of whom enter the professions? It would deprive her of the last and best year of college work, and without any compensation.

It appears that women have been made to believe, and the notion has been fostered by the equal-suffragist cult, that if she were educated after the manner of men she could do men's work as the way that men do it. The sex problem is actually ignored as one of the most important. No woman ever had a man's way of thought or thought his thoughts after his manner of thinking. She is far unweaved and then treated unbecomingly. There is no escape from this conclusion; neither do the advocates of the method not the question. This simply asserts, dogmatically, that it is better for her to be so educated.

In giving more specific reasons why education is hampered by the conventional method, we may quote President Jordan in the article previously referred to. He says: "Women take up higher education for the same reasons as men, but they are not men. Only men, broadly speaking, are capable of objective and dispassionate study. Only men can learn to face fact without flinching, unmoved by feeling or preference. The reality with women is the way the world appears to them. They are not objective. They are not dispassionate. They are not able to face the world as it is, but as it is being to men's world, not at all to that of the average woman. That women in college do as good work as men is beyond question. In the university they do not. They are not able to do it. They are not able to do it because they are not men. They are not men in technique, men in actual achievement. If instruction through investigation is the real work of the university, then in the real university the work of the most gifted women is inferior to that of the average man."

Continuing, he says: "Shall we give the girls the same education as our boys? Yes and no. If we mean by the same an equal degree of breadth and thoroughness, an equal fitness for high thinking and wise acting, yes, let it be the same. If we mean this: shall we reach this end by exactly the same course of study, then the answer must be no, for the same course of study will not yield the same results with different persons."

Men and Women in Medicine

Spore will put just a few references to post-graduate work—that of medicine. In no other relation are the nostrils east about women so nearly attained to the harking point. The medical man needs the more professional education as medical men! It is no longer a question of the woman's capacity, even her professional career as a specialist. A specialty with a man physician is a matter of choice; with a woman it is a matter of necessity. It would treat the students of her sex, admittedly one of the most difficult branches of medicine. Let a single instance of the manner in which the woman student is treated in the special department of the branch office, selecting one of the schools through country schools of medicine—the medical department of Syracuse University Gynecology is taught only during the last or senior year. The announcement reads as follows: "Didactic lectures, two women students, four months." Thus all the woman student can learn of what will constitute her life-work is acquired on the theoretical side in thirty-two lectures, and on the practical side in sixteen clinics. With the knowledge of the writer no other American medical school offers a specialty in gynecology. The woman student is not prepared for post-graduate hospital work as the man graduate, the situation would be partially relieved, but they are not as hot few female and open to the appointment of women interns. It is a fair and equitable division of medical education for men also to be given a specialty in gynecology. Why women? Why women? Why women? because they must! Why women will submit to this when there are well equipped medical schools for women, where they are specialized during their student life and well fitted to enter upon their professional careers. Is one of the anomalies of the medical profession in this country that the woman physician in medicine until she realizes that it is her sex and not the color of these who seek her aid and sympathy that define her place as a medical woman; that to be made equal to the demands that will be made upon her she must be educated not as men are, but as women should be.

Social Life at Coeducational Colleges

The social art of life in the college for both sexes cannot be considered apart from the educational value of the method. It is an unfortunate phase of the question for the advocates of coeducation. The attitude of the press toward this side of coeducation is either one of comical narration or of scolding. The higher education for women has, through the social stigma forced upon it by coeducation, lost its dignity and become a matter of doubt and apprehension. The mistake of coeducationists is to assume that the mixing of young men and women together for purposes of education is a necessary and inevitable part of the process. It is not that the presence of young women has a refining and elevating influence upon young men when mixed in educational work. The constant coeducation is made of the influence of "cultured young women" on President Jordan and his men. In elevating the standards of the men, the women are not doing what they are capable of doing. They are passive, untrained, and have not yet attained the stage of influence.

The strong personality always controls the weaker one. A score of instances could be given. Woman's sympathies are with the

man every time. A few men students are suspended for a social deviation that leads to the open revolt of the whole class. They are joined by the women, who are more active than the other sex, in opposition to the faculty. The freshmen young women attempt to break up a sophomore supper by capturing the president and having her about town in a public hall until late at night. Female sophomores scale dangerous fire-escapes to remove a freshman flag. In one instance nearly a hundred young women, regardless of their reputations, attended questionable resorts to dance and loaf with the men, and this was a nightly occurrence. Social clubs and other means of entertainment kept the young women out three or four nights a week, rarely returning home until after midnight. The transgressions of the prodigal students, the bad classwork and recitations due to the late hours were without effect.

Marriage and the College Curriculum

Since in this may be in its all effect upon the mental, physical, and moral safety of the women, yet it is a minor matter compared with the lasting power to exist in student love and marriage. It would tax the credulity of one not born under the influence of American customs to be told that these colleges deliberately foster student marriages, which must also imply student love. In one Western college a day is deliberately set apart during Commencement week for the announcement of engagements between the students. The engagement of four students was officially given out at the graduating exercises of Northwestern University at the Auditorium in Chicago last year. It is difficult to understand how staid and serious men can see any need in student courtship and marriage. They are, however, too far to get married, as though it was a part of their college curriculum, and in step forth from the sheltering arms of their instructors and wife, untrained to battle with life, the most uncertain quantity, for good or otherwise, that can be condensed into the human dream.

In all that has been said about student courtship and marriage, but a word has been spoken about the rights of parents. The side of the matter has been hauntingly ignored. President Jordan, who endeavors to be fair, after the vocational way, while approving these marriages, leaves out all reference to parental wishes or authority for the interests or happiness of the son or daughter. Why should the heads of colleges, like President Jordan, discuss the subject at all? Why should another college president recognize it from the Commencement platform, and why

should another college official spend hours, as though it were an unnecessary convention, that his college only presumed it when he had received the parental sanction? Is it worth while to try and lead into the hands of these men that they are bringing recommendations into desecrate and their colleges into chaos? Their function is to educate and not to establish matrimonial agencies, by so doing they are helping to wreck professional careers, they are helping to fill the divorce courts with the painful tales of broken hearts and sinned lives, and to fit that matrimonial joke upon necks, that in after life will hold in hands that are a mockery to call holy, tired and helpless women and hopeless, irritable men.

What are the Results?

There is yet a darker picture of the uncontrolled social relation of the sexes in these colleges. In an article of this kind it is impossible to give it more than a bare mention, especially impossible to state what presidents of famous colleges say of it. Again we call President Jordan to the stand. He says, "that evil recalls sometimes arises, not very often, to be sure, but once in a while. He knows the cause in 'adverse conditions,' as he calls them, 'when little girls of preparatory schools and schools of music are mingled with college students and given the same freedom,' or where young women are forced to read papers and 'conferences.' The facts do not bear this out. Both at Northwestern University and at Syracuse the actual disorders originated in the dormitories and not in the boarding-houses. The character of Syracuse University furnishes the next item of evidence. He does not explain it or state whether it is frequent or not; we simply know that it exists and that it is painful. 'It is never the practice,' he says, 'to dismiss a student for a single act, unless it is immorally.' Professor E. E. Benson places the blame for the evil upon the mixed colleges upon the women alone. He says, 'There are girls who are not fit to be sent to a vocational college, who get harm and do harm.' The friends of education may answer, that such instances occur in the same class outside of college life. This is true, but is not the answer a fatal objection? If it is a recognized evil, as it certainly is, what precautions have they taken to render the evil impossible in college life?

Nothing in the various counts in this indictment of education is to be taken by the reader as opposed to the higher education of women. On the contrary, it is in the interest of educated womanhood, and the writer believes, as do many others, that she is better and more broadly cultured where not educated.

The Discovery of a Star

By C. A. Young

Professor of Astronomy at Princeton

THE discovery of Saturn's ninth satellite, which revolves around the planet far outside the orbit of Jupiter, the remotest of the eight before known, was first announced, and the name of the planet assigned, early in 1906 by Professor W. H. Pickering, of Cambridge (not the director of the Observatory of Harvard College, but his younger brother). It was found on several photographic plates, made in 1904 at Arequipa, partly for the purpose of searching for new Saturnian satellites, as a faint speck which slightly changed its place among the star-images nearly to the same extent as Saturn itself, and so was evidently accompanying the planet. At the same time its position with respect to the planet was continually shifting somewhat, indicating a revolution around the planet, although the data then available were not sufficient to determine its orbit with much precision.

Probably most of our readers know that the observatory at Arequipa (Peru), is what the French call a "sacredness," or solitary station, of the Harvard Observatory, supported largely from the income of the so-called Harvard fund, a sum originally left for the establishment of an astronomical observatory at high elevation, and wisely turned over by its trustees to the director of the Harvard Observatory for administration. There, in an altitude of more than seven feet, is situated the finest and most numerous other important instruments, the Bruce photographic telescope, with its immense four lens objective glass, resembling that of an ordinary camera, but two feet in diameter and with a focal length of eleven feet, using plates fourteen inches by seven.

When pointed at the heavens it is accurately moved by clockwork to follow the motion of the stars, so that their images, often several thousand on a single plate, are drawn round during any day the planet or moving object, if the exposure is long enough, appears as an elongated streak, rarely recognized at a glance as something different from a star. If the exposure is short the detection of such an object can be done only by the comparison of negatives made at intervals of some hours or days, and is difficult and laborious.

The plates are developed at Arequipa, and after examination for any obscure and interesting peculiarities are sent to Cambridge for detailed study and storage. There a large building is already crowded with many thousands negatives made with various instruments at Cambridge and elsewhere, arranged for easy reference whenever necessary. It is to be expected that such negatives have already presented themselves, and important discoveries have been made.

The discovery of Pluto remained long unobserved—not very strangely, it is true, since the satellite is probably too faint to be visually observed by any existing telescope, especially as the planet is now very far south, while all the great telescopes are in the northern hemisphere. Then, too, Saturn has been passing over the region of the Milky Way so crowded with small stars as to render exceedingly difficult the detection of such an object as Pluto.

But not unnaturally, considering the long delay, astronomers had become somewhat skeptical as to the existence of the satellite, thinking it not unlikely that an easy mistake had been made by considering some speck, or bluishness on the negative with a real object. And naturally, also, the recent rediscovery of the satellite is greeted with great interest and enthusiasm.

A week or two ago a formal bulletin from the Harvard Observatory announced that Pluto had again been found upon a large number of Arago photographic plates of the region surrounding Saturn, and especially upon eleven made since last March and just received. There are now at least four accurate determinations of the elements of the orbit, and the details and results of the new discovery appear in a volume of the *Annals*, which is in press.

All that can properly be said at present is that the mean distance of the satellite from the planet is about one million miles, more than three and a half times that of Jupiter, and its period about eighteen months. Now what seems very strange, that its motion appears to be retrograde, while all the other satellites of Saturn move direct—i. e., in the same direction as the planet's rotation. Professor Pickering estimates its diameter at about 200 miles, its photographic magnitude being the 18th. As already intimated, it is hardly likely ever to be seen with our present telescopes, but we can photograph objects far below the range of visibility.

American astronomy has a right to prize itself upon the fact that all of the five new satellites discovered since the satellite of Saturn was first found by Lowell in 1891, have been discovered in this country. Hypersonic Saturn's seventh satellite, was found by W. C. Bond at Cambridge in 1899, though Lowell shows the honor of this discovery, having observed it only one day later than Bond, and carrying the discovery the most of the double discovery, crossed each other on the ocean. Division and Phobos, the little moons of Mars, were discovered by the elder Hall at Washington in 1877; the unnamed fifth satellite of Jupiter, by Barnard at the Lick Observatory in 1892; and more than thirty by the American Pickering at Cambridge in 1893, the first satellite captured by photography.

Correspondence

OUR WESTERLAND—THE GLORYLAND

New York, July 29, 1900.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sta.—When God the King created all and set the bounds of man, He breathed forth life from His own Love and filled with it the air; He made the air His messenger to each created thing.

To man He gave His image, endued him with His power, each sense so tuned with His own thought that it reached there. He made him earth's own conqueror. He asked from man, but Faith and Love to Him and man. When singing hills and answering vales cooed the swelling plains, vain man, made drunk with being man, defied the King's own haught, with Pride and Lust and Hate.

Gloomed then the ghostly night. The ailing children plead in tears for Light, for manhood's Kingly right of "Peace on Earth, good-will towards men" which He had promised them.

The Pitying King gave out, and said: "There, circling by the pathless seas as by my arm around, lies there my Westerland, reserved for such as thee: there every choicest thing does more abound; there shall mankind work and on Earth—humanity."

"Air! Earth and Sea! obey! and there gaze men My richest gifts, nor glass, nor shalldoth, nor line id skin, nor Satan's gentle shall there deny his rights to man, My son! possess it! Where-so'er the air doth lead, there follow. There be a man."

Here is the Homeland, where Southern Cross and Northern
light sing songs together. Here beams the Eastern Star, here
bends the Bow of Promise, Here shines the Brightness Sun. Here
sets the Star of Empire. The gloomy night is gone, Here sings
mankind and children laugh and busy hands the wheel. Here eagle
Earth and Air and Sea, songs, seas, mountains.

Here search in vain for boundary-lines sea and ocean. This brother is mine and also thine and yet enough for others; let's welcome them and all together—live here. Let him who hates and yearns for bloody feuds go back across the ocean.

[illegible]

Here Man, with wife and children crowned, is King and Priest.
His home both Throne and Altar. Here work is Majesty.

Ye people and our portmates away across the sea, here findeth friends for you and yours, here seek ye friends, who lack greed for thine, save skill and love; our sires and yours's were brothers; here send they ships and sons, thence welcome they and true times more, then more again ye're welcome and if perchance aloe! you suffer, need, as I'll feed or arm or curb you, not hate nor hurt. Thus strengthen as the bonds of love across the sea, which here are deeply anchored. We want not land nor crown nor decorations upon your transitive.

Fair Morning land of Hope and Courage, Then noontide land of
labour, sweet Evening land of peace and joy, our libertyland forever.
Here! it's in the air and everywhere, from pole to pole, from
sea to sea: "My Country, 'Tis of thee, Sweet land of Liberty,
of thee I sing," I am, sir, JOHN WENFILD SCOTT.

SHORT-WAISTS AT ST. LOUIS

Marshall, Wm., July 24, 1895.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

Six.—One of the allegations which our modern race make against the Puritans is that they interfered in the matter of dress, prescribing colors and cuts of garments which they did not like. The Puritans have lately asserted that they did not like American people certain fashions of dress which must be reduced to one of them in his capacity of moral policeman to reduce his rivals in the realm of error which he rules. The more powerful, though more numerous, the Puritans are, the more they are inclined to be tyrannical and despotic. This distinguished scientist, also some years since made the startling discovery that the white race on this continent is turning into Indians, and theory based upon the evidence presented him in the past, that the white race is degenerating, has been combined with his science in making deductions, the early German settlers had interrupted with Theodore, this scientist felt as that to have a soiled and perspiration-soaked shirt under the coat, and a coarse, comfortable, and convenient pair of trousers, and a normal and comfortable male, and a normal and fearless beneath a coat in the July and August sun is the thing. Pushed for a row, the professor has sought to say that that is not the reason. I have never seen a professor whose fundamental principle is that the white race is degenerating. I understand that in retaliation, shirt-waist degenerates might, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, call him a Jew; that his derby is a bargain from a five-shilling or less a conflagration than the Chicago of the Great Fire. Who bears him ill will or seeks to visit

public contempt upon him because of his taste in apparel! The shirt and cult bears him no ill will because he wears a lion hat and his vest is reminiscent of the menus of years.'

[illegible]

Are the gentlemen from the salubrious clatters and their rest, and their shirt fronts liberally spanned with tobacco juice, not noticed admitted? They are. But the man is polished shaven, dressed in trousers, collar, tie, and immaculate shirt that must stay out. Their coats? Did you ever see them? They had fit, set, that didn't bulge, flap, and look generally unattractive. If they are particularly thin they show what is underneath, even down to color, and the effect is decidedly bad. The shirt and tie no longer sit close because it was comfortable and hygienic, but no longer does it also gratify the aesthetic sense. You can't get any pump spring into the only weight of coat tolerable in a St. Louis summer day.

It is strange that an opposition to innovations in dress and ornament if it is sensible and useful. It is strange that this particular innovation, originated by and prevalent among the most cultivated element, should suffer reverse and almost defeat at the hands of some of the least cultivated. So long as you cannot see the sense of the change, you cannot see the sense of wearing it. The graduates of London chop-houses and German bath-shedders forbid your presence in their establishments. What do they know of the elegance of life save superficially and empirically? When are they to assume to decide sartorial matters? They are not. They are not to be consulted. What is to be the power to bind their better? No consistent creature can do this with the table-manners of patrons. The ill-tempered do not go about rebuking people for leaving spots in their coffee-cup, for eating with their knives. President Francis has issued no resolutions on the subject. He is not to be consulted. The *transvaux* do this as well. If it is the fashion to be in the matters of dress, why not in grammar and religious and political opinions as well? What have purveyors of food and managers of amusement enterprises to say about fashions of dress that they do not say of equal impropriety and middlemoresness say about these other things?

Hygiene of eustoria are another our body during most of the year. When during a brief period we propose because of comfort not to smother it, our rise some individuals to tell us any. Some of the most efficacious "cures" are founded almost wholly upon the idea of putting the patients into as light garments as possible. "The patient," says one, "can't catch cold, and he never gets wet at the body. Why deny ourselves the benefit of light clothing in the little time when we can have it?" Hygiene as well as comfort and eustoria is on the side of the shirt-vest, and in the end it will prevail, in spite of professors of anthropologie, and aspirating inspectors, and the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

—W.C.

L. arm. nig. W. A. C.

SPEAKER CANNON AND THE GOLD STANDARD

Bassett, M. 1996. *Wetland Values*. p. 140.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly

Six.—Speaker answers, in his recent notification, ref. referred to the famous telegram of Judge Parker as follows: "Their choice leader, after his accusation, having been as silent as the Sphinx to that time, sent his telegram, saying in substance that the gold standard is established, and that he will govern himself accordingly, if he should be elected. Does he at heart believe in the gold standard and our currency system, or does he try now to run where he has not come."

(Of course all argument) concerning the motives of Judge Parker in this affair is fruitless. Partisans will persist in belittling the declaration and in imputing insincerity to its author. The occurrence is suggestive, however, of a condition which existed in the Republican party eight years ago, to which we may fittingly advert in this connection.

For a long time before the Republican convention of that year, the exact attitude which it would assume upon the currency question was extremely problematical. William McKinley was leading aspirant for the Presidential nomination, and in his speeches in Congress he had frequently championed the silver cause. For months before the convention his position was a subject of discussion. The leading journals of the country, among them *THE WEEKLY*, if I mistake not, repeatedly called upon the prospective candidate to define his position. He was as silent as the Sphinx. Not before the convention, not during it, did he utter a syllable in relation to the subject. He did not even say, until it was too late, "I am not a silver man," and then in a manner consistent with the platform and diametrically opposed to his former utterances on the subject.

To apply Speaker Cannon's inquiry to an occurrence much more appropriate for its propounding than the present instance, "Did he at heart believe in the gold standard, or did he try to stop where he had not meant?" I am, sir,

WALTON, P. STEPHENS.



THE SERVANTS

BY A. E. W. MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Markle is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of fine personal charm. Late one night Pamela and Alan Warriden, who is in love with her, discover a young couple leaving the apartment house. They are Tony and Milly, and Milly, who lives in a garret house, persuaded her to go to the club and reveal the father of the young man. They are really kept prisoners in the white of the town and old man and it is only by playing truant and going out to meet him at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. But finally they both deny of their immorality, and Tony determines to go to America in order to prevail upon him to come back, but he refuses. Tony remains on the tramp for the rest of his life, and is never seen again. Having learned of his father's death, and then discovering he is in the French Foreign Legion, he has other adventures open to him. John Minter, a friend of Pamela's, leaves from her of the well Milly is in from a letter. He has a son of the same name and gives him the name of a single firm of soldiers, who lived in a settlement within twenty-four hours. I have received a proposition from Milly to be introduced to an important company of the army in the field, which his financial difficulties compel him to accept. Warriden, although he has proposed to her unceremoniously before, again asks Pamela to marry him, and she allows him to think that it is now it will be possible for her to accept him. She tells him she will be his wife, and he takes the step now. The return of Tony Stratten. Warriden, desiring of obtaining information as to Tony's whereabouts, goes to London to visit Tony's friend Mr. Chase, who, he thinks, will be able to enlighten him. He finds on his arrival that Chase has died suddenly, and on consulting the hotel register and address in the register of a letter forwarded for the man later, finds that he has found a place in Tony's living place. When returns from Chile and persuades Milly to go south with him. This is seen driving together late at night in Regent's Park by Mr. Minter, who tells Pamela that he suspects danger for Milly. Pamela summons Warriden to an old traveling party of theirs for consultation—the party of the village here, in order to devise a plan to help Milly. Pamela, for the second time, commends Warriden to go in search of Tony, and the glad accepts. Pamela goes to Regent's Park, which she had asked as a young girl, and while there hears of the presence of Lionel Cullen, Stratten, especially, as well with a group of soldiers on an expedition across the Desert of Sahara. His plan to move on is given the commission of lieutenant, and he then decides to write to Milly. At that moment Warriden arrives with the letter from Pamela.

CHAPTER XXV

TONY STRATTEN SENDS PAMELA TO THE LEGION

IT was a long letter. Tony read it through slowly, standing in the narrow lane between the high walls of prickly pear. A look of incredulity came upon his face.

"Is all this true?" he asked, not considering at all of whom he asked the question.

"I know nothing, of course, of what is written there," replied Warriden. "But I do not doubt its truth. The signature is, I think, sufficient proof."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Stratten, absently. Then he asked:

"When did you reach Ain-Sefra?"

"This morning."

"And you came quickly?"

"Yes. I travelled night and day. I came first of all to Ain-Sefra, in search of you."

"Thank you," said Stratten.

He did not ask how it was that Warriden had come first of all to Ain-Sefra. Such details held no place in his thoughts. Warriden had forewarned him, and brought the letter which Pamela Markle had written. That letter, with its perplexities and its consequences, obliterated all other speculations.

"You have a camp here?" Stratten asked.

"Yes."

"Let us go to it. The news you have brought has rather stunned me. I should like to sit down and think what I must do."

The incredulity had vanished from his face. Distress had replaced it.

"It is all true, no doubt," he went on, "but for the moment I don't understand it. Will you tell me where your camp is?"

"I will show you the way," said Warriden.

"I think not. It will be better that we should not be seen together," Stratten said, thoughtfully. "Will you give me the direction and go first. I will follow."

Warriden's camp was pitched among trees a hundred yards from the western border of the village. It stood in a garden of grass, enclosed with hedges. Thither Stratten found his way by a roundabout road, approaching the camp from the side opposite to Ain-Sefra. There was no one at the moment listening about the spot. He walked into the garden. There were three tents pitched. Half a dozen mules stood picketed in a line, a little farther horse lay on the grass, some Abyssinian natives were taking their ease, and outside the chief tent a couple of camp chairs were placed. Warriden came forward as Stratten entered the garden.

"Sit down," he said.

"Inside the tent, I think," replied Stratten.

There he read the letter through again. He understood at last what Pamela had meant by the warning which had baffled him. Pamela revealed his meaning now. "Milly is not of those you are," she wrote, "who have a vivid remembrance. To tell her you must be near her. Go away, she will cry her eyes out; stay away for a little while, she will long for your return; make that little while a longer time, she will grow indifferent whether you return or not; making that longer time, she will regard your return as an awkwardness, a disturbance; and yet a little more to that longer time and you will find another occupying your place in her thoughts." Then followed an account of the growth of that dangerous friendship between Milly and Lionel Cullen. A summary of Cullen's character rounded the description off. "He never home," she concluded at once. "For no real harm has been done yet."

Stratten understood what the last sentence meant, and he believed it. Yet his mind revolved against the phrase. Of course, it was Pamela's phrase. Pamela, though frank, was explaining the position in words which could best spare Milly. But it was an unfortunate venture. It provoked a momentary wave of the past which swept over Stratten. There was a postscript. "You yourself are really a good deal to blame." Thus it ran, but Stratten was in no mood to weigh its justice or injustice at the moment. Only this afternoon he had been lying under the palm trees putting together in his mind the sentences which were to tell Milly of his success, to reestablish him in her esteem, and to prepare her for his return. And now this letter had been sent her a time lessening at the letter, turning its page over, glancing now at one phrase, now at another. Then he folded it up. "Cullen," he said, softly, and then again, "Lionel Cullen. I will talk with Mr. Cullen." For all its softness his voice sounded to Warriden the voice of a dangerous man. And after he had spoken in this way he sat in thought, saying nothing, asking no answer, and his face gave Warriden no clue as to what he thought. At last he stirred in his chair.

"Well?" said Warriden.

"I shall return at once to England."

"You can?"

"Yes. I shall start to-morrow," said Stratten.

"We can go back together then?"

"No. That is impossible."

"Why?" asked Warriden.

"Because I should be arrested if we did," Stratten replied.

"Arrested?" Warriden exclaimed.

"Yes. You see, I shall have to desert to-night."

Warriden started from his chair.

"Surely there is an alternative."

"None," replied Stratten, and Warriden slowly roused his soul. He was astounded. He had never contemplated this possibility.

"Anyhow, I must go to-night," he said, rising from his chair. In an instant he had become the practical man, arranging the means to an end already resolved upon.

"I can borrow money of you?"

"Yes."

"And a mule?"

"Yes."

"Let me choose my mule."

They walked from the tent to where the mules stood picketed. Warrisden pointed to one in the middle of the line.

"That is the strongest."

"I don't want one too strong, too obviously well-fed," said Stretton, and he selected another. "Can I borrow a mulester for an hour or two?"

"Of course," said Warrisden.

Stretton called a mulester towards him and gave him orders. "There is a market to-day," he said. "Go to it and buy." He enumerated the articles he wanted, ticking them off upon his fingers—a few pairs of trousers and knives, a few gaily silk handkerchiefs, one or two cheap clocks, some pieces of linen, needles and thread—in fact, a small pedler's pack of wares. In addition, a black yallahia and cap, such as the Arabs must wear in Morocco, and a native's underclothes and slippers.

"Bring these things back to the camp at once. And speak to me!" said Stretton.

The mulester bowed a mule to carry the packages, and went off upon his errand. Stretton and Warrisden went back to the tent. Stretton sat down again in his chair, took a black cigarette from a bright blue packet which he had in his pocket, and lighted it as though all the arrangements for his journey were now concluded.

"I want you to pack the mule I chose with the things which your mulester brings back. Add some barley for the mule and some food for me, and bring it with the clothes to the southwest corner of the barrack wall at eight. It will be dark then. Don't come before it is dark, and wait for me at the corner. Will you?"

"Yes," replied Warrisden, "that's my way." He raised his arm and pointed towards the tent door.

The tent door faced the west, and in front there rose a range of mountains, dark and lofty, ridge overlapping ridge, and wonderfully distinct. In that clear air the peaks and gaps and jagged arêtes were all sharply defined. The sun was still bright, and the dark cliffs had a purple bloom of extraordinary softness and beauty like the bloom upon a ripe plum. Here and there the mountains were capped with snow, and the snow glistened like silver. "Those mountains are in Morocco," said Stretton. "That's my way—over them. My only way. We are on the very ridge of Morocco here."

"But once over the border," Warrisden objected. "Are you safe in Morocco?"

"Safe from capture."

"But safe in your own case?"

Stretton shrugged his shoulders.

"It is a bad road, I know. Dangerous and difficult. The ordinary traveler cannot pass along it. But it has been traversed. Prisoners have escaped that way to Fez—twice, for instance. Deserters have reached their homes by following it—score of them, at all events. The road takes one a risk."

It was the old brown legend upon the leath *Procureur* which Stretton now repeated; and not vainly indeed. Far away to the south in the afternoon sunlight there shone that yellow streak of sand beyond which the valley had been ever proved. Warrisden's thoughts were carried back on a sudden to that morning of storm and foam and roaring waves when Stretton had stood easily upon the deck of the fish cutter with the great sea swinging up behind him and had for the first time uttered it in Warrisden's hearing. Much the same feeling came over Warrisden as that which had then affected him—a feeling of awe and inferiority. Stretton was a man of no more than average ability, neither a deep thinker nor a person of integrity and resource. But the mere sturdiness of his character gave to him at times a certain grandeur. In Warrisden's eyes he had that grandeur now. He had come quickly to his determination to desert, but he had come calmly to it. There had been no excitement in his manner, no suggestion of hysteria. He had counted up the cost, he had read his letter, he had held the balance between his sacrifice and Milla's necessity, and he had decided. He had decided knowing not merely the danger, but the difficult type of his journey and the dangers of his road amongst the wild lawless tribes in that unsettled quarter of Morocco. Again Warrisden was carried away. He forgot even Fama at Roquebrune waiting for the telegram he was to send from Tunis on his return. He cried:

"I will send back my outfit and come with you. If we travel together there will be more safety."

Stretton shook his head.

"Leave," said Stretton. "You cannot speak Maghribi. I have a few sentences, not many—but enough. I know something of these tribes, too. For I once marched to the Fingid oasis. Your company would be no protection; rather it would be an extra danger."

Warrisden did not press his proposal. Stretton had so clearly made up his mind.

"Very well," he said. "You have a revolver, I suppose? Or shall I lend you one?"

And to Warrisden's astonishment Stretton replied:

"I shall carry no weapon."

Warrisden was already pining his arms of defence upon the table so that Stretton might make his choice.

"No weapon!" he exclaimed.

"No. My last chance to get through Fez is to travel as a Jew pedler. That is why I am borrowing your mule and have sent your mulester to the market. A Jew can go to Fez where no Moor can. For he is not suspected; he is merely despised. Besides, he brings things for sale which are needed. He may be robbed and beaten, but he has more chance of reaching his journey's end in one piece than any other man."

Thereafter he sat for a while silent, gazing towards the mountains in the west. The sun, glittering upon the peaks brought back to his mind the flashing crystals in the great salt lake. It was at just such a time, on just such an afternoon, when the two mulesters had marched out from the tent of the High Plateau into the open desert with his grayish carpet of halia grass. Far away the lake had flashed like an arm of silver set in the ground. Stretton could not but remember that expedition and compare it with the one upon which he was now to start. And the comparison was full of bitterness. The high hopes had vanished, the company were marching out upon the Legion's special work; even if disaster overtook them, disaster would not be without its glory. Stretton heard the clear in spiriting music of the bugles; he listened to the steady tramp of feet. Now the sun was setting.

"I shall miss the Legion," he said, regretfully. "I had no idea how much I should miss it until this moment."

His proud past history had grown dear to him. The recollections of his soldier's, the endless perplexing variety of their character, the secrets of their lives, of which every man and then it a rare moment of confidence a good life was great happiness as though a curtain were raised and lowered—all these particular qualities of the force had given to it a grip upon his affections, of which he felt the full strength now.

"For any other life," he said, "cannot but be a little dull, a little uninteresting afterwards. I shall miss the Legion very much."

Suddenly he put his hand into his pocket and took out of it that letter from the French War Office, which his colonel had handed to him. "Look!" he said, and he handed it over to Warrisden. "That is what I joined the Legion to win—a good commission—I have just not won it. In a month or two, perhaps in a week, perhaps even to-morrow, it might have been mine. Very soon I should have been back at home: the life I have dreamt of and worked for ever since I left London might have been mine and mine life. It was to have been a good life was great happiness. It had forgotten, it seemed, that he would regret the Legion. "A life without a flaw. Now that life's impossible, and I am a deserter. It's hard lines, isn't it?"

He rose from his chair and looked for a moment at Warrisden in silence.

"I am feeling sorry that I ever came," said Warrisden.

"Oh no," Stretton answered, with a smile. "It could not have been still worse if I had stayed here ignorant of the news you have brought me, and had some home in my own time. The news would have been much more beyond all remedy. You know a man named Talon—Lionel Talon?" he asked, abruptly, and before Warrisden could answer the blood rushed into his face and he exclaimed: "Never mind. Don't answer! Be at the corner of the barracks with the mule at eight," and he went from the tent, cautiously made his way out of the garden, and returned to his quarters.

A few minutes before eight Warrisden drove the mule, packed with Stretton's purchases, to the southwestern corner of the barracks. The night was dark, no moon was ahead, the stars shined halcyon. He reached the barracks, and the shadows of the high wall watching this way and that for Stretton's approach; and a few minutes he was almost startled out of his wits by a heavy body falling from the top of the wall upon the ground at his side. Warrisden, indeed, was so taken by surprise that he did not turn.

"Hush," said a voice close to the ground. "It's only me."

And Stretton rose to his feet. He had dropped from the sun mit of the wall.

"Are you hurt?" whispered Warrisden.

"No. Have you the clothes? Thanks."

Stretton stripped off his uniform and put on the Jewish dress. He had shaved off his moustache and blacked his hair. As he dressed he gave two or three small packages to Warrisden.

"Place them in the pack. Hide them, if possible. The packages contain food. I may be short of it, but I shall need it. The other's long black. I shall want that for my hair. Glaze your face," he said, with a low laugh, "are not so easily proved in Alafrica as in Bond Street. I have been thinking. You can help me if you will. You can shorten the time of my journey."

"How?" asked Warrisden.

"Go back to Ocran as quickly as possible. Take the first boat to Tangier. Hire an outfit there, mule and horse—and get some men, mind—and travel up at once to Fez. If you are quick you can do it within a fortnight. I shall take a fortnight at the least to reach Fez. I may be a week. But Fez I find you ready to start the moment I come to the town, we shall save much time."

"Very well. I will be there."

"If I get through sooner than I expect I shall go straight on to Tangier, and we will meet on the road. Now let me climb on to your shoulders." Stretton made a bundle of his uniform, climbed

on to Warriador's shoulders, and threw it over the wall into the barrack yard.

"You that will betray you," cried Warriador, in a whisper. "They will find your clothes in the morning, clothes with a secret stripe."

"I cannot help that," replied Stretton as he jumped to the ground. "I do not intend to be shot as a traitor. For that is what may happen when a man drowns and takes his uniform with him. Don't fall for me in the morning."

He held out his hand, and as Warriador grasped it he said:

"I have not said much to you in the way of thanks. But I am very grateful, however much I may have owed to have been made unhappy by your coming. Since things are as they are, I am glad you came. I thank you, too, for that other visit to the North Sea. I will give you better thanks when we meet in Peru."

He cast a glance back to the wall of the barracks, and in a voice which trembled so deeply was he moved, he whispered to himself rather than to Warriador:

"Oh, but I am glad Tennyson is dead." All rise that he had said since he dropped from the wall had been said hurriedly and without emotion. These last words were whispered from a heart steepled with remorse. They were his farewell to the legion. He turned away, and driving the mole before him vanished into the darkness. To be continued.

Travel by Air

To regulate the height to which a balloon shall rise or fall is one of the interesting problems of aeronautics, and it usually has been solved by throwing ballast overboard or allowing the gas to escape. In balloon-balloons, which have recently been tried in successful experiments, this is accomplished by having independently airlocks into which air can be forced or withdrawn. While the idea is old, going back to the time of the first hydrogen balloon in 1783, it has only recently been put into successful application, though in 1864 air reservoirs were employed to regulate the shape of balloons. During the first year Henry de la Vaulx and Albert Barré have made experiments whereby successful ascents and descents have been made, and the altitude of the balloon slowly regulated. The balloon is an airtight compartment of long-chapel section placed around the lower part of the balloon proper and provided with suitable valves. By forcing air in or out of the balloon the displacement, and consequently the buoyancy, is altered. Thus in the first ascent made by M. de la Vaulx a crossing of the English Channel was made at a height of about ten feet with the balloon filled, the rising above the clouds the sun's rays would have expanded the air within the balloon proper and carried the ascents to its stars, where they would have been driven toward the Arctic Sea by the prevailing southerly winds had they not been able to descend to a lower level by rising the balloon. Thus the balloon was able to proceed in the desired direction on this particular voyage, landing in York after a trip of sixteen hours. By regulating the position of the valves which the balloon it is possible to save ballast, so that much longer trips can be taken with favorable winds. Further trips in this ball had were equally successful, and demonstrated the success of the balloon, and this arrangement should be advantageous in dirigible balloons or on air ships, as they would supply a simple means of regulating the buoyancy of the envelope containing the gas.

Mechanical Refrigeration on Railways

The scientific engineer has achieved a more victory over nature's law, and now has constructed a refrigerating machine for freight-cars, which forms an integral part of the car, and does away entirely with the necessity of constantly refilling the re-

frigerating-chamber with ice during its journey.

This new device, which has recently undergone successful tests, consists of a small refrigerating-machine for each car, located in an enclosed casing beneath the car, and deriving power by gearing connected with the axle of one of the trucks. The machine includes a compressor for condensing the gas, usually carbonic dioxide, circulating pipes which cool the car, and a condenser for absorbing the heat from the condensed gas. The principle underlying is that according to most systems of mechanical refrigeration, and is based on the fact that a gas expanding extracts heat from the vicinity. The principle underlying is that according to most systems of mechanical refrigeration, and is based on the fact that a gas expanding extracts heat from the vicinity. The principle underlying is that according to most systems of mechanical refrigeration, and is based on the fact that a gas expanding extracts heat from the vicinity.

A small amount of ice must be carried at first, but this is not needed after the gas has turned on the condenser coils, and except for taking care that there is sufficient water in the condenser, there is nothing to be renewed on a trip. The cars thus equipped have an increased capacity, and the cost of operation is naturally much less than with ice.

To offset this must be taken into consideration the consumption of power from the axle, felt, of course, at the locomotive, and the cost of repairs and depreciation. The effect of the successful application of this system would be to still further increase the transportation of fruits and other perishable commodities from California to the East, or from the South to the North.

To the Point

REV. LEONARD PACE, who has become rector of St. Bartholomew's Church in Boston, was widely known in the latter place for the love he had for his flock, and for his facility of interesting them.

Since he has been in New York he has kept in communication with several of his little friends in Boston. Recently he wrote to one of his boys telling him how homelike he was, and ended his letter by asking: "Do you know of any cure for homeliness?"

Only a day or two passed before he received an answer. It read:

"Yes. Come home."

The Efficacy of Prayer

At a prayer-meeting in Mississippi during the civil war, a Presbyterian brother offered this prayer:

"O Lord, we thank Thee for all Thy heavenly goodness; for their risk and beautiful land of ours; for our brave women and valiant men. We thank Thee that we are fully able to take care of ourselves on land; but, O Lord, we do need leaders in the sky. Thy assistance when the Yankees send those infernal ghouls to destroy us."

A prominent Southern lawyer who had just repented of his wild ways and joined the church, was called upon in a religious meeting to pray. He started off very well, but did not know how to stop. After asking the Divine blessing on everything he could think of, he finally, with a determined effort, ended with these words: "Yours truly, P. C. Mason."

The Curse of Money

PATRICK A. CULLEN, Mayor of Boston, tells a story of a negro who was sent for stealing. He had been caught helping himself to the contents of the cash-drawer in the store of a Mr. Appleton. The magistrate before whom he was brought was a young man, and was much surprised to learn the charge against the prisoner. Looking at the negro earnestly, he said: "Now, I'm sorry to see you here. Didn't you know that so good a curse came from stolen money? There's a curse on it."

"Well, judge," replied the prisoner, "I didn't know. Mister Appleton stole that money. I couldn't tell that by just lookin' at it."



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BY
MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

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"With all his faults, we love him—still"

The "Sun"

fellow toilers under the glorious banner of the POOR MAN'S PARTY, and resist Plutocracy to the death. Behold! our faithful allies, our redoubtable champions, have preceded us and await us under the banquette. There perceive the worthy General JOHN D. ROCKWELL, listening earnestly to the suggestions of WILLIAM and JOHN D. JR.; close by, see the Scottish Chief CANNON and SCHWAB, and a little way off, HENRY C. FRICK; and, wait! in that the Poor Man's Naval Reserve rounding the bend! In very truth it is, the Corsair in the lead with Commodore MORGAN on the bridge; the *Kanawha* following under Captain H. H. ROGERS, the *Jacobsine* next under Captain P. A. B. WINNEY, and the *Soma* under Captain WILLIAM R. LEWIS; and now do we hear the whistle of General J. Gordon's special train approaching? we do; and is that generous-looking old gentleman with the patch on his trousers Park Rossall Street it is. And are EDWARD H. HARRISMAN and JACOB H. SCHIFF and JAMES SPEYER and EDWIN FRANK, and HENRY GOULD on board? they are; three cheers for the Poor Man's—last hold, the rest of a four-in-hand! Can it be our Parisian ally, JAMES H. HAY? it is; and is not that JAMES STEELMAN beside him? yes, yes; but what means that blooming of horses? ah! the automobile regiment of regulars—Colonel JOHN ASTOR in the lead, followed by the crack VANDERBILT company, Captain WILLIAM K., Lieutenant W. K. JR., ALFRED, CONNELL S., and Corporal REGINALD; and who, pray, is that intense gaze gazing hopefully toward the rising sun? can it be NATHAN'S brother Oswald? it is, it is, REMOND! And still they come! Let Plutocracy pale before those stanch hearts and horny hands! More on, ye POOR MAN'S PARTY!

By the way, what is CLARENCE H. MURRAY, member of the Auxiliary Republican National and Advisory Republican State Committees doing in the Democratic camp? Can it be that, in its eagerness to be rid of the well-to-do element, the Tribune despised the Republican ranks without the consent of the governed?

"In pose and intellect," HARPER'S WEEKLY thinks, Mr. JAMES is "immeasurably inferior" to Mr. BOOR; but not as a safe reflector. How about FREDERICK M. SUFFRAN, for instance? How would the WEEKLY compare this gentleman with Mr. BOOR in "pose and intellect," character and civil courage, and all-around ability for exercising the important functions of the greatest international office in the nation?—*True Press*.

We cannot make an impossible comparison.

Former-Senator JAMES SMITH, JR., of New Jersey, seems determined to nominate Mr. CLEVELAND for something. Having missed fire in St. Louis, his mind turns to the Governorship of New Jersey. This appears to be more feasible. Mr. CLEVELAND has comparatively little to do in Princeton, and could easily spare the time to drive over to Trenton twice a week and govern the State. Moreover, unless JOSEPH QUINCY ADAMS cared in accepting a position as justice of the peace after having served as President, there would be no sacrifice of dignity or prestige. New Jersey is one of the most interesting of our commonwealths, and ought always to have a good Governor. It has one now, one of the best, but the Constitution will not let him succeed himself. Consequently we are disposed to approve Senator SMITH's proposal to nominate Dr. CLEVELAND. Incidentally, we say that if he should become the Democratic candidate, the Republican nominee would never know he had been running. All depends, as Mr. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN would observe, upon the disposition of the "big fellow" himself.

The *Press* calls us to task for noting the fact that the leading independent newspapers which supported Mr. McKINLEY now advocate the election of Judge PARKER, and while not denying the truth of the statement, questions the motives actuating the journals referred to. "Some of the very newspapers enumerated by HARPER'S WEEKLY," it says, "are regarded by the public as *prima facie* evidence that there is danger to it in what those papers advocate. The endorsement of Judge PARKER by the Standard Oil Trust directly, as well as by its agents and servants, might as reasonably be advanced as an indication that public sentiment favored Judge PARKER. Among the strongest reasons which the public finds for voting for President ROOSEVELT is the kind of influence which is

opposing him and the kind which is giving its aid to Judge PARKER. And one of the most powerful factors in WALKING THE PUBLIC AWAY FROM JUDGE PARKER is a certain brand of newspaper in this community which denounces Mr. ROOSEVELT as a menace to the country which he has served so loyally and fearlessly, though to the bitter hatred of the corporate powers."

Let us see about this. The newspapers to which we referred are the *Herald*, the *World*, the *Times*, the *Evening Post*, the *St. Louis-Zeitung*, and the *Brooklyn Eagle*. Does the *Press* really believe that the policies of these journals are dictated by "corporate influences"? Will it seriously declare a sincere conviction that Mr. BENNETT is not the sole director of the *Herald*? Or Mr. PUTNAM, of the *World*? Or Mr. OGIS, of the *Times*? Or Mr. RHOADS, of the *St. Louis-Zeitung*? Or Mr. VILLARD, of the *Evening Post*? Or Mr. McHEWITT, of the *Brooklyn Eagle*? What has any one of these newspapers ever done to indicate the contrary? We had no subtle purpose in declaring that "the leading independent newspapers are lining up for the Judge." We simply noted a very interesting fact. If, however, in common with the public, we have mistaken their true character and they are not independent of outside influences which the *Press* regards as pernicious, we should like to know it. Unless the *Press* can and does substantiate its serious charge forthwith, it must stand before the public as a wilful and malicious maligner of its contemporaries and unworthy of consideration in honorable journalism. We confess humbly to having declared thoughtlessly that "of all the big newspapers here in New York, the *Tribune* alone supports the Colonel"; but that was mere inadvertence. We should have been glad to mention the *Press* but for the fact that temporarily we forgot its existence. As further evidence of our intent to be fair, we now direct particular attention to the fact that since we wrote that paragraph another big newspaper here in New York has come out for Mr. ROOSEVELT. We mean, of course, the *Sun*.

While it is about it, we wonder if the *Press* could inform us whether the newspapers outside of New York which are in the same category as those mentioned are also contaminated. Here are the names of a few which opposed BRYAN and supported PARKER:

<i>Boston Herald.</i>	<i>Springfield Republicans.</i>
<i>Pittsburgh Courier.</i>	<i>Buffalo Times.</i>
<i>Hartford Telegram.</i>	<i>Bridgeport Post.</i>
<i>Bridgeport Telegram.</i>	<i>Manchester Union.</i>
<i>Bacon County Chronicle.</i>	<i>Manchester News.</i>
<i>Detroit Free Press.</i>	<i>Troy Press.</i>
<i>Barnesport Leader.</i>	<i>Des Moines Journal.</i>
<i>Barnesport Democrat.</i>	<i>St. Paul Tribune.</i>
<i>Schenectady Gazette.</i>	<i>Baltimore Herald.</i>
<i>Lexington Herald.</i>	<i>Fort Wayne Free Press.</i>
<i>Exeterville Democrat.</i>	<i>Indianapolis Journal.</i>
<i>Windsor Journal.</i>	<i>St. Paul Globe.</i>
<i>Hastings (Neb.) Republican.</i>	<i>Louisville Courier.</i>

Is the trail of the serpent over these also? Will the *Press* kindly inform us? Incidentally, too, will it not very particularly oblige by telling us the story of its own life? Was it not founded by ultra-protectionists for the sole purpose of championing their cause and safeguarding their interests, i. e., the interests of a unorganized class? And has it ever done or is it now doing anything else?

We think a former Secretary of War would make an admirable Governor of New York.

Mr. HARVEY KNOWS, and he will not deny it, that those newspapers (Mr. HARVEY'S) have more influence than all of the other newspapers combined. He might tell his readers that when he published HARVEY'S scientific book, *The Riddle of the Universe*, and it was reviewed in one of "HARVEY'S papers," that that single editorial review caused Mr. HARVEY to sell more copies of his book than he had been able to dispose of with the aid of all other reviewing and all advertising combined.

Mr. HARVEY KNOWS, and he ought to tell his financial and other friends for their guidance, that the "HARVEY papers," wherever they are published, exceed in circulation all other newspapers in America, and exceed them also in influence.—*The Journal*.

The statement regarding the effect of the *Journal's* review of *The Riddle of the Universe* is correct. That respecting the

circulation of Mr. HEARST's newspapers—more especially those published in the afternoon—we believe also to be true. As to their influence, it is our firm conviction that they have infinitely less in proportion to the number read than any other newspapers published in the United States. Mr. HEARST broke his hold upon the class he was cultivating, with more or less success, when, by forcing his candidacy for the Presidency, he drove deep into their suspicious minds the belief that he was a self-seeker. Moreover, the American people were graduated from the kindergarten before ARTUR BLAUSKAMP was born.

The great question which confronts many Democrats who voted for McKINLEY is whether a vote cast this year for PARKER will make for the regeneration of the Democratic party. Has that party yet been chastened enough to be good? If PARKER should be elected, would his administration be like the last administration of CLEVELAND, in which the party wanted one thing and its President another, and the President spent his strength to keep his party out of mischief? In such a case has PARKER not the vigor, the disposition, and the grit to do what CLEVELAND did? Or, what is more important still, has leadership enough and able enough backing to shape a course out of the wilderness and constrain, or induce, his party to follow him? On the other hand, if PARKER could not gain the votes of the McKINLEY Democrats and was beaten, would not those Democrats be fairly open to the reproach that when their branch of the Democratic party was reorganized and their kind of a Democratic candidate put up, they denied him their votes and deliberately turned their old party back into the clutches of the Radicals? It is hard to see how the Gold Democrat who refuses to vote for PARKER can any longer call himself a Democrat. He may not become a Republican, but at least he is an independent; a man without party ties or party allegiance; whose part in politics is no longer active but judicial. It is not a position that attracts an active man. That THOMAS ROOSEVELT, for example, would accept it is almost unthinkable.

In some as persistent silence may seem to Mr. ROOSEVELT, he has decided, so we told, to make no public speeches during the present campaign. Senator FURNAS, on the other hand, has been heard on the platform, not only in Indiana, but also in Ohio, and is expected to speak frequently in the Central West. Nobody would call Mr. FURNAS an orator or a magnetic person; yet he is often effective on the stump, for when he knows his audience thoroughly, his utterances are not only brief, but telling. The Senator is kindly often to the fact that, unless he succeeds in carrying Indiana for the Republican ticket, he might as well abandon the hope of winning the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1908. That he feels by no means certain of becoming Vice-President is a reasonable inference from his indefatigable refusal to resign his seat in the Senate. That we shall witness a desperate fight this autumn in Indiana may be taken for granted; because, if Mr. TAGGART, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, should fail to carry his own State for PARKER and DAVIS, he knows that he will quickly be consigned to limbo. As yet, the Democrats seem doubtful as to whether it is worth while to make a strenuous effort in Illinois. In Wisconsin, on the other hand, they look with considerable confidence. That they cannot count upon Delaware if the American Republicans and regular Republicans agree upon Presidential elections must be recognized in view of the effect of the new State Constitution on the electors. In 1900 the Republicans had a plurality of 3631; in 1900, 3671; and in 1902, 4102. To measure the significance of this plurality, it is useful to bear in mind that even now the total popular vote of Delaware is only about 40,000. As regards the contest in West Virginia, Senator ELKINS, far from admitting that his father-in-law, ex-Senator DAVIS, may carry the State for the Democratic ticket, insists that ROOSEVELT and FURNAS will have the normal Republican plurality of about 20,000.

There is no doubt that Mr. ROOSEVELT will have the electoral vote of Nebraska. The rumor that Mr. W. J. BRYAN had sold out to the Republicans in that State was based upon the fact that the Democrats and Populists, although they will put forward the same nominees for State offices, have insisted on keeping in the field separate lists for Presidential electors.

Mr. BRYAN's reward was to be—so we were told—the election of a fusion Legislature, which could be relied upon to send him to the United States Senate. Whether the price will be paid is uncertain. Already in several districts the Populists and Democrats have evinced an unwillingness to make an candidates for the Legislature, while, on the other hand, it is improbable that the Republican rank and file will refrain from obtaining the control of their State's lawmaking body, if they can. It is interesting to recall what occurred in Nebraska twelve years ago. Then, too, the Democrats and Populists, though, had they fused, they were certain to carry the State, put forward distinct lists of Presidential electors. The result was that, while CLEVELAND got 24,943 votes, and WEILER 87,134, HUNTER secured 87,213, or a plurality of 8078. In 1900, the State gave a plurality of more than 13,000 to Mr. BRYAN, who was supported by both Populists and Democrats. Four years later, however, Mr. BRYAN lost Nebraska by nearly 8000, but in 1902, the plurality of the Republican Governor was considerably less.

If Judge PARKER ever had a chance of carrying the State, it has been lost by the refusal of the Populists and Democrats to make on Presidential electors. It is by no means certain, however, that Mr. BRYAN can be justly charged with the failure to bring about complete fusion this year in Nebraska. He seems to have tried, honestly and persistently, to persuade each of the two parties to accept a certain proportion of the Presidential electors to be named on a fusion ticket, but the project was foiled by Mr. THOMAS E. WATSON, the Populist nominee for the Presidency, who is said to have threatened to repudiate the nomination, unless his party presented in Nebraska a separate list of Presidential electors. The fact remains that one of the Transmississippi States, which it was supposed might possibly be carried, with Mr. BRYAN's help, for Judge PARKER, must now be definitely renounced. The only States west of the Mississippi which the Democrats now seem to have some chance of gaining are Colorado, Montana, Idaho, and Nevada.

On September 12 and September 13 State elections will be held in Maine and Vermont respectively. In neither State, of course, has the Democratic nominee for Governor any hope of being elected. Vermont, indeed, has been an impregnable stronghold of the Republican party since the civil war; but in September, 1880, the Republican nominee for Governor in Maine was beaten, to the consternation of GARFIELD's supporters and the corresponding elation of HAYES's friends. Since then the party managers have considered it imprudent to neglect the State election in Maine; and even in Vermont the Republicans make it a rule to seek in September the moral effect of the largest majority attainable. Speaker PAXSON opened the campaign in the Green Mountain region as early as Wednesday, August 10, and he will be heard also in the Pine-tree State. There seems to be no doubt that in both commonwealths the Democratic machinery is woefully out of gear. Thus the Maine Democracy, which in September, 1880, as we have said, had a plurality, could manage to cast in 1902 only about half as many votes as the Republicans; while the Vermont Democrats, who in 1876 numbered more than 20,000, and fell short of their competitors by less than 4000, could muster but 7304 votes two years ago, against almost 32,000 thrown for their opponents.

Mr. HEARST could make his political editorials very much better if he would tell all, and not a part only, of what he knows. He will learn that nothing succeeds as well as telling the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—even about politicians and unfriendly publications.—New York Journal.

Maybe so, maybe so. One thing we know that we haven't told yet is that Mr. HEARST's papers are not doing all they might do to elect the Democratic candidates. Why?

It will have been observed that neither the Republican platform nor Mr. ROOSEVELT in his speech of acceptance on the one hand, nor, for that matter, the Democratic platform and Judge PARKER in his speech of acceptance, name any definite date at which our government should consent to surrender control of the Philippine Islands to the inhabitants thereof. In the case of Cuba we did pledge ourselves to evacuate the island at a specified time, and we punctually fulfilled the

promise. The Republicans direct attention to the fact that the Filipinos already have some share in the administration of their country, and that the purpose is to give them a larger and longer share as they shall become more qualified for local self-rule. There is no intimation, however, in the Republican platform, or in Mr. ROOSEVELT's speech of acceptance, that there is any intention of surrendering absolute sovereignty to the islanders. Neither is there any admission on the part of the Republicans that our permanent retention of colonies, based, as it would be, on the assumption that one people may justly govern another, would be likely to prove a fatal solvent of American ideals. Herein lies a distinction between the attitudes of the two parties with reference to the Filipino question. Judge PIERCE, in his speech of acceptance, reaffirming what Mr. HENRY OLNEY had said in a speech at Boston, points out that the assertion of a right to hold an alien people in subjection, no matter how enlightened, humane, and intelligent our rule may be, is totally irreconcilable with the fundamental premise of the Declaration of Independence. Under the circumstances, the Filipinos are warranted in believing that, although the Democrats themselves have refrained from designating the precise date at which complete independence should be granted to the islanders, such a concession is much more likely to be gained, and to be gained early, from them than it is from the Republicans.

The conclusion receives some confirmation from the speech made by Secretary TAYLOR in St. Louis on August 13—"Philippine Day." We do not refer to Judge TAYLOR's disclaimer of having ever had the thought that the United States might, at some future time, transfer the Philippine Islands to another power. So far as we know, no such proposal has ever been made by any American citizen, whether Republican or Democratic. To transfer the islands to another sovereign without their consent—which, in all likelihood, would never be given—would be an indefensible proceeding. What we have in mind is Judge TAYLOR's advocacy of a project which, however plausible, from the viewpoint of exploitation and civilization, would, by causing large amounts of American capital to be invested in the Philippines, create there a powerful interest, indirectly opposed to even a remote surrender of the islands. What he wishes is that Congress should authorize the insular government to guarantee for thirty years an income of five per cent. on the money invested in any Filipino railway. It is perfectly true that, unless railways are constructed in Luzon and the other large islands, it will be impracticable to turn their agricultural, timber, and mineral resources to profitable account. It is equally true that if American capitalists had been permitted to buy up large tracts of arable, timber, and mineral lands, the output of commodities suitable for export would have been far larger to-day than it is now. Nevertheless, Congress refused to permit such purchases to be made, on the undisputable ground that the natural resources of the islands should be reserved for the islanders. Experience should teach us, however, that if American capital is invested in insular railways, the pressure for permission to acquire huge tracts of adjoining lands for tillage, mining, and the procurement of valuable timber would become irresistible. If American capital gains a firm foothold in the Philippines, we may be sure that the flag will stay there.

Notwithstanding the extremely favorable reports from the cotton-fields in our Southern States, the bulls on the cotton exchanges are unlikely to be discouraged permanently, for it now seems to be generally acknowledged that the world's supply of cotton is no longer equal to the world's demand. In a paper read the other day before the Manchester Statistical Society by Mr. J. ARTHUR HEPBURN, the cotton crop of the world this year is estimated at 10,000,000 bales, of 500 pounds each. The output is distributed as follows: United States, 11,000,000; India, 3,000,000; Egypt, 1,000,000, and 1,000,000 from all other sources of supply. These figures undoubtedly attest an increase of 2,225,000 bales over the average annual production during the quinquennial period, 1894-8. Meanwhile, however, the demand for cotton has been augmented in still greater proportion. The yearly increase in the demand is computed at from 400,000 to 500,000 bales. In the United States alone the quantity needed for home consumption has undergone remarkable expansion. During

the triennial period, 1884-90, our Northern mills consumed yearly 1,840,000 bales on an average, and our Southern mills, 400,000. On the other hand, during the triennium, 1901-3, the average yearly consumption of our Northern mills had risen to 2,250,000 bales, and that of our Southern mills to 1,025,000. That is to say, the United States now need for home consumption almost two million more bales of raw cotton than they required fifteen years ago.

How is the actual and impending shortage to be made good? Few experts seem to put much faith in the promise of eventual shipments on a large scale from West Africa and Central Africa, and, although the export of the staple from Egypt is now materially larger than it was, it cannot be expected to go far toward meeting the demand. It is now, as it has been for about a century, the United States that must be relied upon for most of the world's cotton, and, as it happens, conditions on this side of the Atlantic are not favorable to any remarkable expansion of the crop. There is no doubt that a larger area is being planted than was formerly the case, but, on the other hand, the yield per acre is decreasing. Various explanations of this state of things have been given. It is alleged, for instance, that in those plantations which have been for some time under cultivation, the soil itself is losing its fertility. A more efficient cause of the slowness with which the cotton crop expands is probably the growing inadequacy of the labor-supply in our Southern States. Formerly the mass of colored laborers could find employment only in the cotton-fields. Of late years numerous factories and sawmills have been established in the South, and market-gardening has been introduced on an extensive scale, the result being that a considerable part of the colored labor, which used to seek the cotton-fields, has been attracted in other directions. It is principally on this ground that careful observers account for the fact that, although more cotton-seed is sown, the harvest does not expand in a corresponding ratio. Yet the world's crop must be increased by at least five million bales within the decade now beginning, if the world's demand at the end of that period is to be met.

A Gentle Echo on Politics

(in the Swift and Doric Manner)

- THUNDER:**
Ere no, I woen, will to my words reply,
And quaintly answer questions: shall I try?
ECHO: Try!
- THUNDER:**
Ere, what are my prospects, dark or bright?
How is my clime, sweet Ere, is it right?
ECHO: Sit tight!
- THUNDER:**
How shall I make myself best understood?
What sort of campaign speeches would be good?
ECHO: Be good!
- THUNDER:**
What of the trusts, 'neath which the people chafe?
What sort of promise, think you, would be safe?
ECHO: Be "safe"!
- THUNDER:**
But folks expect me to be rash and bray,
And if I'm not they'll murmur, "Is this TAYLOR?"
ECHO: Steady!
- THUNDER:**
How about campaign lies, truey I not probable?
That Ananias from Wayback peddle?
ECHO: Back pedal!
- THUNDER:**
When impulse calls, "Hoar, Thunderer!" shall I do it,
And in the sober thoughts that follow run it?
ECHO: Follow them!
- THUNDER:**
Must I ape BROW, his words of wisdom con,
Sing sweet and low with him in unison?
ECHO: He's on!
- THUNDER:**
What attitude towards Wall Street should I show
When campaign takings run surprising low?
ECHO: Sing low!
- THUNDER:**
Ere, I'm glad your counsel I lauded,
The lamp to light me is already lighted.
ECHO: Dee-lighted!

BERT LINTON TAYLOR.

The Present Law of Presidential Succession

It will be remembered that Mr. ROSS, in notifying Senator FARRER of his nomination for the Vice-Presidency by the Republican party, directed attention to the circumstance that the Democratic nominee for the same office, ex-Senator DAVIS of West Virginia, will be eighty-one years old at the beginning of the next Presidential term. Mr. Davis is a great deal older than any man hitherto nominated for the Presidency or Vice-Presidency. While it is true that no Vice-President has died in office after succeeding to the Presidency, it is obvious that the chance of such a regrettable incident occurring is materially increased if the successful nominee for the second place on the ticket is a man of exceptionally advanced age. From these facts Mr. Ross drew the inference that thoughtful voters next November will consider with mingling, not to say anxiety, the question as to whom Judge PARKER, if elected, would be likely to make Secretary of State; because that functionary, in the event of the disability or death of both President and Vice-President, would, under the existing Federal statute, become Chief Magistrate. Suppose that functionary should be HAYEN H. HAY? Would voters survey with equanimity the possible contingency of his succession to the Presidency?

It is, in truth, a serious question which is raised by the present statute regarding the succession to the office of Federal Executive. The question is this: As the law now stands here and there about as much right to know before going to the ballot box who, in the event of the success of a given ticket, is likely to be invited to be Secretary of State, as they have to know when the Presidential electors named by a given party will choose for President and Vice-President?

Under the former law the voters were far less vitally concerned in a President's selection of cabinet officers. The law of 1792—it will be remembered that the Constitution left this matter to Congress—provided that, in the event of the death of both the President and the Vice-President, the President pro tem. of the Senate should succeed to the Presidency; and that, failing a President pro tem. of the Senate, the Speaker of the House should succeed. There was thus to be said for the arrangement, that neither of the possible successors could be described as the mere creature of Executive appointment, who had been forced the ordeal of the ballot-box, perhaps not only have secured the suffrages of a tenth part or a hundredth part of his fellow electors. A President pro tem. of the Senate would owe his place to the esteem and confidence of a majority of his fellow Senators, who their turn had been elected by State Legislatures. The Speaker of the House would be indebted for his important post to a majority of his fellow Representatives, every one of whom would have been elected by the people. This law remained on the Federal statute-book till 1842, during which time no fewer than five Vice-Presidents, to wit, GEORGE CLINTON, HANNAH RAY, JOHN CALHOUN, WILLIAM A. GURNEY, and THOMAS A. HENRIKSEN, died before the expiration of the Vice-Presidential term for which they were elected. As it happened, in no one of these five cases did the corresponding President happen to die or to be disabled; otherwise, of course, the President pro tem. of the Senate, or if there was no such officer, the Speaker of the House, would have become the head of the Federal Executive. In this regulation there were three objections, the last of which proved fatal. In the first place, it was clear that, if the President should be killed by either the President pro tem. of the Senate or the Speaker of the House, a member of the legislative department would be placed in the Executive chair. The Executive, having been chosen by the legislative department, would naturally feel himself dependent on it. Such a subordination of the Executive to the legislature would be contrary to the conception of independent and coordinate branches of government which shaped the Constitution, as distinguished from the preceding Articles of Confederation. In the second place, under the order of succession established by the law of 1792, the President of the Senate or the Speaker of the House, who would come into power in the event of the death of both President and Vice-President, might be of a different political party from the Chief Magistrate chosen by the people, and his accession might lead to a reversal of the policies voted for at the ballot box. Both of these objections were substantial; but the third, as we have said, proved decisive, namely, that, if the President and Vice-President should both die in the interim between the expiration of one Congress and the beginning of the next, there might be no President of the Senate, and there certainly would be no Speaker of the House. That is to say, we should be confronted with an interregnum for which no provision had been made by the Constitution or the laws.

Since a new Presidential Succession law was enacted in 1866, to the effect that, in the event of the death or disability of both the President and Vice-President, the cabinet officers shall succeed to the Presidency in a specified order, beginning with the Secretary of State.

The objections to the existing statute are very grave. The law of 1866 strikes at the very root of the conception of popular government when it gives a President the power to designate his possible successor. The consequences of the exercise of such arbitrary power

might, as the law now stands, be grievous and exasperating. If in the early part of Mr. CLEVELAND's second term the President and Vice-President had both died, the accession of Secretary of State GRESHAM, who, up to 1862, had been all his life a Whigian, would have been bitterly and justly resented by the Democratic party. As even more intolerable outrage would have been in the eyes of the Whigs if President TYLER had died during the last year of his term, and Secretary of State CALHOUN had thereby become Chief Magistrate.

There is an easy and informal way to parry the blow leveled by Mr. ROSS at the St. Louis ticket. All that Judge PARKER would need to do, if he would ally apprehension concerning his fitness for the office of Chief Magistrate, would be to let it be understood that, if elected, he intends to defer the post of Secretary of State to such a man as HENRY DEXTER or Judge HAY.

The United States and the Far-Eastern War

WHEN the war between Russia and Japan began in February we pointed out that the United States were interested in the outcome of the contest on account of the large and growing trade with Manchuria, of which the treaty rights conceded to us by China were the foundation. It was to be expected that Russia should also have to the relief of Japan, would have been in her dominions, and, in that event, it was hazardous that American products would long be permitted to compete on equal terms with Russian commodities in the conquered region. On the other hand, Japan had declared that one of the main objects for which she confronted the risks of war was the maintenance of China's integrity over Manchuria, by which geographical name she understood to mean all that part of the three provinces collectively so called, which lies outside of the district known to Russia. With in that district, including Port Arthur and Dairen, Japan may reasonably demand that she shall be subrogated in the rights of a lesser belligerent possessed by Russia; but elsewhere Chinese custom houses will be respected, and the commercial privileges granted to foreigners by treaty all cease to be suspended. To this effect, at all events, assurances have been given by the Mikado's government to all the neutral powers, including its contingent ally, Great Britain.

During the last few months, however, we have become interested in the Far Eastern contest on other than commercial grounds. It was on the initiative of one State Department that an agreement was secured from both belligerents that the neutrality of China should be respected, provided, of course, the Middle Kingdom should, on its part, fulfil scrupulously a neutral's duty. Until recently the agreement seems to have been carried out on all sides. The Chinese army under General Ma, which consisted itself to that part of Manchuria which lies west of the Liao River, and which is understood to have been excluded by the consent of the combatants from the area of hostile operations. Neither, up to the week ending August 15, was it alleged that the neutrality of any Chinese harbor had been violated by either of the belligerents. When, however, the Russian destroyer *Bozhitsin* was attacked and captured by Japanese war-vessels in the harbor of Chelso, it became a matter of importance in the United States to learn whether protection had been given for this apparent breach of international law. For, if the act should prove to have been intolerable, our State Department could scarcely, without loss of dignity, refrain from remonstrating against the violation of an agreement which it had itself proposed. That is to say, Secretary HAY would be expected to insist that China should demand reparation of Japan, and that the Tokyo government, on its part, should promptly make amends for its infringement of the rights of neutrals. But, if such a remonstrance should be made, the question would arise, how far would the RUSSIAN administration go in exacting deference to its protest. The incident shows how easily a country, which does not hold itself rigorously aloof from a distant international quarrel, may be drawn into serious complications. Why should the United States, it may be asked, have taken it upon themselves to circumscribe the theatre of conflict in the Far East? That was a matter in which England, on the one hand, and France, on the other, were far more deeply interested, and it may, therefore, be thought that one of these might more properly have initiated the movement to assure the observance of China's neutrality. However that may be, the initiative, as a matter of fact, was taken by our government, and it would hardly become us, therefore, to renounce impulsive speculations of a breach of a compact which we ourselves suggested.

Whether or no the seizure of the *Bozhitsin* was a violation of international law depends on the circumstances under which the capture was made. If the seizure was unprovoked by any act on the part of the Russian commander, then there is no doubt that the captured vessel must be returned to the Chinese authorities at Chelso, and that an adequate indemnity for the high-handed proceeding must be paid to China. The latest provision on this point was furnished at the opening of the Franco-Prussian war.

when a war ship of each belligerent happened to be in the harbor of Hattuma. The two vessels having gone out to fight, the French man was beaten, and sought refuge in the harbor, but the German ship, however tempted to disregard its international obligations, made no attempt to follow its opponent, which remained at Hattuma until the end of the war. Six years earlier we ourselves had witnessed in a similar way the seriousness of a neutral harbor. When, in 1861, one of our war-vessels seized a Confederate cruiser in a Brazilian port, the Brazilian government protested, and demanded reparation. A foreigner we expressed regret, tried by court martial the commanding officer who made the seizure, surrendered the crew of the Confederate cruiser, and would have restored the vessel itself had she not been sunk. If, on the other hand, it be true, as the Japanese allege, that the seizure of the *Reishikiyo* was provoked by the hostile act of her commander, then the case would be governed, apparently, by the precedent established during the war of 1812, when our government maintained that the attack on the American privateer *Essex* by a British squadron in the Portuguese harbor of Funchal constituted a breach of neutrality. It was proved that the French frigate had first committed an aggressive act, and Napoleon, as umpire, held that a show of hostility by one belligerent in neutral waters gave another belligerent the right to resort to arms.

Other questions in international law have been raised during the present contest. There is the question whether coal, raw cotton, and, alone all food, are to be placed, as Russia seems to have placed them, in the category of articles "absolutely contraband," instead of remaining, where they have hitherto stood, namely, in the class of "conditionally contraband." The distinction is simple and reasonable. Live food may be treated as absolutely contraband if it can be shown to be intended for a blockade port, or for a belligerent's army or navy. It is otherwise, however, if food be consigned to private individuals in an enemy's country, although, conceivably, it might minister in the end to the needs of a military or naval force. It is certain that Great Britain, which depends upon imports for at least half of her food supply, would fight sooner than impose in the classification of grain as "absolutely contraband," and it is probable that we, as the principal purveyor of wheat and flour to the British market, would take a similar stand. Evidently the international status of food is a matter in which we are keenly, if not vitally, interested.

Aids to Conversation

THE prevalence of the hotel porch in this summer season naturally leads to reflections upon the benefits and disadvantages of conversation. Doubtless few mortals, but by unopposed chance to spend their substance and their time upon this so unprofitable invention of modern days, except without devoutly sympathizing with Rip Van Winkle when he gazed on Hystaria Brown's men, and said: "All those your family? And all drinks? What wares they would make?" What a glorious summertime this would be were we but all dumb! Men, taken all in all, is not so bad to look at. Almost always his face offers something that is strong, or patient, or pithy, or to claim one's friendship, a tenderness that is apt to shiver when we turn attention to what groweth out of his mouth. There was, once upon a time, a certain crowded hotel porch upon which only one man appeared invariably uncluttered, trustful, and buoyant; it was the face of a young girl who was a deaf-mute. There were children, too, but unperfection has brought forth that abnormality—people who instinctively dislike children. Of these poor mortals it is futile to speak. As POPELTON said of FISHON:

So he is made; he never made himself;
I could not love him, but his mother did!

In default of the power to strike humanity dumb, the next best thing is to have a ready formula with which to turn the conversation into pleasant and impersonal channels when it tends toward the unscientific. "Now, let's talk about pigs," was the method of an enthusiastic hunt-man at the psychological moment. But in all history there is no simpler and more suggestive formula than that of Alice's Walrus:

And now 'tis time, the Walrus said,
To speak of other things,
Of ships and shores and sailing-wax,
Of cabbages and kings,
And why the sea is boiling hot,
And whether pigs have wings.

This is easy to remember, and it is replete with suggestion and illumination. Ships, with their unmeasured cargo of nondescriptness! How angry sea and tropical wenchy shiver before the mental eye, and the mind journeys from the craggy coasts of Maine to the flat and glittering beaches of the South; steep, English fisher villages built on a slant of cobblestones, whose denizens

traced up and down, carrying burdens through a perfect unaided to a horse, rise to the mind. Is the word calls up the sea of L'Espresso and its crystal houses with gold windows and doors, the can discuss the delights of travel in the olden days when travel was indeed adventure; when, as STEPHAN said, one sailed the ocean, "with its storms and wrecks, its currents and eddies, its huge waves and mighty winds . . . they battled with it for years together in little craft which, if they had few other merits, brought those who navigated them into the presence of time and eternity, their Maker and themselves, and forced them to have some definite view of their relations to them and to each other." Whether that was an intimacy more or less enlightening than our present knowledge of ways and means, currents and tides, reefs and avoidable dangers is an argument never to be settled, and one that can endlessly prolong converse, and one may take either side, in the interests of debate, without conscience qualms.

Shoes, of course, is a mere starting point from which to discuss crafts in general. According to the sex or empire of the second party to the scheme, one may thrice branch off into arts and crafts or traditions and traits, the condition of the working people, college settlements, Hull House, Tolstoy's later writings, or that most entertaining illusion, the American art-crafter.

Sealing was introduced here, sealings, conflagrations in general, but one cannot linger long upon the three lost it lead by unexpected channels to accidents and diseases.

Cabbages are usually somewhere in view, and may induce long dissertations upon color schemes, painters and paintings, still life pictures, the Dutch school, vegetarianism, trucking and fruit farms, vine growing, the agricultural life, till the subject may fairly lead one to open the pith of the world.

Kings turn us to politics, and we have the inexhaustible theme of ROBERTSON, the German Emperor, and King EDWARD, JOLY PARKER and the telegram that raised him to heroic canon.

But the Walrus was not continuing converse to merge, monetary topics. He knew all the fascination of philosophic flights. He offered us:

Why the sea is boiling hot,
And whether pigs have wings.

Why the sea is boiling hot drops us deep into natural history, physics, zoology, the limitations of modern science, and the legitimate field of metaphysics. While "Whether pigs have wings" introduces the whole theory of evolution, and the question as to where in the chain of development the soul begins: the presence of the animal consciousness after death, of which ERIC RUSSELL has given us startling recent evidence. Altogether the sphere of metaphysics is now thrown open, and the doors may enter. If the uninitiated hesitate on the threshold, let him remember VAN NIMMER's definition of metaphysics: "When he who talks does not know what he is talking about, and he who listens knows no better—there you have metaphysics." Equipped with this and a few pet phrases, such as: Back to KANT—the interment of the Absolute—the one in the many and the many in the one—all things new and nothing abides—the outer fringe of consciousness—man, the measure of all things—let him take heart of grace, realizing that such faint murmurs at fitting intervals will keep the metaphysically initiated happy for hours.

The Walrus, as is shown in the tale in which he figures, was a person of no slight acuteness, and his suggestions lead to burn less and uninteresting converse: if the summer pilgrim still but keeps the verse in mind he will have a fair fair chapter of a manual on "How to be happy, though on a Hotel Porch." The second chapter, and perhaps several more, might well be given over to an alphabetical list of Don'ts.

As a mere suggestion and beginning, one might use the following: Don't talk of the cost of things; it causes the rich a chance for heartfulness and may be embarrassing to the poor.

Don't discuss children; if you have any, the chances are you are boring those who have not. If you have none, you are sure to be mortally wounding those who have.

Don't discuss dress; the lady whose short evening gown you are wearing may have come direct from Paris, wearing the newest thing, and the whole subject is a hopeless one, anyway. Conversations must pass before mortals will have the courage to wear anything beautiful, or simple, or useful, or healthful.

Don't discuss diseases or surgical operations. Without a natural pathological taste or a trained nurse's experience it is apt to disgust people.

Don't mention family friends. It embarrasses the listener, and you are sure to regret it.

Don't tell your personal interests, occupations, hopes, or aspirations. Nobody wants to hear them, and you give your dignity a mortal stain.

Don't indulge in personalities. They invariably return worse than they started out.

But however many "don'ts" the manual may contain, the list and best and final one must be: Smile bravely and don't speak at all.



Martin Littleton

William F. Sheehan

**A SNAP-SHOT OF HON. WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN, CHAIRMAN OF THE
DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, AND HON.
MARTIN LITTLETON, WHO DELIVERED THE SPEECH
NOMINATING JUDGE PARKER AT ST. LOUIS**

From 1911-1912, copyright, 1912, by E. J. Connelley & A. J. Connelley, New York



Seen at the West: the locomotive, half buried in the mud, being raised by the Wrecking Crew



A Chair-car, filled with Victims, overturned in the Stream

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE RECENT DISASTROUS WRECK ON THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILROAD

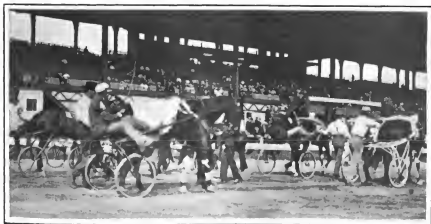
One of the worst railroad wrecks in the history of the country occurred on August 7, near Eden, Colorado, when the "World's Fair Flyer" on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad ran into an abyss through a bridge over Dry Creek, which had been washed away. More than eighty persons lost their lives by the accident. The engine and first three cars of the train fell into the stream below, and only a few of the occupants escaped. The passengers in two sleeping-cars which remained on the track were uninjured.



Start of the 208 Pace, on August 9, for a Purse of \$2000



"Galleguit," Winner of the 208 Pace, who went a Mile in 2:53 1-2, the fastest Mile made in a Race this season



Immediately after the Finish of a Heat—the Horses cooling out on the Track

PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES AT THE GRAND CIRCUIT TROTTING MEETING AT THE EMPIRE CITY TRACK, YONKERS

New York's first week of harness-racing this season began on August 8 with the Grand Circuit trotting meeting at the Empire City track, Yonkers. The meeting lasted for five days, and consisted of thirty trotting and pacing events. The most valuable event of the meeting was the 213 trot for a stake of \$10,000, run on August 11. On August 14 "Major Del Mar" trotted a mile in 2:01 1-2, equalling the world's record for a mile without the aid of a runner or a wind-aid. The list of entries was the largest ever received for a Grand Circuit trotting meeting.

Photographs by Fredrick

What is a Safe and Sufficient Army?

By Rutherford Corbin

"We favor the reduction of the army and of army expenditure to a point historically demonstrated to be safe and sufficient."—Democratic platform, 1904.

THE United States army, after fighting several dozen Indian wars and debasing the extending border-land of the nation, almost always with little, if any, aid, has reverted to what was in those earlier days its secondary function—to be the nucleus around which the nation's voluntary soldiery may be organized in case of war. The former function it fulfilled admirably with pathetically few men; for the latter, if the campaigns into Mexico, about Santiago, and in the Philippines had not developed a ridiculously poor defense, it would have been as hopelessly inadequate to fulfill its functions as it was in 1861. There is no contention to abolish the army. It has become an institution, and its proper sphere, it is agreed by the Americans of both political parties, is that of the first line of defense. The suitable size for it is proper field for debate, as is the most effective and "expedient" system for its organization and the point where the national security may be fitted into it. But that the present size is not larger in proportion than the armies which the nation's laws have made possible in the past is so patent that the language of the Democratic platform is contradictory, if not misleading. If the Democratic party will take the spirit of its organizers and of its leaders in the past as establishing the proposition "historically demonstrated to be safe and sufficient," it will be found that to establish that proposition no reduction from the present standard of the Roosevelt administration is necessary.

The army was organized by the first set of the First Congress as a battalion of snailshells with a regiment of infantry, with a total of 886 men. President Washington procured by force the close of his term of office its enlargement, and turned over to his successor 3330 men, divided into four regiments of infantry, a regiment of artillery, and a squadron of dragoons, to which was added before the close of the Adams administration another regiment of artillery. Thomas Jefferson's administration is responsible for the creation of the fifth, sixth, and seventh infantry regiments and the "First Regiment of Riflemen," and the total was, by this act of 1800, raised to 5921. After the English war Madison's Congress fixed the total at 12,283, an increase of a regiment of infantry and a regiment of light artillery. During Monroe's administration, the regiment of riflemen and the eighth regiment of infantry were disbanded, and the total reduced to 6126, which was not again raised until Andrew Jackson's presidency. During the organization of two dragoon regiments, a Major Van Buren's regiment of infantry was added, and after the Mexican war (1846) a regiment of mounted riflemen, and during the administration of Franklin Pierce two more regiments of infantry and two of cavalry, which brought the total of the army up to 15,088, which was its size when Mr. Lincoln came to office. Of course the army was temporarily greatly enlarged in the Mexican and English wars, as it was during the war of the rebellion, but it is not thought that these figures will help in ascertaining what the size of a peace army should be. The regular infantry establishment reached its maximum in 1860 (15,641). It was reduced several times, and finally, during General Grant's term of office, a bill was passed making the maximum of 23,000 enlisted men, of which figure it remained for thirty-five years. The act of February 2, 1891, now in force, provides for the enlistment of a maximum of 10,000 and a minimum of 85,000 men. Since October, 1892, the army has been, by direction of Mr. Roosevelt, held at this minimum.

The army of to-day is, accordingly, a patchwork of the views of twenty-three Presidents as to what was a safe and sufficient size, for in this, as in no other province of legislation, has the recommendation of the President to Congress been followed. And by the way, it is interesting to note that of the twenty-three Presidents who have been military service, under eight Presidents the army, as left by Washington, has been increased; five of these were elected to office by the present Democratic party or its forerunner, and two of them were Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson. Under no Democratic administration has it ever been so small, except under that of Monroe, after he had been elected to office by the votes of all his countrymen, regardless of their party affiliations, and under Polk, when, although a new regiment was added, the total was slightly reduced. The other three administrations that were in office during the reductions were those of Jackson, Grant, and Roosevelt.

Furthermore, if we should simply take population as a basis and further references to the military-political situation of the country, we would find that the Presidential administrations that of a safe and sufficient army would tabulate itself about as follows:

A comparison.		Proportion of total population of United States Army to total population of United States	
	By Census of 1790		
Washington	1790	8.6	
John Adams	1800	8.2	
James Madison	1810	7.8	
James Monroe	1820	7.7	
John Quincy Adams	1830	7.5	
Andrew Jackson	1840	7.1	
Francis Pickens	1850	6.8	
Abraham Lincoln	1860	6.5	
Andrew Johnson	1870	6.1	
Ulysses S. Grant	1880	5.7	
William McKinley	1890	5.3	

Under the other administrations there were no material changes in either the actual or the comparative figures.

If the proportion of the 25,000 army be taken to the nation's population, as determined by the census of 1890, taken but seven months later, it will be seen that Mr. McKinley, at the outbreak of the war with Spain, had the smallest regular army in proportion to the population in the history of the country, representing only 3.7 soldiers for each 10,000 inhabitants. This was the army which Congress increased to the present, which, as told at its minimum by Mr. Roosevelt's order, represents about 7 soldiers for each 10,000 people. It will be observed that in proportion to the population in the history of the country, the army was 10,000 men and that when the 25,000 army was first established as the proper basis under Grant. It is proportionally larger than that of Polk or Jackson, but smaller than that of Jefferson or Madison, and well within the average of that supported by the Democratic administrations of the past.

How a National Campaign is Run

By Edward Lissner

THE management of a national campaign has become so thoroughly regulated along certain definite lines that its degree of effectiveness at the present day depends more on the state of the party treasury than on anything else.

In a word, the side with the most money can circulate more literature, hire its press men to attain a broader scope of usefulness, get up a larger number of great mass-meetings to influence sentiment, which they undoubtedly do, and pour more money into the doubtful States on the eve of election.

While it is said to have cost only two hundred thousand dollars to elect Abraham Lincoln in 1861, four times that sum was spent in the Hayes-Tilden campaign of 1876, while in 1888, with tariff as the issue, two million dollars was said to have been used by both sides, and the figures have mounted upward since in some of the later campaigns. It might be well without interest at the outset, therefore, to dwell upon some of the items which go to make up these expenditures, and to consider first what is called by some the "legitimate campaign expenses." The cost of maintaining national headquarters, with its army of employees ranging from forty to one hundred men and women, has been estimated to be about three thousand dollars a day. There are stump-speakers who receive one hundred dollars a week and expenses. The distribution of a single speech in printed form has cost as much as five thousand dollars, and there have been campaigns when twenty of such speeches have been delivered and circulated. New York and other cities have had brilliant processions costing as much as twelve thousand dollars, while three thousand more has been expended on a single mass-meeting for the music, decorations and hire of the hall. But these are only the minor items of disbursements. The heavy ones are made out of what is known as a

secret or emergency fund. Both sides are continually drawing from it, and usually exhaust it on the eve of election. The bid is used to turn the tide in States that are considered doubtful, especially those on which the general result hangs. Thus in 1896, when both sides in West Virginia had that category, the Democrats sent forty thousand and the Republicans fifty thousand dollars into that State, and in that same campaign the former also sent one hundred thousand and the latter three hundred thousand dollars into Idaho. It will be considered doubtful, but this was the year of the famous blocks of five, a scheme by which the voters in Indiana, it is said, were divided into blocks of five and bought. Chairman Hanna sent two hundred thousand dollars into Iowa in one of his campaigns when he believed that State to be doubtful. Four days before the election of 1902 Matt Quay, the Republican chairman, notified Senator Platt of New York that he needed two hundred thousand dollars more. The money was raised with the assistance, it is said, of Collis P. Huntington. In the campaign of 1884, when New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut were doubtful, the Republican managers on the eve of election decided that they needed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars more in those States. They were able to raise only fifty thousand dollars in that short time, and turned to the candidate to help them out. Mr. Blaine had already contributed twenty-five thousand dollars. They told him that the one hundred thousand dollars would be raised after election and repaid to him, and then upon he advanced this sum to the committee. The amount was never repaid, and it is said, to secure his losses. Blaine was the first to do this in the history of the country. But it is the bribing of voters, and it is said, if any of these funds were used for such a purpose, is gradually diminishing. The secret habit is



A SNAP-SHOT OF JUDGE PARKER STARTING FOR AN AUTOMOBILE RIDE AT "ROSEMOUNT"

The photograph was taken recently at Rosemount, Judge Parker's home on the Hudson. It is noted that Judge Parker prefers automobile and swimming to any other form of exercise. He also takes an entire part in the management on the estate of Rosemount. It is also noted, however, an excellent horse man and a fine rider.

a reason, but not the all-important one. For the American voter has grown more independent, and has thereby increased the list of doubtful States to such an extent that it is impossible for any party to raise a large enough fund to sway them all, and this difficulty of concentration, as much as the secret ballot, has made for less of elections.

The sources of contributions upon which both sides count are, first, the business interests, especially those affected by the leading issue of the campaign. In years when the tariff or finance is the all-absorbing topic, contributions from such a source are very heavy. This was so in 1884, as well as in 1902. As far as the Republicans were concerned, in 1880 and 1900, though it is said that the silver-mining owners contributed very heavily to the Democratic campaign funds in both years. The silver-owners are the next source. While it is true that there is a large amount of their contributing and the impression prevails on the part of some that the law is obeyed, the men in the Federal service, nevertheless, give to the party in power a percentage of their salaries, as fixed by the campaign committee or the treasurer of the national committee. There is, in addition, a small class of wealthy men who are not practical politicians, but ambitious to hold public office, and they are heavy contributors.

Raising Money for the Campaign

Money is also raised from the rank and file by popular subscription. In 1900, the Democrats tried the popular subscription system. The Bryan men also started in 1900 a campaign fund three years ahead of time by a system of canvassing country districts for contributions of a dollar a month. It was never for the party out of power to raise funds in 1902 and 1904, then the use in power. In 1892, because the financial interests of the country were more friendly to Mr. Cleveland than to President Harrison, and in 1896, because they feared Bryan a financial policy. While the treasurer of the national committee is nominally supposed to collect contributions, he is usually assisted by some of the wealthy men of the party, or those in touch with them. Levi P. Morton has been a famous collector of campaign funds. His plan was to make a list of those on whom he intended to call, with the amounts he believed they should contribute set opposite their names, and as a rule their contributions corresponded. Charles A. Tilling was another famous collector, so was Marshall Jewell, who succeeded in getting one hundred and seventy thousand dollars in Boston in a single day. In the campaign of 1888 John W. Wampanet raised four hundred thousand dollars in Pennsylvania, and Cassius M. Yell and Levi P. Morton did the same in New York. Benjamin F. Jones, chairman of the Republican National Committee, and Stephen B. Elkins collected eight hundred thousand dollars in 1884. Despite these heavy contributions, however, there has usually been a deficit after election, which some of the chairmen of the national committee have made good out of their own pockets. This was done by Chairman Jones in 1884 and Calvin S. Brice in 1888.

Questions of Management

We now come to the active management of the campaign, the theories of the party managers which lead to the dismemberment of the funds. To understand this one must consider the problem confronting both sides, which neither knows until the polls close. It divides itself into three divisions—first, to educate the rank and file into the principles of the party platform and arouse their enthusiasm; not a difficult task, by the way, where the candidate has not been accustomed over the bitter protests of any faction of the party. The second is how to prevent arguments in a manner so clever and ingenious as to convert voters from the other side, and the great mass of independents, ever styled in derision "mugwumps," an increasing class, and the deciding element on election-day. The third is by what means advantage may be taken of the mistakes of the other side. In such situations may be created to bring them to light. All these propositions are ever before the campaign committee, and on the way they are handled the result, in a measure, depends.

Each side makes efforts in three directions to attain these ends. The first is through mass meetings, the other, the press. The second is through the distribution of campaign literature, the speeches of party orators, concise statements of the issues on ballots and badges and buttons with the party emblem and the portraits and names of the candidates. The third is the insertion of articles and editorials in a large number of daily and weekly papers throughout the country. The campaign managers on both sides consider this method highly effective. It came into vogue when the tariff was the issue, when both sides began to send out circulars on the controversy over free raw materials and the tariff. The press bureau reached a very high degree of efficiency in the last campaign, but all this is to be treated at greater length elsewhere.

The executive committee conducts the campaign from information it receives from two sources. First, the party members and those who are close to them politically. For all the sections of the country are represented in the compilation of that body, and each member is familiar with the situation in his territory or that part of the country which he is supposed to represent and conduct the campaign in. Second, from the chairmen of the state committees of the various States, who, in turn, are kept advised of the situation by the local organizations. In the campaign of 1900 Chairman Johnson of the Democratic Executive Committee planned to add to the sources of his information by having a direct representative in every electoral district, twenty-five United States. This was not original. For in 1876 Abraham S. Hewitt, who managed the campaign for Samuel J. Tilden that

year, had two sets of blanks for every election precinct, one as a preliminary and the other a final canvass of voters. Which result was not considered a failure. It was, nevertheless, true that the work was too voluminous for the committee in order to take in conjunction with the other duties, and that it did not do as well by the State and local organizations. This was the method in 1892 and it answered the purpose. For that year at the close of the campaign, Chairman Harris was making a figure within ten of the votes which Grover Cleveland obtained in 1892 in the election of the President.

The executive committee divides the States into three danger classes. Those that are doubtful, with chances favoring the candidate, come first. The situation there on the eve of election is watched almost hourly, and the campaign is usually devoted by a member of the committee to that class of States, and he spends an entire time to that purpose. Both sides place New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana in that category. The next class is States that are doubtful, but with chances in favor of the opposition. It is to them that the committee also pays much attention. If the Republican candidate is other than President Roosevelt, whose views, it is said, on the negro question are popular in the South, States like Tennessee would be placed in this column. Then there are the States which are certain, as Pennsylvania, Mississippi, and part of New England, except, of course, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

How the Free Bureau Works

We now come to a consideration of the workings of the press bureau. Two sets of men compose it, those who read newspapers and magazines in search of campaign material, and others who write the articles which the bureau sends out for publication. In 1900 the Republicans estimated the number in the first set, seven men in its press bureau, five of whom were readers, who the text prepared the matter for publication. The country was less get this in the shape of patent issues, the country takes as stereotyped stuff, while good pieces are mailed to the men in the press bureaus, and are apt to undergo extensive revision before publication. In the campaign of 1900 one list of country papers with a circulation of 165,000 received from one side three and a half columns of matter every week; another, whose circulation was one million, received plate matter. In addition, there were three or four classes of country weeklies and daily papers whose circulation aggregated three million copies, which were supplied with "materials."

Another class of papers received "indisputable." The independent papers were the only ones which profit steadily from the path of the press bureau, so far as the insertion of their matter is concerned. It was quite important, of course, to reach the independent voter through their columns. A step in the direction of solving the problem was taken when Murat Halsted and Willis J. Abbott engaged in debate in the columns of the *Kansas City Star*, by means of which the copyers of William C. Bryan were enabled to get their arguments before the readers of a paper which was opposed to him politically.

Campaign literature is written around the campaign text book, which each side gets out shortly after the nominee's letter of acceptance is published. It is not a document printed which is not intended for general circulation, but its distribution is limited to the political committees, the splinterers, and the press as a guide to the position of the party and arguments in support of it on all the issues of the day. The public is permitted to purchase the book. It is not distributed free. In 1900, however, the campaign literature did not await the issuance of the text book. This was because Senator Hanna feared the influence of Cohn's "Financial School" series on the voters of the West, and believed that any delay in refuting its arguments would prove hazardous. This was why he caused leaflets, presenting the question in a calm, dispassionate manner, to be sent to the Republican voters in those parts where Cohn's book was reported to have made inroads, and afterwards to the independent and Democratic voters. In 1896 two hundred million documents were issued by the Republicans, and the Congressional Record, printed in German, French, Spanish, Italian, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Dutch, and Hebrew. Campaign literature of every kind is shipped by the car-load to the chairmen of the State and local committees, who attend to its distribution. In the year 1900 over two million copies of the Republican letter of acceptance were placed in the hands of the voters.

One Factor in the Result

The poster is also a factor in campaign literature. During the campaign of 1900 the Republicans circulated five hundred, the Democrats one hundred and fifty thousand. The most popular was printed in five colors on a single lithograph, with the names of the candidates in the set of addressing a multitude of laborers before a factory, declaring it to be better to open the mill for labor than the mint, while Bryan stands in front of the mint welcoming everybody with his silver bullet for change.

The speakers' bureau is also the center of activity during the campaign. Its head must not alone listen to the splinterers and select them, but must also determine the character of the speaker whether national or local, map out his route, and choose the place for him to discuss and the manner of presentation. The Chicago bureau at Chicago managed the speakers' orators in the last campaign, exclusive of the number sent out by the State committee, whose selection and movements were also under its direction. Many of the hired speakers talked in foreign lands. The German bureau had fifty German speakers, twenty-five Norwegian, two Poles, ten Italians, five Frenchmen, and 145 Finns. Five thousand men applied for the job.

A Personal Sketch of George Bernard Shaw

By Gustav Kobbé

WILL ARNOLD Daly's Shaw production which he is planning for the coming season—a season almost at hand—be as successful as "Candida"?

You never can tell—and "You never Can Tell" is the title of the Shaw play that he will produce. It is Shaw's response to a driver.

With his usual withering contempt for stage and social conventionalities the author takes a dentist for his hero and opens the play in the dental office. Fortunately the dentist's name is not Hanks, and we are not treated to the infamous advertising couplet:

Hanks
Yanks-teeth.

But if, as the curtain rises, there is any doubt that the scene is laid at the dentist's it is quickly dispelled by an "ouch!" uttered in a feminine voice, while the view discloses the pretty patient reclining in the dental chair and the successful extractor of her refractory molar handing her a glass of water above which to raise her mouth.

Perhaps more of this play later. But now to the author, the most envied, the most un-English writer in English.

My first glimpse of Shaw's odd personality (and originality) was given me by his play agent in this country at the time his "Devil's Disciple" was produced here by Richard Mansfield. Miss Marbury is resulting a clerk in Shaw for his royalties expressed regret that it was not for a larger amount. He replied with a letter which he began by addressing his agent as "Rapacious Miss Marbury" and continued by upbraiding her for putting him to the inconvenience of starting a bank account. However, he survived the ordeal, and when Arnold Daly visited him this summer both in his London apartment and in his country house, he found him still engaged in the cheerful occupation of writing cynicisms and occasionally uttering them.

Shaw's apartment is in the New Reform Club of which he is a leading member and, I believe, one of the proprietors. (That bank account appears to have prospered.) Unlike American apartments it has two or three floors, and so the club is on Aldgate Terrace, it has a view of the Thames. It is a bank in fact, plenty of air and sun—when there is any. After all, cynicism does not preclude a cheerful outlook.

His country house is at Welles, a quaint spot about fifty minutes out of London. It is a small house and very odd, with a front door that is unpainted and seemingly a foot thick. Throughout the house the doors are the same. A noticeable feature of both the London and Welles abiding places of the author of "Candida" is the almost total absence of interior ornamentation. Moreover, the few ornaments tolerated there show a preference for simple outline. Hindu, incense-burners, branches are tabooed. Nor are there rugs on the floor. Not only does Shaw in this way show his contempt for the petty æsthetic error, the lack of rug and fantastic ornamentation has a utilitarian purpose.

"Nothing to collect dust," is his own explanation, and, in point of fact, the shades and Welles are delightfully plain, clean, and cool looking. Possibly this highly practical method of decorating one's habitation, or rather of not decorating it, is not due to his utilitarianism. For there is a Candida who is most aggressively in evidence—Mrs. Shaw, a charming woman, and the one direction in which his views are modified by emotion. His co-sitting with his Candida is the author's favorite method of exercise.

London's "first nights" are burial stairs and far more "dressy" than ours. But in the days when Shaw addressed his New York representative as "rapacious Miss Marbury," he was wont to substitute a blue flannel shirt for the evening dress coat of society. Now his attire, though at first sight it seems strange, is not strikingly out of far from middle, it yet displays no strenuous effort

to get away from the prevailing style. Certainly it is not inappropriate to Welles, however it may appear on the Thames Embankment. Shaw still wears a flannel shirt. But it is a flannel shirt with a flannel collar attached. His suit is of khaki, and he sports a dark green tie.

Mrs. Shaw understands her husband thoroughly, as an incident of Mr. Daly's visit to Welles will show. The actor was anxious to induce Shaw to write a one-act play which would form a contrast to "The Man of Ivros," and knowing Shaw's love of music, he had thought of Shaw as a suitable subject about which to construct a strong, tender love-story, and to strike the emotions that are not in the Napoleonic play. He himself sketched out a scenario and showed it to Shaw. When the latter had looked it over, his sole comment was: "You can't get any sanguinary pathos out of me."

Afterwards Mrs. Shaw suggested to the actor that he bring up the subject again, and if her husband again declined, to hint that he was afraid to try his hand at a play with a strong love motive.

"In that way," she added, "we may get him to do it just to show us that he can." The rise was tried at supper, but all Shaw would say was:

"I don't mind writing a forty-minute play with a love-story for you, and you can have the first thirty-five minutes your way. It will let me have the last five minutes mine." About a week later he referred to the subject again.

"I am thinking of writing a play with a love-story. There is a young man in love with another man's wife, but when the husband accuses him of it he denies it. Thereupon the husband becomes intensely enraged. For he is so much in love with his wife that he expects every one else to be equally enamored of her."

The play has not been written. Probably the outline Shaw gave was his eye and ear of musing, the suggestion that he should write a play with a love-story—employ Shaw's best talent technique on a play that would not be Shaw. Nevertheless, he is writing a one-act play for Daly. It is to be on the subject of Cromwell, and probably to have the Protector's name for its title. That it is going to be possibly in Shaw's vein may be postulated from the fact that in the course of the action Charles I. awakes on hearing his own head under his arm.

Of course Shaw could not help showing his interest in the success of "Candida" in this country—the first genuine hit, I believe, which a play of his has made.

His criticism that had appeared in the American papers, as a whole he was satisfied with, but added that he thought he could have written better ones himself. He also expressed slight disappointment in having been disappointed while still alive. He had hoped that he would not have been "bound out" until some years after his death. But now? Well, he must make the best of it. He even suggested a Shaw Festival for New York—that the "Candida" company begin playing Shaw at 10 A. M. and keep it up until midnight, then saved a statue to him.

And yet Shaw does not make the impression of being a power. In fact, or fast acquaintance one is apt to be disappointed at his lack of pose, especially if expecting a display of Thackeray or of biting sarcasm. In fact, the pose is part of his social theory, part of the man's nature, and therefore part of his nature, part of the man himself.

His "pose" simply is the result of his contempt for Shaw. At present he is writing a play on the Irish land question, and in it he proposes to expose that theatrical blunder—the stage Irishman. The two acts he had finished were read by him last month to a small circle in his house at Welles of the Thackeray Irishman is introduced early in the first act, and later confronted with Shaw's idea of the Irishman. "I never met," said Shaw, "except on the stage, an Irishman who said, 'The top of the morning to yer,' or 'may yer shadow never grow less.'"



The latest Photograph of George Bernard Shaw



Michael Donnelly

A MASS-MEETING OF STRIKERS IN CHICAGO MEN WHO, SINCE JULY 12, HAVE A

The photograph shows President Michael Donnelly, of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butchers' Union, speaking at noon on July 12, when the union employees of all the big packing-houses at the stock-yards in Chicago gathered for a mass meeting. In other cities where large packing-houses are located, involving about 50,000 men. The cause of the strike is the demand for higher wages. Since the beginning of the strike repeated efforts have been made to have the union and the



Photograph by Frederick Wagner

GO-PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LEADER AND PTED TO CREATE A MEAT FAMINE

merica, addressing a mass-meeting of the men who are on strike in Chicago. The great meat strike began
red work. Simultaneously the union men struck in Kansas City, St. Louis, St. Joseph, Omaha, and in the
he failure of the executive committee of the union to reach an agreement with the packers with regard to
adjust their difficulties, but up to the time of going to press no satisfactory results have been announced

What the present Meat Strike Means to the Public

I.—The First Authorized Statement from the Packers

By John R. Rathom

FOUR years ago some of the departments in some of the plants at the stock-yards were annexed. We paid very little attention to this fact, being not at all averse to unionism or unionism, but maintaining the open shop idea at all times. Two years ago, however, these unions became more completely organized, and as they felt their strength growing greater and greater, they began to throw several restrictions around the character of the labor that men in certain departments should do, and the hours that they should work at certain occupations. These conditions grew steadily worse, until finally we were placed in the humiliating position of practically permitting business agents of the unions to dictate our business to us.

We went along, however, under the shadow of this sort of injustice, doing everything possible of a conciliatory nature, until the 20th of May last, when our agreements with men in some of the departments expired. The unusual took advantage of this fact to present us with a new scale for our approval—a scale covering a great many departments and asking radical changes in some of them. But the one thing in which the unions hit hard was a demand that all common labor at the stock-yards, namely, without regard to whether it was heavy or light work, or whether the conditions surrounding it were easy or likewise, should be advanced from between sixteen and seventeen and one-half cents an hour to eighteen and one-half cents, while the scale also provided that no existing conditions should be lowered,—in other words, even higher wages than eighteen and one-half cents, being paid at the time, should be paid.

Mr. Donnelly and his associates were met in a spirit of fairness and good will by us, and were told that labor conditions in no part of the country warranted an advance, but, on the contrary, that a cold-blooded business attitude would declare for a decline.

It must be understood that this dispute, and all the subsequent proceedings, as far as the alleged issue of the strike is concerned, related only to common labor, and in no way touched on any skilled trade of any kind.

Mr. Donnelly's refusal to meet us again on this ground followed, and he declared that unless we receded from our position before noon the next day a strike would be called. That same afternoon we received a communication from us, which stated that we were certain of our ground and that we would be willing and glad to let the whole question go to arbitration, and then made an offer of arbitration in said terms. Regardless of this, and regardless of the fact that this offer was in the hands of the leaders before the strike meeting, the unions called a strike and walked out. It is unnecessary to say that public sentiment immediately ranged itself on the side of the packers, and that the press of the whole country almost unanimously voiced this sentiment and finally forced Donnelly into a conference with us.

We had several of these meetings, which finally resulted in the

drawing up of an agreement that permitted each of the new men as we had taken on to remain in their positions if they need it, and placed on us the duty of taking back strikers as fast as we could make room for them, and permitting any of them who were not so taken back within forty-five days to take their individual cases before the board of arbitration. The whole question of wages was also left to the arbitrators.

This agreement was duly signed by Donnelly and the other leaders, and was heartily approved then and there by the vice-president and other officials of the Federation of Labor and the heads of seventeen allied trades, who had been permitted to attend the meetings in order to judge for themselves which side was in the wrong.

The second morning after the agreement was signed, almost before a single person in authority had reached the yards, the strikers got into line to go back to work. This was a few minutes after seven o'clock. At half past seven, about fifteen minutes after the work of receiving the men had begun, Donnelly, without seeking to approach us in any way or permitting us an opportunity of proving to him that we were acting in absolute good faith, called a general strike all over the country for the second time, thereby making his second grave blunder in the eyes of the public.

The truth of the matter was that the day before the men went back to work the cattle luthers—numbering about twelve hundred in all at our Chicago stock-yards—held a meeting and decided that if any of them were refused reemployment all would stay out and die. They did this, and stampeded the unions into an absolute infringement of the agreement.

No discrimination whatever was shown when the men started to go back to work, although, as we told Donnelly, when the agreement was signed, there might have been some individual cases where foremen sought to "get back" at personal enemies.

This second strike was followed by a sympathetic strike of the allied trades, with all of which we hold absolute contracts, many of them running up to next January, that provide for them remaining at work, regardless of what other unions may or may not do. We insisted that these agreements be lived up to, and we were laughed at. With regard to Mr. Donnelly's agreement, he asked that it be changed to one that would compel us to take back part of the strikers in forty-eight hours, and all the rest within five days. Our reply to this was that we already had an agreement covering this point—an agreement upon which the ink was hardly dry.

The agreements into which we have entered have been binding only upon us. What is the use of wasting time, money, and patience any longer, when confronting us at every moment is the fact that any agreement into which one of these unions might enter is not worth the paper on which it is written?

We have nothing against labor-unions. Many of us have acknowledged that if we were working men we should certainly be members of unions. But we believe that labor-unions under



J. Doyles Armour



Arthur Murray

Ten capitalists prominent in the meat strike in Chicago



The Meat Strike in Chicago—Crowds controlled by the Police at Ashland and Forty-third Streets

for the most part of unskilled laborers can never put themselves on a stable basis,—for the compensation paid this class of labor will always be governed by the law of supply and demand.

But butchers now out on strike are on the highest scale that they have ever enjoyed and have no grievance whatever. But they have gone out in sympathy with the common laborer—an act that was brought about simply because the great percentage of common labor in most unions and the City went down per month of each year necessitated some show of sympathy of this character to hold things together.

At no time has there been a cessation of an hour of work in our plants. Our by-product business is suffering temporarily, but in every one of our thousands of branch houses throughout the country the supply is now fully equal to the demand and will remain so. While it is true that for two or three days after the beginning of the strike there was a shortage and an advance in prices, rates have been normal since that time. We are charging retail

prices not one cent more at this time than at the same season in previous years, and any statement to the contrary is untrue. In a great many cities in the past two weeks we have actually sold our meats at a loss. The price of stock is high at this time of year,—that is a normal August condition. But if retailers and restaurant keepers claim that they are paying any more for beef on account of the strike they are wilfully seeking to deceive the public in order to make increased profits.

In a way, as everybody will concede, meat packers are practically public service corporations, and we are in duty bound to keep our plants running. But apart from the duty devolving upon us in this direction, we have another duty to perform that must not be lost sight of. It is to take care of the tens of thousands directly dependent upon our operation for their daily bread, and on the hundreds of thousands all over the world, who are indirectly dependent on us,—who perform various labors connected with our enterprises. We stand on our position.

II.—The Case for the Strikers

By M. Donnelly, President of the Butcher

Workmen's Union and Leader of the Strike

THE request for a statement of conditions surrounding the present unfortunate trouble in the meat-packing industry is even joined with misgivings, and the more so because of two facts. The first is that the request is unquestionably in the right and have made every move only after careful and thoughtful investigation; the second is that we have been persistently misrepresented, a chain of circumstances making it easy for the packers to deceive the general public with regard to our desires. The leaders of the fight for the packers have taken full advantage of these situations to shamefully twist our attitude of fairness and contribution into one of intolerant hate and unfairness.

In the first place it is unquestionably untrue that I called the strike in the first place in the face of an offer from the packers to submit all questions between us to arbitration. I received the offer to arbitrate five hours after the strike order had been issued and after copies of this order and official notification of its passage had been given to Mr. Aronson, who acted as chairman of the last past meeting. It was then impossible for me to state of the strike. Had the proposition been submitted to us at any time before it was, even after the negotiations had been broken off, we could have agreed upon arbitration.

Another deliberate misstatement of fact is the claim that we are fighting for an increase of wages. We are fighting against a decrease. Our original demand was for a minimum of twenty cents an hour for laborers. The demand was amended after our second conference with the packers in June. We then agreed to a wage of eighteen and one-half cents an hour, except in Chicago and St. Louis City, where the scale is nineteen cents. The packers, on the other hand, refused to pay more than seventeen and one-half cents an hour and declined to sign any agreement at all, except with a small proportion of the workmen. The question of skilled workmen was not discussed.

As far as the second walkout was concerned, here again the packers saw an opportunity to make a tricky appeal to the "public sense of fair play," and again they made the most of it, when

all the right and justice of the case was on our side. I will try to explain what I mean, and I appeal in turn to the public to judge between us, after it knows the facts.

On Wednesday, July 26, the representatives of the teamsters and mechanical trades called upon the packers and stated that the condition in the stock yards was one that would cause a general strike unless some understanding was reached. This brought about a conference in which representatives of the latter workmen participated, and ended in an agreement which would have settled the strike had the packers made an effort to follow it out.

On the following day the representatives of the employees called upon the packers to make arrangements as to how the employees should return to work. They were told by the packers that all the men should report the next morning, giving the impression that a great number would be started to work. One or two of the carriers did recognize all their former employees, but the treatment the workers received at most of the plants was such that instant action had to be taken in order to preserve the interests of the organization. The language that was used to some of the employees is unfit to repeat.

In the agreement signed by the packers there was a distinct statement that there shall be no discrimination in the rehiring of the men. This was accepted by the officers of the organization in the return of the men they were told upon like terms. The foremen and superintendents, walking through the line would pick out a man and say, "You come up."

The next man would be passed out of line and told that he could not be used. And it is a shame the good, active union men whom they could not use. We understood the agreement perfectly, and the strike was only called after the packers had violated its provisions. They also hired men in some departments that morning who had previously not been employed at all.

Picking out of a man here and there would have demoralized the organization. That was the cause of the second strike.

The packers have admitted that the agreement was violated.

and said, after the men went out a second time, that they would try and do better. They also asked us to endeavor to put the agreement into operation once more. We could not see our way clear, however, to ask the butcher workmen to fulfill the provisions of the agreement, after the packers had ignored its terms.

We offered a number of propositions that would have restored confidence, but in each instance the packers refused to con-

sider anything but the agreement, which they held was still in existence, and which was still being destroyed by the packers' wilful violation of its provisions.

We have been misrepresented throughout the strike. But every act of our men and their leaders since the trouble began has been honorable and peaceful, and for these acts, and for the methods we have used, we deserve and demand the approbation of the people of the country.

III.—Where the Public Comes In

By Henry Harrison Lewis

THE first-class hotels and restaurants throughout the country have not raised prices on account of the beef strike. The lion rests upon the huge-bosels of moderate means and upon those who are compelled to eat at the cheap restaurants and upon the workmen. In this strike the packers and their men do not form one twenty-five hundredth of the population, yet simply because they cannot agree on a comparatively unimportant question of wages—that is, unimportant to the great majority of people—the handling of a necessity of life is interfered with, and consumers throughout the country are made to suffer.

It did not mean so much to the public as individuals when Sam Parks cut a wide swath through public meetings as represented by the building trades, nor did we give many thoughts to the teamsters' strikes in Chicago, or the freight handlers' strike in New York and in New England. Now that beef has gone up three cents a pound it is a matter of interest to the individual householder. This means to the average man a family an increase of \$25, a dollar a week, and in effect directly and indirectly fifty million people.

The packers claim that they have not raised the price of beef one cent because of the strike, and that the increased price is simply the usual August increase. This is not altogether true. Some one has raised the price beyond that. The small consumer has paid more, and is paying more today than he did last August, and the retailer says he pays more to the small wholesaler. The fact of the matter is that many small retail dealers and wholesalers have seized the opportunity offered by the strike to raise prices. The publicity given for the price has been an important factor in this increase. The newspapers have published scare-head articles about the shortage of beef and the possibility of an enormous increase in cost until the general public began to believe it. It was an easy matter for the wholesaler to add from one to one and a half cent on each pound and the retailer as much more. The public, as usual, paid the freight.

This was done everywhere the large beef packers sold their goods. The different Chicago packing houses supply beef and its by-products in practically nine-fourths of the country, and it has been estimated that the top notch of these dealers, the retailers and small wholesalers have worked this petty graft on the public. Really, what does the claim of the packers that they have not

raised the price of beef because of the strike matter? What concerns the public is that a great deal more is being paid for beef than in justice and fairness should be paid.

And it is not only beef that has increased in price. The increased cost of beef made consumers buy more ham and bacon, and the prices increased on those products. The cost of eggs has also jumped a notch. The average cost of eggs during the summer runs from eleven for twenty-five cents to nine for twenty-five cents, according to locality. Now we are paying the same amount for eight. The egg dealers say it is the increased demand caused by the beef strike. The poor have been driven from even the very cheapest loaf to vegetables, and they are finding a tendency on the part of the market people to raise prices there. And, again, when less meat is eaten, more bread is consumed. It is announced now that the five-cent loaf is to be increased to six cents at once. Probably your baker will say that it is caused by the beef strike.

Another feature of this strike that affects the great public indirectly. The loss in wages will have far-reaching effect. The partial paralysis of such an industry is bound to cause a loss that will reach even the pocketbook of the individual consumer.

According to the most accurate figures obtainable, the working men connected with the packing interests have lost in wages a little more than \$3,000,000 during the month's idleness caused by the strike. There are 21,000 men and women employed directly by the packing houses in Chicago, and possibly one-third more employed by the packing interests in other parts of the country. This cost means a part of the general public, and it is safe to say that the losses suffered by the men and women directly connected with the packers will indirectly affect almost all branches and degrees of trade.

The packers themselves estimate their possible loss caused by the strike at less than \$10,000,000. When one adds to this the loss suffered by the consumers because of the increased price of food, a conservative estimate would be a total of \$50,000,000. And this because a few have insisted on making a minor disagreement a national disaster.

It is not to be estimated up, the beef strike has cost the general public more in actual dollars than the amount of wages in dispute could equal in a quarter of a century.

The International Sports

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, August 26, 1904.

IT was a square and handsome victory, won not by a Duke, but on its merits. No excuses can be made, and, so far as I know, none have been attempted. Beneath the beaming face of their generalissimo and in the presence of some six thousand spectators, among whom every other man was a householder name in British sport, the Harvard and Yale athletes met the picked men of Oxford and Cambridge, and beat them, thrashed them, annihilated them. That the score of six to five in their favor of the Americans fairly represented the comparative merits of the two teams is indisputable. True, the Englishmen were not running up to the top notch of their form, but even if they had been, I doubt whether they could have scored more than one additional event. Four times out of six the tenth would have ended as it ended on Saturday; for the remaining two it might have resulted in an American win by five to four. But nothing could have given the victory to England. Her men were out-paced, out-jumped, and out-ripped, and, barring accidents, they could never hope to beat the really wonderful team that Yale and Harvard put into the field.

It was the second day that New York was more often than London. For three weeks previous hardly a drop of rain had fallen in England. The heat had been almost unending, verging on American extremes; and Saturday marked its culmination—close, overcast, humid, the precise point of transition between a hot spell and the relieving thunderstorm. Unusually the day accorded the Americans rather than the Englishmen, and indeed the whole period of training coincided with conditions that must have made the Yale and Harvard men feel comfortably at home. As an Englishman who used to know something about athletics, and who has also lived for some years in the United States, I considered that, so far as weather was concerned, Saturday was just suited to bring out the best that the American men had in them, and that the English representatives would find it a little too oppressive, and fail to do themselves entire justice. This proved to be substantially the case. The Yale and Harvard men, for the most part, came up to their American performances; the Oxford and

Cambridge men, for the most part, fell below their performance of last March, when the "Varsity sports" were held; I think it is fair to say that they were not at their best.

Something, but not very much. The real reason why the Englishmen failed to do as well against the Americans as they did among themselves four months ago is that they were only half-trained. The most remember that for Oxford and Cambridge athletes even when the March inter-varsity meeting is over, and the men go out of training, except in the case of one or two who think of going in for the Amateur championships later on in the summer. The great majority of the Englishmen had therefore to train de novo for Saturday's event. Now every one who has seen a runner at all knows that it is easier to get into condition in the early spring than in the summer. When the weather is as hot as it has been during the past few weeks in England, at least a couple of months of gentle but steady training is necessary. But Englishmen cannot be induced to submit to the discipline of athletics for as long as that. Reckoning themselves to be always more or less fit, they trust to a final three weeks' or a month's polish to bring them up to racing form. In the spring that is all very well; but in the unusual heat of the past month it does not work. Englishmen did not realize this until it was too late. They showed, in other words, a lack of good sense in judging the preliminary conditions of their task—a blunder which the American athletes, with their extra keenness and their usual and scientific habit of insurance against all risks, did not, and does not, commit. Of all the Oxford and Cambridge men who were racing, both last March and last Saturday, only one, B. W. Gifford, struck me as being as physically fit on the latter occasion as on the former. The rest being out pretty obvious signals of distress, the result of their inconsiderable mismanagement of the nature of the work that lay ahead of them.

Again, running is one thing and racing another. The American team seemed to me not only admirable performers, but trained to win. An immense attention to detail, such as no Englishmen could constitute, was observable among the Americans. They took no chances. During the high jump, for instance,

when a slight drizzle was falling, the American competitor, G. F. Vetter, of Yale, brought on to the field with him a thick warm fog. When he had made his turn he scrambled high up in the air, thus staying off even the slightest change of circulation. His English rivals had no rug. After making their jump they lay flat length on the damp grass until their turn came round again. In the long jump the race notes of the Americans had a handsome chief put down by the side of the course to mark the point where it suited him to spring his hardest to the take-off—a perfectly permissible act, and showing just that spirit of casualness which counters and defeats severity. But it was perhaps in throwing the hammer that the excellence of American training was most manifest.

By the side of the finish and perfect certainty of Sheslin's performance, the Englishmen appeared more blundering tyros. Sheslin spun round like a dancing-dervish, and sent the hammer flying over a hundred and fifty feet. Spiver of Cambridge, a giant in stature and strength, could do no more than one hundred and eleven feet. From where I sat Sheslin's movements were indistinguishable, an incredible whirl not to be disintegrated. Spiver's, on the other hand, I could follow quite easily, as though he were engaged in nothing more tumultuous than a walk. The Yale man showed science and a consummate mastery of the knack of the game; the Cambridge man had nothing but undisciplined strength. Wherever subtly was required, in the high jump, for instance, and the hurdle race, the Americans scored. Wherever a straightforward, ding-dong way of doing things was sufficient, the Englishmen got home, as, for example, in the mile, half-mile, and two miles.

The race of the mile was unquestionably the quarter-mile. Barclay, the Cambridge crack, had the inside position, but he had previously run in the hundred-yards race. All the men got off well, but Barclay's long stride enabled him to keep the inside berth. He turned into a dash and was a good and a half ahead of Long, the Yale man, and a magnificent race home followed. In the "quarter" it is the last fifty yards that tell, and it did not take an expert eye to see that only sheer pluck was keeping Bar-

clay going. That he kept to his inside position, I believe he would have won, but just at the crucial moment, when only thirty yards from the tape, he swerved another from sheer fatigue or because he thought he was a mere winner, I do not know. He had shaken off Long, and may have forgotten that Long was not the only American in the race. Anyway, that severe cost him the victory. The Englishman, the Harvard man, however, who had a heart-beating struggle by two feet in 49.4.5 seconds. The Englishman among the spectators felt disappointed, as well they might. Barclay's error was reprehensible and altogether beneath an international athlete. It showed, as he kindled before, that a good runner may not always be a good racer. Of the other events the hundred-yards and the hurdle race went, as everybody expected, to the Americans. Schick, who came almost from a bed of sickness to win the hundred in 9.4.5 seconds, is the most undervalued sprinter I have ever seen. I doubt whether any living Englishman comes within three yards of him. I keep of Yale, who won the hurdles, and third of Harvard, who came in six inches behind, James, Day, Schick, and Sheslin, to be in a different class from their English rivals. It was only in the long-distance races that the Oxford and Cambridge men managed to reverse the record, and here their superiority was even more obvious than was that of the Americans in the dashes and field events. There was never a moment, either in the mile, the half mile, or the two miles, when either of the Yale and Harvard men looked dangerous. In all three races they were led off from the start and made an unexpectedly poor showing. They do not yet seem to have learned the secret of keeping up a long and effortless stride. In the two miles, especially, the American competitors, compared with the flexible style of their rivals, seemed to be in a different class. But they struggled on with most sportsmanlike gameness, and I do not think the Harvard man who finished a couple of hundred yards behind the winner will forget the hearty bout of cheering which he met. Although he had his physical endowments and must engage meeting just the kind one would expect to be held between the four English-speaking universities that still uphold the best traditions of amateur sport.

Women and the Race Question

By Florence Jackson

OBVIOUSLY and naturally on a question of the day can be of greater personal significance to women than in the race question. Whether it be considered from the standpoint of the President, in his denunciation of race suicide (which might mean even more aptly called race homicide), threatened by the avoidance of parenthood, or from that other standpoint which the country takes in regarding apprehensively the mingling of persons of different and differing blood, associations, education, environment, mental and moral impulses and influences—all these things that go to the formation of national characteristics—the race question is a vital one to women. The latter consideration being the more common and at present the more absorbing one may be taken first, and the special significance of the race question must narrow to one race—that of the blacks.

Now it is through the women of a country that any race changes must be made, and it is especially through the women of this country that we strike at our race and confide of the race problem. It is because of the women of this country that even Northern men who were violent abolitionists would deny the black equality with the whites, and it is the fear that racial equality will follow any other grant that creates the desire to withhold privileges, civil and political. It is the white woman, not only as the reformer in present achievement, but as the mother of the future, who stands forth as the first and best of statesmen that could secure the destiny of the race, and it is the belief that the destiny of the white race would be imperiled by mingling with the black race, the belief that social segregation would bring about such mingling, that check white men may become the fathers of black children and care not at all if this offspring traces not the fermenting strain of blood which, through ages, must urge to a development that precipitates harshly deny to the blood it has mingled with, white women must be so guarded that no mixture of race will be constituted, and their motherhood, which could not deny its offspring, must be preserved for the latter progeny,—it is all this that makes the problem of social equality of the races so vital.

White women have been entirely willing to promote the standard set. Always aristocrats at heart, it is the women who have ever preserved the integrity of races. However democratic a land may be, however fervently republicans may be the form of government, women demand, arrange, and inaugurate an aristocracy if there is none, and carry on what is left if there has been one buried to hand. It is this inclination as women that has been, from older times to now, one of the chief of a republican form of government. It is this that is today is the secret of the present problem,—that that is "another day," to quote two great men.

Now it need not be considered strange that hitherto women should have been romantically aristocratic in feeling. The Bible taught them to be so, and, until recently, most women of our country read the Bible. The habit of thought induced by the reading has become so confirmed that it continues, even though the

Bible is not so frequently opened as it was formerly. But this habit of thought is not being banished by the rising generation, owing to the fact that the Bible is nearly a closed book to them. It is no longer read at home, and schools are compelled to snuff from their own corner of study (the use of the Bible in the schools) and of the language, and though the growing minds may receive what impression they please from the statements,—compiled records containing out and suggested that a new writer can persuade the laud of education in English,—they may not have the benefit of the beautiful thought and idiom of the Scriptures. So, wisely discriminating are the dictators of the Age of Education!

Introduced thus subtly to consciousness through religious influences, the sense of inferiority grows and spreads. It is the feeling, leaning to it that loss, as much as moral sense, proffered virtue and thereby the race and that will continue to do so. At the same time, when matrimonial alliances are made between foreigners, it is more often the women than the men who marry aliens. It may be noted, moreover, that Americans from such marriages with foreigners of a higher class. I happen as some of these marriages have turned out to be, they all possess the same thing,—that the son to teach high has been a leading motive, and the race of the alien spouse, if different, was at least developed. The climaxing plea against the black race is that it is an undeveloped race, and union with it would mean degeneracy.

The great object of this article is not consistent in all particulars. For instance, the most valiant Southerner declares that whatever strides in advancement the black race has made must be toward the negroes given it by the strain of white blood it has—happily, even in thought it has been so implicated, to be admitted of. Yet this argument is trusted to the other side to show that a legitimate union of black and white would result in degeneracy to the offspring, and the white strain which, in the other case, is declared to have given the black his start in development, holds no value at all in the latter race, while everything is made of the point that the black blood will poison the white "Aryan" contradiction and our, be it noted, not made by women.

For, in this matter of race mingling, every hour has stood solid against controlling the point. From Florida to Maine, from Louisiana to Alaska, it is the same—no possible, not to be possible. There has, however, been a varied opinion as to the acceptance of the black race on limited racial equality. The consistency in the words "always justify, never expel" is seen, and may call it just to argue, as Governor Aycock did a few months ago, when he said, "It is first as far as possible under the Filibuster Amendment to disfranchise every race that is not white," thereby bringing the value of education to a ripper. Perhaps women should not satify at this, since it is true of these shores, that though "five, white, and twenty-one," they must remain unfranchised, devoid with their racial equality. The law, in spite of the education they have acquired and are acquiring. Yet women who realize that this means, would not have others deprived of a great opportunity to use what is justly

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STAG AND ROEBUCK



Drawn by Sydney Adams

By Robert W. Chambers

IN European shooting the chances are that while after partridge you may start a roebuck—and miss him. If you are a Yankee, and have never seen a roebuck, the unexpected flushing of the animal, coupled with your inability to find those two lusk-shoot cartridges stowed away in vague expectation of a chance to use them, usually induces a hasty miss at half range.

The little red roebuck bounces up out of unlooked-for corners; you may almost step on him in the tall dead grass; you may catch a fleeting glimpse of his bay coat through vistas of salmon pines; you may roust him out of a thicket from which a pheasant should start; you may come suddenly upon him in a wet, rocky, boggy gully, or on a wooded slope, or in the open, knee-deep in tangled weeds. After one misfire you will kill him first shot; after that first shot you won't kill any more roebucks if you feel as I do about it.

Among other reasons, there are some kinds of game never meant for sportmen, like our lovely American wood duck, like the rare harlequin duck, like various Asiatic pheasants, and like the roebuck. Of course, necessity knows no law, not even that of instinctive decency; otherwise, except for scientific purpose, which is the highest, and for eating, which is the lowest purpose, I know of no excuse for killing that lovely and timid little deer, the roebuck. Play that one usually counts the offense before learning its fatality. For, in most cases, the roebuck, of all animals, is the easiest to kill. True, inexperienced that you may expect roebucks, and advised to carry two or three lusk-shoot shells in a handy pocket, there is no excuse for missing the animal, who usually lies close, flushes leisurely, and takes plenty of time to treat off. I admit that a sound roebuck can run; but so can a tallow eat. And the ear is almost as demeritless as the other; follow deer in an English park are scarcely more fearless. Of course one can frighten anything; constant shooting or running with hounds will create timidity in the roebuck. But, really, I do not believe that any enduring artificial fear can be permanently implanted in this cunning little deer. And it's a shame to try. If people must eat stunted roebuck, let's eat enough to resemble the dish through the matter-of-fact assimilation dealt out to hounds and calves.

However, as I say, when fear has finally done its work, a roebuck on the bare flank of an alp is sometimes no easy creature to stalk. And that is the only way of accomplishing the little animal's downfall that seems to be clothed with the slightest degree of justification. We had an amusingly hard experience, Feder and I, one early morning on the lower shoulder of the Black Alp, which was nothing, after all, but a vast, steadily rising series of mountain pastures, with the true peak glittering so far beyond that it looked like a separate mountain.

I carried a fine-line piece, having started with the idea that by some heaven-directed chance I might knock over one of those solitary mountain grouse-like game birds which haunt the shaggy pine forests, and which, I take it, is closely related to the capercaillie, if not that very bird itself. But no: Feder, squatting on a rock and sweeping the upper reaches of the mountain, had discovered a roebuck (English, roebuck) through his single-barreled spy-glass. I took a signal at the rocky spot on the rocks above; originally it was a case of open stalking, and the buck was big and three-toed. Another consideration: the chances were greatly against me showing the great winged sentinel phantom of the pines, but we stood a fair chance of getting a shot at the buck, and, as we subsisted almost entirely on the game killed, it was perhaps policy to settle down to stalking. The reader will notice that the writer is marshalling all extenuating circumstances to his snapper.

Zimbach, the heavy bearded, was promptly collected and leashed; the big jacker took a long silent survey of the situation; then, having marked down his quarry, led the way up the gentle ascent, which lay through a bealy gully toward the beech woods beyond half an hour's steady climbing brought us out on a wooded spur,

the last cover we could expect to aid us. Beyond, the lower flanks of the Black Alp tumbled east and north in billows of rock covered by broken patches of stunted shrubbery, and alpine grass. There stood our buck, feeding leisurely two miles away in the open. If the wind held we were all tight. But now the real work began—a crouching posture, a gait which was partly a crawl, partly a snaking shuffle, told on my shins and knees. Even the heathy skin on the legs' bare knees showed danger. As for Zimbach, the length, this mode of progress suited his short bony legs; but the trouble was to keep his head down.

It was laborious work. I never before knew that so many thorny, prickly things grew in the Alps, and I never missed one with hands, shins and knees. Perspiration poured from us: I opened up shirt at the throat and rolled up both sleeves to the shoulder. Cautious peeps through the gloom reassured us from time to time; we might to draw within range very soon now. The snapper recomputed the buck crouching now, straight up the mountain. He stopped half a mile from where we had first seen him feeding; we dropped to our knees and crawled on, faster than ever, because the bracken no longer covered our movements, and we had to depend entirely on the contour of the rocks and on the stray bunches of grass and dwarfed shrubs to screen us.

Looking back on that tedious and painful stalk it strikes me that we made much ado about nothing. Had a stag or chamois been the quarry, that would have been another matter, but all the elaborate labor for a roebuck was inconsistent; for we could have had no trouble in shooting one in the valley below. However, this was a sort of artificial sport; this buck acted more like a chamois than a reb, and certainly we were having a stiff climb of it.

The buck now stood on the edge of a ravine, in such a position that, if the wind changed, we should have had either the certainty of losing him or the necessity of making a three-mile detour. They appeared to be not the slightest chance of the wind changing, but in the Alps no chance is every chance. And the wind did change shifting slowly but steadily to the northwest. Our situation was not pleasant; we had crawled into a pocket of snow, and now, not daring to stir, lay there, belly down, waiting for a chance to leave.

That chance did not come for two hours; and during those freezing hours the buck never seemed to take his eye off the scrub behind which we lay shivering. He was out of our range; I lost Feder's odd fashions when mounted single shot rifle, such a weapon as you see in pictures of Tyrolean pouches crouching calmly on the verge of precipices. The buck was suspicious and cautious. Roebuck have an antelope's curiosity. But, although he appeared to be aware that all was not right behind the bush where we lay, as a bill of faint air was blown to his delicate nostrils. He stood, he pretended to know, he pretended to be startled, and crouched off like a coll frightened by a train, only to return again to the edge of the ravine and sniff and stare and toss his pretty head.

"Feder!" I said at last, "I have simply got to move out of this freezing shack."

The old jacker cautiously looked around. There was a fat rock behind us, the top of which had not been covered by the snow-drift; and toward this he pointed, laughing silently. Then a car was thing occurred; as I wriggled crablike toward the rock, which was also screened from the eyes of the distant buck, another roebuck leaped up behind this fat rock, and within five feet of us.

Zimbach made a terrific leap, upsetting Feder, who had him in back, and defusing me with the flurry of snow which he raised in his frantic efforts to get at the deer. Blinded with the snow, I groped for my rifle, which, when my half-frozen fingers clatched, I had no use for. The reb was gone—vanished utterly. Curiosity had induced the creature to approach from the rear. For two hours he had, doubtless, watched us, and, seeing as almost as they were, he had gradually gained courage to draw nearer and nearer until, when I made my backward movement, he had come within five feet of us.

No sooner had the reh disappeared, no sooner was Zimnoch subdued, than we passed on at the other bark, the object of our quest. Curiosity, too, had drawn him forward; it was a long shot at best, but, in all probability, the only shot we were to have.

"Try," motioned Feder.

At the faint report the buck went down on his forelegs, then rose, and took one of the longest jumps I have ever seen, say living creature take, whether it be a chamois or stag or Virginia deer in a wildfall. Feder fired my fouling piece as the deer passed us, and down he went to rise no more as we loved Zimnoch in a whirl wind of flying snow. The reh had two shots in him, one a burkabit, the other a rifle bullet. That was the end—a pitiful tragedy in the Tyrolean Alps, witnessed by the circle of tremendous peaks, whose very silence was necessary.

I have seen many hunters with shoulder sacks bulging, from which four little stiff helpless feet struck out. And I hate to see it! We humans are an amusing lot of hair splitters, after all, and we are interesting only because of our inner sadness. I needles one day, while fishing, bearing a friendly hail from the highway looking across the meadow I saw Feder and held up a big front for his inspection. At first a moment's doubt lag at each other. I went over to the road.

Feder was in a postulate mood. Starting at dawn to get rehok, he had considered an old cross gathering jagate a sure sign of disaster and a warning to all sports to go home and wait for better success. But we, Feder floated superstitious and went on, and this is what happened. He missed a bark on the Bothe wand, he fell twenty feet, and wrapped all the skin from himself. In a strange way, talking to his best girl, he had a quarrel with an Austrian frontiers guard, and we called a stop.

While he was standing there in the high way retelling to me his wrongs, a rehok walked coolly across the road and entered upon the thinly wooded slope opposite, halting with its rags to look back at us. Feder turned pale, muttering that it was not a real rehok, but a bewitched thing come to look him in disaster. And all the while the buck stood there, observing us. Finally, with a groan, Feder raised his rifle and fired. The deer entered off, and I saw the chips fly from the foot of a clump twenty feet in the right. It really was rather unusual, as Feder was accounted a dead shot among the experts of the Tyrolean Alps.

In a certain stretch of country, including miles of mountains and forests and lakes, all of which is protected by law from invasion by hunters other than those invited by the owner of this magnificent territory, I have seen, sometimes, twenty head of game in sight at once—chamois, rehok, and stag; and many days I have seen a dozen stag, during a walk, all within range. The paper Sepp and I once had an amusing experience.

Three deer—a stag and two does—crossed the Austrian frontier and entered our own territory. Our task and object was to stalk them so cleverly that we should get between them and the frontier, beyond which we, of course, had no right to shoot, and indeed stood a fair chance of being shot as poachers by the Austrian game wardens.

For an hour we had enough work of it—in fact, there seemed no little chance of success that we might have given it up had not our gloves brought into full view the magnificent antlers of the stag—a splendid fellow with ten points. An other hour of manning being brought us into a better position; and then, just as we seemed to have a chance, a furious storm of hail, rain, thunder, and lightning struck the mountain. The crashes were so loud, the lightning so loud, to strike both sides of the ravine in which we were lying. True, the tree was hit, and I became convinced that my rifle was too much like a lightning rod for me to shoulder. As a matter of fact, the lightning struck repeatedly so close to us that Sepp and I placed our rifles under a tree and sat down in the open, not daring to remove under cover of the oak where we had found shelter.

That was, with a single exception, the most violent electrical storm that I ever witnessed, but rather had, and finally became the bed of a torrent knee-deep in places. The hail stones were not large, but they hurt when they hit our faces. It was all over in two hours with the sun shining on the Bothe wand and the air deliciously sweet. But we reached the head of the ravine in time only to see the stag of ten points and the does both gone but late Austria, and disappeared among the dark firs of the forest.

Sepp and I spent next day after chamois, seeing several and getting one shot at them. But we reached the head of the ravine and one rehok clattering off among the rhines and

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"A stag entered the ravine among the mountains."

just at reaching a stag of eight points, and the sunset sky, and fell stones dead at a clump a thousand and one rehok clattering off among the rhines and

Correspondence

ENGLAND IN THE CIVIL WAR

CHICAGO, N. H. August 16, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—In your editorial of January 2, 1904, entitled "A Civil War Story Told," you cite a paper read by Hon. Charles Francis Adams, the president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, at its stated meeting in October last, in which Mr. Adams quoted a speech made by Alexander S. Hewitt, late Mayor of New York city, at the monthly meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of New York, held February 7, 1901. From the paper by Mr. Adams you quote the following reply of Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle to the late Mr. Charles Francis Adams, then minister to the Court of St. James (the father of the Mr. Adams now president of the Massachusetts Historical Society), to a question whether the British government was to recognize the Confederacy, that Queen Victoria in her most gracious manner said: "Mr. Adams gave your self no concern; no government will recognize the United States." Also your issue of April 2 and April 16 last contained editorials on the same question. And seeing any further replies to Mr. Hewitt's statement in your newspaper, the undersigned were appointed a committee at a banquet given by the Canadian Veterans Association at the Victoria Hotel, Chicago, on April 24 last (Queen Victoria's birthday), to write you on this question and give the testimony of those who were present at this banquet, men and women who lived in Great Britain during the time of the civil war of 1861 to 1865, and it was the unanimous testimony that the Queen and the people of Great Britain were always in sympathy with the American government, or the North, as it was then known, and we believe that General Grant, in his *Memories*, has given a true and correct statement of the situation at that time, which is as follows:

"The cause of the great war of the rebellion against the United States will have to be attributed to slavery." (Page, 543, Vol. II.)

"England's course towards the United States during the rebellion evoked the people of this country very much against the mother country. I regretted it. England and the United States are natural allies and should be the best of friends. They speak one language, and are related by blood and other ties. We, together, or even either separately, are better qualified than any other people to establish commerce between all the nationalities of the world."

"The hostility of England to the United States during our rebellion was not so much real as it was apparent. I am told that there was no time during the civil war when they were able to get up in England a demonstration in favor of secession, while they were constantly being gotten up in favor of the Union, or, as they called it, in favor of the North. Even in Manchester, which suffered so fearfully by having the cotton cut off from her mills, had a greater demonstration in favor of the North, at the very time when their workmen were almost starving." (Vol. II, pages 548 and 549.)

The following quotation is in answer to the question from a letter written to Henry Adams, Esq., of New York, by the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Mar. 30, 1869, and published in the *Lancet American Review*, June, 1869:

"As a member of it (the British cabinet) and now nearly its sole surviving member, I can state that it never at any time dealt with the subject of recognizing the Southern States in your great civil war, excepting when it learned that proposition of the Emperor Napoleon III., and declined to entertain that proposition without qualification, hesitation, delay, and dissent."

We thank you for the able and disinterested way you have published your editorials on the question, and trust you will add the testimony herein given to this important discussion.

GEORGE E. GOSCH,
President British-American Association.
JOHN W. JAMISON,
Manager "Western British-American."
CHARLES H. CYRUS,
Secretary Victoria Memorial Association.

RAISING A FAMILY

CHICAGO, N. H. August 16, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—One can scarcely pick up a paper or a magazine of late without seeing something in regard to "Race Suicide," most writers inferring from statistics presented that the majority of American married people are averse to having any children, or want but few of them.

From these articles one would be led to believe that the love for children is dying out of our race, that the fullest meaning of love, marriage, and home is not being realized.

If this be so, how hard, cold, and selfish are we becoming. No doubt there are many who have in their hearts and interests no place for that most beautiful and wonderful thing in nature—a little child—and could never appreciate such a gift.

There are others whose experiences have been such that they never had the opportunity to observe the beauties of childhood and the joyous side of parenthood.

But it is difficult to believe that one who has once experienced the thrill of joy in hearing the first cry of her own babe or of

holding in her arms that bundle of humanity which binds her closer to her husband, and has seen the answering joy grow in her little one, can be averse to welcoming others—without any good reasons.

From the dozens one set of statistics is gathered, which show that many from choice or necessity wish to limit their family. There is, however, another set of statistics which run over is gathered, for they are heart secrets, in many cases not divulged to the doctor even. For many people consider their wives in regard to this subject too sacred to be spoken of.

The world never knows how many childless couples long for a little one.

The world never knows of the many who, having one or two, long for more, but are denied it.

Many there are who from ill health or lack of means feel that a crime would be committed if they brought another life into the world.

I know a mother who must content herself with two children; as the youngest grows out of babyhood she looks with hungry eyes at the mothers with little babies. As she lays away the old gown, baby clothes, a lamp rises in her throat and a mist is before her eyes as she thinks, "I suppose I shall never see those little garments again. I suppose I can never have my ideal family of four or five."

But of this she never speaks.

She, with her two children, would doubtless help to swell the statistics proving that Americans do not want more than two children.

And how many there are like her!

It makes such mothers indignant to constantly read such statements as: "Women are interested in sex and this life that they don't want to be bothered with a family."

Some there are, of course, that feel so. But more than we think are quietly and happily attending to their families.

In the society of her children the mother is renewing her youth, she is learning more wonderful new things and retaining such beautiful old things than all the clubwoman's books and lectures can supply. She knows that all too short will be her days and her little ones, and all too soon will come the level stretch of middle life when she may return to her active place in society and club.

These mothers are seldom heard from, however.

Doctors agree that the small family of the present is due in great measure to circumstances over which we have little control—climate, diet, and the modern mode of life.

It is due largely, also, to the greater feeling of responsibility now felt for providing for a family and the greater requirements for such provision.

Again, it is in very many cases due to the love and consideration of American husbands, who do not wish to endanger the lives of their wives.

Let us say, then, that the small American family, instead of indicating self-interest, laziness, and a dislike for children, really indicates a great amount of self-denial, a deep love for children, and conscientious thought for their welfare, and tender solicitude for the wife.

Let us believe that Eugene Field, in his beautiful poem of "Pittypat and Tiptypoo," has voiced the sentiments of the majority of American parents—

All day long they come and go,
Pittypat and Tiptypoo.

Footprints up and down the hall,
Playthings scattered on the floor,
Finger-marks along the wall,
Tell tale smudges on the door.
By these presents you shall know
Pittypat and Tiptypoo.

And when day is at an end
There are lights due to be kind.

Little frocks are strangely torn,
Little shoes great holes reveal,
Little hose but one day worn
Rudely cast on the bed!
Who but you could work such won,
Pittypat and Tiptypoo!

But when comes this thought to me,
"Some there are that chaffless be,"

Snoddlng in their downy beds,
With a love I cannot speak,
Tenderly I stroke their heads,
Fondly kiss each velvet cheek,
God help those who do not know
A Pittypat or Tiptypoo.

I am, sir,

A MODERN MOTHER.

A CORRECTION

San Francisco, August 1, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—I notice on page 1161, your issue of the 29th ult., that you state that the Britons arrived in North Dakota in 1806. This statement is incorrect, and I hope to lead you to the honest farmers of that State, you will note that fact.

I am, sir,

WILLIAM W. YOUNG.



THE RIVIERA MISADVENTURES BY A. E. W. MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the sparkling summer Pamela Marlowe is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Late one night Tangey and Allen Warfield, who is in love with her, observe a young couple leaving the opposite house. They are Tony and Millie Stretton, who live in a gloomy house presided over by the rich but unjust father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. But finally they both weary of their semi-secluded life, and Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune. In his absence Millie becomes infatuated with Lionel Talton, a brilliant but dissipated young man, who sends Warfield on a mission to find Tony and bring him home. Warfield finds that Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea on a trawler. Warfield, who never imagined to prevail upon him to come back, but he refuses. Tony remains on the trawler until the death of his father, which means his inheritance. He then returns to England, and then decides to enroll in the French Foreign Legion, as no other career seems open to him. John Stodge, a friend of Pamela's, leaves from her of the post Millie is in town Talton. He buys up all Talton's debts and gives them in the hands of a single firm of solicitors, who had on a settlement which he himself had arranged. Talton receives a proposition from Stodge to participate in an important enterprise of the latter in Cuba, with the financial difficulties would have to be solved. Warfield, although he has proposed to her unsuccessfully before, again asks Pamela to marry him, and she agrees him to which that he knew it will be possible for her to accept him. One thing she tells him, would make her take the step now, the return of Tony Stretton. Warfield, desirous of obtaining information as to Tony's whereabouts, goes to London to visit Tony's friend Mr. Chase, who, he thinks, will be able to enlighten him. He finds on his arrival that Chase had just received a letter from the head of the firm, which he has found a clue to Tony's hiding place. Talton returns from Cuba and persuades Millie to go with him. They are seen leaving town one day at night in Regent's Park by Mr. Stodge, who tells them that he is going to danger for Millie. Pamela's simultaneous departure in an old travelling-car of theirs for examination the garage of the village inn, in order to disembark plan to help Millie. Pamela, for the second time, commiserates Warfield to go in search of Tony and be gladly agrees. Pamela goes to Boulogne, which she had visited as a young girl, and while there learns of the presence of Lionel Talton. Stretton, meanwhile, is sent with a troop of soldiers on an expedition across the Desert of Sahara. On his return to Morocco he is given the command of a regiment, and he then decides to write to Millie. At that moment Warfield arrives with the letter from Pamela. Tony reads the letter, and decides to desert the legion, with which he has enlisted for five years, and return to England. He starts in the guise of a pedlar for Morocco. Warfield is to await him at Fez.

CHAPTER XXVI

GOOD NEWS FOR PAMELA

WARFIELD struck his camp early one next morning, and set out for the railroad. Then he travelled to Fez. At Ouen he was fortunate enough to find a steamer of the Lambert Line in the harbor which was preparing to sail that afternoon for Tangier. Warfield had three hours to pack in haste. He sent off one of the steamer's crew and despatched his telegram to Pamela Marlowe at the Villa Pontignard. The telegram informed her that Tony Stretton was returning, though his journey might take longer than she would naturally expect; and, secondly, that he himself was sailing that day for Tangier, whither any message should be sent at once to await his arrival at the English post-office. The telegram was couched in vague phrases. Tony Stretton, for instance, was called "The Truant." Pamela became more and more disquieted by the vagueness of his wording. She pondered, and in vain, why in the world Warfield must be sailing to Tangier. It seemed certain that there were difficulties in the way of Tony's journey which she had not foreseen, and the nature of which she could not conjecture. She sent off a reply to Tangier:

"Both come to Boulogne as soon as possible."

For, on thinking over the new aspect which her problem presented, now that Lionel Talton had come to the Riviera, she had come to the conclusion that this was the safest plan. If Millie Stretton did not come to the south of France, no harm could

have been done, whereas, if she did, and Tony went straight home to England, the last chance of saving her would be lost.

This message, however, did little to reassure Pamela. For the more she thought of Warfield's telegram, the more she was troubled. Tony was returning. Yes, that was something—that was a great thing. But he was going to take a long time in returning, and, to Pamela's apprehension, there was no time to spare. And the day after she had received the telegram she came upon still stronger reasons for despatch.

She went down to Monte Carlo in the morning, and again on Lionel Talton upon the terrace, and again noticed that he was absent. Yet on the whole she was not surprised. Millie Stretton's name figured as yet in no visitor's list, and Pamela was quite sure that if Millie had really come south the name would have been inserted. It was impossible that Millie Stretton could come to Monte Carlo, or, to imply, any hotel upon the Riviera, made a false name. She could not but meet acquaintances and friends at every step, during this season of the year. To assume a name which was not hers would be an act of simplicity too gross. Not the less Pamela was relieved. She avoided Talton's notice, and let him upon a sudden impulse, went out from the garden, hired a car, and ordered the coachman to drive along the lower Riviera Road in the direction of Boulogne.

Pamela was growing harassed and anxious. The days are passing and no message had yet come from Allen Warfield. She suspected the presence of Lionel Talton on the Riviera more and more. More and more she dreaded the arrival of Millie Stretton. There was something about her which she did not like. She had that had but which fails to women, the habit of waiting. But she could not wait with folded hands. She must be doing something, even though that something were altogether trivial and useless, it still helped her through the hours. In this spirit she drove out from Monte Carlo at twelve o'clock, without a thought that her drive was to assist her toward the end on which she had set her heart.

She drove past the back of the big hotel at Fez. Just beyond, a deep gorge runs from the hills straight down to the sea. The road curves round the head of the gorge and leads again to the shore. Pamela drove round the gorge, and coming again to the shore, went forward by the side of the sea. After a few minutes she reached the driver's stop. In front of her the road rose a little and then on the other side of the crest dipped down a story hill. In her left a pair of iron gates stood open. From these gates a carriage-drive ran in two zigzags between borders of flowers down to an open gravel space in front of a big one-story building. The building faced upon the road, but at a lower level than the flat road was below Pamela. The building was pretty built, and roses and magnolias climbed against the walls, making a gay show. The door in the middle stood open, but there was no sign of life about the house. Pamela sat gazing down into the garden with its bushes and brightly colored flowers.

Pamela spoke to the driver:

"What place is this?" she asked.

"It was only built last year," the man replied, and he told her enough for her to know that this was the Reserve at which Lionel Talton was staying.

"Was people come here?" said Pamela.

"It is not known yet," replied the driver. "It is such a little while since it has been opened."

The sun was bright. Beyond the Reserve the Mediterranean rippled and sparkled—here the deepest blue, there breaking up into patches of golden light. The Reserve itself had the look of a country house in a rich garden of flowers touched with hawthorn. In the doorway the spot was very quiet and still. Yet to Pamela it had the most sinister aspect. It stood in a solitary position, just beneath the road. In its very quietude there was to her harassed thoughts something absolutely menacing.

She knew that Talton was in Monte Carlo. She told her driver to drive down to the door, and at the door she stepped down and walked into the building. A large dining-room opened out before

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her in which two waiters hung round. There were no visitors. The waiters came forward. "Would you mind take luncheon in the room, or on the terrace at the back over the sea?"

"On the terrace," Pamela replied.

She laughed quite alone on a broad, flagged terrace, with the sea gently breaking at its foot. The greater portion of the building was occupied by the restaurant, but at one end Pamela noticed a couple of French windows. She remained to the waiter who served her upon the absence of any visitors but herself.

"It is only this season, madame, that the restaurant is open," he replied.

"Can people stay here," she asked.

"Yes. There are two suites of rooms, one is occupied; but the other is vacant, if madame would care to see it."

Pamela rose and followed him. He opened one of the French windows. A dining-room furnished with elegance, and lightly decorated, a sitting-room, and a bedroom completed the suite. Pamela came back to the terrace. She was disappointed. It was possible, of course, that Missie Stretton should stay at the Riviera; but the whole look of the place troubled her.

She mounted into her carriage and drove back. In front of her the great hotel of Eze stood high upon a promontory above the railway. A thought came to Pamela. She drove back round the head of the gorge, and when she came to the hotel she made the coachman drive in. In the open space in front of the hotel she took tea. She could not see the restaurant itself, but she could see the road rising to the lovely hillside on which it was so very temptingly situated. She went into the hotel, and asked boldly at the office:

"When do you expect Lady Stretton?"

"Lady Stretton?" The clerk in the office looked up his books. "In three weeks, madame," he said. "She has engaged her rooms from the 21st."

"Thank you," said Pamela.

So Missie Stretton was coming to the Riviera, after all. She had refused to come with Pamela, yet she was coming by herself. She had declared she would not leave England this spring. But she had made that declaration before Lionel Calton had returned from Chile. Now Calton was here, and she was following. Pamela could not doubt that her coming was part of a concerted plan. The very chance of the hotel helped to convince her. It was so near to that at which Calton was staying. Twenty minutes' walk at the most would separate them. Moreover, why should Calton choose that lonely restaurant without some particular, nay, some secret object? No one, it seemed, visited it in the day; no one met the client there at night. Calton was not the man to fall in love with solitude. And if he had wished for solitude he would not have come to the Riviera at all. Besides, he spent his days in Monte Carlo, no Pamela well knew. No, it was not loneliness at which he aimed, but secrecy. That was it—secrecy. Pamela's heart sank within her. That had a momentary thought that would disclose her presence to Lionel Calton, and dismissed it. The disclosure would alter Calton's plan, that was all; it would

not hinder the fulfilment. It would drive Millie and him from the Riviera—it would not prevent them from meeting somewhere else. It would be better, indeed, that, if they met there, they should meet under her name. For some accident might happen some unforeseen opportunity occur of which she could take advantage to separate them. It was not known to Calton that she was on the spot. After all, that was an advantage. She must meet secretly with secrecy. She urged her coachman to quicken his pace. She drove straight to the post-office at Monte Carlo. Then she despatched a second telegram to Alan Warriden at Tangier.

"Do not fail to arrive by the 21st," she telegraphed; and upon that took the train to Eze. She could do no more now; but the knowledge that she could do no more only agitated her fears. Questions which could not be answered thronged upon her mind. "Would the telegram reach Tangier in time? What was Alan Warriden doing at Tangier at all? What had driven him coming straight from Algeria to France? Well, then, these were weeks still. She sent up her prayer that those three weeks might bring Tony Stretton back, that Millie might be sent for him. She walked up the steps from Roquebrasse station very slowly. She did not look up as she climbed. Had she done so she might perhaps have seen a head above the parapet in the little square where the schoolhouse stood, and she would certainly have seen that head suddenly withdrawn as her head was raised. M. Girard was watching her furtively, as he had done many a time since she had come to Roquebrasse, taking care that she should not see him. He watched her with no other object than to watch the weary steps as when he had last seen her in that path so many years ago. But as he watched she stopped, and turning about, looked southwards across the sea, and stood thus for an appreciable time. When she turned again and saw no unusual thing about the steps, it was only that she had seen him. She walked homeward, like one full of faith, full of hope, and it caught a glimpse of her face. It seemed to him that it had been transfigured, and that the eyes were looking in some vision which was visible to her eyes alone. Pamela had come back indeed at the end of all her perplexities and conjectures, to the belief of her new fate, that somehow the world would right itself, that somehow in a short while she would have whirled upon the wind, answered by the ripples of the sea, and confirmed by the voice she longed to hear, the sentinel's cry: "All's well!"

The messenger who had brought the telegram had found him at Tangier. He found them both waiting him the day after they had been sent. He had twenty days to find him if Tony kept to his time, twenty days would suffice. He hired a run the next day, and the hotel messenger he obtained at Tangier was sent to the hotel. He sought a couple of herbs and some resins to add to his her speed and endurance.

"They will enable at six miles an hour for ten hours a day," said one whose advice he sought. Warriden discounted the statement, but bought the herbs. Early the next morning he set out for Eze.

To be Continued.

Women and the Race Question

(Continued from page 122.)

theirs, but they would all the more demand that a just race, as well as the mere possession, of the franchise be insisted upon.

Necessarily all women who think at all believe in an educational franchise, and such a franchise would quickly reduce the negro vote, particularly in the part of the country where its exercise at all is offensive to the whites, for at the South literary and Hampton institutes. The educational test should be not low and no scrupulously made at the North and for foreigners at the South for negroes. The mere ability to read and write is not enough. It is exactly that form of ability that makes a man a prey to knavery. The foreign immigrant can read more than sign his name, and though we hear less of him than we do of the negro, he is no more prepared for prejudice against race does not confine itself to the African, it is scarcely less contemptuous if not so bitter against all foreigners not of Saxon or Anglo-Saxon blood. No other nation has been so slow as the Americans in finding the worth of other races. We are making a great head now that we were the first to open Japan to the world; but we are still behind Europeans in admitting the social worth of Japan and of China. Until marriages shall have been legally made between races social recognition between them cannot be complete. The women of a race only can accomplish its full appreciation.

It is claimed by the South that the South only can settle the negro problem, that only the South suffers on account of it. This last, at least, is not true. The women of every land have suffered because of race and class questions, and every woman in the United States may feel personally interested in the present problem, since her assistance towards its solution can be great. It is folly to say that one person's opinion or example does not count. It always counts for or against. A child of no more than three years, seeing its mother's attitude to any one, imitates that attitude, because of an impression received that has influenced. It took Americans some time to learn, but they did learn from European example that one can eat in the room with a Hindu or

Hottentot without receiving contamination or losing respect. By repeated example Southerners will learn that they can sit in cars where negroes are admitted with no more loss of dignity than they suffered in anti-bellum days when they had then about their persons respectfully. In recognizing the continent not lost ago a Southern woman with her children and a negro maid might in the same sleeper where I had a berth, the maid occupied might after night one of the berths. No objection was offered by any of the several Southern passengers, although had she been seen alone she would probably not have been allowed to enter the car. That her position was one of courtesy was what she had her pre-conceived ideas. Her negroes are now controlling by the right to buy parlor-car seats and Pullman berths, as do other passengers who pay the required tariff, and this contention is set at the North alone. That Pullman cars admit Thacker, Jackson, and other famous names, and that negroes are now controlling by the right to buy parlor-car seats and Pullman berths, as do other passengers who pay the required tariff, and this contention is set at the North alone. That Pullman cars admit Thacker, Jackson, and other famous names, and that negroes are now controlling by the right to buy parlor-car seats and Pullman berths, as do other passengers who pay the required tariff, and this contention is set at the North alone. It is natural that the discrimination against the negro should seem unjust to him.

It is such acts towards the colored race that needlessly aggravate the situation, and it is because the influence of women is so insistent, and not prevent, many such acts that their connection with the problem is direct. Women as the guardians of social order can afford to be gracious without being intimate or tender and such action would assuage the sense of injury, would give conditions time to alter or adjust themselves. Society is so built up that it is hard to change. It is not necessary to change the individual, but it is necessary to change the social life. Indeed, social life becomes ever more and less social than it used to be. Within the house are to be found gatherings of people of different tastes. The tendency is to bring together people of like or similar likes, and to exclude those of the opposite kind. In more often men without—that is, in public places, than within the house. And in gatherings of a public kind the heterogeneous tastes brought together form a social intolerance far from special that it has little chance of becoming more intimate. It is to drive apart the people from a passing acquaintance, to remark individuality that is interesting, and not invite to nearer relation. Those who are ready to stand apart at point of social equality do not see that it need be no part of it at all now; it need not be settled this week, this year—indeed, it is

net. The evolution of this, as of other things, must be gradual. Why raise a scare about it? Every time there are thousands of emigrants landed it would be absurd if a scare were started concerning their reception into society. Yet the scare is continued concerning the social reception of the blacks, although they keep as much to themselves as do the emigrants of whom we never hear after they are landed.

The Value of Individuality

And yet it is only in intercourse with individuals of a people that a key to their character, to the way they may be met, can be found. It is through the individual, too, that one gains something for one's self. I have often gained a good deal more in little chats with my cook (who, according to the country I was living in, was in turn a negro, a German, a Spaniard, a Frenchwoman, once an Indian, again a day, but none other a representative of one of Ireland's counties) than from the general talk at an afternoon tea or club luncheon. But if the cooks should entertain me at tea or luncheon I should gain (mentally) less from their general talk than I had from the individual chat. It is the individuality we get from people that counts. To-day, thoughtful men and women are eager to know the individual who can tell them something worth while to know. Why? They realize that in *Europe* is to be found. It is the instinct of self-preservation! Life is held on to with greater vigor than it ever was; it is valued more, understood better, and this brings me to the consideration of the President's attitude of the side what has been called race suicide and its significance in connection with this other race question.

Concerning "Race Suicide"

It is because the greater realization of what life is has been found that the responsibility of parenthood has taken on a new aspect. It would be strange if, in this thinking age, the responsibility were not more seriously considered than it was in the older time, when overpopulation was left to sort out itself, and killed off the unfit, though only after bringing needless suffering to thousands of mothers and children. That the increased cost of living makes the problem of providing for several children one that many couples cannot meet is undeniable. Nor should it be considered unusual to avoid burdening a country with a population so great that poverty must necessarily become the lot of thousands, with consequent depletion of national strength. The one fact that there are more many hundreds of children excluded from the schools or put on half-day sessions because provision for increase in attendance cannot be made fast enough points the moral.

The Question for Women

But aside from every consideration of trouble and expense in bringing up children (considerations, anything quite as, if not more, deeply with men than they do with women) there is one which engages more and more the thoughtful woman. It will be found in the query the conscientious thinker puts to herself: "What gutter can I offer to my life that it will have a reasonable portion of joy or peace or comfort of mind and body, and what right have I to compel a soul to wear the garb of mortality?" The inability to offer any reply in such query, the anxiety that the most fortunate do not escape suffering and death, may well make parents dry themselves in the joy of parenthood, the comfort in feeling that their children will share their delusive years.

A Suggested Solution

The connection of this race question with the other is less made. Because as mothers, or possible mothers, women are able to see individuality that each being has an individuality that should have opportunity. If this were to be so, and will give just the right of this country lies the ability to grant it, not, discriminatingly, such recognition as the individual of worth should have, but that



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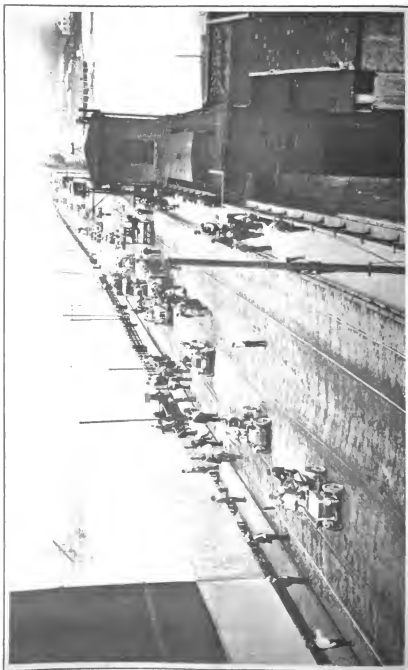
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A VISION OF NOVEMBER 8

Only the Remains left to Fight Over?

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COMMENT

Platform: No Hiding!

The independent newspapers supporting Judge PARKER were so oppressed by the effect of their candidate's speech of acceptance that they could do little for a time but gasp for breath. The *Springfield Republican* could not resist a shiver over what obviously impressed its New England conscience as an intemperate utterance respecting the destinies of the much-loved Philippines, but it sternly repressed its emotion and took what it could get with as much grace as possible. The *Times* did likewise. The *World*, on the other hand, actuated as ever by a forceful creative motive, insisted that the Judge should have been more explicit, and frankly confessed its disappointment. Just what Mr. PUTZGER would have liked to have him say is not clear to our mind, although we judge that he wanted him to speak up like a real GREEKMAN and promise to put the Archipelago into the theoretically independent position that Cuba now occupies. To make such a pledge more than perfunctory, however, it would be essential to specify a time when the stars and stripes should be hauled down and a racing and football of a Filipino banner raised in its place. None of the opponents of the present administration's policy, so far as we have observed, has yet ventured to suggest a specific date for this interesting operation. As a matter of fact, there is and can be no issue in our conduct of the affairs of the Philippine islands. Everybody would be glad to be rid of them, but nobody can tell when or how to do it without disregarding our moral obligations to the millions who, for the time being, at any rate, must and do rely upon our disinterested guidance. There can be no denial of the fact that, so far, our administration has been signally successful, and is now satisfactory to both the American people and the Filipino themselves. There also seems to be a good deal of sense in Secretary TAYLOR's notion that constant agitation here, tending to induce the more ambitious and turbulent spirits of the Archipelago to hope for immediate acquisition of power and plunder, can result only in harm to the great mass of helpless beings whose welfare we are bound in honor to conserve. Judge PARKER did well to let Mr. ROOSEVELT's Filipino policy alone. Neither he nor anybody else could improve it.

The Republican newspapers, on the other hand, persist in making themselves equally ludicrous by insisting that the gold standard is still an issue. Not much attention is paid to the futile harping of the *Tribune* and the *Press*, but the *Times* does trip up Mr. ROOSEVELT rather neatly. It takes as a text the declaration in his speech of acceptance to the effect that "We know what we mean when we speak of an honest and single currency; we mean the same thing from year to year." It then delects in late recent history, and records that in 1896 Mr. ROOSEVELT vigorously denounced "the extreme gold men" as being "as irresponsible in their fanaticism as any representative of the Rocky Mountain mine-owners." It also notes the fact that Mr. ROOSEVELT at that time developed in favor of international bimetalism, and said that "the people who oppose the move are, as a rule, men whom the

insane folly of the ultra free-silver men has worked into a cynical folly only less acute." It also quotes the declaration in the Republican platform of 1896 to the same effect, and reaches the logical conclusion that Mr. ROOSEVELT's present insistence is not justified by the facts. It might have gone further and recalled the free-silver talk of Mr. McKINLEY, Mr. CANNON, and practically all of the Republican leaders in Congress, except Mr. RYAN. Such recollections are legitimate when attempts are made to sustain a false issue. As a matter of fact, they make no serious reflection upon Mr. ROOSEVELT. It is true that his views have changed along with conditions. So have Judge PARKER's. Technically, each is undoubtedly inconsistent, but no less certainly each is right. Therefore, again, there is no issue in the gold standard, and Republican attempts to keep it alive are as futile as Democratic hectorings over the administration's policy in the Philippines.

Dr. McKELWAY goes off on his own tack in the *Broken Eagle*. He apparently suspects that the South is not so solid as it might be, and takes occasion to quote from Mr. ROOSEVELT's *Life of Benton*, in which the author compared JEFFERSON DAVIS with BENJAMIN ARNOLD. Being himself an accomplished Doctor of Laws, and the holder of many degrees, Dr. McKELWAY experiences no difficulty in demonstrating that the comparison was unwarranted. In the course of his research, however, he makes the interesting discovery that Mr. ROOSEVELT also accused Mr. DAVIS of abetting Mississippi's repudiation of her State debt, and reveals that when the charges were brought to Mr. DAVIS's attention, the latter remarked: "Oh! They are not true, but Mr. ROOSEVELT made them the last impulse of prejudicial faith." Subsequently, according to the Doctor, upon a repetition of the charges by Mr. ROOSEVELT in a magazine article, accompanied by an intimation that Mr. DAVIS had failed to meet his personal obligations, Mr. DAVIS "wrote to Mr. ROOSEVELT a kind letter, pointing out his error and offering evidence to the contrary." To this communication there came a response, in Mr. ROOSEVELT's handwriting, as follows: "Mr. THURGOOD ROOSEVELT desires in communication with JEFFERSON DAVIS." The evidence submitted by Dr. McKELWAY in substantiation of charges which, after all, can be considered as hardly more than evidence of lack of courtesy and lack of consideration, is not so conclusive as it might be, and we dare say there is another side of the story. In any case we can hardly perceive the justification of a two-column, double-headed article, designed to establish "the havoc of temperament in politics and government." Moreover, we question the necessity of Dr. McKELWAY venturing any more of even the great quantity of space that he has at his disposal in solidifying the South. Mr. ROOSEVELT has attended to that himself.

We summarize elsewhere Mr. JOSEPH PUTZGER's powerful arraignment of the present administration. The writer, who, despite the tremendous disadvantage of physical blindness, maintains incontrovertibly his position as the foremost living journalist of the world, addresses to Mr. ROOSEVELT a second open letter, no less pungent and, in some respects, more forceful than his first communication. After dwelling, with what seems to us to be somewhat unnecessary repetition and emphasis, upon Mr. ROOSEVELT's frequent denunciations of "corrupts and wrongdoings," Mr. PUTZGER proceeds to point out with consummate skill the possible effect of the dominance of a spirit so militant upon the future of the republic. His theory and apparent belief are that such a temperament, virtually unhampered by the presumed coordinate branches of the government, cannot be restrained by any force whatsoever, and that Mr. ROOSEVELT, replenished with full authority by the people, would, if he should do no more than back up his own words with corresponding deeds, constitute himself the greatest peril to the nation. In many points of Mr. PUTZGER's indictment, although logically exact, we cannot perceive causes of so great alarm as he manifests. For example, our philosophical observation has taught us that Mr. ROOSEVELT speaks more freely and cautiously than he acts. Not his deeds, but his words, have given rise to apprehension in serious minds. We must admit, however, that this excuse cannot apply to carefully considered written communications, such as Mr. ROOSEVELT's letter to Mr. ROOT, which was read at the Cuban anniversary dinner on May 20, and in which he, speaking as President, virtually threatened every Central and South Amer-

mean nation with armed interference by the United States, in the event of its failure to "keep order" or "pay its obligations." This is the most far-reaching pronouncement that any high official of the United States government has ever uttered. We cannot but hope that Mr. JOHN SMITH WILLIAMS's belief, that it was not seriously intended, is correct. Before Mr. ROOSEVELT was officially notified of his nomination, we expressed the earnest desire that in his speech of acceptance he would perhaps modify, but at least define more exactly, what he meant. His failure to do so justifies Mr. PATTERSON in accusing the President of "proposing to make us responsible for foreign debts aggregating \$1,336,417,240—more or less (per cent. than the present bonded national debt of the United States—and this not counting \$449,084,958 of domestic debt, liabilities of paper money, and hundreds of millions due to foreign citizens and corporations for subsidies, damages, and other claims." Add to this the self-assumed obligation of maintaining "order"—this government itself defining the word as action or impulse might determine—and some comprehension of what imperialism means may be had. That President ROOSEVELT, even if elected upon this declaration of purpose, would attempt to exercise such authority over the Western Hemisphere, we cannot and do not believe. It is inconceivable. But we do earnestly renew our previous solicitation that he will not again neglect the opportunity afforded by his formal letter of acceptance to set himself clearly in the right.

BURKE CHURMAN'S first speech was for PARKER.

HAVE the eight hundred thousand Republican voters of this State definitely and finally abdicated? Is ORRILL all there is left? The representatives of the party are to meet, we believe, in about a week, presumably to nominate a candidate for Governor, but everybody knows that they might as well stay at home. When Mr. ORRILL decides who, in his judgment, will best serve his personal interests, he will tell his party who his candidate for Governor is to be. While prating about "an open convention," he deftly hints that he has a dark horse in reserve and may spring a surprise. Was there ever a more impudent suggestion? True, not much could be expected from a man so deficient in common decency as to drag the name of a spoiled title conferred upon him by the people through the name of tainted politics and shameful business, but it does seem as if there might be sufficient authority somewhere to induce him not to flatter his impudently arrogant in the faces of those who, until recently, have been proud of their State. Still, since, in case such authority does exist, there is no manifestation of its exercise, we can only guess the name of the man whom the Governor-chairman—or should it be chairman-Governor?—will ask us to vote for. Vague hints have been thrown out that President NICHOLAS MURPHY BRYCE, of Columbia University, is the dark horse. This subtly circulated suspicion may be set aside forthwith. The nomination of DAVID BRYCE, like that of Mr. ROSE, would be too pleasing to Mr. ROOSEVELT, and the man himself is too high-minded and too clean-handed to do well the work required of an ORRILL creature. Why not EDWARD H. HARRISON? Why not the master himself instead of a slave? Mr. HARRISON is a busy man, but the work could be made easy. He could always have his toady with him, ready to carry his coat or hold his horse; moreover, he might be able to induce his friend Colonel McCook to pay back that \$250,000. Then everybody—barring possibly the Colonel—would be delighted.

Meanwhile, what about the Democrat? The strongest candidate they could name is DR. LANCEY KYELL, but he could hardly serve as TUCKER'S assistant and run for Governor at the same time. McCUELLAN seems to be out of it, and neither JIMMIE nor GARY vity for us. So it seems to taper down to STANFORD, the once defeated protégé of CYRUS DAVIS. If he should be nominated, let us hope that the Republicans will name TIM WILSON and confine the contest strictly to religious affairs. In view, however, of the apparent impossibility of either party persuing one of its best men to run, why not match up the worst? Let the candidates be DANIEL BENNETT HILL, and BENJAMIN B. ORRILL, JR., and we shall have at least the satisfaction of realizing that our degradation is complete.

The editor of the *Yazoo City Blade* is an enterprising Democrat. Not satisfied with waiting for JOSEPH QUINCY to furnish an electrotype plate of the candidate, he prints the best likeness he can find in the job department. We reproduce it



herewith. The Judge is not quite as bold as this, and he wears another type of scarf. His expression, too, is less alert and more reflective. However, the picture doubtless will serve its purpose, and we can perceive in real basis of complaint from either JUDGE PARKER or Mr. W. L. DOUGLAS. Both are good citizens and good-looking.

Of course Senator PLATT did not mean quite what his words conveyed when he said that "whenever Senator DEPUE speaks, thousands of *Republicans* turn out to hear him, and he makes converts wherever he goes."

To the list of independent journals supporting Judge PARKER must now be added *Life* and *Puck*. Mr. MITCHELL MANNING-MILLER-MITCHELL is not very strenuous in the brightly colored columns of the former, but it is not difficult to see where his gentle four-cornered heart is. Mr. JOHN KENNEDY HANES, on the other hand, is so flat-footed that he sees it. This is his ticket.

FOR EMPEROR:
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, of NEW YORK.
FOR PRINCE IMPERIAL:
CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS, of IOWA.
FOR PRESIDENT:
ALTON BROOKS PARKER, of NEW YORK.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT:
HENRY GANSAWAY DAVIS, of WEST VIRGINIA.

It is a strong ticket, and, having the usual doubt respecting the things printed in *Puck*, we are not quite sure that it is humorous. But not so intended, however, might not Mr. HANES have imprinted his suggestion by proposing: For President of the Corporation, THEODORE ROOSEVELT; for Chairman of the Board, ALTON B. PARKER.

Group's speeches do sound a little pitifully.

The Poor Man's Party is now well under way. While the faithful allies scared up by the *Tribune* await the sound of the tocsin under the banian-tree, the *Press* takes charge of the rank and file. "Every Poor Man," it firmly declares, "who burns KEROSENE oil has an individual grievance against the syndicate that is backing PARKER, and will vote accordingly." We guess he will. For example: Possibly Mr. GEORGE BAUER CORTELLOR could not qualify as a real Poor

Man, but he is certainly burning a good deal of somebody's oil these days, and will doubtless "sue accordingly." Animosity seems to be the motto of the *Press*.

Mr. WILLIAM J. BAYAN has announced that if Judge PARKER shall fail to be elected next November, he, BAYAN, will undertake a reorganization of the Democratic party on Bryanite principles. The "safe, sane, and conservative" Democrats will have had their opportunity, and will have shown themselves, Mr. BAYAN says, incapable of turning it to account. Mr. BAYAN says, however, that he cannot monopolize the reorganization business. It looks as if Mr. THOMAS E. WATSON, the Populist nominee for the Presidency, means to do some reorganizing himself, and as if he might have the support of the *Hesper* newspapers, which are noticeably lukewarm in their advocacy of Judge PARKER, but persistent and enthusiastic in their praise of the Georgians, and of the principal planks in his platform, which are an income tax and government ownership of railroads. There is no doubt that Mr. WATSON is a man of wide information, high intelligence, and unquestioned integrity. He proved, too, the other day in New York city that he can make an effective speech. There seems to be no doubt that he is to undertake a strenuous campaign in the doubtful States of the North, with the aim of sobering the Bryanite element from the Democratic ranks. Instead of the 50,000 votes cast for WATSON PARKER four years ago, the Populists are claiming that Mr. WATSON will secure as many as half a million. If he does, he may be expected to turn the scale against Judge PARKER in more than one pivotal State, for there is no doubt that almost all the votes secured by WATSON will come from men who voted for BAYAN four years ago. A good deal of money will be needed for the campaign which Mr. WATSON is said to contemplate, and where he will get the funds is a mystery to some glibest onlookers. Not to the Democratic managers, however, who shake their heads in the direction of Republican headquarters, and privately moot the question whether, by way of reprisal, it might not be well to give a boost to Dr. SWALLOW, the Prohibitionist nominee for the Presidency.

It is scarcely worth while, at this time, to discuss the two most conspicuous planks in the Populist platform, although they may be adopted four years hence by the Democracy, should the latter party be surrendered to the control of the radical element. We gave at length our reasons for disapproving of an income tax at the time when a second experiment in that direction—the first was made during the civil war—was sanctioned by Congress during the second CLEVELAND administration. Since that mode of taxation was pronounced unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court, the question has become an academic one, and will remain so until a demand for a constitutional amendment expressly sanctioning an income tax shall have been pushed to the front of the Democratic programme. It was not Mr. BAYAN's fault that such a plank did not figure in the St. Louis platform this year. As for Federal ownership of railroads, that is a project which, as yet, has not so much as crossed the threshold of practical politics. Even Mr. BAYAN seems aghast at the enormous disputation of the number of officeholders and office-seekers that would follow the assumption by the Federal government of the task of operating all the railroads in the United States. Such a stupendous expansion of Executive functions would have one of two results: either the old cry, that to the victors belong the spoils, would prove irresistible; or the vastly augmented civil service would constitute an army of permanent placemen, whose pressure for an increase of salaries an ambitious Chief Magistrate would be unlikely to withstand. An increase of salaries all along the line would render it impracticable to run the railways at a profit.

At the hour when we write, it seems probable that in Delaware the ANTI-S or Union Republicans on the one hand, and the so-called Regular Republicans on the other, will put two separate State tickets in the field, although they have agreed upon a common list of Presidential electors. We infer from the speech made the other day by Governor LA FOLLETTE that a similar state of things will be witnessed in Wisconsin. There is this pregnant difference, however, in the respective situations, that in Delaware the same list of Presidential electors will figure on both the ANTI-S Republican and the

Regular Republican ballots. In Wisconsin a common list of Presidential electors has been agreed upon, but, according to a State statute, it cannot be associated with both the LA FOLLETTE and "Stalwart" tickets. It must be coupled with either one or the other; and it is alleged that the nominee for Presidential electors have one and all expressed a desire to be bracketed with the LA FOLLETTE nominees for State offices. Under the circumstances, the impression is gaining ground that it will prove impracticable for the Democrats to wrest Delaware from the Republican column, but that their chance of carrying Wisconsin is likely to prove even better than it was at first supposed to be.

Brag continues to be a good deal. Colonel F. W. PAXTON now exultantly informs us that Maine is not safely Republican. "A majority of the voters of this State," he says, "is opposed to the dominant party." Let us hope, for the sake of Colonel PAXTON's reputation as a seer, that they will so manifest their opposition in any peculiar way on the 12th day of the present month.

According to a table which was drawn up by a member of the cabinet just after a cabinet meeting, and which is supposed to represent the President's view of the situation, the Democrats have not the smallest chance of success. They are credited with only 159 electoral votes, including those of Kentucky and Maryland, the latter of which States was carried by McKENLEY in 1896 and 1900, while 12 of the former's electoral votes were secured by him in the first named year. In the doubtful column are placed New York, Delaware, Colorado, Montana, and Nevada, which, between them, have 54 electoral votes. Should these be lost by the Republicans, the Democratic total would be only 212, or 27 short of a majority. The cabinet officer claims as absolutely safe for the Republicans such States as Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, West Virginia, Indiana, Wisconsin, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Washington, Oregon, and California. It is certain that the Democrats will make a resolute fight in almost every one of these States, and they can scarcely be taxed with rancor-chasing when they assert that they have a fair chance of carrying West Virginia (7 electoral votes), Indiana (15), Wisconsin (13), and Idaho (5); besides New Jersey (12), where ex-President CLEVELAND has promised to make two speeches during the autumn, and where it is not inevitable that he may receive and accept the nomination for Governor. Nor, as we have seen, Judge PARKER would and has 27 electoral votes, in addition to those of the State acknowledged by the cabinet officer to be doubtful, in order to secure a majority.

The estimate ascribed to a cabinet officer is, obviously, optimistic from the Republican view-point. The estimate cannot be applied to the extremely conservative estimate and to have been made by the Democratic managers. They do not profess, we are informed, to count upon more than 26 electoral votes as sure for the nominee of their party. To this total the Southern States, which voted for BAYAN in 1900 (plus Kentucky), contribute 131; West Virginia, 7; Maryland, 8; Nevada, 3; and New York, 39. Even this list, stamped as it is with caution, includes West Virginia, which, as we have seen, a representative of the administration believes to be assured to ROOSEVELT. Nor will any Republican publicly admit that the loss of New York is certain. Accepting the estimate, however, for the sake of argument, we are naturally moved to inquire where the Democratic managers expect to get the 31 missing votes needed to elect their candidate. They are reported to think that their best opportunities will be found in New Jersey, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. But those States, taken together, have but 29 electoral votes. Judge PARKER would still be short by 8 votes of the number needed. For those 8 votes he would have to look to Indiana (15), or to Wisconsin (13), or to Colorado (5), and Montana (3). The last two States, if added to the list, as previously amended, would raise the aggregate of votes to 229, precisely the number needed to elect PARKER. Evidently, in the judgment of the Democratic managers themselves, the contest is to be an extremely close one, like that of 1892. Unless, of course, there should be a landslide, like that of 1892. Of a landslide, nobody, as yet, can dream any indication; but in 1892 few Democrats, outside of Mr. WILLIAM C. WATSON

and the circle of his intimate friends, believed, even as late as the eve of election day in that year, that Mr. CLEVELAND would be successful. Indeed, as late as 10 P.M. on election day, the reports of Democratic triumphs in New York, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin were received in Washington even by Democrats with incredulity. There is no doubt that in August, 1892, the prospects of Mr. CLEVELAND looked every bit as dark as those of JUDGE PARKER do now. The former, however, had on his side one of the most remarkable harmonizers and organizers of his time. Who is there in the Democratic council-room to take Mr. WHITNEY's place to-day?

When a Democrat tries to plunder, he lands in jail—BORAKA TURKMAN.
Or in Congress.

Tom's latest idea is his greatest. He proposes to round up the Democratic and independent editors, feed them at some suitable hotel—probably the Hoffman House—in this city, load them on a steamer, and take them to Espana to shake hands with the Judge and listen to some golden silence. An orator is to address them on the way up and a band will discourse sweet music from the poop-deck. With a single amendment the plan would seem to be—shall we say—"admirable"? Tom should not forget that these are rather hand campaign times this year and hands cost money. Why not let the editors furnish their own music? They are not unaccustomed to blow their own horns and would probably prefer to do it. Moreover, they are good performers. When HENRY WATKINS has played the fiddle ever since the "Arkansas Traveller" was written, Dr. McKELWAY has pounded the bass-drum for years, SAMUEL BOWLES kept of a summer night lulls the Longmeadow birds to sleep with his flute, CHARLES R. MILLER is a veritable LUTY on the cornet, and OSWALD VILLARD is a master of technique on any kind of a waiting instrument. Mr. HEUSER would probably have to grind a hand-organ in some other part of the steamer, but he is grinding so softly this year that he would hardly disturb the harmony. Mr. PEYTER, of course, would lead; otherwise Mr. CHEELMAN wouldn't go, and the whole show would be a fizzle. The platform should be: No PERSON. Good luck to the fertile-minded THOMAS! A good time to the able journalists! But pity, pity for the Judge!

The three poorest newspapers in threaten New York are the only ones supporting ROOSEVELT—the Tribune, the Mail, and the Press. And all of these practically owe their existence to their unimpeachable Republicanism. With the possible exception of the Tribune, they have no other excuse for existing—*ignavia thoracica*.

That is nonsense. Barring the Herald, the Tribune is as good a newspaper as any published in New York. The Mail would rank well also if somebody would kindly supply HOWARD DAYVING with ideas to take the place of yeast-cakes in his cartoons.

The London Spectator thinks the Judge's declaration for one term only will cost him many votes, "as under the Constitution he will hardly have time to carry out any great policy whatever." We dissent from the Spectator's opinion. The declaration amounts to no more than a pledge not to spend his first term scheming for a second. In our opinion the Judge will lose no votes by it, and may gain a few. Voters do not think of more than one term at a time.

Barring a politic anti-second term pledge which might have been made, perhaps, more gracefully in an inaugural address after election, nothing has come from Judge PARKER's lips, etc.

Now the story runs that if President ROOSEVELT listens to the suggestions of the men who are working day and night to bring about his election and at the same time enter the State of New York to him, he will give the assurance that he will not be a candidate to succeed himself in 1904.

Both from the Sun!

None of the papers report any tumult of rejoicing among the saloon-keepers of New York because their rulling has achieved a new respectability under the patronage of Bishop PORTER. The more urgent disapprovers of the Bishop's course in the matter of the Subway Tavern argue very earnestly about the harm the Bishop may do in making saloon-keeping respectable, but the barkeepers' gratitude lags. It is sus-

pected, indeed, that the new tavern's saloon neighbors feel rather oddly towards it, considering that it represents not so much the elevation of a disreputable business as merely so much competition. When the saloon-keepers and all the more voracious foes of rum are on the same side of any liquor question, examine the other side closely. It is apt to have strong points.

BISHOP PORTER has made it clear that his course in giving countenance to the Subway Tavern was no green fruit of impulse, but was fully considered. It was the expression of convictions slowly matured and deeply held. The Bishop thoroughly believes that the prevailing methods of dealing with the drink evil in this country are fatally defective in theory and a failure in practice. A member of the W. C. T. U., lately defined it to be one of the aims of that organization "to keep drink and the associations of drinking as disreputable as possible." It is the direct opposite, she says, of Bishop PORTER's purpose. The W. C. T. U. believes that the cure and the only cure for the drink evil is the inculcation of total abstinence. The Bishop is not himself an abstainer and does not believe that total abstinence can ever be made popular enough to do much good. It works well enough with people who don't want to drink, but it does not help the drinkers. The drinkers being a vast multitude, the Bishop wants to help them. There is a great difference in drinkers. Those who drink with discretion and temperately get on pretty well in spite of alcohol. They constitute a large majority of our male population. The Bishop wants to improve their state, and extend their numbers to include as many as possible of the drinkers who drink to their own hurt. He says it is perfectly idle to shut up saloons in great cities unless you offer something better as a substitute. The Subway Tavern represents an attempt to provide for drinkers something less demoralizing and dangerous than an ordinary saloon. The Bishop looked the tavern, and persists resolutely in looking it, because he believes it is enough better than an ordinary saloon to be useful to the public.

Perhaps it may be possible to make the Bishop's point of view a little more comprehensible to some readers who see nothing but harm in his action. Suppose you are an average citizen in comfortable circumstances in New York and live about as your neighbors live, and work hard, and eat and drink like other folks. And suppose you have sons that you are trying to bring up to be good and useful men. One of the important things you look out for is their attitude towards alcohol. While they are children, of course, they let it alone altogether, and tobacco too. You can teach them with perfect confidence that neither alcohol nor tobacco is good for young boys. But they grow up seeing wine and spirits and tobacco used by people whom they respect. Perhaps they go to college. You don't expect them to be abstainers, but you know that it is of the utmost importance that their habits should be good, that they should be temperate in whatever use they make of either alcohol or tobacco, so controlling themselves that whatever pleasure they get from these things shall not impair either their health or their industry. And when they come back home again they come to a great city where there is a saloon on every corner. Are you afraid of the saloons for them? Not if their training has been successful, for they will have come to such a degree of knowledge and maturity as to know what they are about. But because young fellows are gregarious, and are bound to meet somewhere, and because it makes some difference where they meet, the older college graduates in New York have provided clubs for their young brethren. They think in so doing they do them a good turn, because they get them out of the streets and saloons in the evening, offering them instead comfortable homes, where they eat, drink, smoke, and confabulate as they list. Possibly these college clubs are an advantage to the young men who use them. They are subject to abuse, of course, and to some extent they promote clamorousness, which is a real defect, but their promoters find satisfactory reasons for believing that such clubs are welcome and salutary refuges for many young fellows who have no better place to go to, and could easily find worse places.

A service akin to this that the college men do for their young mates Bishop PORTER is trying to begin to do for the

great metropolitan public. He wants to provide places in which the multitudes who are bound to gather somewhere, and who now frequent saloons, may find better entertainment and less temptation than the saloons offer. The chief end of an ordinary saloon is to purvey alcohol, but in a club alcohol is only an incident. Men drink in clubs, but they also talk, and rest, and eat, and read and write. And a club is no more than a good tavern with a limited and exclusive patronage. Just as experienced parents think that clubs are better than saloons for their sons, as Bishop Potter considers that the Salisbury Tavern type of saloon is better than the ordinary saloon for the sons of Dukes. That opinion is certainly not a wicked one, though how much practical good may result from efforts made in accordance with it is of course a question.

Oxford has reached across the sea and taken the leading American medical man to be her *regius* professor of medicine. Dr. WILLIAM OSLER, of Johns Hopkins, is the man. How did Oxford get him? There was nothing in his line in this country that he could not have had. Johns Hopkins was proud of him and devoted to him; Harvard, which gave him a LL.D. last Commencement, would gladly have had his help in the reorganization of her famous medical school, just now starting with a new plant and huge endowment on an career of great promise. And Dr. OSLER's private practice was just as extensive and remunerative as he chose to make it. But Oxford called him, and he has said Yes. There seems to be reason for explanation, and the explanation doubtless is that Dr. OSLER was born and grew up under the British flag in Canada, and though he has lived for twenty years in the United States, he is as much at home in England as here, and as ready to serve one public as the other.

We take it for granted that Dr. OSLER is an American citizen, as is also, of course, that other distinguished immigrant, Dr. SCHEIDTKE of Cornell. But in their feelings Canadians who come over the line in search of fuller opportunities probably come as near being citizens of two countries at once as it is possible to be. Indeed, if they are big enough men, they may really feel themselves to be citizens of a realm not less extensive than the whole of the United States and the whole British Empire, and where they make their headquarters depend much more on circumstances than on the leanings of their hearts. Consider Professor GOTTFRED SMITH, born in England, educated at Eton and Oxford, later a distinguished Oxford professor, later still a resident of America and professor at Cornell, now a resident of Toronto, and a constant observer of American public affairs, and a contributor to discussion of them in American newspapers. It must be that he, too, is at least a citizen of nothing less than the English-speaking world. A native American does not become an Englishman without some disturbance to his feelings; an Englishman becomes an American with loss of a wrench because he drifts with an old current and has precedent and company with him, but a Canadian turns very easily either to England or the United States, or from one to the other, and the American emigration to North-western wheat fields shows that Americans on occasion can transfer themselves just as readily into Canada.

It is a gloomy view of the physical future of the English people which was taken in the inaugural address delivered on August 17 at the meeting of the British Association by Prime-Minister BALFOUR, who this year is president of the body. He contended that the physical deterioration of the British race during the last half-century had been proved by statistics; and he could see no means of arresting the decay, because the process could be traced directly to the close approach to universal education brought about by the Board School system, of which the late Mr. FORSTER may be termed the author. The school system works in two ways, each conducive to a lessening of the physical stamina of the breed. In the first place, the facilities afforded by gratuitous education for rising from the lowest to the highest class tend in that direction, because the low-class men who profit by those facilities to raise themselves to the upper or middle class are almost certain to marry in the class to which they have arisen. The children, therefore, are liable to inherit from the mother

the physical qualities of the higher or middle class, among which proclivities are not included. It follows that the children of the very men who best justify by their success the educational system tend to lower the birth-rate. In the second place, by learning to read, the children of agricultural laborers are made acquainted with the opportunities of improving their condition offered in urban communities. Of these opportunities they would have remained in ignorance a century ago. It is, however, the most energetic part of the rural population that profits by the knowledge of wider opportunities, and either drifts to the cities or emigrates. It is the less vigorous and less adventurous who remain in the rural districts, and it is upon them that the burden of perpetuating the race tends more and more to be thrown. There is an apparently irresistible tendency of the race to deteriorate, both in quantity and quality.

Another curious fact that seems to be demonstrated by statistics is that town life encourages the dark-haired, or Celtic, and discourages the light-haired, or Teutonic, element of the population. Political cartoon presented Mr. BALFOUR from expressing an opinion as to whether such a change would be hurtful or beneficial. Upon that point his own, Welshman, and Highlanders would have one opinion, and the descendants of Angles, Saxons, and Danes another. Since OLAVIN CROSWELL was shown to have been of Welsh descent, it has been impossible to convince Welshmen that the English people owe their vitality to their Teutonic strain. Mr. BALFOUR did not deny that, if universal education is only attainable at the cost of a lower birth-rate, the price would have to be paid. One would like to know whether the assumed effect of universal education on the physical quality of a race is attested by statistics, not only in England, but also in Scandinavia, where the ratio of illiteracy has long been exceptionally low.

The English army, halted at the gates of Lhasa, is woe-struck at the beauty of the sacred city, its golden domes like tongues of fire, and the exquisite greenery of the trees among its palaces and monasteries. It is a singular whim of destiny that within a few months the Sacred Forbidden City of Peking and the more sacred city of Tibet should both be exposed and invaded by the sacrilegious West. It is a more singular fact that this desecration of the holy places of Asia should take place just at the time when an Asiatic power, for the first time since JAY SHANKS defeated the Turks at Vienna, should be holding its own, and now thus holding its own, against one of the greatest of the white nations. The spiritual significance of the invasion of Tibet is only to be realized if we remember that Buddhism is still the most numerously represented religion in the world, having five hundred million adherents—about a third of the whole human race. And of these five hundred millions, more than four-fifths look to Lhasa with the same veneration that Catholics feel for Rome; the same veneration, and far more mystery. There are millions of Buddhists within the Russian Empire, beginning with the Kaltekins and ending with the Lammist Burjats, who border on Mongolia and Manchuria, all of whom look to Lhasa for spiritual leading, and go on pilgrimages to Lhasa, as the Moslem goes to Mecca, or the Christian to Jerusalem. Then among the Chinese, Buddhism was once the dominant religion, and still counts monasteries all over the empire, filled with monks who go to and from the sacred land of Tibet. The Koreans were converted to Buddhism by the Chinese, and they in turn carried the religion of Buddha to Japan, where the oldest Sanskrit manuscripts now known to the world are to be found. Buddhism also dominates Siam, Burma, and Ceylon, but these latter lands have less connection with the hierarchy of Tibet. We should remember that Buddhism is an Aryan faith, as much the growth of the Aryan mind as are PLATO and ARISTOTLE, BUDDHA and KANT; and that Buddhism therefore represents a great missionary wave of Aryan thought, sent forth two thousand years ago to the yellow and brown nations of Asia. That the West should once more be brought into intimate touch with this great Aryan system, at a time when the Asiatic is becoming a world force, is something destined to bear much fruit in the intellectual life of the future.

Joseph Pulitzer on the Campaign Issues

WITH whatever firmness Republicans may repudiate its conclusions, no one will dispute the remarkable ability evinced in the "open letter" addressed to President ROOSEVELT by Mr. JOSEPH PULITZER, and published in the *World*. The thesis which Mr. PULITZER undertook to demonstrate was that the permanent loss of the present campaign is not free trade as free others, but Tammany ROOSEVELT himself. Shall the people of the United States have for the next four years a personal or a constitutional government—the sovereignty of a party dictator or the sovereignty of the people—a Rough Rider or a Judge for a Chief Magistrate? In what grounds is this proffered the fundamental, permanent, decisive question to be answered at the ballot-box? In terms, by no means uncomplicated, Mr. PULITZER declares that the issue of ROOSEVELTISM is forced upon the country by the President's annual transparent and latent, by his strong, resourceful, ambitious, militant, passionate personality; by his versatile and surprising genius. It is alleged to be impossible to divert, as Mr. Roosevelt, in his speech at Chicago tried to divert, public attention from Mr. ROOSEVELT himself to the Republicans just freed, because, at present, to an extent unparalleled since the days of ABRAHAM JACKSON, the President controls the machinery, formulates the principles, and dictates the acts of the Republican organization. Mr. PULITZER admits that, as the French King said of the State, Mr. ROOSEVELT can, with great truth, say, of the Republican party, "It is I." It is unquestionably true, then, since the third nomination of ABRAHAM JACKSON in 1822, none of Mr. ROOSEVELT's predecessors have with such absolute authority prescribed the proceedings of a national convention. Under the circumstances, Mr. PULITZER, for his part, deems it impracticable and dangerous in any way to distinguish between the Republican party and its standard-bearer, or to argue that the voters should condemn the latter's shortcomings, in view of the former's antecedent services. There is, in a word, to-day, according to Mr. PULITZER, no such thing as a Republican party, considered as an independent, self-guided, self-acting entity: there is only a ROOSEVELT party.

Assuming, for the sake of argument, the validity of this premise, let us see what conclusions are drawn from it in the able edition of the *World*. Does it follow that, because ROOSEVELTISM—and not Republicanism of the McKINLEY type—is the pivotal issue of the campaign the people of the United States should refuse to give the President a further lease of power? Mr. PULITZER sets forth at length the reasons why. In his judgment, a second term ought to be withheld from the present tenant of the White House, not only because of the present campaign, but because of the past. We do not find in the list some of the performances which have been held to attest a willingness to disregard or override constitutional limitations. There is no allusion to the President's interposition in the antislavery civil strike; to the asserted existence of a constructive "recess" between the extra session and the first regular session of the Fifty-eighth Congress; or to the unprecedented and vertiginous "Long Walk" of Mr. ROOSEVELT as a Major General. These acts, though stress has been laid on them, as evidence of a self-willed, arbitrary temper, are apparently regarded by Mr. PULITZER as negligible, compared with other charges that can be brought home to the President. These charges, it seems, are suggested by certain positive statements, and by an equally significant omission in the President's speech of acceptance. The omission to which Mr. PULITZER refers is the absence of the words "economy," "retrenchment," and "reform," not one of which occurs in Mr. ROOSEVELT's speech. The silence on the subject, however, is pronounced pregnant, rather than surprising, when we recall to mind the fact that, during Mr. ROOSEVELT's term, the national expenditures have exceeded by \$21,000,000 those of Mr. McKINLEY's administration; the latter has included the expenses of the war with Spain—and have transcended the cost of President CLEVELAND's second term by \$10,000,000. As a further proof of extravagance, the fact is cited that the appropriations made by Congress, and either proposed or approved by Mr. ROOSEVELT, have converted the surplus of \$80,000,000, which existed in 1895 into a deficit of more than \$100,000,000 for the fiscal year just closed. The President, moreover, is accused of having added by a stroke of his pen, and without the authority of Congress, many thousands of prisoners to a roll already containing a million names. Mr. PULITZER is here pointing, of course, to the declaration, by Executive fiat, that the attainment of a given age constitutes *prima facie* proof of physical and mental disability.

The avowed basis of the President's speech of acceptance—that "prosperity has come at home"—is met by Mr. PULITZER with a challenge to deny that many thousands of working men have good reason to feel that prosperity has departed. The multitude of striking cotton operatives, for instance, whose wages since 1890 have been reduced 24½ per cent., can hardly be expected to admit that "wages are higher than ever before." Neither is an optimistic view of the situation likely to be shaken by the tale of thousands of employees who have been dismissed by our great railway systems—first now, moreover, the victims of the strike against the exactions of the head trust and not revolting in a "full dinner-pail." Passing to the President's declaration that his policy is

"to do fair and equal justice to all men, paying no heed to whether a man is rich or poor," Mr. PULITZER asks whether these professions have been made good by deeds. Is an example of "fair and equal justice" afforded by a tariff law which enables favored manufacturers, in return for big campaign contributions, to levy tribute on the whole body of the people? Again, Will it be pretended that autonomy and the rights of labor are represented by the present cabinet? If so, by whom? Is it by the Secretary of the Treasury, who preaches that high prices are a blessing; or by Attorney-General MASON, who has not yet lifted a finger to enforce the anti-trust laws; or is it by Secretary MORTON, a railroad man, who lately was an ally of the best trust; or by Secretary METCALF, who is understood to be a representative of the Northern Pacific Railroad; or, finally, by Postmaster-General TAYLOR, long known as a legislative agent of railroad and other corporations? Nobody, certainly, would describe Secretary RAY, or Secretary HITCHCOCK, or Secretary TART as a spokesman of the rights of labor. Where, then, inquires Mr. PULITZER, is the proof of the President's "equal regard for all classes?"

It is not difficult to see how Mr. Secretary ROOT or Senator LORAIN would meet this arraignment of the President, so far as the counts named are concerned. It might not prove so easy for the cleverest advocate to defend the extraordinary position taken by Mr. ROOSEVELT in the letter read at the Cuban dinner. The conception of the Monroe Doctrine revealed in that document is calculated to excite repugnance on the part of the Latin communities in the New World, though, after all, it should not greatly surprise those who appreciated the significance of our State Department's acquiescence in the blockading of Venezuelan exports by European powers for the purpose of extorting payment of debts due to foreign creditors. As we pointed out at the time, the Monroe Doctrine never was intended to convey to our sister Americans repugnance to the impression that they with impunity could commit acts of violence against the persons or property of foreigners. On the contrary, our Presidents have always held that reparation could be exacted for such wrongs, provided such reparation should stop short of territorial dismemberment, or of such interference with the debtor government as would seriously affect its destiny. There is, however, a vast difference between public wrongs, on the one hand, and the non-payment of debts arising out of contracts on the other. No former President has ever intimated an intention of making this country a collecting agency for ordinary debts, or of committing at such a reclamation of the indebted country's revenues as would destroy or seriously impair its power of self-subsistence and self-development. The Monroe Doctrine will never, unless we permit others to reduce a Latin American country to the condition of Egypt, because, like Egypt, it has omitted to pay its ordinary debts, be, obviously, to expose the Monroe Doctrine in an alarming way, and to an ill-illuminated extent. Yet, as Mr. PULITZER points out, this is precisely what is implied in the letter of the President which was read at the Cuban dinner. "If a man is rich," said Mr. ROOSEVELT, "don't ask him how to act with decency in industrial and political matters. If he keeps order, and pays his obligations, then it need lead no interference from the United States." The inevitable and attributed inference is that, if a Latin-American republic does not pay its obligations, then it has reason to dread interference on our part. It is unquestionably true that this is a dangerous perversion of the non-interference doctrine of JAMES MONROE.

It must not be inferred, because Mr. PULITZER believes that the principal issue of the campaign will be the expediency of entrusting the Chief Magistracy to Mr. ROOSEVELT for another term, he overlooks the importance, and even urgency, of some other matters in which the two chief parties have taken conflicting positions. On the contrary, he enumerates a number of questions, which he describes as evil, rising, and burning. For instance: Shall the tariff never be revised except with the consent, and under the direction of its beneficiaries, or, in other words, by "the friends of its abuses, its extensions, and its discriminations"; or shall it be revised in a judicial spirit by "the friends of the masses, and for the common good"? Again, shall the corruptness, based on a long lease of power—as exemplified in the half-dressed postal frauds, in the land-office scandals in the pension abuses, in the sales of offices and the negotiation of corrupt public contracts by United States Senators DUFFIN and ST. JOHN, and in the recognition by the Executive of notorious corruptors and professional rogues—be condoned and excused, or shall the corruptness be perpetuated by the unrelenting effort against the "so-called" "benighted assimilation" in the Philippines, until it is too late to withdraw from that adventure in Asiatic colonization, and until the hybrid and irreparably alien natives of those islands shall be incorporated into our body politic, to cast the die in our national elections, as did the delegate from Hawaii at Kansas City in 1890? There are at least three out of ten questions, every one of which Mr. PULITZER would press home.

It is, as we began by saying, unnecessary to accept the premises, or to assent to the conclusions, of Mr. PULITZER's open letter. In order to appreciate the singular inanity and repugnance with which he has undertaken to state the case for the Democratic party

The Georgia Atrocity and some Excuses Offered for It

THE burning at the stake in Statesboro, Georgia, of two negroes who had just been convicted of murder, and sentenced to be hanged on September 9, has excited a great deal of discussion, because Georgia has been regarded as one of the most law-abiding of the American commonwealths south of the Potomac, and one of the least likely to tolerate the violent expression of courts of justice by a mob. Yet the facts as reported seem to demonstrate that the seizure and burning of the criminals were viewed with a sympathy, not only by many of the most respected white men in the community, but by the sheriff himself, whose duty it was to protect the negroes, and by the militia, who had been summoned to the support of the civil authorities. That the majority of the white people in the neighborhood should have been wrought to fury by the hideous nature of the crime is conceivable. Not only had a farmer, his wife (who had been previously assaulted), and their children been murdered and burned, but a belief was current in the existence of a conspiracy on the part of the blacks to kill all the whites in outlying farmhouses throughout the district. So far as the lynchers themselves were concerned, they seem to have been driven by terror to the perpetration of retributive atrocities. From this point of view they seem less culpable than the sheriff and his aids, who are said openly to have expressed approval of the purpose of the mob; and much less guilty than the military authorities, who, although they went through the formality of despatching militia to reinforce the guardians of the jail, ordered the soldiers not to shoot to kill, and took precautions to assure compliance with the order by serving out to them blank cartridges. Under the circumstances, the pretence of upholding the law was a mockery, and the officials who are responsible for the virtual connivance of the militia in the acts of the lynchers deserve the severest reprobation. It is they, rather than the lynchers, that have gravely weakened Georgia's claim to rank among highly civilized communities.

Attempts have been made to excuse the practical complicity of the sheriff and of his posse, and of the officers commanding the militia, in an act of savagery which must be held by all true friends of Georgia to have disgraced the State. It is pleaded on their behalf that, although a death sentence had been duly and promptly imposed upon the heinous criminals in the murders, the sentence was deemed inadequate, since it merely condemned the murderers to meet in a few seconds, and almost anonymously, an end which came to their victims only after hours of the most harrowing suffering. It is further alleged that, in the eyes of the civil and military authorities, as well as in those of the lynchers, the execution of the sentence, which had been fixed for September 9, was by no means assured. In the one hand, a pardon might be granted, while, on the other, recourse might be made to a court of appeals. There would have been some ground for such an apprehension in Delaware and in more than one other Southern State, where the death-punishment for rape and murder has been postponed, and even averted, by legal proceedings. In the Southern States, however, and especially in Georgia, there was not an atom of foundation for a doubt of the kind. There was not a man among the lynchers at Statesboro who did not know that the negro murderers would be hanged on the day named in the sentence. There is, we repeat, in Southern communities, and particularly in Georgia, absolutely no basis for the assertion that recourse is made to lynching because otherwise the crimes committed by negroes on white men and white women might go "unwhipped of justice."

A more ingenious defender of the Statesboro horror is put forth by a newspaper correspondent, who says that, although himself of Northern birth and education, he has learned, by a personal investigation of the state of things in every Southern State, to view the point of view from which lynching and the resort to "cruel and unusual punishment" is justified by many Southern whites. He avers that in Southern agricultural communities—the population of the Southern States is mainly agricultural—the execution of a negro by due process of law does not operate as a deterrent. Most of the farms are remote from towns, and, as the negro agricultural laborers do not read the newspapers, judicial proceedings are rarely talked about, or even heard of, outside of the county town in which they take place. It is alleged, moreover, to be a matter of common observation that, even when they hear of the proceedings, the conviction and execution of a criminal by due process of law has little deterrent effect upon the minds of negroes. They are not impressed, much less terrified, by the judicial mode of punishment. It is, according to the newspaper correspondent, because the Southern whites are keenly alive to the failures of the ordinary machinery of justice to act as a deterrent, that they have arrived at the conviction that some awful and unusual punishment must be meted out to the colored criminal in order that the "word may go on," and the negro heart be struck with terror. Nothing, we are told, approaches the effect that is produced upon the negroes by burning at the stake. The spectacle makes an ap-

pealing an impression that the report of it is transmitted by word of mouth over a whole State, and far beyond its borders, with the result that thousands of blacks, who may have been up to the perpetration of crime, are frightened into submission.

If it were true that the negro mind is so constituted that it was only be impressed by "cruel and unusual punishment," such a state of things might constitute an argument for changing the State Constitution of Georgia and other Southern commonwealths, and for reverting to the penal regime which existed in many parts of Europe in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and even eighteenth centuries, when torturing and burning at the stake were legal. It would not justify the white citizens of Statesboro or any other Southern community in setting themselves above the law.

Unless, moreover, the mental constitution of the negro is essentially different from that of the whites, it cannot be true that punishment must be horribly cruel in order to exercise a deterrent effect. So far as white peoples are concerned, the students of penal law are unanimously agreed that terrible punishments, like torturing and burning at the stake, instead of extinguishing, inflame savage and criminal instincts. By the passions which they excite they propagate, rather than exterminate, the criminal temperament. It was owing less to humanitarian motives than to the conviction that cruelty had egregiously failed to operate as a deterrent that the reformers of criminal law in almost all European countries concurred in forbidding a resort to the rack or to other instruments of torture toward the close of the eighteenth and in the early years of the nineteenth century. That the calculations of the reformers were well founded has been proved by criminal statistics. Relatively to the population, atrocious crimes are now incomparably fewer than they were when such officers were punished with commensurate severity.

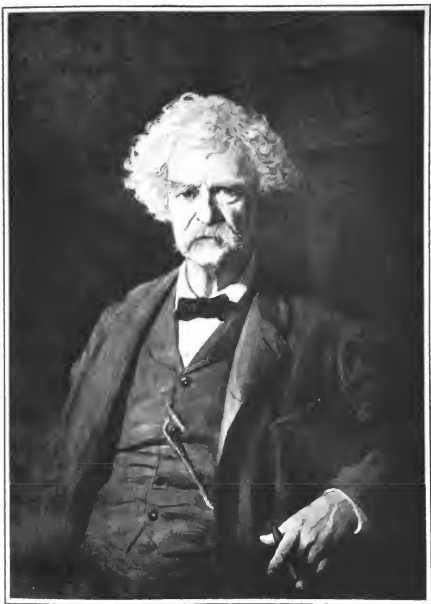
Once more: though it should be admitted, for the sake of argument, that the burning of a criminal at the stake produces upon the negro mind an effect otherwise unattainable, can Southern whites afford to compass such an effect at the cost of renouncing their own race to savagery? Can they afford to revive in their selves and their descendants those instincts of ferocity which the age-long process of civilization has aimed to eradicate? The ostensible purpose of lynchings is to teach negroes to restrain their brutish impulses. Is it by precept and example that such teaching is administered when the whites themselves revert to brutality and the lust for blood?

A Subject Neglected by Our Colleges

WHILE the near approach of another academic year makes so many persons eager to discuss questions of equipment and the prospects for useful work "next term," we wonder if ever a single person will look in the newspapers this month to see what subjects of true seriousness of the time are reflecting day after day, and then to ask seriously: If there are one topic which more than others appears to be growing in popular interest; which is conspicuously fit to have a place in our curricula, but has not yet been provided for in any adequate manner? We have in mind especially, as far persons, those men of mark who shape the policy of our great institutions of learning from within, and men of millions who are sometimes just as potent through helpful suggestions from without, and in rare instances have the good fortune to enhance the value of their own foundations enormously, giving more in value than they give quickly in their gift to be a liberate, thoughtful response to a growing public demand in education in some new department. And as for the subject, we have in mind Latin America.

A special student in the field of Latin America is not to sit "tin to tin" to study any subject. The Germans know things about the countries below Mexico where we know none. These from Hamburg go to Buenos Ayres if you care. But say in the scientific sense the Latin American field should be made our own. A. H. (let us suppose) consults some recognized authority, putting to him this question: "What university shall I attend as a student in order to learn all that lectures and books can teach about South and Central America and the West Indies? Shall I choose Yale? Harvard?" etc. It is a shame that the state of learning in this country warrants only the unsatisfactory answer: "That's a good American question, involving a genuine American interest. But precisely at this point, where America is in special need of information, American colleges are weak."

We are tempted to enumerate at least a few of the separate news articles appearing in the daily papers at the time of this writing, all of which are strictly within this field. But in this trade in this fashion the opportunity—nay, the unavailability and—for scientific investigation might be to defeat our own purpose. We think that some of our readers will be more likely to appreciate the opportunity to apply scientific methods of study to the various topics made prominent, as though casually, by the press. If such readers do themselves more and keep the Latin American news articles published, as we have suggested above, in a single month.



**A NEW PORTRAIT OF MARK TWAIN, PAINTED BY THE
ITALIAN ARTIST E. GELLI, TO BE EXHIBITED AT
THE WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS**



Producers watching the finish of a Race



The "Bessie" Steeplechase—"Fox-hunter" leading



Mr. Stephen Sanford telling Jockey Hildebrand how to Ride a Race on "Burnt Hills"

THE END OF THE RACING SEASON AT SARATOGA—SNAP-SHOTS OF SCENES AND INCIDENTS

Saratoga's racing season, which began on August 1, ended last week. Some of the notable closing events of the meet were the winning of the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap by "Holly Rascal" in which she defeated "Africander" and "Lord of the Vale,"—and the winning of the mile-and-three-sixteenths handicap by "Africander," the winner of the 1905 stakes. The photographs are snap-shots taken recently at the spa, and show some interesting phases of the racing days of the season.

Photographs by Proctor



Members of the Philippine Commission

Secretary Taft

United States

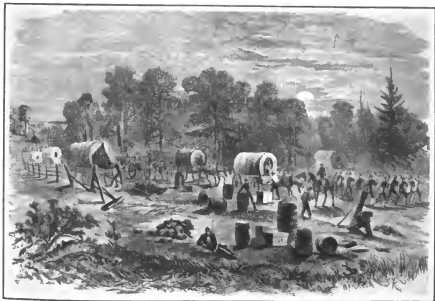
General Hall

SECRETARY TAFT, MEMBERS OF THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION, AND INVITED GUESTS, AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION ON PHILIPPINE DAY

The answering of the call of Manila was not equal to the St. Louis Exposition as a Philippine Day. The occasion was made notable by the meeting of United States generals and secretaries of the Philippine Commission, and the presence of the Philippine Commission members, Secretary Taft, General Hall, and Mr. W. P. Wilson, and Colonel Edwards. In the course of the evening Secretary Taft delivered a speech reflecting eloquently with the islands, and favoring the bill, which has already passed the House of Representatives, authorizing the Philippine government, through the commission, to guarantee five percent interest for thirty years on repaid invested in Philippine affairs.



An Illustration from "Harper's Weekly" of August 16, 1861, showing the sixty ninth Regiment, New York State Militia, charging a Confederate Battery at the Battle of Bull Run



An Illustration reproduced from "Harper's Weekly" of August 16, 1861, portraying the Retreat of Northern Troops from Bull Run by Moonlight, Colonel Hinkley's Brigade carrying the Retreat

THE ARMY MANOEUVRES AT MANASSAS—THE FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN, FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

(See page 175A.)

exact centre of the manœuvre territory at Galveston. The Massachusetts army, and the other at Thuroston will be called the blue army, and the other at Thuroston will be called the grey army, and will be called the blue army. General Grant, a son of the famous leader of the civil war, will command the blue, and General J. Franklin Bell the grey. Each of these officers won his star in the regular service in the Philippines, and was graduated from the military school at West Point some thirty years ago. While the strategic location held by the antagonists is not exactly approximate any one position held by the two armies in either of the civil war conflicts, it readily shows the two armies into the position occupied by Jackson and Pope at the beginning of the second battle of Bull Run. The blue army, under Brigadier-General F. D. Grant, U.S.A., will contain:

- 2 Companies, Headquarters, and Band, 2d Battalion U. S. Engineers.
- 8 Troops 15th U. S. Cavalry, Headquarters and Band
- 1 Troop Connecticut Cavalry, Headquarters and Band
- 2 Troops, 1st Squadron, New York Cavalry, provisional
- 23d Battery U. S. Field Artillery
- 27th Battery U. S. Field Artillery
- 1 Battery, Massachusetts Field Artillery
- Battery A, 1st Virginia Field Artillery

Pierce Brigade Brigadier-General Theodore J. West, U.S.A.
 5 Companies, Headquarters and Band, 5th U. S. Infantry
 1st Georgia Infantry, provisional
 5th Massachusetts Infantry
 20th New Jersey Infantry
 24th New York Infantry

Smith Brigade Brigadier-General Taylor H. Bliss, U.S.A.
 4 Companies, 16th U. S. Infantry
 1st Florida Infantry, provisional
 10th New York Infantry
 1st South Carolina Infantry, provisional
 1st Tennessee Infantry

Troop Brigade Colonel Butler B. Fiske, 16th U. S. Infantry
 4 Companies, Headquarters and Band, 16th U. S. Infantry
 1st Alabama Infantry, provisional
 1st Maine Infantry
 1st Texas Infantry, provisional
 7th Virginia Infantry

Forbes Brigade General Robert Ford, Connecticut National Guard.
 4 Companies, 5th U. S. Infantry
 1st Connecticut Infantry

- 2d Connecticut Infantry.
- 2d Connecticut Infantry.
- 1st Separate Company, Connecticut Infantry.

The brown army, under Brigadier-General J. Franklin Bell, U.S.A., will include:

- 1 Company, 2d Battalion U. S. Engineers.
- 2 Squadrons, Headquarters and Band, 7th U. S. Cavalry.
- 1 Squadron Georgia Cavalry, provisional, 18 Troops.
- 1 Troop Maryland Cavalry.
- 3d Battery U. S. Field Artillery.
- 4th Battery U. S. Field Artillery.
- 1 Battery, Connecticut Field Artillery.
- 1 Battery, Connecticut, machine-gun.

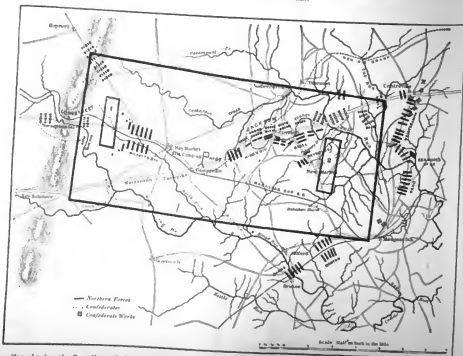
Pierce Brigade Brigadier-General J. M. Lee, U.S.A.
 5 Companies, 1st U. S. Infantry.
 2d Georgia Infantry, provisional.
 2d Maine Infantry.
 1st North Carolina Infantry.
 2d Texas Infantry.

Sevier Brigade Brigadier-General Thomas H. Barry, U.S.A.
 4 Companies, 9th U. S. Infantry.
 2d Georgia Infantry.
 8th Massachusetts Infantry.
 12th New York Infantry.
 4th New Jersey Infantry.

Troop Brigade Colonel James Rogers, 9th U. S. Infantry.
 4 Companies, Headquarters and Band, 9th U. S. Infantry.
 1st Maryland Infantry.
 8th Massachusetts Infantry.
 2d New York Infantry.
 2d Tennessee Infantry.

Forbes Brigade Colonel F. A. Smith, 9th U. S. Infantry.
 5 Companies, Headquarters and Band, 9th U. S. Infantry.
 1st Battalion Delaware Infantry, provisional.
 2d South Carolina Infantry, provisional.
 2d Vermont Infantry and Band.
 2 Battalions West Virginia Infantry, provisional.

It will be noted that the four brigades of each army will be commanded, with one exception, by officers of the regular army, and that in each brigade there is one regiment of regulars to three militia regiments. The State regiments have been separated as much as possible, and a Southern regiment has in every instance been brigaded with one from the States north of the Mason and Dixon's line.

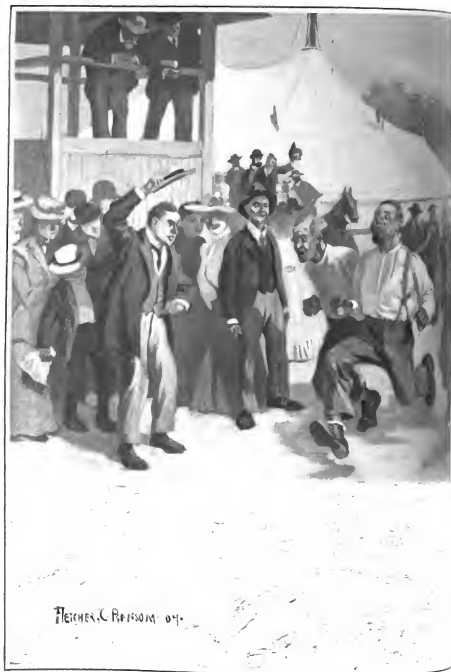


Map showing the Operations of the Northern and Confederate forces on August 28, 1862, with Addison indicating the Plan of the Army Manuevers. The outer Boundary-line on the Map indicates the retreat of the Field of Operations in the Army Manuevers. The two smaller Enclosures show (1) the situation of General Bell's Camp and (2) that of General F. D. Grant.



THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN, JULY 21, 1861, FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING IN
 "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

The reader is referred to the article on page 153 of this issue of the "Weekly" describing the place for the coming maneuvers on the Bull Run battle-field at Manassas, Virginia



Fletcher C. Robinson '04.

A CLOSE FINISH

Illustrated by C. G. C.



DESK BY FREDERICK C. BROWN

THE COUNTY FAIR

From the Presidency to the Senate

The Story told by an Eye-witness of Andrew Johnson's return to the Senate after his Impeachment Trial

By Julius Chambers

THE last hours of the Forty-third Congress were approaching—a session made historic by the enactment of the First Rights bill. Senators, as well as members of the House, were chiefly intent upon the final passage of bills in which they were personally interested.

Under such conditions, a short, broad shouldered, and aged man entered the main door of the Senate Chamber one afternoon alone. He stood, for a moment, staring around the room; then, with a sneer upon his cleanly shaven face, he walked to a sofa at the rear. Nobody appeared to know this stranger, although, obviously, he had the right to the floor, as a Congressman in a previous session. I had seen him for the first time on the preceding night at his hotel—had seen him in his shirt-sleeves, washing the dirt of travel from his face. He had given me a damp hand; but the cordiality of his greeting was unimpaired. Thereafter, I recognized the Senator-elect from Tennessee—a man who had sat in the Lower House in the forties, had presided over the Upper House, and as President of the United States, had been arraigned before the bar of this same Senate charged with high crimes and misdemeanors.

By the narrow margin of one vote he had escaped becoming the victim of a political persecution as vindictive as any since the time of Warren Hastings. This was the little man who had the entire nation by the ears in 1865—Andrew Johnson!

Senators who had voted to degrade him were present in the Chamber and in the same seats—men of unblemished will or slaves to party, not inclined to admit the prosecution of an innocent fellow mortal.

How many, such things had happened in seven years! The result of the Independent Republicans in 1872, far excoriated by the denunciations of Johnson, statesmen who so soon forgot their own intolerance.

And public opinion, too, had reversed itself. The American people had mentally effaced the Johnson who uttered wild insinuations and "smug" round the circle," but had installed in their hearts the fair and brave of him who was a sturdy, steadfast loyalist when the Federal Union needed friends.

The presence of that neglected old man at the rear of the Chamber compared up the picture of that same legislative hall on March 12, 1868, when the social and diplomatic world assembled to see the seating of a President who had become useless to his party. In that very room the menace of impeachment and eternal disgrace was confronted. The individual was prepared by seven partisans, every one of whom, remaining alive and in Congress, afterward participated in the \$1,250,000 paid from the people's purse for the perfect of "back pay." The handsome and complacent was signed by Schuyler Collier, whose character, on investigation, discredited him for passing judgment even upon a halcyon criminal. The presiding chief justice was plotting for the Presidency, assisted by a reptile fund as vile as any ever got together in France or Germany; and the names of nearly rich members of the Whiskey Ring, who supplied the money, and of the corrupted newspaper entrepreneurs, who received it, were known to the silent man. Is it strange that he was cynical?

Could he forget the ordeal base with which the case was forced to trial? Never was from given shorter sheriff! His counsel, Stanton, Black, and Evans, asked forty days to prepare the defense: they were grudgingly allowed less—two of which were Sundays.

The trial was a farce—a mockery of legal procedure. The Senate Chamber was the scene of a social carnival—like an "intellectual debauch" or "profane history." Women of high estate intruded, cooed, and fought for tickets. Ambassadors were not then accredited at this court; but the ministerial spy of every petty monarch was present to gloss over the final disgrace of a republic that had barely survived a bloody civil war. There wasn't any White House cotillion; therefore, a daughter of the chief justice and wife of a Senatorial judge monopolized the Executive box, to enjoy the humiliation of its rightful occupant. The Morgenthau-Sprague and the Caprell-Anthonys had the two social factions, and reigned at different ends of the Senate gallery. The crush was tremendous. Historians, artists, diplomats jostled one another.

The sergeant-at-arms made proclamation, as if he were parting king at arms. The respondent appeared by attorneys. He did not come in person to lend the knee before the high chief justice. He continued to scorn the Fortieth Congress!

Then the charges were read—written articles that soon amounted to two! Three sets of reports of speeches made by Johnson at Cleveland and St. Louis were read. Some of the reports agreed in text. A violation of the Tenure of Office Act was made out, because Johnson had removed Stanton, who, with Chase, was plotting against him. A very grave accusation (at the time) was Johnson's veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill—a bureau that afterwards became so corrupt that the men who had condemned Johnson abetted it. And so on, to the end. Interlarded, contentious to the counsel for the respondent, the mock trial lasted fifteen sessions. Then it took a vote on Article XI, (the kicking out of the inebriate Stanton), and the verdict was: Guilty, 33; not guilty, 18. The impeachment failed because the prosecution had not secured the requisite two-thirds.

Mr. Sumner, after rudely opposing the expression of personal opinions by Senatorial jurors, talked thirty-four pages of a report in explanation of his own vote. A calm reading to-day shows its unbecomingly opinion.

George H. Williams, afterward known as "Landauet," and denounced in disgrace by Congress, introduced five pages with the avowal: "I believe Andrew Johnson to be dangerous to the country."

The old man on the sofa reviewed these facts before he looked to a page and sent the boy to the only Senator present among the "miserable men who had voted 'Not guilty.'" The present Mr. McCreary was aware of Senator-elect Johnson's presence; he hastened to welcome him. The fine Kentucky gentleman was arrayed in immaculate brown and a waistcoat of perfect fit. The greeting was frank and hearty. The

crowds in the galleries "took notice," and the incident became the dominating one in the Chamber. The big Kentuckian towered head and shoulders over the stocky, stooping man from Tennessee. Still clasping hands, they turned and overlooked the Senators between them and the rostrum upon which Vice-President Wilson was enthroned. And Wilson had said, "Guilty!"

An eye-stroke of the Chamber showed Johnson that of the thirty-five who had condemned him thirteen were still there!

Senator Brundage, whom Johnson was to succeed, kept out of sight. The Senator-elect was not on speaking terms with his prospective colleague, Mr. Cooper, because of alleged duplicity in the legislative election at which Johnson had been defeated two years previously. Cooper said, when the news of Johnson's choice by the Tennessee Legislature reached Washington: "He is a powerful man, I know, because I beat him myself."

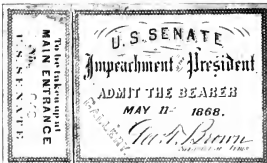
Johnson tried to appear indifferent in the galleries that were soon directed upon him from all parts of the Chamber.

Morton of Indiana had a front seat on the main aisle. A look of defiance blazed up in his face; he was the "Brain de Bois-Gallbert" of the Senate, always ready for the lists of oratory, although a cripple, he was lenient. His long, dark hair crackled with magnetism; but the stoop-shouldered man near the door didn't appear to see the "War Terminator."

The face of Mr. Anthony assumed a far-seeing look. Simon Cameron, just back from the glamour of Russian court life, began to tatter about, affecting to be unusually hoary. Mr. Cragg kept his eyes on the floor.

Mr. Edmunds, or "St. Jerome," of the press gallery, was making an objection to a railing, but, when he caught sight of the group of Democratic Senators gathering about the former President, he sharply rebuked them. In his abstraction he kicked over a lot of law books on shelves at the front of his desk. His colleague, Mr. Morrill, had a new tariff bill on his desk. Such was the prerogative of the creator of the "Moral Tariff." Senator Mor on looked over at Morrill and sneered. When asked why he had not introduced a measure, he answered: "Because Morrill thinks he looks like Charles Sumner—and he doesn't!"

Roscoe Conkling's figure was one that never could be left out of a picture. His desk was in front of that now occupied by



Forwards of the Official Card of Admission to the Senate Chamber at the Impeachment Trial of President Johnson

Stewart of Nevada. Conkling was aware of Johnson's presence, and, taking up a letter, pretended to read. In reality, he was watching out of his left eye the attention bestowed upon the rehabilitated politician.

A hush fell upon the Senate Chamber. Mr. Johnson, on the arm of McCreery, began to move toward the high altar where sat Vice-President Wilson in a chair he had reserved for a few days. Mr. Fowler appeared at the top of the centre aisle, bowed stiffly, and attended his colleague. Amid impressive silence, the three men moved down the broad steps. Johnson had grown much paler. Several of the younger members, notably Carl Schurz, rose to do honor to Johnson's former greatness—as the House of Commons uncovered to Warren Hastings on his final visit.

Mr. Fellingbush, one of "the thirteen apostles of reform," was on his knees, looking back over his shoulder. Morrill of Maine, and Ferry of Connecticut, pretended to be chatting together, and affected sympathy for the man they had condemned.

John Sherman started the next moment frankly in the rear. Their eyes met. In his glare, Johnson forgave Sherman. The two men became friends. Senator Hamble, who hadn't censured Johnson, nudged Brewster, and pointed to the ceiling. The Massachusetts man didn't appreciate that reference to his speech in the House,

during which he had descended "a hole in the sky through which alone the titans (President) could escape punishment."

In a grave and somber voice, Henry Wilson rose. To the man before him, the obligation of a United States Senator. Wilson was standing, an unusual thing for him. Was the act a tribute to the former greatness of the candidate, or an atonement for wrong? The cry of a sole recognized of irreparable injustice was shown. The scene resembled me of a jury I once saw condemn a man to death and afterward repent of its action.

When Senator Johnson was seen in the corridor, a little while after taking the oath, there were tears in his eyes, and he was walking on the arm of the sturdy McCreery.

"I feel very badly," said he, with the frankness of a child. "I would wish to shake hands with Hazard (naming the father of the Union) Senator from Delaware, Burdett of Pennsylvania, Davis of Kentucky, Boddlie of Wisconsin, Dixon of Connecticut, President of Maine, Gittins of Iowa, Fisher of Tennessee, Hon. John of Indiana, Johnson and Roberts of Maryland, Norton of Missouri, Rose of Kansas, Richard of Delaware, Trumbull of Illinois, and Van Winkle of West Virginia. I can never forget that they were steadfast when—when my own party had repudiated me and I needed friends."

Holidays in England

By Sydney Brooks

In *Democracy*, August 27, 1904.

"THERE is one word you will hear in England all the time wherever you go." It was an American who was speaking, an American who for thirty years has been an exile in England, and yet never wholly out of the outside point of view. His tone was one of dry detachment, and though we were sitting at our ease under a malberry tree in a two-hundred-year-old garden, sipping our after-dinner coffee, I do not think what he said was aimed to have a personal reference. "Yes," he went on, with quiet ease, "it is a word of universal use. You meet it among all classes in this country at every season of the year. It assumes me, and it is really immensely significant. That is the word 'holiday.' All English, sailor, spring, summer, and autumn, talking of its 'holidays.' Holiday, I ask myself, from what?" He might well ask. Judged even by the most easy-going of American standards in life in England seems pretty well all holiday, and the annual August reprieve from work is rather a calamity than an exception. Take an American, of whatever trade or profession, drop him down on England, and his first impression and his last will be: "These people do not know what work is." Everything is against him. You have to be old, a weathered, a depraved aristocracy which, while not idle, is too magnificent and too comfortable to take off its coat in earnest. You have, on a slightly lower social scale, the whole vast territorial class that lives in perfection the life of an idler, broken, if at all, by a little public activity—a seat on the agricultural bench, on the local district council, or perhaps in Parliament. You have a monarchy which, perhaps unfairly, does not enjoy the reputation of being overworked; which, at any rate, can hardly be said to set the example that might in time, if actually adhered to, stir the aristocracy from its preoccupation in elegant idleness. There grew the social tone to England. It is natural and inevitable that they should, and yet not a little curious. An interesting book might be written on the influence of the English land-owning class. Even in these days of iniquitous manufactures, when to look at a map of England is to wonder how it is possible for a landowning class even to exist, the social and political influence of that class is something more than maintained.

The influence of every successful Englishman is to have a "place" in the country, "in an old house on the square, or in a (terse) ladder; and the rest of the landed gentry are continually being recruited, more so perhaps to-day than ever before, by recruits from the industrial army. The immense utility of the English country gentleman will not be questioned by any one who really knows England. But, at the same time, it is equally undeniable that the sort of life he affects—the restless idleness as sport, the salmon stream, the grouse moor, the hunting box, the pheasant preserve, and so on—on the whole, one of more or less harmless, and often tremendous idleness, and that the well-to-do in which he lives is rarely apt to regard him as an example of strenuousness. The "country" everywhere stands for leisure; and so long as the country gentleman represents the supreme object of an Englishman's ambition and his social ideal, so long will England be leisurely.

Amis, in an old and stable land, with social standards as fixed as the social functions, and governed by a monarchy, the convention upon an enormous part of the conventions in England are all against hard work. It is the leisure class that rules, that makes up society, that holds all the positions most actively coveted. A sort of "Pony Club" atmosphere permeates England. In America one gets a whiff of it on Fifth Avenue and at Newport, but in England one is never away from it. The number of things, let me state, that a "gentleman" cannot do without being social ready is, in England, as prodigious as in form, if I may borrow a phrase from the present local controversy, almost a whole of forbidden industries. There are some trades and professions that are "respectable," and those that are not. It is an Englishman

knows which is which, why a doctor ranks socially above a dentist, why the man who sells should be irretrievably below the man who manufactures—and he, the Englishman, knows it by an instinct which is born in him and which he never examines, and so cannot define. Any one who can tell why the merchant should consider himself, and be considered by others, the social superior of the biggest storekeeper in the kingdom, will be well on the way towards understanding England. The daughter of a wealthy manufacturer's brother marries the owner of the largest dry-goods store in London. Why should she be thought and spoken of as having married a little, though only a little, beneath her? Personally, I do not know. I merely observe, without attempting an explanation, that the man in the whole-sale business is never looked up to than the man in the retail business, that while the former is not averse from talking about his affairs, the latter is only too anxious to "sink the shop," and that social position in England is regulated by a sort of perfectly factitious and conventional considerations more readily left than expressed. Such gradations exist, of course, to some extent everywhere, but nowhere are they so stereotyped, nowhere do they strike so deeply, as in England. I have never yet been able to discover as an Englishman who had not the social privilege of despising some other Englishman, and the lower one penetrates in the social scale the more complex and mysterious and the more rigidly defined do these lines of demarcation become. The point is that throughout England the sense of the nobility of work for its own sake. If not actually lost, has become so confused by the intrusion of quite alien factors that the sphere of action open to a young man of whatever rank is sensibly dream-work. The country, while democratic in form, is not democratic in spirit. It has not accepted, and does not subscribe to, that gospel of work which lies at the root of American strength. American sense, American democracy. Any one who has looked into English trade-unionism must have realized how largely it is mixed up with class-spirit. The working man who knows that his employer drives down to the office at half past ten, takes a couple of hours for lunch, is home again shortly after five, and thanks himself somewhat of a "basher" if he is content with three months' holiday in the year, is not likely to have a keen appreciation of the dignity of labor. His ideal inevitably becomes that of doing as little as he can, of stringing to repudiate on his own plane his employer's mode of life, and of regarding his own as a palatable interruption of the real business of existence. Hence the "easy money" policy of English trade unionism.

Moreover, there is not in England that buoyant and pervasive hope, that sense of magnitude and palpable achievement that animates America. England is overworked to an extent hardly to be realized by those who have not raised some corner of the curtain themselves and seen with their own eyes the really ghastly struggle that is being fought out behind the smiling, conventional externals of English life. Congestion and convulsions combine to make the young man without wealth or influence work out the best part of his life in a barren apprenticeship that to an outsider seems little less than a life of misery. The young man's career is not fully open to talent. The prospect of material betterment, so near and shining to the young American, is dim and distant to the young Englishman. A sort of desperate resignation comes over this country, and there are subtle obvious tendencies that encourage rather than defeat it. I thought of this in a sympathetic of England when, being in a town of seven or eight thousand inhabitants the other afternoon, I tried and failed to buy a golfing rag. The reason was that it was Thursday afternoon, and Thursday is that particular town is "early-closing" day, and early-closing day means that at two o'clock in the afternoon every shop is closed and business at an end. Empirically one can see here, that the thing that is every Thursday afternoon and declining of any figure to sell a golfing rag will stay with me as something intensely English. I sympathize with

my American friend's query, "Holiday from what?" England is a park, and there are many millions, too many millions, of Englishmen who would like nothing better than to be park-keepers. We have done nothing to deserve a holiday, and yet we always take one. When the schools break up and August strikes, London is a mere dissolving view. An ascending ray could not force its way through the multitudinous exodus of holiday-seekers. Indeed, in some ways I rank August and September as the most distress-

ing months in the Englishman's year. He goes on walking tour like a Fury; he fishes, golfs, plays cricket, runs and shoots, with real and tingling energy; he makes excursions with a red in the face into making money; he inspects antiquaries with his nose; he would not dream of waiting on a day-book, and he endures the agonies of one-sided holdings with infinite patience and stoicism. On a holiday he is a genuine "hustler." It is only in his less hours that he rests.

Shall College Athletics be Endowed?

By William R. Harper

President of the University of Chicago

THE endowment of college athletics has been proposed. The authorities of at least three of the largest universities in the West have given consideration to the proposition. In fact, it is still being considered. No one's eyes are blind to the difficulties which it involves. Further study of it may prove conclusively that as a practical suggestion it has no value, but until that decision is reached it is surely deserving of earnest study, as a possible solution of some of the difficulties common with one of the serious and instructive problems of higher education—that of intercollegiate athletics.

It may be urged against the proposition that colleges to-day stand in greater need of endowment for other subjects. With the various departments of science and the humanities requiring far larger resources, why should money be diverted to college athletics? It is only necessary to study the subject to appreciate its force, that is to say, to begin the question to use the word "disert." The endowment of athletics will come, if it comes at all, from men who would never think, perhaps, of giving money for the endowment of a department of science, or one of the departments of arts and literature. This point should not be overlooked. Besides, if the department of physical culture, of which athletics is only a department, is worthy to be one of the departments in an institution of higher learning, is it not as deserving of endowment as any other department?

It is suggested, however, that the public is quite ready to pay the expenses of the athletic teams by the purchase of tickets at the gate. Why, then, should they not have this privilege? It is certainly possible in the case of this department, if it is to be reckoned as one of the university departments, to secure its support in this way from the masses. The peculiar advantage of this fact should not be ignored; and as long as the public is willing to perform this service should they not be permitted to do so? The force of this objection, however, is somewhat counterbalanced by the fact, as will be noted later, that other points in contention are the uncertainty of this kind support, and, still worse, the degradation which it carries with it. Shall the university depend for support on the purchase of tickets? Is it a crowd, a large proportion of which treats the game as it would treat the race-course, and patronizes it because of the opportunity which it furnishes for gambling? Shall a higher institution of learning enter thus to the lowest passions of the multitudes?

If it be true, as has been urged, that tickets must be distributed according to some plan, is it possible to devise a better or more economical plan than that now in vogue? Here, again, there is danger of losing sight of the fact that by the present plan, in accordance with which a high price is placed upon tickets of admission, many members of the faculty and still larger numbers of the student body are actually prevented from attending the games because of their inability to meet the exorbitant charges. At tender upon the athletic games throughout a single year in a certain institution is a cost of less than their department. This sum of money is a very serious matter for a large proportion of the students. A plan which would permit the presentation of free tickets for all games to members of the faculty and to all students would contribute largely to a stronger and higher institutional spirit, and, at the same time, be of financial advantage to those who need help.

The most serious objection to the suggestion thus far offered is, perhaps, the charge that such a policy would develop still further that unhealthy spirit of paternalism; for would it not almost entirely remove responsibility from the students themselves, and make the management of the athletic interests a perfunctory thing so far as student activity is concerned? One might ask two questions: If the student management of athletics has been so thoroughly satisfactory, and if it has contributed so greatly to the legitimate education of the student body, why is the tendency of recent years so strongly in the direction of substituting for it a more or less definite faculty control? And, furthermore, if it is distinctly to the advantage of the student body to be admitted in a substantial way to the control and direction of the college affairs, why should the principle not be carried still further and the control and management of other college interests be placed in student hands? Is there really any considerable danger of so great an increase in the development of paternalism as will prove a serious menace to the best interests of the colleges? This frequent raising of the bugbear of paternalism, in connection with every college question that comes up for discussion, tends to weaken the force of the cry, especially in this much as the freedom today accorded the student body of the

larger institutions is greater than ever before. If a careful examination were made of all the facts, it would probably be found greater than the best interests of the student body really demand.

An important difficulty, of course, lies in the fact that it would be impossible to secure continuity of policy in any large number of universities. Some might be able to secure such an endowment, while others could not. But would this, after all, be severe? There is great diversity in the endowment of institutions in other departments, which should naturally be necessary in this case; but could not those institutions which are closely related to athletic work have a common fund, the weaker in this case receiving some advantage from the stronger? Co-operation of this kind would surely tend to develop an institutional spirit which is well nigh if not distinct advantage to other educational interests. It is apparent, therefore, that many difficulties lie in the way of realization of any such plan as that which has been suggested, but it may be worth while to note in passing a few of the points which are urged in favor of the policy.

If college athletics were endowed, and the same precautions taken in reference to the expenditure of money which controls in other departments, the actual cost of athletics would be greatly reduced. Some believe that this saving would amount to 25 per cent. of the total sum expended. No one doubts that the saving would be considerable. This statement does not imply that at present there is any gross indiscrimination. It means simply that with the elimination of certain wastes, the strict control of expenses, the more definite knowledge of resources, a real improvement would be effected in the financial administration of the work. We do not intend to reveal that the average expense of a year of single institutions ranges from \$25,000 a year to more than \$100,000, it can easily be understood that, at all events, there is a field for the practice of economy.

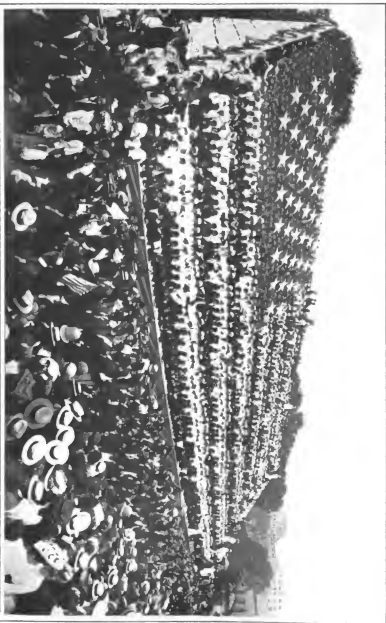
It is contended, moreover, that this policy would remove a large measure of that element of illegality which is now recognized as illegitimate. That this element exists in the East as well as in the West, no one can doubt, after the recent disclosures in connection with the difficulties at Brown University. The adoption of this new policy, many believe, would take away the incentive for concentration on the illegitimate side of athletics. The rivalry between institutions would be less intense. The contests would be lifted to a higher level. The sport would become in a true sense a gentleman's sport. The necessity of securing large returns from games and other enterprises before fostered by the athletic management for the sake of financial success would no longer exist. In brief, the character of the game would be transformed. The evils so manifest today may be traced, in nearly every case, to the financial side. Change the policy and the character of the game will change.

As has already been suggested, the claim is put forward that the work in athletics is a part of the work in physical culture, and that since the department of physical culture is a regularly recognized department in many institutions, coordinate with other departments of the university, it is equally proper that it should occupy the same position in its various subdepartments that is made for other subjects included in the schedule of the university. So long as the most conspicuous work of the department of physical culture is dependent for its support upon gate receipts it probably can never occupy the highest and dignified place which should be accorded it. If the athletic work of the department is not of sufficient value to the department, to the men, and to the institution concerned to warrant its support in a legitimate fashion, this work should immediately be given up. The evils which are associated with athletics, as now administered, are so many that thus being research upon this department, and, indeed, upon the cause of higher education itself. Reorganization of the athletic work, or its discontinuance, is demanded by public opinion as well as by the university.

Why, then, should the statement be made that if the adoption of this policy would bring about the changes that are predicted by its advocates, the endowment of athletics would be fully worth the cost involved. To dignify that which today is confessedly a cause of disgrace and reproach to the college authorities is to remove the incentive which is strong as to lead to illegitimate and immoral representations; to minimize, at all events, the rivalry in institutions which in so many cases has proved to be injurious in lifting the cause of higher physical education in a place as doing, if it can be done even at great cost.

But how is it possible to accomplish this? The most ardent advocates of the policy will concede at once that the charge, if

(Continued on page 1367.)



THE "LIVING FLAG" AT THE G. A. R. CELEBRATION IN BOSTON, AUGUST 16

The principal event of the event of G. A. R. celebrating in Boston was the great parade of August 16, when 25,000 veterans of the civil war marched in review before a gathering of the veterans was the "Living Flag," composed of 2000 soldiers dressed in red, white, and blue uniforms, and acted together on a grand stand. The parade was reviewed by Governor Bulfinch, Senator Henry Faber Lodge, and other distinguished spectators.

left; the dog quivered, took a stiff step forward, halted, crept on, such he felt, working toward the left.

After a moment's useless advance I felt that we had to do with a wily old cock-grouse; and we had. But the sophisticated Dan'l was his match, cutting the invisible bird from the swamp toward which he was plainly heading, keeping him to the uplings and the rising ground of the ridge. Twice again the cock halted, twice the dog froze stiff; but we went forward in vain, the cunning veteran refusing to flush. Then, without warning, a grouse sprang up to my left, and I dropped him with the second barrel. The rear of Charlie's muzzle-loader echoed my fusillade, and a big whirling cock-grouse collapsed in midair, and drove downward, bounding on the springy bruses as he struck.

"Not that frog," said Charlie. "Don't an' see we seen that trick too often. Good shot, sir. That's a this year bird you got."

I was excited; the strain of trailing the old cock had told on me; and I remember that I laughed aloud and talked a great deal and patted Dan'l and praised him while we drew our birds for his benefit.

Charlie grinned. "That sounds good," he said. "I kind of like to hear you laugh an' talk an' carry on. He done it. It's

"Don't I?" he rejoined, with a leer.

He certainly did. Dan'l, no longer working close, sailed off into the wind, cutting that upland into slices, and, before I could realize it, he was crawling after a retreating and unseen covey which led away toward a villainous liver-billed swamp on the edge of the woods. We came up just in time for a long shot as the covey, a rattling big one, flushed wild and drove forward. I missed it; I did the shots, firing first into the trees and the second at a single bird; Charlie's long gun cracked, leaving the covey fresh sight as a white cloud of smoke. He did not employ the second barrel, saying that we had our first from that bevy. And that was true.

And so, carrying a pretty bunch of game, which Charlie treasured on me in spite of protest, I took the train at dark for Manhattan. It was a pleasant lesson in many things; it is pleasant to remember; it is pleasant still to know that my friend, Charlie, cherishes a souvenir of that day with something approaching the affection with which he fondles the beautiful hammerless gun which he does not use. As for Dan'l, he wears a very gorgeous collar of solid silver, which, I fear, he regards with more toleration than gratitude.



The rear of Charlie's muzzle-loader echoed my fusillade

real variable to hear you laugh. To hell with a man what can't laugh when he gets a old cock like this!"

Then he gravely pocketed his bird and mine, rebounded the long brown loading piece, and flung it upon his shoulder.

"That's all, sir. We have our limit on this ridge."

I acquiesced gladly; and, side by side, we tramped back through the pathless thickets. Dan'l at head, while Charlie talked of the old days when his city friend was alive. We hugged two cotton-tails at the thicket's edge, Dan'l retrieving with a sneeze of dislike.

"He won't touch woodcock or snipe," observed Charlie. "Some dogs in that way, you know, sir. If kind of sickless 'em, I guess, though they stand 'em all right an' stand. It's all I can do to make him bring in a rabbit."

"It seems strange to think of grouse, woodcock, snipe, and rabbits in the suburbs of New York," I said.

"Good safe spot for 'em," he chuckled. "There's more than that here, too. An' as you're my friend, an' as you kind of favor me, I'm going to fix it for you so you can have one more shot."

With that Dan'l was set forward into a stretch of rolling upland set with low bunches of brambles, scrub oak, and frost-killed weeds.

"You don't mean quail?" I exclaimed

Recently, an eminent naturalist told me that in his country place, where he permits no shooting, wild creatures are returning, and flourishing in the leafy sanctuary. Among other game birds, the tufted grouse resuscitated; and, unfortunately, was almost exterminated through overprotection.

It occurred in this way: the naturalist built a high wire fence around his preserve; the grouse, flying by night in their headlong fashion, came into violent collision with the fence. Some he found hung up, heads caught in the wire meshes; others were killed outright. It was a sad ending for the creatures which he had tried so hard to protect.

I have seen the same thing in other parts of the country. A month or two ago I found a dead grouse under the window, squinting as though prepared for flight. Not a feather was ruffled, not a scratch appeared, and indeed for a time I stood watching the bird, expecting to see it stir up and fly away, an absolutely natural did it appear. But there could be little doubt about the manner of its death—a lightning head-on collision with the side of the house.

Twice, in my experience, I have known of ruffed grouse flying through windows and falling stunned to the floor. This is, I believe, not an unusual incident, though, personally, I have witnessed it but twice.

Correspondence

WAR PICTURES

New York, August 10, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—In the issue of *Harper's Weekly* dated August 13, 1904, that paper publishes, on pages 22 and 23, three pictures, one of them, "Japanese Fighting in the South," was published in a *Publicist* of April 23, 1904; the second, "The Russian Account," was published in a *Publicist* of March 20, 1904, and the third, "Stragglers in Fear of Japanese Army," was published in a *Publicist* of May 7, 1904.

These are the "latest" from the front, according to *Publicist's* way of printing pictures twice and fading the public.

In the issue of *Publicist's Weekly* of March 26, 1904, there is a picture of the Russian battle-ship *Chester*, launched which is written "Sunk February 1904." Its loss from the daily papers the *Chester* escaped from Port Arthur August 10.

This is an example of "correct news." We think it would be proper to execute *Publicist's* for giving such false information.

I am, sir,

WILLIAM J. BELLER

327 East Fifty-first Street, New York city.

[We cannot comply with this request; we never criticize our neighbors for making errors that are not useful. Editors would have to be more than human to avoid being misquoted upon occasion. Only a few weeks ago we ourselves printed a war picture which we had every reason to believe to be genuine, and which in all probability we never should have known was spurious if Mr. Collier had not editorially directed our attention to the fact.—EDITOR WEEKLY.]

"FRANCE AND THE VATICAN"

Boston, Mass., August 12, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Will you kindly allow me to call your attention to an injustice perpetrated, unwittingly, I am sure, by one of your editorial writers in the article "France and the Vatican" in your issue of August 6, 1904. I believe the injustice founded on a total misapprehension of the causes and results of the international differences between these two powers, and because I have confidence in that spirit of fairness which shines so conspicuously over the many merits of your journal, I ask you to spare me a little space to point out the injustice and its source, and, thereby, in some slight measure, aid it in its remedy.

The editorial mentioned seems to take as an undoubted premise the proposition that the Catholic Church is a peccator upon the bounty of the French government, and that its reluctance to sever the connection is but the reluctance of the holder of a sinecure to surrender his emolument.

That this proposition is erroneous may be proved, I believe, by a glance at the text of the concordat of 1801 (le *Prat*, "Quatre Concordats," June 2, pp. 192 et seq.), the four main articles of which are as follows:

"Article 1.—The Roman Catholic and apostolic religion shall be freely exercised in France. Its worship shall be free in conformity with such regulations of the power as the government may deem necessary for public tranquility.

"Article 2.—The Holy See, in concert with the government, will arrange a new hierarchical fabric for France.

"Article 13.—His Holiness, by the power, welfare, and happy reestablishment of the Catholic religion, declares that neither he nor his successors shall meddle in any way the purchase or the confiscated church property, and consequently the pre-emption and titles to such property, and the revenues appertaining thereto, shall remain inalienable in those having juridical titles thereto.

"Article 14.—The government assures a proper salary to the bishops and prelates whose dioceses and parishes shall be included within the reorganization."

The Church organization in France, just previous to the signing of this agreement, consisted of excommunicated bishops and priests whose only religious work was the collection of their salaries, for Catholics neither read, heard, nor followed them, and non-Catholics had no desire for their ecclesiastical ministrations in any event. Yet there was then, as now, a deep religious sentiment in the hearts of a large part of the French people, and as they would have nothing to do with the Church the government had provided for them, the government decided to provide them with one with which they would have to do. But that Church was in existence, the Roman Catholic and apostolic, though its bishops had been banished and priests slain or exiled. The bishops were all inimical to Napoleon, and he restored them to their sees to reinforce his bitter enemies in positions where they could make serious trouble for him. To restore the old church organization and yet be sure that its high offices should be held by his friends was a plan which the Pope evidently thought not unreasonable, for he agreed to it and favored the resignation of all the prelates of the ancient sees of France. This agreement was recorded in articles 1 and 2. Each side gave and each side received a benefit.

But there was another matter not so easy of adjustment. The revolutionary government had seized the property of the Church and put it to its own or private uses. That property consisted of endowments for religious, charitable, and educational purposes, abbey lands, parsonages, asylums, hospitals, schools, colleges, libraries, works of art, cathedrals and churches. Much of it had been sold over and over again, and had reached the hands of numerous purchasers, and much personal property had been scattered. The total value of all this has been variously estimated at \$300,000,000.

TO RETURN TO \$1,000,000,000. To return it was impossible, to pay its equivalent in cash would have bankrupted the government at that day, and to propose either would have ended all hope of a rearrangement. As a method of bridging the debt Napoleon agreed to the terms of Article 14, and the Pope, on his part, agreed to Article 13. The clergy, then, represented under this agreement, no property, no more "state functionaries" than the holder of a United States bond is a public official.

The problem before the Vatican and France today is to terminate this treaty made between the Church and Napoleon. If the Church would demand the severance of relations, if the property should be restored and complete liberty given to her, it seems to me to be demonstrated by the willingness she should to the separation of church and state in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. If France were as fair-dealing as the United States it would take but a slight time to settle the question by dividing to the Church property similar to that so freely turned over to her in our own possessions. If the state felt that the property, or any part thereof, was necessary to her welfare it would be no more difficult for France to get it fairly than it was for the United States to get fairly the lands of the friars. If France will not do this why should she continue to pay the amount so long carried in the budget of public worship? It is but the payment of a just debt, for the government of France has no moral right to take that property without recompense than the State of New York has to take the property of Trinity Church corporation, or than the national government has to take the pennies which will be dropped in the contribution boxes of the churches of Washington city next Sunday.

But beyond the question of property, the Church would keep even her right to her own priests. The French government would let her depart in peace. But that a really free church is the last thing intended by MM. Combes et al., is shown by the personnel of the commission appointed to draw up a law for the government of the Church, and the terms of the measure so far as considered. Not a Catholic on the commission, and even a moderate republican, even a man an avowed lover of the Church, and the most of them acknowledged atheists, and the draft of the bill, which is under consideration, makes farcical any claim the church has to the right to foster religion in France. And as Mr. Combes is not the most extreme of the laity, it is more than probable that the bill, when it comes forth from their hands, will be more drastic still. At any rate, it will not be any milder, and as the bill is reported so will it be passed.

Under these circumstances it is surprising that the Church is reluctant to change her present status, unpleasant as it is, and endure conditions much worse, slavery after robbery, or turn to the government of her country and do battle against all the forces France can bring to bear against her? And does it not appear that the Church of France is so much weaker than the post-sapped creature your editorial seems to imply?

And last; Bishops Gray and Le Nord were not summoned to Rome because of their refusal to a circular from the Pope. Such a circular has not been sent. Bishop Gray is charged with "flagrant immorality" and Bishop Le Nord with neglect of his episcopal duties. I am, sir,

MATTHEW HARR.

APPROVAL

San Marcos, Texas, August 10, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Permit me to express my appreciation of the health to which HARPER'S WEEKLY has attained under its present editor ship.

A few years ago more, in my knowledge, read it because it was a strong and ably edited paper that gave us things from an entirely different point of view than most of the papers of the time. There were among the many we were vitally interested in and read something of we read that we might see another point of view, or with which we disagreed perhaps, but were glad to hear that on such a typical New-Yorker, broad with the narrowness of Fifth Avenue.

Now we see all the questions of the day, those that concern Texas as well as New York, discussed with an insight and breadth of view that is the ideal for a paper of the WEEKLY's circulation and influence.

In all sections and all opinions are treated as they should be fairly and justly. Its opinions seem to be that happy medium that embodies justice in North, South, East, and West.

At least one Southern man has discovered his subscription because the paper was "so partisan and unfair"; now he can go back to his old pleasure in reading its pages carefully each week.

I am, sir,

COLEMAN YOUNG.

"ANNIVERSARIES"

New Orleans, La., August 8, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Permit me to express the profound pleasure and high admiration with which I have read the article entitled "Anniversaries," in your latest issue. The weight of the thought and the perfection of the English make it a model for editorial writers. I shall be much obliged if you will convey my appreciation to the author.

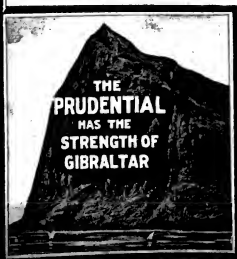
I am, sir,

ARTHUR PHILIPS.

President and Associate Editor New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY

GEORGE HARVING



HARPER & BROTHERS

NEW YORK

A Ladder of Swords

BY

GILBERT PARKER

Author of "The Right of Way"



"SHE SCANNED THE SEA"

*Illustrated
by the
Kinneys*

*Post 8vo
Cloth
\$1.50*

IN wholly different vein from the author's last novel, "The Right of Way," comes this exquisite romance, delightful in conception, swift and compelling in interest, and written in the finished style of this great novelist. The story recounts the love of two Huguenot refugees and their fugitive life on the island of Jersey in the British Channel. Later the scene changes to England, where exciting intrigue and startling situations in the palace of Queen Elizabeth result in repeated dangers for the faithful lovers, but they finally escape the hazardous favor of the great queen and are united. The scenes on the island of Jersey are of idyllic freshness and beauty, and in the Seigneur of Rozel, the lord of the island, the author has produced a character of delightful humor and braggadocio. It is a thoroughly rounded, satisfying story, written with brilliancy and charm of style.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLVIII

New York, Saturday, September 10, 1904

No. 349

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HENRY JAMES

Henry James, the distinguished novelist, arrived in New York on August 30. It is his first visit to America for twenty-two years.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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No. 2499

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

PLATFORM: NO HUMERUS

The *Herald*, for whose ability as a forecaster we have profound respect, apprehends a political revolution in the forthcoming election. "To the cool, independent observer," it declares, "the restless tide of popular sentiment seems to be turning distinctly Parkerward, with indications that the reaction which has set in will steadily grow until November 8 and meantime will be strengthened by the logic of events. 'Revolutions,' said WENDELL PHILLIPS, 'are not made; they come.' This is eminently true of our powerful political upheavals, which no human forces can stay, and when they do come they always surprise the party in power as much as the authorities of Martinique were surprised by the fatal eruption of Mount Pelée." We must admit our inability to perceive the signs of this particular eruption. If any Republicans are going to vote for Judge PARKER they are extremely shy in betraying their intention; personally, we have not heard of a sufficient number to carry an election precinct. Of course, if all members of both parties vote straight we shall have only the satisfaction of discovering whether there are more Republicans than Democrats in the country—but that never quite happens.

Our present, practical diagnosis of the situation is that the chief danger to the Republican ticket lies in the big campaign funds utilized successfully by Mr. HANNA in 1896 and 1900. Each year more than five millions of dollars were raised and expended. A good many of these dollars went, of course, for literature, clerical and oratorical expenses, etc., but a very fair percentage must have gone to "workers." There is no such direct vote-buying nowadays as there was when Indiana was split up into blocks of five, but there is no doubt that many, many thousands of tried and true citizens, who incidentally have the privilege of voting, were paid pretty liberally for the time they gave in the service of the Republican management in 1896 and 1900. Now every politician is aware to the danger of suddenly withdrawing rations previously supplied to this class of mercenaries. Resentment but mildly expresses their sentiment; revenge takes possession of their hearts, and is supplemented by a very practical determination to "teach 'em a lesson." How large the class in this year cannot be estimated with accuracy by one not in possession of the private records of the recent campaigns, but it is pretty big and it is confined within the borders of States where every vote counts. There are two reasons why we consider that in this condition lies the chief menace to Republican prospects. One is that there exists no common peril making possible the raising of so great a fund, and the other is that Mr. CORTYLAND would not know what to do with it if he had it. Moreover, we do honestly believe that both he and his chief would rather be beaten than profit by unwholesome agencies. So there you are!

The announcement of DAVID BENNETT HILL that he will celebrate New-year's day by shaking the dust of politics from his tired feet is the most satisfying bit of news yet recorded in the campaign. "Important—if true," is the comment of all the Republican and many of the independent papers. To this we say that in the event of Republican success, it is of very little importance whether true or not, and that in the event of Democratic victory, it will be found to be true, at least, so far as his getting a place in the cabinet is concerned. In connection with many others, we do not regard with undue seriousness any assertion made by Uncle DAVIS for political purposes. But when he made this declaration, he committed not only himself, but Judge PARKER, who could not fail to recognize it as sincere and final without confessing that he had accepted an election under false pretenses. Nobody knows better than he that thousands of votes which he may now obtain would be counted against him if the belief became general that Mr. HILL would be a conspicuous firm in his administration. Consequently there need be no alarm at the possibility of being duped by Uncle DAVIS. A moral obligation is as binding upon Judge PARKER as a pledge legally enforceable, and the people may depend upon it that he will keep faith.

But why did Mr. HILL make the announcement? And why doesn't he get out now? Answers to these questions are more readily found than some pretend to believe. He declared his intention to withdraw because his receptive attitude, coupled with his activity in the canvass, was seriously injuring the chances of the candidate. Primarily we are pleased to think this was his motive. But that was not all. Mr. HILL does not forsake politics because he wants to do so. The plain, brutal fact is that the newspapers forced him to announce his withdrawal. He could not fail to do so without convincing even the Judge, who is the most blunt of men, that he was even more selfish than reputed to be. And he was tired. Ever since he left the Senate he has done nothing but blunder. His acceptance of the nomination for Governor under the honest belief that he would be elected, his unmentioning of COLTON instead of PARKER, upon a government-grabbing platform, his attempt to bury the famous telegram, his reckless denunciation of Mr. ROOSEVELT as "a fraud"—each and all of these acts evoked a storm of condemnation that culminated in the necessity of seeking shelter. He has nobody to blame but himself. A shrewd man of really notable intellectual capacity, of tireless energy and vast experience, he might have attained one of the highest, if not indeed the very highest, of positions within range of his ambition but for one fatal defect. He never in his life had an honest conviction. Policy, not principle, has been his guiding star from the day he entered public life. By working incessantly while others rested or slept he made slight progress, but the better he became known the more he was distrusted, until at last even he realized that the people knew him for what he was and that further striving would be hopeless. So he drops by the wayside, rightfully disappointed—a living example to the youth of the nation of the unwisdom of insincerity and deceit. He postpones the date of his withdrawal, let us mercifully hope, because he thinks he can render good service in the canvass of his friend, but as we fear we must believe, in consequence with the traditional determination of discredited politicians never to withdraw "under fire," never to recognize the fact that after all is said and done, public opinion is the only ruler that American people have yet acknowledged.

Uncle DAVIS's asinine denunciation of Mr. ROOSEVELT as "a fraud" because of his presumed departure from McKinley policies has, nevertheless, stirred up some of the PARKER papers to an examination of records as viewed in the light of the President's first public utterance in Buffalo. Time was when one had only to pick up any stray copy of the *San Francisco* to refresh his memory respecting the precise terms of that pledge. But Mr. LAFAYETTE is busy with other things now and we have to turn over the files. This is what Mr. ROOSEVELT said when he took the oath of office on Saturday, September 14, 1901:

In this hour of our terrible national bereavement, I wish to say that I shall carry out, absolutely unbroken, the policy of President

McKinley for the peace, the prosperity, and honor of our beloved country.

It was strong language. We thought at the time that the words "absolutely unbroken" were unnecessary and might give rise to misinterpretation. But the country required the assurance and it was given with characteristic emphasis. How well the pledge has been kept is wholly a matter of opinion. Methods change necessarily with conditions, and nobody can tell how Mr. McKinley, who he lived, would have tried to solve the problems that have beset Mr. Roosevelt. Probably everybody will admit that he would have dealt with the South in a different way; how much further he would have pushed his reciprocity idea in view of the difficulty of obtaining even the Cuban concession is wholly speculative; that he would have pursued the original and daring course of his successor in settling the coal strike we can hardly believe; whether he would have attacked the Northern Security merger to the exclusion of other combinations is a question perhaps, but one for which few persons would hesitate to hazard an answer. But there is no point in indulging in speculation as to what Mr. McKinley might or might not have done and then accusing Mr. Roosevelt of breaking faith. The question is, has Mr. Roosevelt himself done right, and is he likely to continue to do so as he has done? He stands frankly and squarely upon his own record and the record of his party and asks the people to judge him thereby. Judge PARKER, unfortunately for himself, has less personal and more party record to answer for, but he, too, must stand upon what there is, and, finally, in the resolute language of the sapient *Herald*, the people must decide.

The dago worshippers are at it again. Drummer McKinley started the ball by bragging that he knew all the time that the Judge was sound at the core, but for reasons satisfactory to himself he had not seen fit to let on to the bandmaster and the first flute. Whereupon MEES, FULTON and BOWLES opened a few of the uncounted vials of wrath that they have in stock and poured the contents over the drummer's devoted head. We can attribute their conduct only to a spirit of envy. It was but natural for the doctor to let drop a sly hint that he was just a little "nearer" the candidate than any other member of the band; the dissemination of that idea would help his business; so he said:

We were at no loss to comprehend what was signified by the phrase (self-government) as used in the speech of acceptance. Long before there was any talk of the nomination, Judge PARKER's views were known by the *Eagle*.

We shrewdly suspect that he might have gone much further, but for the restraint of becoming modesty, and admitted that those views were really formulated by one L.L.D. and imposed upon the Judge's receptive mind in the course of a recent and somewhat garrulous conversation at Esopus. But the World is inexorable when it comes to running a national campaign, and promptly delivered this crusher:

Knowing Judge PARKER's views, does the *Eagle* think that it was just in him to leave his ambiguous phrase unexplained in order, as it said, to get for Judge PARKER the votes of all who like the course of McKinley and Roosevelt toward those American dependents who would bring about a change of administration—for other reasons?

"With neither shuffling nor shiftness," the doctor replies that "assuredly, the *Eagle* could hardly regard itself as at liberty to comply with demands sent to Esopus direct"—a somewhat enigmatical phrase which can only be interpreted as a polite intimation that hereafter the World would do well to make its daily requisition upon the candidate's nerves via Brooklyn. However, "the *Eagle* was not gratuitous, nor had it objection to interpose." There was, therefore, no lack of courage, but, with fine courtesy, "it did not tell what significance the phrase had for its author, though it knew."

Having successfully performed this act of self-absorption and marked a notable departure from custom by resolutely refusing to tell all he knew, the doctor felt that he had gone as far as a constructive journalist should be asked to go; moreover, the discussion was becoming harmful in a public sense and distasteful personally. "Meanwhile," he sighs with relief, "domestic matters press. Why obscure them to the advantage of the party in power? Why play into the hands of the enemy? It almost seems as though this is what the

World is doing, unwittingly or otherwise." To this savage undertone the World responds by adding, in brutal fashion, "What kind of a campaign does the *Eagle* think this is? And where did it learn its political morals? In the school of Pax McCRACKEN?" Certainly not in the Futurity School of Journalism, of which, however, if our memory serves, one Doctor McCRACKEN is teacher. There the matter rests for the present and, let us pray, for all time. Brothers should and probably could dwell together in unity, but for the unfortunate fact that there is not room enough in one campaign for the full play of two creative, directive, journalistic intellects.

We guess Secretary TART did stretch it a little when he declared that "no man ever sat in the Presidential chair more anxious to avoid war than is President ROOSEVELT." Without banking back further than the administration of his immediate predecessor, we seem to recall a President who worked by day and prayed by night that war with Spain might be averted, while at the same time a certain Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who subsequently became a colonel of volunteers, was stamping around in great shape.

By the way, does Secretary TART recall that when in CLEVELAND's first administration there was friction with Mexico over some dispute, Mr. ROOSEVELT moved promptly on Washington to assure the administration that if the friction should result in war he could be depended on to raise six thousand troops in the cattle country? The CLEVELAND administration let the chance go by, and the cowboys were not collected until ten or twelve years later.

Still, in the Presidential chair, Mr. ROOSEVELT may be as solicitous to avoid war as Judge TART in his Montpelier speech has declared him to be. There is the story of the man who said "war" to him after he had moved into the White House. "War?" retorted the President: "war? And we cooped up *here*?" Well, I guess not? Hence we see how President ROOSEVELT's appetite for peace may be in direct ratio to Colonel ROOSEVELT's appetite for war.

Besides, hasn't the Colonel got about all that was coming to him out of war? He has had his fling; has faithfully recorded his adventures, including the mortality induced by his personal arms; has won a great reputation as a man who would have made a good soldier if his war had lasted long enough for him to learn the trade; has seen his claim made a Major-General, and has become President himself,—all as the result of one brief campaign in a war that was ended by the way before it got a fair start. War has very little left to offer to President ROOSEVELT. It is no fun for Presidents, anyway. They have most of the responsibility, very little of the glory, and none of the promotion. Presidents as a class are sincere lovers of peace while in office. War makes sudden reputations and upsets calculations. After a disappointing war the voters want a change, and after a successful one they want a soldier.

"BOYDRE CUCKRAN Plumbs for Righteous Living," is the newspaper heading. Politics being eliminated from this most commendable and, let us hope, effective plea, we are unable to inform our readers whom Mr. CUCKRAN is for, this week.

And we beg to remind the gentleman who got such fat retaining fees for their services to the trusts that if there is one question on which all the American people are agreed it is that when they go to the polls they need no advice from the class whose richest members for their professional work invariably come from their brilliant efforts to "beat the law," to delude the United States government, and to pervert the noblest institutions of liberty.—*The Press*.

Meaning Mr. Root, by chance?

Mr. E. WARREN TYLER, of Athol, Massachusetts, directs our attention to the fact that a Boston newspaper declares that Mr. CORTLANDT did not make the political forecast, "claiming everything," to which we referred recently, and suggests that, if this be the case, Mr. CORTLANDT should be set right. To this we say that the forecast appeared in at least two Republican papers in this city and be then attributed explicitly to the Republican chairman, and we took their word for it. We

now have the best possible authority for the assertion that Mr. CORTLANDT BETT made or authorized the making of that statement. For ourselves, therefore, we express sincere regret at having unintentionally misrepresented him and, on behalf of the *Press* and *Evening Mail*, we apologize.

Give tariff time and it will fetch New England away from its Republican moorings. For example, the cotton-mills have to compete with the Southern mills. In the Massachusetts mills the hours of labor are restricted by legislation. In the South they are not. The Southern mills have cotton at their doors and pay low wages. The Massachusetts mills pay freight charges on their cotton and higher wages to their hands. The Massachusetts mills can only live by making finer goods. But for that they need the long staple Egyptian cotton on which they have to pay a duty. There were glass-works on Cape Cod; they used wood for fuel until the wood was gone. Then cheap Dominion coal would have helped them. But there is a duty on coal, and the glass-manufacturing business has moved to Pittsburgh where coal is handy. If Pennsylvania and the coal roads are strong enough to maintain the duty on coal, New England will eventually rebel. She had a furniture-manufacturing business for which she needs cheaper lumber. There is a duty on lumber, and New England has begun to buy her furniture and house-fittings in Minnesota and Michigan. So it goes. New England must live, and if eventually the problem of living makes it necessary to vote the Democratic ticket, she will vote that ticket. She won't break loose this year, but in time hunger will beat tradition.

HARPER'S WEEKLY errs in closing the *Providence Journal* with the newspapers "which opposed BRYAN and support PARKER,"—*Providence Journal*.

It opposed BRYAN, of course; but it does not support PARKER. That is true. We err and apologize. Is it a change of heart or of ownership?

The list of New York papers supporting ROOSEVELT (on which we lately made remarks) is incomplete without the *Globe* (late *Commercial Advertiser*), whose editor stands very near the thr—-the Presidential chair, and is heartily in favor of having the Colonel continue to hold it down.

The return of Mr. HENRY JAMES, after an absence of more than a score of years from his native land, is an occasion of considerable public, no less than literary, interest. It is promised that Mr. JAMES is to give us, after he has had time to adjust his gaze to the unfamiliar aspects which we shall present to his view, a volume declaring his impressions of contemporary America. We can think of few undertakings of a similar character which offer, in advance of the event, a larger measure of suggestiveness and elucidation. Of Mr. JAMES as a psychological analyst, as a curious and inexorable revealer of social and spiritual humanity, upon the imaginative plane, we have had abundant demonstration in various books. What the outcome will be when he turns from his realization of that interior vision which has so long engrossed him, and looks at us, will be anticipated with an eagerness not much impaired by some natural misgivings. Of immediate interest, also, is the forthcoming appearance of a new and important novel from his diligent pen.

One newspaper whose editorship superintended Mr. JAMES's arrival, reports that when he stepped out on that part of the pier which affords something of a view of Manhattan, he seemed so overwhelmed with the change in things that he paused and almost gasped for breath. Well he might, for of so much of the "little old New York" of twenty years ago that he remembers best, hardly has one stone been left upon another. Wall Street and all down-town have been transformed; Broadway is greatly changed and its upper part wholly changed; he will hardly recognize any part of Fifth Avenue above Fourteenth Street. Madison Square is vastly changed in appearance and still more in character; the only part of New York that will seem in the least familiar to him (besides Central Park) is a limited region about Washington Square and the lower end of Fifth Avenue. And even there he will miss the University Building, and find his eyes assailed by innovations. Really, it takes courage to come back to New York after twenty years of absence, though the sensation may

be profitable, and in the case of a professional observer will doubtless be worth the shock. There is hardly a club that is where Mr. JAMES left it. There is no hotel that is what he left it. Most of them are new, and the old ones that are left are changed in the relation they bear to the city life. There are a few, a very few, families that live in the houses they occupied twenty years ago. Not more than a third of our present population was here when Mr. JAMES last visited us. A few churches and the City Hall are where he left them. There can never be such another meeting of the town in such a space of time. The upward current of business has reached the Park, and can hardly go farther, though it will spread. The great new hotels and business blocks on Broadway and Fifth Avenue are probably as nearly permanent as anything can be on Manhattan Island. How nearly permanent that is only a seventh son will venture to predict.

The first thing Mr. HENRY JAMES did, upon his return to America after an absence of twenty years, was to go to a post-office and ask for a three-cent stamp.

What will be the political complexion of the House of Representatives to be chosen next November? That is a question to which, as yet, comparatively little attention has been paid in the press, although the party managers have by no means overlooked it, but, on the contrary, have already done a good deal of quiet work in doubtful constituencies. As the Republicans have a majority of only thirty of the Lower House in the Fifty-eighth Congress, it is obvious that, if they fail to secure any seats now held by Democrats, and should lose control of sixteen of the seats now occupied by members of their own party, they would find themselves in a minority. It is not easy to see where or how, east of the Mississippi, Democrats can lose any of the seats acquired by them in 1900. They are certainly stronger in Maryland, West Virginia, and Kentucky, if not also in Delaware, than they were then, and nobody will pretend that they are weaker than they were four years ago in any of the pivotal States north of Mason and Dixon's line. On the other hand, it is possible that west of the Mississippi they may fail to carry a few seats that they obtained in 1900, for Mr. BROWDER is undoubtedly popular in that section, and it remains to be seen whether Judge PARKER can pull the whole Bryanite net. With a view to a trustworthy estimate of the composition of the next House, it would be prudent to assume that the Democratic Representatives of the transmississippi region will be less numerous by five than they are now. It follows that in the rest of the country the Democrats must wrest twenty-one seats from the Republicans in order to attain a bare majority of the next House.

Can this be done, and, if so, where? Even Republicans admit that some of the five Connecticut districts are doubtful, but elsewhere in New England they do not expect, they say, to lose any seats, except, possibly, one belonging to Rhode Island. It should be remembered that in 1902 the first Connecticut district was carried for the Republicans by only about 3000 plurality, the third by about 4000, and the fourth by less than 5000. Rhode Island sent to the House of Representatives one Democrat by a plurality of upwards of 800, and one Republican, who had a plurality of about a thousand. The eight seats belonging to Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont are all occupied by Republicans in the Fifty-eighth Congress, and the Democrats seem to have no chance of recovering any one of them. Of the fourteen Representatives from Massachusetts, four are Democrats, and, if the attitude for reciprocity should play a considerable part in the campaign, the Republicans would be almost certain to lose the fifth district, and might be beaten also in the sixth. It is generally admitted that in the Greater New York the Republicans will lose the two districts—the third and fifteenth—whichever they succeeded in securing two years ago by a very small plurality in each instance. They also may lose the nineteenth (Westchester), where they had a plurality of only 540, and the thirty-sixth district (Buffalo). In the Fifty-eighth Congress New Jersey is represented by seven Republicans and three Democrats. This year the Democrats hope to carry the fourth and fifth districts, in which the Republican pluralities two years ago were about two thousand and twelve hundred, respectively. Republicans do not look for any re-

duction in the number of their Representatives from Pennsylvania, where they now hold twenty-six out of the thirty-two seats. It should, nevertheless, be borne in mind that the eighth district was carried by only about 2000 plurality; that, in the eleventh, there was a majority of more than 2000 against the Republican nominee, although he was returned by a plurality of some 2000; that, in the twelfth district, also, the successful Republican was a minority candidate; that, in the twentieth district, the Republican nominee won by less than 600 votes; and that, in the twenty-third district, the Republican plurality fell below 2000. Following the *World Almanac*, we have credited Representatives PETER and BROWN of the thirty-first and thirty-second districts to the Republicans, although they were elected on a Democratic and a Citizens' ticket.

Turning to the States west of the Alleghenies, we note that of Ohio's twenty-one Representatives, the Democrats have only four in the Fifty-ninth Congress. They hope to gain at least two next November. The hope is based upon the fact that two years ago the Republican plurality in the thirteenth district was but 327, and, in the fifteenth district, only 612. Let us look next at Indiana. At present, of its thirteen seats, the Democrats have but four. Of these the Republicans will try to gain those of the second and twelfth districts, where the Democratic pluralities were, respectively, 739 and 285. The Democrats, for their part, count not only on retaining the four seats which they now have, but on carrying the fifth, eleventh, and thirteenth districts, in none of which did the Republican plurality reach 2000. Of the twenty-five seats allotted by the new apportionment to Illinois, the Republicans had seventeen. Their pluralities were small, however, in the third, ninth, and twenty-second districts. In Michigan, which, it will be remembered, gave five of its electoral votes to CLEVELAND in 1892, the Republicans two years ago elected all but one of its twelve Representatives in Congress. It is true that the Republican plurality in the second district was less than 4000, but there is not much foundation for Mr. DANIEL G. CAMPBELL's rainbow-chasing in that State. In Wisconsin, on the other hand, the situation is very different from that which existed in 1892, when the Republicans secured all but one of the eleven seats. This year, owing to the quarrel between the Stalwarts and the followers of Governor LA FOLLETTE, the Democrats are almost certain to carry the fourth district, and there are three other seats which they have a fair chance of securing.

We assumed that the Republicans might gain five seats west of the Mississippi. Many Democrats would protest against the assumption, on the ground that they expect to carry the one Montana district and the three districts of Colorado, and to take also from the Republicans one or two seats in California. They insist that the aggregate number of Republican Representatives returned this year from the trans-Mississippi region will not, in any event, exceed that which was attained in 1892. One more question remains to be considered. Can the Republicans count upon retaining any Representatives from the former slave States? In the Fifty-ninth Congress, they have one from Kentucky, one from Missouri, four from Maryland, and five from West Virginia, or eleven in all. It is scarcely probable that they can keep more than half of these seats. The outcome of our forecast is that the contest for the control of the Fifty-ninth Congress will be exceedingly close, and that, upon the whole, the Democrats have a prospect of gaining from a dozen to twenty seats now held by Republicans. But, of course, if the tide should set strongly in favor of Mr. ROOSEVELT, his party may sweep many a Congress district which at present looks doubtful.

The Court of Inquiry to investigate the Statesboro (Georgia) lynching is sitting, and reports of its proceedings come North. The sheriff admitted that he had no mind to imperil his life for his prisoners, though he says he tried to hide them. Most witnesses recognized no one in the mob, but some good witnesses have given important names of men they saw in it. At this writing the inquiry is still incomplete. We shall see whether anything is done. All forms of lynching are bad, but some are worse than others, and burning is utterly abominable. The worst feature of the race troubles in the South is, that white women and girls are no longer reasonably safe there. So

long as a considerable part of the population of such a State as Georgia believes that burning negro criminals promotes the safety of white women, negro criminals are likely now and then to be burned. The truth is, as we see it, that every case of negro-burning impairs the safety of the Georgia women. Brutality inevitably and invariably breeds brutality. Cruel vengeance invites reprisals. The negro-burners are the enemies not only of negro criminals, but of white women and children. If that truth can be inculcated in the Georgia mind, public opinion, and criminal prosecutions backed by public opinion, will put a stop to these savage orgies of vengeance. The leaders of the Statesboro mob are known. They can be punished if public opinion in Bullock County demands it. It would demand it if it was intelligent enough to appreciate the consequences of the mob's recent action.

It is a dismal report which comes to us from Washington, the report, namely, that the officials of the Bureau of Immigration are prophesying the extinction of the "pure-blooded American." This is one of those cases where one would like to see terms defined. What is signified by "pure-blooded Americans?" For how many generations must the stock, of which a given man is an offshoot, have been planted on this side of the Atlantic in order that the purity of his blood shall be demonstrated? Must his forefathers and foremothers all have emigrated to this country during the seventeenth century? Would not the present descendants of eighteenth-century immigrants be entitled to the appellation of pure-blooded Americans? To make good our title to the appellation, must we be able to show that the original settlers from whom we claim descent were natives of England proper? Before the seventeenth century had closed a great many Germans had come to Pennsylvania, and a good many French Protestants to South Carolina. During the decade or two preceding the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, there was no large an outflow of Irish Presbyterians to this country than a British major-general testified before a committee of the House of Commons that about half the prisoners made by the British forces had been born in Ireland. Would we deny to the descendants of Irishmen, Germans, and Frenchmen who came hither during the colonial period the name of pure-blooded Americans? Are the descendants of Scotchmen also to be barred? Must we restrict the designation of "pure-blooded American" to the descendants of English men and women who came to this country during the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth century? In that event, the descendants of ALEXANDER HAMILTON and JAMES GALLATIN would not fall within the category whose limits we are trying to trace. If the officials of the Bureau of Immigration wish to say that the English families, which settled New England and Virginia in the first half of the seventeenth century, are dying out, it is possible that some evidence for the assertion may be adduced, so far as the perpetuation of the family name is concerned. Even then the blood might have been transmitted through females very widely.

This is a subject about which there seems to be a great deal of vague thinking and hazy speech. Unquestionably, the descendants of the early English settlers no longer constitute so preponderant an element, numerically, in any American community, north of MAINE and DELORE's line, as they did a hundred years ago. They still form the principal element, however, of the white population in the Southern States, and it is indisputable that, even at the North, their social, intellectual, and moral influence is out of all proportion to their numerical strength. The descendants of the Puritans, when rich, are observed, rich people everywhere, to prefer small to large families. That is a social rather than a physical phenomenon. It is a mark of foresight—selfish or unselfish, as one may choose to call it—but not of degeneration. As a matter of fact, a large majority of the most vigorous descendants of the Puritans have emigrated from New England, and there is no proof that in their Western homes they are any less prolific than were their progenitors. It is true that many New England farms, long since exhausted, have passed from the hands of descendants of the first occupiers into those of French Canadians, and it is quite possible that, in some rural districts of Connecticut or Vermont, the day may come when some old man or woman will be pointed out as the last of the "pure American race."

Judge Taft on the Philippines

It is anticipated that, in addition to the twenty million dollars originally paid for the Philippines, we have since expended many hundreds of millions on the repression of insurrection and on the maintenance of law and order in the islands. There are a good many Republicans, and a great many Democrats, who hold that, even if moral and political considerations should be waived, we cannot afford such expenditure. We cannot afford it, because there is no likelihood that the huge sums advanced will ever be repaid. Even if, ultimately, the Philippines should become self-supporting, in the sense of exhibiting a surplus of revenue over expenditure, centuries would pass before the accumulation of such a surplus, if paid into our Federal Treasury, instead of being devoted to insular improvements, would recoup us for the disbursements made. When did the American people authorize its Federal government to put hundreds of millions of the money drawn from them by taxation into such a hopeless investment? Will it be said that the elevation of the Filipinos in the scale of national well-being is an act of supererogation, of magnificent charity? Be it so. But where, ex-Secretary OLNEY would inquire, does our Federal government find any constitutional warrant for embarking in the altruistic business of expending a vast amount of the taxpayers' money in helping an alien people? Even if such expenditure could be shown to be warranted by the Constitution, not only ex-Secretary OLNEY, but his Democratic nominee for the Presidency, Judge PARKER himself, avails that it would be gravely inexpedient from the view-point of our own national interests. It would be inexpedient because, for us to continue indefinitely to hold the Philippines would be to repudiate the cardinal principle of the Declaration of Independence, which is that all just government depends upon the consent of the people governed. These, then, are the three grounds on which an early evacuation of the Philippines is advocated by the nominee and in the platform of the Democratic party. The retention of the islands is condemned, because, first, it is too costly; secondly, it is unconstitutional, and, thirdly, it is irreconcilable with the spirit, if not the letter, of our own national institutions.

Now we need not say that, in view of the impression made by it among many Republicans, this criticism of the Philippine policy of the administration needed to be met, and the Department has again showed sagacity in putting forward for the purpose the man best qualified to meet it. We say best qualified, because, although Mr. ELLIOT ROSS, as Secretary of War, was at the head of the department which has had charge of Philippine affairs, Judge TAFT was the agent on the ground, and is, therefore, competent to give first-hand evidence of the highest authority concerning the results of the measures that have been taken. Mr. ROSSVELL's administration, therefore, was well advised when it called upon Judge WILLIAM H. TAFT, the present Secretary of War, to make and take an elaborate defense of its Philippine policy in the speech which he delivered on August 20 at Montpelier, Vermont.

Even those who remain unconvinced by the arguments advanced in favor of retaining the Philippines acknowledge that they were stated by Judge TAFT with admirable lucidity and cogency. With the exception of the charge that the present or impending deficit in the Federal Treasury is, of itself, conclusive proof that we could not afford to spend many hundreds of millions for an altruistic purpose, every objection framed by the anti-imperialists is faced, and, in our opinion, faced successfully. Passing over the demonstration that what the administration has conceived to be its duty has been conscientiously and efficiently performed—here Judge TAFT was preaching to the converted, for, except in a few individual cases, the conduct of our civil and military officials in the Philippines has not been impugned—we would especially direct attention to what he has to say concerning the two principal grounds on which Mr. ROSSVELL's Philippine policy is arraigned, namely, first, that it is unconstitutional, and, secondly, that, even if it cannot be shown to be counter to the letter of our Federal organic law, it is unbecomingly inconsistent with the Declaration of Independence and with the spirit by which our institutions are pervaded. We take up Judge TAFT's replies to these assertions in the most convenient order, without reference to the order actually followed by him in his Montpelier speech.

It will be remembered that, in a noteworthy speech delivered at Cambridge not long ago, Mr. FITZGERALD OLNEY, formerly Attorney-General and Secretary of State, declared it to be his conviction that, if constitutional limitations are to be observed, the charity of the United States must not only begin at home, but stay at home, and the Federal organic law has clothed the Washington government with no authority to act as an almsman of the taxpayers' money to outside peoples. Judge TAFT denies that the Constitution, as construed by the United States Supreme Court in the insular cases, and by the Executive acts of successive administrations for nearly a century, will bear the restrictive interpretation which Mr. OLNEY would put upon it. He proceeds to point out that it is impossible to reconcile with such an interpretation the views previously expressed by Mr. OLNEY himself in reference to the Monroe Doctrine and to the general foreign policy

of the United States. We are reminded that no man in the last eighty years has upheld the Monroe Doctrine with so much statecraft as Mr. OLNEY evinced in the Venezuela case. Yet, obviously, the Monroe Doctrine is absolute, and, as such, is unqualitative, severe, from the view-point of the Latin American republics on this hemisphere, for it is an assertion that in this popular government shall be undisturbed by any interference on the part of European powers which shall go in the extent of dismembering their territory or of controlling in any way their destiny. That it was not merely on self-interest, but also, and mainly, on altruistic grounds that Mr. OLNEY held the Monroe Doctrine to be defensible and praiseworthy, is proved by a citation from an article published by him in 1900 in the *American Monthly*. In that article Mr. OLNEY said substantially that the "pioneer in the wilderness while he himself finds in the law of preservation ample reason for not expending his feelings or his energies on the joys or sorrows of his neighbors, is assuredly no pattern for the modern multimillionaire, who could sell nine-tenths of all he has and give to the poor, and yet not miss a single comfort or luxury of life. This country, said Mr. OLNEY, was once the pioneer, and is now the millionaire. It ought to recognize the changed conditions, and awake to a realization of its high place among the powers of the earth. It ought to accept the burden, as others accept the advantages, of its commanding position. Its mission, he added, if it has any, is not merely to pose, but to act, and while making its own interests the first objects of its care, to forgo no fitting opportunity of furthering the progress of civilization practically as well as theoretically, by timely deeds, as well as by eloquent words.

By those who have read the article in the *American*, it will scarcely be disputed that Mr. OLNEY's fundamental objection to the administration's Philippine policy—the objection, namely, that our Federal government is not authorized by the Constitution to engage in altruistic business—is refutable out of its own mouth. Now let us see how Secretary TAFT attacks the position taken by Judge PARKER and by Mr. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, the position, namely, that, even if the administration's Philippine policy were constitutionally warranted, it ought to be renounced as inexpedient and improper, because it violates the principle promulgated in the Declaration of Independence, that, without the consent of the governed, there can be no just government. Judge TAFT, of course, cannot deny that the present Philippine government was established without the consent of the governed, in the sense that a large majority of the Filipinos would groan against it if they dared; but he maintains it, nevertheless, to be a just government. In other words, he regards the principle laid down in the Declaration of Independence as neither absolutely nor historically true, and he points out that it was not carried out in practice, even by the men who framed it. Those men knew that in the thirteen colonies hundreds of thousands of negroes were at that time held in slavery; that, in the United States, were governed without their consent; and that a large proportion, also, of the white adult males, being excluded from the franchise and not consulted with regard to the government, could not be said to have consented to it. Judge TAFT might have added that the Federal Constitution, fashioned only eleven years after the Declaration of Independence was put forth, not only refused from reaffirming the principle that a government, to be just, must have the consent of the governed, but expressly recognized the institution of slavery, and provided for additions to the number of slaves by importation during a given period, while it left to the several States the exclusive right of defining the qualifications for the suffrage, or, in other words, of determining who should express consent to the existing national and State governments. The simple truth is, as Judge TAFT does not hesitate to aver, that all people are not capable of self-government, and if the Declaration of Independence makes a contrary assertion, it says the thing that is not. If it were true that all human beings are capable of self-government, and that all forms of government require the consent of any of them can justly be maintained, then, not only every man, white or black, but every woman and child, white or black, should be allowed to exercise the suffrage. This is an application of the principle which, as Judge TAFT suggests, would severely suit Mr. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, who was chosen to represent in Congress the Yazoo district of Mississippi by a vote of just 1463 persons out of a population of 100,000. There is not little doubt that an equally large (1/3) fraction of the Filipinos would, if invited, express consent to the government controlled by the United States. Judge TAFT is justified in contending that the Republican party in the Philippines is only qualifying the principle requiring the consent of the governed, as it is embodied in the Yazoo district of Mississippi for the benefit of Mr. WILLIAMS, by making it applicable, not to people so ignorant that they do not know their own interests, but only to people who have sufficient intelligence and self-control to govern themselves.

We do not imagine that all anti-imperialists will be satisfied by the Secretary of War's defense of the administration's Philippine policy, but no man of sense will refuse to credit a man with whom we have made incomparably the best speech that has yet been heard on its side of the case.

Will Russia Continue the War?

THE logic of events has brought the first stage of the Russo-Japanese war to a conclusion. The once powerful fleet commanded by Admiral Makarov is as much a thing of the past as the gallant admiral himself. Successes in Vladivostok are little better than so much wreckage, and all danger, whether to the warships of Japan, or the commerce of neutrals, from that source, is at an end. The land campaign has not been less decisive or less disastrous for Russia. Port Arthur, once declared impregnable, has been taken piecemeal. General Khataturov no longer has any possibility of taking the offensive. The one question for him is to avoid being "Lafayette," with the active loss of the forces under his command. Retreat is his best hope, if retreat he still a possibility. It is difficult to see what more is required to make the campaign as conclusive as any battle of Napoleon's ever was.

One may compare the situation of Russia, in its military aspects at least, to that of the Transvaal and Orange Free State burghers, after Bloemfontein and Pretoria had fallen, and President Kruger, giving up hope, had left Africa forever. The question for the leaders, for Louis BOTHA, DELARUE, and CHRISTIAN DE WIT, was, whether it was better to surrender and end the misery and destruction of the war, or to prosecute it to the bitter end, being every adverse chance rather than surrender. It was then that the choice of the Boers was, and how intensely it enhanced the end of the war for the victor; and a like consideration may induce Russia to protect the Manchurian campaign, no longer with the hope of retrieving her fortunes, retaking Port Arthur, and re-establishing her dominance on the Pacific, since the greatest optimism in the Far's dominions can hardly believe that possible, but rather with the knowledge that Japan's financial resources are limited, and that every day in cooling her so clear that she will, in the long run, be forced to make peace as the alternative to national bankruptcy.

The announcement that Russia had increased the annual drafts of new recruits from some two hundred and fifty thousand to six hundred and seventy thousand is an indication that Russia wishes to push the struggle to the bitter end. The further announcement that the reserves of the four most important military districts in Russia, the districts of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, and Kazan, have been called to join the colors is another indication of the same determination. The departure of the Baltic fleet, for which she has already been sent to the East, and the Navy Canal and the Red Sea, is yet another evidence. No fleet, unless something climactic occurs, may look for a prolongation of the war.

A distinguished Frenchman, strongly sympathetic towards Russia, has published the opinion that it is hopeless for Russia to try to recover the ground she has lost, and that her one possible course now is to make overtures of peace. He has even gone so far as to suggest that the premier, M. KATZNER, should make a self-sufficiently extraordinary proposal, so coming from a Frenchman, and yet one which is recommended by the close relations which have long existed between the Kaiser and the Czar. It is hardly likely, however, that the Kaiser would risk such proposals, unless he was fairly certain that they would be well received in Russia, and this is just what is most subject to doubt.

The statement was attributed by a German journal to Prince DARTMOUTH, and immediately repudiated by him, that defeat in the East meant revolution in Russia; but in spite of this particular repudiation the view is generally held abroad that such is the case. If this be true it would be an additional incentive to the Russian government to prolong the war, simply from motives of self-protection. But, while there are abundant indications of discontent in Finland, and to a less degree among the Poles, the Armenians, and other subject peoples, while the Jews are growing bolder and more determined to gain broader civil equality with the rest of the Czar's subjects, and while there has been an unadmitted recrudescence of nihilism both within the empire and abroad, it is the strength of the Russian executive committee at Paris and Geneva, all this still leaves us far short of a general revolution against the autocracy. It is still broadly true that, for the mass of Russians of pure stock, as distinguished from recent like the Poles, Finns, Armenian tribes, Kalmyks, and so forth, the autocracy is still a religious institution, cherished with religious faith, and so woven into the imagination of Russian life that it would be impossible to Russia without the dominance of their Czar. Yet there is undoubted evidence of a great and growing impatience with the machinery of Czarism; and the total failure of Russian diplomacy in the Far East, followed by the disasters of the war, and the seemingly petulant attacks on neutral shipping, which have aroused such hostility towards Russia abroad, must fail to increase that impatience. The local governing bodies are everywhere feeling the influence of a national expression and national action, and one cannot but see in this a healthy and encouraging phenomenon. But to the bureaucracy this may look like revolution, and they may determine rather to drag us in a disastrous war than to face the dimming of their own prerogatives, for the ministers of the autocrat are far more aristocratic than the Czar.

It is conceivable that the first motion for peace may come from Japan. The Mikado's empire already holds all the territory sought in the war of 1894, and has gained a world-wide prestige which even the most ambitious of Japanese statesmen can hardly have hoped for. It is, therefore, thinkable that Japan may offer Russia a liberal treaty, that the latter could accept without total loss of prestige in the East. It was said at one period of the war that Japan, in consideration of remaining unscathed in Korea, would be willing to restore the Manchurian railroad to Russia, on the distinct understanding that there should be no more recent introduction of troops and absorption of Chinese territory, on any pretext. It is quite possible that Russia would accept such terms rather than carry on a policy which threatens the annihilation of the rest of her fleet and the further destruction of her armies.

Recent Additions to Our Navy

THE launching of the battle-ship *Louisiana* at Newport News on August 27, coupled with the announcement that her sister ship, the *Conqueror*, will be launched at the Brooklyn Navy Yard within thirty days, has directed attention to the additions to the United States navy which have been lately made or authorized. We are still, indeed, far distant from the place which we occupied at the close of the civil war, when we were strong enough at sea to cope with the combined naval forces of Europe, even Great Britain then having but two ships which could have ventured to contend our monitors. Even as late as the beginning of the first Czarist administration—less than a decade ago—the United States were at the foot of the list of the powers which had any pretension to figure in naval warfare. We ranked, for instance, below Italy. With the launching of the White Squadron the creation of our new navy began, and, although a good deal of progress was made in the next dozen years, yet at the outbreak of the war with Spain not a few naval experts on the other side of the Atlantic, including some French and English admirals, predicted that our navy would be found, in respect of efficiency, inferior to its Spanish opponent. Now, on the other hand, no naval expert would deny that in 1907, when the present authorized programme of our naval department shall have been executed, our fighting power at sea will exceed that of Germany, and surpassed by that of Great Britain and that of France. Indeed, an inspection of the figures should convince us that we would have no reason to dread a contest with France upon the ocean. We shall possess in the year mentioned thirty-six battle-ships and thirty-nine cruisers. Germany at the same date will have thirty-five battle-ships and thirty-five cruisers. France, thirty-seven battle-ships and fifty-five cruisers, and Great Britain, sixty-five battle-ships and one hundred and forty-nine cruisers. If, however, we look exclusively at the highest grade of battle-ships and cruisers, the superiority of the United States to France, as well as to Germany, will be manifest. In 1907 we shall have twenty-five first-class battle-ships, while Germany will have but twenty-two, and France but seventeen. We shall then have also fifteen first-class armored cruisers, against the thirteen then being to France, and the six possessed by Germany. With Great Britain, of course, we could not cope on paper, because she would have forty-eight first-class battle-ships and forty-two first-class cruisers, but the necessity of distributing her fleet all over the globe might render it practicable for us, moving on shorter lines, to test her in detail. If now seems improbable, however, that public opinion will permit another contest between the two English-speaking nations, and the most interesting deduction from the figures which we have cited is that in 1907 and thereafter, if we continue to increase our navy at a proportionate rate, the sea power of Great Britain and the United States should be a match for that of the rest of the world. Just at present more battle-ships are building in the United States than in any other country. Those begun or projected number fifteen, against ten in Great Britain, nine in Russia, eight in Germany, six in France, and four in Italy.

In respect to torpedo-boat destroyers, torpedo-boats, and submarines, we have been, of course, outstripped by Great Britain, nor have we even attempted to vie with France. Of such minor vessels, however, we have sixteen torpedo-boat destroyers, thirty-six torpedo-boats, and nine submarines. Not much light has been thrown on the usefulness of the last-named craft by the naval operations which have taken place during the present war in the Far East.

Of what use are ships if we cannot man them? To what end do we increase our navy if we do not contemporaneously provide for commensurate additions to its personnel? The number of men who may be enlisted for service in the navy has been fixed by Congress at 34,000 men, including 2500 apprentices. The men actually enlisted fall short by only 1500 of the number permitted by the act. No inordinate is the aggregate that, even now, when we are at peace with all the powers on the globe, we have not

a war-ship about which is perfectly manned. The result of such a state of things is that the Navy Department is compelled to put at least ten vessels out of commission for no other reason than their shortage of men. It is computed that, by the end of the current year, notwithstanding the measures that have been taken to diminish the drafts upon the personnel, there will be a shortage of 120 officers and 4000 men. The urgent necessity of providing for more enlisted men, and of devising some means of increasing the number of qualified officers should be brought home to the Fifty-eighth Congress during its second regular session.

Walking Tours

IN the wonderful death scene of *SOCRATES*, when his disciples turned to him and asked what they could do to serve him, he replied: "Take care of yourselves; by so doing ye shall best serve me and mine." Perhaps the truth is too easily lost sight of, by keeping our finer pleasures alive and alert, we best serve the world. There are few greater joys than to meet a companionate bit by innocent, cheerful and lively health, and nothing so conducive to both these spiritual expressions as the simple habit of seeing the world on foot.

In our country the habit of thinking of distances on a vast scale has somewhat gone away with walking tours, and yet there are stretches of land as beautiful and as possible as Brittany, Normandy, Thuringia, or Touraine. The Catskills, the White Mountains, the coast of Maine, and, above all, the Adirondacks offer every advantage to that only truly luxurious traveller, the walker. Let no man who has legs and health ever the owner of an automobile. To spread through the country seeing how fast one can go ran claim the denser, the sluggish, and the dependent man, but for a man with eyes, ears, and nose, alert and endowed with healthy limbs, it is a mode of progress as vigorous as a rail-road-train; a more convenient way of getting to a place, while every one knows true pleasure is in travelling. Then there is a sense of degradation in having so much luggage. What is the body, that it should so demand, and so be misinterpreted into? How far can the body project the soul on its lone way? Why be cluttered with trunks, bags, and tea-baskets? The independent man is he who can carry all his needs as a fisherman's cavel slung over his shoulder, and who bravely starts out fasting, trusting to the air to feed him, or to chance berries and roots along the way, until he meet with hospitality.

To travel through a country afoot is to know the by-paths as well as the dusty high-roads, to have counted the wild flowers, and noted the birds' notes, to remember just what kinds of pine and birch grow, and where to expect the maple, oak, and elm, the cherry and mountain ash. To peruse through the landscape of a carriage window at the gurgling brook is one thing, but to follow it along till the feet burn and ache, and then to sit and bask there in it as it really one starts up renewed and refreshed for the home run is another and a far more memorable experience. There is an unforgettable intimacy established with such a brook and its song; its silence, its miniature falls and soft grassy places are a part of our mental life in seasons of dryness and under wintry skies.

To travel afoot too is to know the abundant joy of seeing blood setting the body all afloat, and to get acquainted with the folk in the villages and along the highway. To know men, met at haphazard, down the road lifts the mind from the narrow provincialism of class and national distinctions, and saves one from the fore-learned condition of those English people, emerging from the theatre where they had seen *BEAUMONT*, in "Anthony and Cleopatra," who commented: "But how different was *CLEOPATRA*'s home life from the home life of our own dear queen?"

Perhaps we have been inclined to pity the poor, and to be morbidly anxious to relieve them from a situation so devoid of accessories.

To walk the roads and ask the hospitality of the chance corner is a lesson in the equalization of happiness. A hale old man of sixty, travelling with an equally hale old woman in a wagon containing their whole cooking apparatus and a tent for the night lodging, gladly shared a meal of corned beef, butter-milk, and Irish potatoes deliciously roasted in the ashes of a little bonfire, while he expatiated on the charms of the moonlight life in terms fit for a juggling party. A blacksmith by trade, he said he was, but he handed over the business to the apprentice, while all summer long he and his wife drove through the land, pitching their tent by night and sleeping on balsam boughs with the fangs of the tent thrown open to the stars. It took no longer than ten minutes to picket the horses and pitch the tent when they found a grassy spot and a spring toward evening. It was a cheap way of living, for it cost every bit of thirty dollars a month to raise their establishment at home, whereas living in the open they reduced the sum to eighteen or twenty a month, and without any privations. Moreover, he looked out for horse-trades along the way, and when turned a pretty penny, and he lost out the cow to his poor neighbors while he was gone, and a charity like that counted

on one's credit side in the Beyond. Then the Beyond, one sometimes, looked bigger, and he continued: "There is folks as don't believe in enjoying 'ye life while ye get it. But I do. Why, what did our Saviour say on earth? He said: 'Ye eat, drink, and be merry; to-morrow ye may die.' He was an astute fellow, the blacksmith, and felt the seal of approval upon his career. During the war he had gone South, not to fight, but because he knew the soldiers would want their pictures taken to send to their 'girls,' and again he had been on hand for the chance poses in the capacity of photographer.

The shy, shock-headed, barefooted, round-eyed child of the by-paths has his own stock of ready wit to baffle the talkative stranger.

"How old are you?" asked the amateur walker of one such subject who stood digging his toes into the sand, and then lifting them to let it sift as through a sieve while he gazed into vacancy. "Are you 'out?' the amateur encouraged.

"Might be more!"

"What, five?"

"Might be more!"

"What! I not six?"

"By the way, but don't know the I bet!" and he sped, clucking at his own wit.

The farm lady with a severe countenance thought to good thing of walking, and looked the tramps up and down, and said: "I suppose you like what you're doing or you needn't be doing it?" No little are the intimate joys of one soul comprehensible to the alien-minded. Again, far from the highways and hid in obscure corners are many sabbats, sitting with an almost-visible halo shining and none to see but the three or four who habitually pass that way. Two strangers threaded a field, waving gray wool and hooked on a farmhouse door and asked for food, "Come at! You're welcome, but you'll have to get it yourselves. I can't move." She was as beautiful and as serene as a *RELIGIOUS* Madonna, and she was cheery and bright and smiling and full of trust and good-will. "Dear me!" she said, "I'm not ill! You can't let it ill. It's just a kind of rheumatism. I haven't been able to move out of this chair for twelve years now, more, except when they lift me on to the bed. But I'm used to it, and I can't say I suffer much. I accomplish a good deal for a woman without any legs or hands. Just open the pantry door over there and you'll see the bread-box. There's milk and butter in the larder. It's a good thing I just finished putting up my raspberry preserves. Yes, I can do most of my own preserving. I eat little things with my wrists. I've got six children, five big boys and two little girls, and they're all so helpful and can do so much I've never had to have a hired girl. My best one is a housewife better than any hired girl ever was. I hardly ever miss my legs and hands. When I get tired sitting here by the door they just sit me in the field where the flowers are. I sat in the hayfield a good deal this July when I had time." To look at the smiling unlined face would almost have convinced one that the summit of human happiness was to be tied motionless in an invalid's chair. There was a strange atmosphere of submission and acquiescence in that smiling, homely kitchen, and no one could sit there as long without an exalted conviction of the power of saintliness.

But there are other than human intimacies to be cultivated by a wayfarer. Who that travels in train or conveyance knows the birds' nests or sees young thrushes getting a first lesson in flying, as does he who follows a mossy slope and slowly opens his eyes to hear the scolding of a mother thrush, and to see four small, downy, tramping birds perched on a twig listening to counsels of perfection for birds. It is the foot traveller only who counts sixty different kinds of wild flowers in an easy mile stretch, and who hears the vesper-sparrows sing at sunset.

There is the glory of utter independence to be tasted. To feel one's own completeness one need only travel fifteen to twenty miles a day for a week, and find out how difficult it is to get rid of five dollars in that time, to know the insistent camaraderie and good-fellowship of the road to those on foot. Whether it was the real glory of being mistaken for a veritable tramp or whether

The market girls and fishermen
The soldiers and the sailors too,

simply wanted to feast the light-hearted poverty of their lives on the faces of those habitually deprived, it would be difficult to decide. But nowhere else in our world is there such hospitality and kindness, such trustful cordiality and confidence as greets the footsore and weary when he unbuckles his pack and makes a halt in his tramp.

When at last one returns to the unaccustomed life it is with a heart full of pity for our overfed, overworked, overcivilized, gluttonous lives, and for all poor mortals cut off from the joys of peasant tramps who see the world "without money and without price," with the sky for a roof and balsam boughs for a "wooden gun," under in a rocky pit for a bed, and with the great vast of summer-scented air to breathe all day and all night, and every where the hearty welcome waiting that all give on the open road.

A black and white photograph of a horse race in progress. Several horses and jockeys are visible on a dirt track, with a crowd of spectators lining the background. The image is oriented horizontally on the page.

THE "FUTURITY," RUN AT THE MEETING OF THE CONEY ISLAND JOCKEY CLUB AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY, AUGUST 27

The "Pamphlet" offering the first and the American leaf was one of the 160-paged *Shin* now found on Internet. It was written by Mr. Han Myung Ki (1913-1978). The story, reportedly a piece of 151,000, was once his "trial" in second time-111 1-2-and was witnessed by a crowd of about 300. He discussed questions, Mr. Yeong-Paeng's - "Pamphlet" was based photo, and Mr. Joon W. Kwon's "Pamphlet" was third. The photographs are sharp details showing traces of the error and finish of the rice.



Admiral Togo's flagship, the "Mikasa," at Port Arthur.



Togo's flagship, the "Mikasa," at Port Arthur.

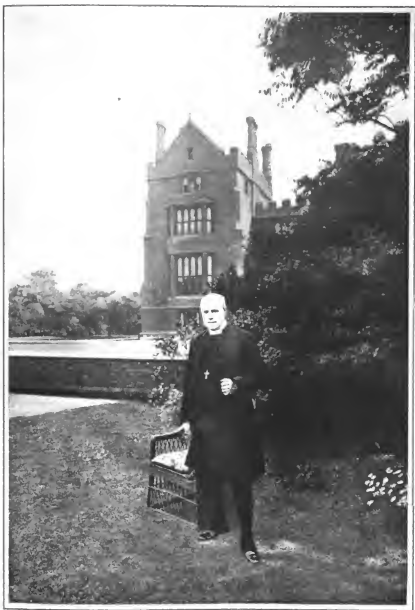


Admiral Togo receiving Foreign Attaché on Board his Flagship, the "Mikasa."

WITH ADMIRAL TOGO ON HIS FLAGSHIP, THE "MIKASA," AT THE JAPANESE NAVAL BASE, NEAR PORT ARTHUR

The photographs, just received from Mr. Robert Hume, one of the correspondents of the "Weekly" in the Far East, are very sharp. Taken recently on board Admiral Togo's flagship, the "Mikasa," at the Japanese naval base near Port Arthur, Admiral Togo's recent exploit, the defeat of the Russian squadron in the great engagement of August 10 at Port Arthur, is the latest triumph of the Japanese commander, who has been the leading spirit in the activities of the Mikado's army in the Far East.

Photographs by Robert Hume



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, WHO IS NOW VISITING AMERICA

The American visit of the Most Reverend Randall Thomas Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England, is notable for being the first occasion on which a holder of this office has crossed the Atlantic. The Archbishop's plans include a visit to Canada, and later to Boston, where he will attend the twelfth general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Dr. Davidson has held the office of Primate since January, 1904, when he succeeded Dr. Temple.

Opening of the New Army War College

The work of the new Army War College, which opens November 1, will consist largely in formulating elaborate plans for wars which we may have with foreign nations. It is not an institution for teaching, but aims to make practical application of military knowledge already acquired

By René Bache

WASHINGTON, September 1, 1914

THE Army War College will open November 1 to receive its first class of students, all of them officers not below the rank of captain and not above that of major. Who they will be, and how many, no body knows as yet, because the chief of staff, General Adna R. Chaffee, who controls this new military institution, and who will make the appointments, has not decided. The college temporarily will occupy No. 22 Jackson Place (the building used by President Roosevelt during recent repairs at the White House), pending the completion of the magnificent structure now in process of erection, on the grounds of the Arsenal barracks in Washington.

The War College is so new, and represents an such a departure in military policy, that most army men have a very indistinct notion of its character and functions. It is not a school at all, in the ardent sense of the word, but rather an assemblage of officers for the purpose of studying war problems. There will be neither examinations nor diplomas, and the object in view will be not to impart instruction, but to make practical application of knowledge already acquired. Imaginary campaigns will be fought, and much time will be devoted to playing games of war (somewhat resembling chess, but much more complicated), which possess great usefulness as a means of working out strategic and tactical plans for the management of our forces in case of conflict with any foreign nation.

The most important business of the War College, indeed, is to prepare such plans for the national defence. This is the day of



General Adna R. Chaffee
Chief of Staff, who is in Control of the new War College

scientific warfare, and the fighting branch of the government must be ready at all times to meet every imaginable contingency. Should hostilities break out with Germany, for example, the chief of staff must be able to produce instantly from its proper pigeonhole a scheme of operations so complete in minute details that a mere touch upon a button, as one might say, will set in motion the whole and supply military machine. Telegraphic orders, ready formulated, will only have to be despatched, and the entire work of mobilizing troops, equipping them for the campaign, and furnishing them with the requisite supplies, will be done without friction, without necessity for discussion, and without loss of time. Even the first steps of the war will have been determined in advance, as well as the outline of what is to follow, and the War Department will be free to devote its entire attention to dealing with incidental problems as they arise.

The Army War College has for its president General Taylor H. Bliss, under whom are two directors, Colonel Arthur L. Wagner and Colonel Charles Shaler. There is, besides, a secretary, Major Samuel Reber, and the law provides that other officers may be detailed from time to time as assistants. To the direction of this "faculty," its student officers will devote their chief attention to the study of war plans. One, for example, may be asked to criticize a plan of operations, while to another will be given certain data in which to base a plan, which, when formulated, will be compared with the plan already approved. There will be informal letters on important problems that arise, and discussions of questions relating



General T. H. Bliss, President of the new Army War College



Major Samuel Reber, Secretary of the War College



The new War College, as it will look when completed

to military road-making, the building or destruction of bridges, transportation by land or water, supply trains, etc., all with reference to the concrete project under consideration. If the siege of a fortress is contemplated, it will be not an imaginary, but an actual stronghold, and the study will apply only to that particular fortified place.

The officers detailed as students at the War College will be the picked men of the army. Under the newly adopted system the most promising graduates of the garrison schools for officers, the course of which occupies three years, go to the "special service schools"—at Fort Leavenworth for cavalry and infantry, at Fort Monmouth for artillery, and at Washington Barracks for engineers. The best men from these schools go to the Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, and the better graduates of the Staff College are sent to the War College at Washington.

The game of war, otherwise known as "kriegerpiel," used to help in the study of military problems at the War College, is played on a map, instead of a chess-board.

Two large maps, exactly alike, are used in the kriegerpiel, placed flat on tables in adjoining rooms. Sometimes only a curtain is hung between the maps, but the object in any case is to keep the commanding officer and his associates on one side from seeing what the other side is doing. The pieces, representing bodies of troops, companies, or regiments, are of wood or porcelain, and are pushed over the map when moves are made. By varying the sizes, shapes, and colors of the pieces they are made to stand for cavalry, infantry, or artillery, or for telegraph, language, or supply trains, etc. Arrows of different lengths placed in front of the pieces represent the firing of rifles or artillery, and the action of signs adopted is so complete that one can actually tell whether the cannon are discharging canister or shell.

The blocks, representing the troops, are prepositioned to the scale of the map, occupying as much space on it as real troops would occupy in the field. Arrows show the direction of marching, and counters give information of the condition of the soldiers. In fact, a glance at the map will show the official register not only the formation and position of the forces, but the losses the men have sustained, their weariness from previous marching, and the amount of ammunition they have expended. Judgments on the moves are given by the umpires, who, with colored pegs, record on a board the number of killed and wounded. A game of this kind takes three or four days to play, and is conducted in absolute silence, barring an occasional word of explanation or suggestion.

There is not space here for detailed description of the kriegerpiel, which takes various forms. It may represent a battle, illustrating tactics. It may be the strategical game, showing movements of armies over an extended area and covering a period of days or months. Or, perhaps, it may depict siege operations. At the War College campaigns of one year's real war will be fought over again in the war game. For example, the conditions a week before the battle of Gettysburg will be given as the problem, exactly as they were, with the number of men in the armies of Lee and Meade and the positions they occupied—but with the arms,

ammunition, and facilities of transportation of the present day. The question asked is, What would happen? and the student officers are expected to work it out.

Now, if it be understood that the playing of the game is interrupted occasionally with informal lectures on problems encountered—such as the use of railroads in war—a pretty fair notion will be gained of the kind of instruction given at the Army War College. Beyond all this, the student officers will be required to work out special military problems. If we should get into trouble with Mexico, for instance, how should we mobilize our forces? It is easy enough to say that certain bodies of troops should be assembled at stated points, and that they should march in a given number of days to certain other points; but the War College student will be obliged to indicate exactly where at a given moment every man and every mile shall be. He must tell where the supplies are, whence they came, and of what they consist; he must show how the ammunition is to be brought up and what arrangements have been made for its distribution; and, among a great variety of other details, he must provide for the wounded.

The War College existed on paper as far back as 1861. Its management devolved upon a board, which did the work now performed by the General Staff, but it was not until the General Staff came into existence, in August of last year, that the college actually materialized. It then became, so to speak, a part of the body of the third division of the General Staff. The third division from June to time meets in session at the War College, and on such occasions it has for president and secretary General Bliss and Major Baker.

The general relations between the General Staff and the War College, which are a puzzle to nine out of ten officers in the army, are here shown. It is the business of the college to study the larger problems of military science, to devise war plans, and to train officers in the practical work of their profession. We have no great standing army, like the nations of Europe, and in case of trouble with a foreign power, we are obliged to depend mainly upon volunteers. It is not sufficient, therefore, to train a lieutenant to be a good lieutenant, or a captain to be a good captain, but American officers, who are to form the basis of an immense force in time of war, must be able at a moment's notice to perform duties of advanced grades. A lieutenant must know how to be a colonel, and the colonel must understand the duties of a major-general. Hence the value and the necessity of an education so complete as that bestowed upon the man who holds commissions under the War Department.

It will be a part of the duty of the Army War College to keep in touch with the military designs of foreign nations. At all times it will act in sympathy with the Naval War College, and where cooperation of the two services is requisite, war plans will be submitted to the joint army and navy board created last year. Not until a plan for war has been thoroughly criticized and finally approved by the General Staff will it be filed at the War Department, as representing the ultimate views of our military experts in regard to the measures advisable in case of war.

The Thames

By Sydney Brooks

London, August 24, 1904.

THE Thames is the most beautiful of rivers. I am talking, of course, of the pleasure portion of the stream, not the business. Nobody except "Army" and "Arist" thinks much of sailing on the tidal reaches below the locks. There is, of course, no enjoyment to be had from a trip down stream from, say, Thames to Greenwich. It is something to steam past the miles of warehouses and docks that line each bank, past the Pool of London that Turner so loved to paint with its myriad masts against a sunset sky, past the very heart and centre of the

world's shipping, dodging in and out among strange craft manned by the crews of all nations, and so drifting slowly down to Greenwich, where you land to stroll in the park, glance at the famous observatory that regulates the maps of all the world, and take a six-course dinner of fish, and fish only, at the Ship Inn. All that makes up an existence not so bad elsewhere and well worth going through. But to do it properly one needs not a boat, but a steam or electric launch. It is not a pleasure, but a sight-seeing trip, and scarcely lends itself to loitering. To land with the right indifference one must get above Richmond, beyond the

bricks and mortar of the suburbs. The few miles that lie between London Bridge and Richmond one may skip without loss. Mr. Henry James once asked if the English could really be said to be dense London. If London involves the Thames they do not, dense. If it involves the suburbs, which are the real London, Richmond without thinking much more better it would be if the management of it could be handed over to the French or the Americans. For here lies this magnificent highway, neglected. There used to fly up and down it a service of filthy, smoking, noisy omnibuses, and it was a relief to get out of them, and such a service might and should be; but now even these have gone, and amid all the congestion of London traffic, this incomparable thoroughfare remains, for all transportation purposes that the province can demand, a vast open space. It is a pity that the present confusion, confusion of bad management, road-rage, and excessive poor dues, I believe, Parliament and the public and the London County Council and the company that owns the steamers have grinded over the matter for years—the final result being that the London and Southampton steam service, running between Greenwich and Richmond,

For the ordinary Londoner the Thames only begins at Richmond, but from there on to Oxford every reach is a delight. Magnificent as is the Hudson, it has the disadvantage of being too high for a rowboat. One might just as well be on the Atlantic. Anything smaller than an Albany day boat seems lost on its majestic breadth. But the Thames is made for the single and double sculler, the punt, the Canadian canoe, and the small electric launch.

As the waters are nearly always flush with the banks, any large vessel would raise a flood. There are, I know, some despicable pleasure steamers that run daily between Oxford and Maidenhead, but they are not the sort of thing that I would like to see torpedo. They look delightful enough in the advertisements, but I would advise Americans to give them a wide berth. There are three or four first-class highways that run from London to Oxford, but more than a party of middle-class English tourists, unless they are a party of middle-class German excursionists or the beer and frankfurter type. The English middle-class rather likes these highways, but I don't like them. I don't like the English and their social representatives, gives every one it meets or passes on the river as an old and intimate friend, gets out at every lock and chances on the torpedo, and since and drinks consummately. I don't like the English, but I like the Thames. I don't like the company, the mere idea of a steamer on the Thames, above the locks, is sacrilegious in its iniquity. The Thames is meant for the individual or, at most, for individuals in pairs, not for a million of it and water than twenty or thirty yards—the way to enjoy it is to dawdle about on it, to explore backwaters and tributaries, to land when you come to any village that looks particularly attractive, to get out of the boat and walk about the bank, and never to be one of a party that is intent on "doing it." You can see more of the real Thames by a day's polymorphous sculling than you can see of the Thames by a whole distance between London and Oxford is a pleasure.

And to my mind the best of all starting-points is Marlborough. It is about an hour and a half's ride from town, and therefore well beyond the range of 'Arry and 'Arriet, who are the pests of an

English as mosquitoes are of an American holiday. Marlow is it self a a delightfully typical village, with its broad main street, its old inns and amuse-house, and its sweet-smelling cottage, abate with country flowers. Apartments are to be had in abundance, and you can find your own little house, with its century-old inn close by the bridge and right on the very edge of the river, where the water, cooking, and appointments are of the best. And the two-mile run upstream to Hurley Lock forms the most beautiful of all the river scenery. The level of the river here it has a perfect setting. It winds in and out among wooded hills, past fields and flower-laden meadows, and between banks that the elevated gardeners in the world have done all they can to make beautiful. The level of the river is low, and the Oxford—and what boats they are!—in America you have nothing like them: long, narrow, light, springing to the stroke of the oar like a horse to the whip—and in half an hour a rowing you will be down to the river's brink, their gardens brilliant with beds of flowers, and always something going on in the grounds around a game of tennis or croquet, or children romping about, or groups of people sitting on the lawn, and the level of the river is low, and interest the eye as you row lazily past, and to supplement and widen the emotional as well as the artistic appeal. Such houses, new and old, built with the generous squandering of the money of the rich, are scattered along the river, and the line one side of the Thames or the other for a stretch of twenty miles or more. It is wonderful how rarely one finds a wrong note struck. In this country, where the instinct for gardening is so strong, and where the sense of the value of the land, of phenomenal fertility, it takes only a year or two to burn, and where the new houses in vines and creepers and ivy and covert net of ground into a miniature park. The English have a sense of the value of the land, and a sense of the value of the Thames, they put forth their best.

All this and in its quaintness you will find between Marlow and Hurley Lock. The right bank of the river is an almost unbroken line of mansions and gardens, with an old Seman church interesting, and trees upon rocky ledges, parks, and a willow-lined walk, and a tree of which one can see the whole morning with entire content. And just before Hurley we reached there is a wondrous backwater, fringed on one side by imperial chestnuts and on the other by hawthorns, agavezes and out, always deliciously cool and so quiet and peaceful that I have been known to sit there and marvel at lightning bolts for their amazing speed. There was one small boat in perfect safety and stroll past the lockkeeper's cottage through the fields to the "Old Bell Inn" at Hurley village, quaint, most charming and ancient of English hosteries, the sort of place where one would expect to meet Queen Elizabeth's coach. It is the only way to the famous place of the "Old Bell Inn" where one can see the real thing, a quaint wishing to purchase after nine hours' collection of old brass candlesticks, that twinkle in you from the mantelpiece, and one or two of his old oak referred. But most however, will supply you with food and drink and is bed, but the coffers and the candlesticks he will not part with for any price. The house is a fine old building, and the garden is a masterpiece. There is nothing to spoil the perfect pleasure of the row back to Marlow in the long English twilight.

How Folk was Nominated for Governor

By Homer Bassford

FOLK of Missouri is not yet thirty-five years old. Four years ago he was an unknown boy, whose friends said that he was level-headed and honest. This is the capital which got for him a nomination that was not necessarily meant for election. For his predecessor was not of the Folk party, and there were hints that Folk would better continue to buck and the practice of law. But there was a change in the political complexion of the city of St. Louis, and Folk got the job of circuit attorney, a place of honor and salary not to be despised. Now, almost a year of labor almost unexampled in a prosecutor's career, Mr. Folk is the nominee of his party for the Governorship of the State of Missouri—a nomination that has always meant election by great majorities.

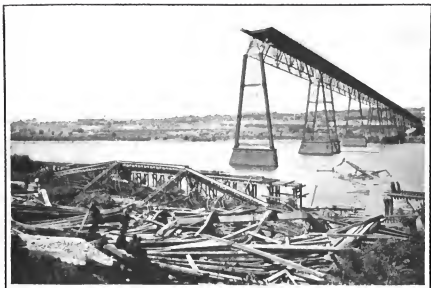
DId politicians have asked much to their experience from what has passed in Missouri within the year. When Folk's friends, a group of sober businessmen over in the wholesale district, saw that the Circuit Attorney sought to be made Governor of the State, there was a mighty laugh. The man was a good deal cleverer man, most of them thought, but he did not consider the fact that it was his impudence to admit of a passing thought for it. Folk was a good boy, he had prosecuted well, but that was all. Folk had done his duty, perhaps a bit too strictly, as his political future would show. Folk had forgotten some of his old political cronies in the rigors of the grand jury room—something of a sin by the rule of "organization" in politics. As for the Governorship, when the time came, he would have to get out of the State, and he would meet a lot of the same people who had

Meantime, Mr. Folk attended to business. Day and night he stuck to his desk, listened to witnesses, heard confessions, talked

to grand juries closed cases, made up briefs, and, after a time, made arguments in the Supreme Court. Over in the wholesale district, the few friends who had mentioned his name for the best office in the State made their plans. They were the place of the lawyers, men who had not attended many primaries, who knew no conventions only through newspaper accounts, whose knowledge of the intricacies of politics was the same as a quack's of the more intelligent—his visits. Mr. Folks, his office and talking him that they had raised a sum of money for his campaign. The U.S. Attorney smiled and thanked them—and returned to his levels. The merchants were not discouraged. They knew how to raise money, and they felt that sooner or later there would be a use for it. They even talked Folks for fifteen minutes, and then they said, "Well, the name won't do the name won't do at length seem to explain that "all of this Folks talk is rubbish. It's likely to discredit the party." But the wholesale men knew nothing of party. They had a vague notion that the next State platform ought to contain something about a public office or public trust—they had heard the phrase long before, and they, too, suggested to them that there had come a time for the revival of it.

Six or eight months ago there arrived a psychological monster. Folk, who knows his political primer down to Z, went to see his businessmen friends. He said, in effect, that he had his eye on the ground, that he was ready to admit that their early view was right, and if they were now ready to spend their funds in establishing headquarters he would go somewhere in the South and make a speech. He chose a country town, the seat of a public

(Continued on page 1297.)



The Effect of the Tornado on the "High Bridge" over the Mississippi River



The Ruins of the Tivoli Concert Hall

SNAP-SHOTS SHOWING THE DISASTROUS EFFECTS OF THE TORNADO WHICH SWEEPED OVER ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS ON AUGUST 20

Twelve persons are reported to have been killed and 100 injured in the disastrous tornado which swept over St. Paul and Minneapolis on the night of August 20, causing a property loss estimated at \$2,500,000. The storm demolished buildings and bridges in its path through the twin cities, the wind registering at one time a velocity of 100 miles an hour. One of the effects of the tornado was the wrecking of the "High Bridge," which crosses the Mississippi River at a height of 200 feet



TOM'S

Illustrated by Tom's



ILLUSTRATION BY A. ROGERS

DREAM



JOHN E. REDMOND, THE IRISH LEADER IN PARLIAMENT

The reader is referred to an article on Mr. Redmond and the plans of the Irish party in Parliament on the opposite page of this issue of the "Weekly"

A University Training for a Business Career

By William R. Harper

President of the University of Chicago

It is desirable to make a distinction, though probably an ill-founded one, between the phrases "business life" and "business career." The former would naturally include the latter; but it seems to me that the phrase "business career" is too dignified a term to be applied to a large proportion of the lives which may legitimately be said to be devoted to business. A certain number of men go into business-like careers. The number may be relatively small. It is, however, a large number absolutely. They belong to those men, and possibly women, who prove to be leaders; who are heads of departments or superintendents; who direct the work of others, who, in a word, are successful in life, not perhaps in the sense that they become wealthy, or in the sense that they alone experience the real enjoyment of life, but in the sense that they occupy positions of responsibility and have opportunity to develop the methods of work, and may claim to deserve credit for results achieved. It is this class of men who naturally has in mind when he speaks of university training for a business life or career. It goes without saying, perhaps, that as far as the business side of life is concerned, one would not recommend a university training for a man who is to be a shipping clerk, or an ordinary bank clerk, or a clerk in a railroad auditor's office. I do not mean to say that such a training would not be of infinite value to men in these positions from the point of view of life in general. It is necessary, however, to distinguish on the one side between the responsibilities and opportunities conferred directly with a business career itself, or with a man's delinquency in business, and, on the other, that higher life which every man is entitled to enjoy to the utmost.

New Opportunities for the Collegian

Within a decade or so two points have come to be realized: one of these in the business world, the other in the university world. No man who is acquainted with the facts will deny that in the special opportunities in the highest rank (in business) are opening to men of college training. College men are being sought out for practically every kind of business for positions of responsibility. Experience has shown that the college man, although he may not have the technical training for this or that particular business upon which he enters after leaving college, requires no long period of time in which to overtake the non-college man who started in the same business years before, and to overtake means, of course, to outstrip. Here and there may be found a business man of large success, who, when a man comes along, clings to the old idea that a college training does not help a man to prepare for business. Such men, however, are few, and the almost uniform success which college men have achieved furnishes enough to show that this old-fashioned position can no longer be maintained. Great business concerns are everywhere seeking for men whose minds have been trained, and they are willing to give such men ample opportunity to learn the technique of the business which they are to enter, strongly confident that in the end these men will excel. All agree that a man requires less chances for success in a particular profession or line of business if he enters upon that work at an early period in his life. There must be taken that the college man, unless his circumstances are of a special character, shall not postpone too long the taking up of his life-work. But it is even more clear that great risk is run in beginning one's life-specialty at too early a period. The danger here lies in the fact that one's habits become fixed in a certain routine, and only a small proportion of those who begin their life-work at an early date are strong enough to push forward into the higher ranks of business. We read now and then of a railway president who came up from the position of a porter or train dispatcher; but what proportion of conductors or train dispatchers ever get beyond these positions when they have once been fully installed in them? The advantage of college training lies in the fact that the man thus trained is not ordinarily satisfied to remain in a lower position, and that, even if he is, his ability, he presses forward by legitimate means to something better and higher.

"Training" and "Culture"

The fact which has come to be recognized in the college and university world, is that a new kind of training is possible for men who contemplate a business career. This new training, which has already been introduced into many of our institutions, does not differ in method or spirit from the other training. It consists in substituting for certain subjects, that form the larger part here of the curriculum of years gone by, certain other subjects which have in recent times come into prominence. In making these substitutions the college recognizes that training is no longer to be restricted to the employment of a few subjects; and that all subjects perhaps may contribute legitimately to the purpose of discipline and culture. The word "training" has come to be used in the larger sense. The word "culture" has likewise been greatly broadened. In the field of scientific study, as well as in that of history and political economy, great possibilities have been opened. The former and naturally toward those subjects, and now for which a scientific or technical training will be found useful; the latter in the direction of banking, railway management, insurance, journalism, and other closely related professions. Provision is now made in nearly all the larger institutions for courses dealing with the principles underlying these important callings, and the young man who has already made choice of his

particular field in business may secure an intellectual training which will be of great service to him in the future, and at the same time a broad and comprehensive acquaintance with the facts and principles that relate to the particular business which he desires to follow.

These two great modifications of opinion, one in the business world and the other in the college world, have come within recent years. They have come side by side, each helping the other to gain ground in the territory of the other; if the word *strong* is not too strong a word to describe those who so frequently find in the idea that such subjects could be used to advantage in the college curriculum; or, on the other hand, those who ridicule the proposition that a college training is of real advantage to a man who prepares for himself a business life.

How Does College Prepare Men for Business?

What is it in general that the college does for the young man entering into business? Is it perhaps true that in some recent times the college has actually degraded itself in order to attract him? The purpose of the college method to clear. It is needed primarily to develop in the man systematic habits; to give him control of his intellectual powers; to fit him in such a manner that he may be able to direct those powers successfully in any special direction. It is important to observe that the training is of a general character. Special training looking toward a particular profession or line of work is not the province of the college. Such training is to a greater or less extent an apprenticeship. The difference between the general training and the special training consists in this: that the former requires a man to take hold of any kind of work; the latter, to him only for a particular thing. The man with special training finds himself made ready to be transferred from one kind of work to another, or, except in rare instances, as suggested above, to advance from one division of the field to another. The college man, on the other hand, requires in each case a given time in which to adjust himself to the new work, but this technique, or the amount of it necessary for his advancement, he will easily master. All this may be said of the old-fashioned curriculum; in other words, the curriculum by which the college men were trained who occupy high positions in the world to-day.

A More Practical Curriculum

It has come to be the opinion of many educators, as I have said, that the college may take a step forward in this matter and while securing the general training just referred to, at the same time provide the student with a given amount of special knowledge relating to the subjects that are fundamental in the particular line of business to be contemplated. It is argued that modern history could be made use of as a discipline with equal advantage as compared with ancient history. Modern languages, if properly taught, would secure at least a large amount of that training which a study of the classics was developing. Special training towards this more practical curriculum. It was followed by the recommendation of courses in chemistry and biology, which would prepare the way for medicine; by courses in constitutional history and international law, preparatory to legal work; and, as already suggested, by courses connected with the department of political economy, on commercial geography, education, money, banking, insurance, etc., which pointed in the direction of business. Sufficient time has not elapsed to prove conclusively that this policy is a good one, either from the point of view of the college or the student. It has, however, very much to its favor; and if we were to reach a conclusion on the basis of probabilities the case might be considered as settled. The greatest advantage connected with the policy is the fact that the ordinary student, knowing that the subject matter will be of real service to him in the future, takes a deeper interest in the work proposed, and acquires not only this special knowledge, but also a better training in proportion to the high character of the work performed.

The extent to which this adaptation of the college curriculum has been taken is already marked. To be sure, the south-eastern part of the country has been unable to make important changes in this direction. This, like all other efforts to make the curriculum a special one, calls for the expenditure of money in large sums. This has been done by several institutions, and the result is, perhaps, that it may be called such, is well under way. It is also probable that in some cases, that is, special carried too far; but that, upon the whole, it will prove successful proposals no one really doubts.

General vs. Special Training

The whole may be summed up in a few words. General training is believed to be superior in most cases to special training. This general training can be secured on the basis of a curriculum in part of special subjects, but also a special subject closely related to the special calling. If the danger involved in too early specialization can be avoided the policy is a feasible one. If, however, in the use of special subjects the teacher of the student fails to secure the general training the expenditure of money will be in vain, and the student will be a failure. It is a large contingency. It is asked, which will not succeed in the institution and fail in the world. It may succeed likewise in the case of one individual and fail in the case of another individual. Everything depends upon the spirit with which the work of the director is carried out, and it is only saying that it is necessary to set out all work of an educational character.

A Day with the Highland Stag

By James Barnes

I STOOD in the doorway of the little railway station overlooking the broad sweep of meadow that ran down to the rocky shore of the Firth. On the other side of the blue water rose the undulating hills of the Black Isle, dotted with the century-old stone farmhouses and the squares of yellow corn land. In the farther end of the platform stood a stocky, red-faced little man, surrounded by the various impedimenta of the British sportsman.

Presently another man came from the waiting-room and joined him, and the two compared their notices. The train was late; it was always late. I had been informed; but the short man seemed rather put out at the delay. When the stationmaster appeared he walked over to him with an air of irritated importance; there was another remission of time-pieces. If the stationmaster had been a Frenchman he would have shrugged his shoulders; but, being a Scotsman, he only smiled a non-committal smile in the depth of his red whiskers.

"She'll be comin' the noo," he said, closing his big silver watch with a snap. And at that moment the pungent staccato whistle of the little engine was heard a mile or so down the road. A few minutes later the train rolled in. A couple of servants emerged from somewhere and loaded bags and guncases and slung straps into a compartment, and my two sporting friends, in the glory of checked knickerbockers and deer-stalker caps, entered another. I followed them. I knew from a few words I had overheard that their mission up the line was the same as mine, and that they were going back into the Highlands after stag. It was my first experience, and I was as ignorant of the subject as a red Indian might be of grand opera, and I hoped that my companions might let drop something in their conversation that would give me a point or two. A few miles beyond we arrived, and I hoped to be joined on the train by my host, at whose shooting lodge I had been invited to stay and who had promised to fit me out with all the necessary paraphernalia, but the talk of the two sports-men gave me little information.

"How many heads did you get last year?" asked the tall man of the shorter.

"Thirty-eight. It was an off season, but there were five males," responded the red-faced one, puffing of his pipe. It sounded like the record of a game of cards. In my mind's eye I saw what I imagined to be a Highland deer-stalking party—a well-laid lunch-

con-table ensconced behind a well-trimmed hedge, within an hour's walk, or so, of one of the great ancestral castles, a comfortable chair placed in a sheltered blind, and a stream of smoking, half-tame animals driven across the open by a line of noisy butlers; and, to tell the truth, my gorge rose at the picture. The hard day's labor of the American still-hunt came to me, the Indian guide cautioning silence, the great depths and solitude of the forest, the snail of man and the knowledge of woodcraft pitted against the cunning of the wild beast, whose protection is his ferocity, and his instinct in seeking danger. A pily rose in my heart for the smoking, bagged animals, driven up to afford moving targets for the comfortably seated sportsman, with his mind on the grunting hunch, while an obsequious leader standing near him to lead his extra rifle. Somehow I did not think I should like it.

There is a great deal in the recorded big bags of the English sportsman that we read of in the papers that goes against the grain of the American love of plain and forest, and I confessed frankly to myself that I had all this prejudice. However, it was to be a new experience, and new experiences are welcome.

At another little station, a hall an hour or so farther up the line, I saw my host, standing on the platform, and hastened out to join him. As we entered another compartment I spoke of my friends in the one I had just left. The short man, I was informed, owned a "bored" some miles beyond Sir Charles's, and cared for nothing else in the world but stags, rearing all his grouse moors, and confining his sport entirely to the rifle.

I determined to conceal my ignorance and ask no questions. As we lunched along past little villages and scattered farms, I did inquire as to the ownership of the land, and in the next matter of fact way my host replied that it was his. At last I asked him how large was his estate, and the reply quite staggered me—about three hundred and forty thousand acres—and Scotland a little country! We

got out of host at a small neatly kept village of about fifty houses, where "the land," as all Scotch landholders are called, was our rendezvous by a crowd who gave him welcome, old friends and tenants. He had a kindly word for each. Two deer-stalking, bag, big gentlemen—gamekeepers I found out—immediately took charge of my baggage, and I saw three or four rifles in cases and leather gun-cases.

Beyond the station was standing what is known in Scotland as a "game cart," with two fine horses and a coachman in livery on



"I still kept my glass upon the staring line hundreds of feet before me"



"I should constantly peered out"



"Suddenly one of the stags lifted his head"

the box. As I stood looking about me, a little swarmed old man of perhaps seventy came up and spoke to my host, who grasped him by the hand.

"Ah, surely, how are you?" he said.

The old man looked up with pleasure, his dim old eyes fairly sparkling. "Verre aed, Sir Charles; and I'm glad to see you, Sir Charles."

"As my friend loaded one of the bags into the cart he found time to whisper to me—

"Take a look at this old chap. He was the best man in the Highlands in his time, and my father's head keeper for fifty years."

I looked at the little dried-up figure leaning on his stick, and could scarce imagine it. The old man returned my glance with equal interest.

"It's a wild country yur'e gonn' into, sir," he said, "and I warn't no wum' w' ye, but I'm too auld for the hills now." He drew a long sigh.

His words had come to me like a revelation. It was the first shock of the upsetting of my preconceived ideas. I had seen little or no "wild" country since I had been in Scotland. I was to learn. We climbed into the cart and the horses started. We went by a little inn overshadowed by two gigantic oak trees. From the signboard swung the coat of arms of my friend's family. The castle at which he lived and all this land, swarming bird had belonged to his ancestors for over nine hundred years. Two old gaffers sitting in the sun on a bench boded their heads and touched their hats as we drove by. We crossed an old stone bridge over a roaring salmon river and followed the wide road along its eastern bank, a plunge in the river, or the hills, and its closely built-in main street and its stone cottages and little flower-filled gardens, into the country. There were a few scattered farms and then the purple stretches of heather. Far to the north lay a blue line of jagged hills.

For an hour we sat at a pace, passing now and then neat little houses and once a tiny isolated castle with a flag floating from the battlements, bodes intent to shooting or fishing tenants, and all belonging to my friend. And then the country began to look wilder. The blue hills grew nearer. I could see that the crevices rose into the overhanging clouds. For some miles now we had passed no habitation.

"How much farther have we got to go?" I asked as we turned abruptly out of a little forest of stunted bushes and once more saw the river roaring at our feet.

"About three hours," he replied. And again I received my second shock. The vision of the lunch-table grew fainter, my prejudices began to vanish slowly. In the next hour they had left me entirely. With a rattling and slipping of the wheels we planged down a steep incline and plashed across a rocky ford with the swirling water rising to the hubs. They on the other side got out and walked up a stiff incline, and there it was that the Highlands fairly gripped me.

It is only the hand of man that throws back the curtains; it is the discordant note suggested by signs of his presence that brings us to the realization of the place we live in. But here, except for the narrow winding road ahead, was the same country that had been known to the gray wolf, to the wild, killed savage, the precursor of the sturdy stock that still owns the land and loves it, and to the "antlered monarch of the glen," who still roams untrammelled from sea to sea.

Before us stretched a narrow valley, and on each side rose the towering hills. Along the bank of the river, that had now dwindled to what we would call a good-sized mountain trout-stream, were narrow stretches of meadow grass and stunted birches, and where they ended there rose, more humbled or a thousand feet above, the black billiards, with their bare, wind-swept tops. The clouds ahead of us parted, and I saw the gleaming snow on the top of a head-shouldered, craggy peak. I looked up into the clear air, but there sailed two water-waving doves—the eagles!

The glamour, the charm of the wilderness, took hold of me. I looked at my friend sitting opposite to me on the seat; he was drawing in long breaths of sheer enjoyment. For some moments we had not spoken. His life beside him among the travelled ways of men in long robes and powdered business dresses; it is but an infrequent excursion he makes to his native heath. I was surprised when he told me that it was some years since he had been to this particular spot in his dream.

Suddenly the keeper who was riding with the driver pointed at the hillside above us.

"Beasts! Sir Charles," he said.

At a word the horses were stopped. I looked up, but I could see nothing. "Beasts," I had learned, in Scotland is the generic term for the royal game. But do my best I could discern no sign of any living thing.

"They're all kinds," said Sir Charles, speaking first.

"And calves," added the keeper, with the glass still to his eye.

I begged for a squint. And then at last I saw them. Twelve or fifteen graceful deer, with their wide-spreading antlers, were looking down at us from at least a mile away. The glass brought them very near. They stood motionless as statues.

"They'll never take their eyes off of us no longer as we stand still," said Sir Charles, "but if one of us got out and took a step into the heather they'd be over the top in an instant."

So I was learning! The quarry was no so tame, after all! But keen, tingling delight of the sportsman grew in my veins. But we were moving on again, with miles of the valley before us. The evening shadows fell in the deep hollows and glens, the air grew keen and supple. But all journeys have an end. We came at last to a little broader bit of meadow land, crossed the stream once more, and there lay the lodge, a collection of two or three

little stone houses, and from the chimney of the larger blue smoke was lifting straight into the air. A tall, lank man in knickerbockers strode down to meet us. His delight and pleasure at seeing the house was manifest in every line of his sunken and lined face. It showed in the tones of his voice as he answered questions. I noticed that my friend spoke to him in the same accents as his own. The man's replies were short and given quickly. Yes, there were some beasts at Glen Shuir and more seen at Stron Dain this week or so. (The black and white stag he said they saw a thousand feet above the little roaring stream he pointed out some awing objects. Above the glasses came into play, but they were "all kinds." In the waning sunlight that still crowned the top they could be seen browsing on the hillside grass and occasionally raising their heads and gazing down at the valley.) "Prepare for a hard day to-morrow," said Sir Charles, as he entered the lodge.

There was no luxury here. It was a plainly furnished little shooting-box, with pine partitions and rough furniture. The smell of cooking that came from the kitchen remained no day and it was hungry. We took a short walk back up the hillside, and then went to bed early, with dreams of the morrow crowding fast.

Long before dawn we were awakened, and breakfasted by candle-light. I suppose there is nothing so exhilarating in the world as the glimpse of a new country in the gray half-light of the morning. At all events, as we stepped out through the doorway on to the dew-laden grass and felt the chill of the past night in the still air, my heart began to beat excitedly. The sky was lightening, the sun was coming up, and the water of the stream played music that only the true love of the wilderness fully understands.

Donald, the tall keeper who had met us the evening before, had been assigned to me as my guide, counselor, and friend. The first that he had been picked out for the kitchen remained no day and in a bag out luncheon. A long telescope in a leather case and my camera completed his load. Another spy-glass was given to me and a climbing stick, like an alpenstock, with a crooked handle.

Sir Charles was going in a different direction, and a bill post waited at the corner of the house to take him part way on his road. Wishing me good luck, and with instructions to Donald to be sure that I got a shot, he left me.

Following the keeper's long stride I started up the hill. For an hour we walked on in silence, my whole endeavor being to keep pace with Donald, and as a matter of pride to hide the fact that the pace was telling on me. But before we got to the crest of the hill I had to ask for a halt, and I sat down in the heather blowing like a porpoise. Donald waited beside me. As I recovered I tried to sign the keeper of my fatigue, but he only said: "Just below, in a deep hollow, is a little loch of the clear, blue water. A stream trickled out of it and tinkled nearly away, dropping in rills and waterfalls to the edge of the cliff a half a mile away, where it plunged off into a trailing film of mist."

Donald said that he had been above the hills, but the loch was permeated with a pink, all-pervading light. It seemed to me that I could have sat there an hour in absolute enjoyment. Suddenly Donald began to crouch. He did so gradually until he was on his knees in the heather.

"Beasts!" said Sir Charles, as he took the telescope from its leather case and pulled it out to its full length of two feet or more.

I looked in the direction that he slowly pointed it. Two black dots against the sky-line, almost a mile away! I just saw them when they disappeared.

"They winded us, sir," he said, sliding the telescope with a snap. I then noticed that a slight breeze had sprung up, blowing from the high hills to the northward.

"We better be going on, sir," said my guide, presently, and in a few minutes we were climbing up once more. The grass and heather grew sparse and thin, and at last we came out on the top, a bare space covered with gray stones and heather, with here and there woody tufts of moss-hags. Following Donald's example I bent my back and crouched after him until we came to the divide overlooking the valley. The stream ran like a thread through the narrow green meadows below.

The highland stag feeds at night, and it was just at the hour when dawn begins that he leaves the low ground to slink up his mountain fastnesses. Once more the telescope came out. Donald had said nothing, but I saw that his glass was leveled keenly at a spot below us. I focused mine at last, and my heart began a sudden hurried beating. In a long, single line I could make out a score or more of dark-brown objects moving up the hillside. As the light broadened they became more defined. I could plainly see horns, and there a pair of branching antlers. Donald shook his head doubtfully.

"I am afraid, sir," he half-whispered, "they'd wind us if we tried to get before them. But, then," he added, "I'll do my best to turn them if you stay here and try to get to the top of the hill, the glen. There are one or two good beats there, sir."

With a few directions as to what I should do he left me and I saw him, with body bent, on a swift trot, make off until he disappeared with a sudden drop behind the crest of the hill. I had taken a short ride from the case, but still kept my glass close to my eye. The wind was blowing from the north, and I saw a white tail here and there. They were away, bounding swiftly over gullies and hollows, until a shoulder of the hill hid them from view. A few minutes more would have passed, but I was so full of the informed me that with the wind blowing as it was it would be impossible to get near any of the beasts in the valley to the south

of us. He searched the corvess and hollows with his glass for some minutes, and delivered himself as follows:

"There're a good many birds scattered in the bracken, and there's a little switch-bone lying down here near you bird-er," he said, pointing.

The exercise of climbing had made me exceedingly warm, and now the wind that was freshening every instant was chilling me to the marrow, and I asked if there was a place less exposed from which we could see.

"We might cross to the other side," suggested Donald, much in the matter-of-fact tone that a man might suggest the shady side of the street. I looked across the valley. The hills even topped the ones that we were on; it was a matter for consideration. But it was getting too cold for me, and we stopped over the brink and began slowly to work our way down the almost precipitous side. We had gone but one hundred yards when the keeper raised his hand and began the slow crouching that I had noticed before was a signal for game in sight. When we were both prone in the damp moss Donald once more began to spy. Directly before us, feeding among the moss-bags, was a young stag with a fairly good set of horns. He was grazing up hill directly toward me, but as we watched him he turned and walked down the hill. Immediately Donald began to crawl, and I followed in his wake. We reached the shelter of a little hollow, and Donald cautiously peered out over the heather tops. As I crept up beside him he placed his lips so close to my ear that I could not help perceiving that he smoked very strong tobacco, and he whispered:

"There's a hind and calf lying down here within two hundred yards. We'll wait more to the right, or I'll they'll get the wind of us."

Again mere crawling through soaked moss and crumpling bracken, and then we halted. This time, after the inspection, Donald's whisper showed excitement, and he placed his lips so close to my ear that I could not help perceiving that he smoked very strong tobacco, and he whispered:

"There're three fine beasts, sir! Right ahead, lying down."

It took me some time to find them, for there was nothing but their antlers visible. Donald kept up a running, whispered comment on the situation, adopting a manner of familiar companionship, devoid of the least shade of either assumption or deference. He emphasized his whispers with gentle pressure of his hand upon my shoulder.

"We cannot move on," he said. "We'll have to stay here till they get out of the bracken. It won't be long now—they'll be moving. The little devil we saw first is working down toward them."

How Folk was Nominated for Governor

(Continued from page 1288.)

gathering, and there he told the plain people and the whistled farmer, fresh from the fields, that he believed in the prosecution of criminals, that party allegiance was a good thing as all organization is good, but that a man who stole from the public he had sworn to serve belonged to no party; that he was neither Democrat nor Republican; but came from the people, and his friends. There had been some criticism of Folk because he had condemned men of his own party, men who had made laws for the city and stolen for money while they were sitting in the city's councils and walking for streets with head in air. But when he told his former audience that thieves belonged to no party, that he did not want their votes or support, he had a hearing.

Then Mr. Folk went back to his office. He had convicted eight or ten men, but each grand jury brought up a new batch. One man, indicted for taking much of the money "put up" by an over-generous corporation for favors, had left the city and State and country. In Mexico there was no recognition of the right of extradition for the offense of bribery. So Mr. Folk dropped his mercenary friends and his political ambition and went to see the President. Mr. Roosevelt told him that a treaty might be proposed that it might be made to pass the Senate, and that it would be signed forthwith if Senatorial difficulties were overcome. The youth of thirty-three tackled the job. His treaty went through and received the promised signature. It went in Mexico and was ratified there. That Secretary Hay said that, in his judgment, the instrument was not retroactive, and that the missing link-dict could not be brought back. Mr. Folk had meantime returned to St. Louis but it didn't take him long to again find himself in Washington. He talked to Secretary Hay for a few hours, saw the President again, and after a delay of several days there was a new decision. The treaty was retroactive, the Mexican government would be asked to surrender the wanted man, and in the course of Mexican time—which is not American time—two officers from the United States brought the fugitive to St. Louis.

Eighteen or nineteen months had been brought about before Mr. Folk began to look toward politics again. By this time the alert machine had heard something, tireless waves had brought a message from the interior counties, and there was some distress thereat. But no alarm. Political prodigies had arisen before—and where were their graves now?

Three good men and true were put in the field. One of them was a Supreme judge of high standing, a gentleman possessing the confidence of the people. Another was a man of Folk's age, an engaging personality, and a strong man with a big individual following already made. The third was a brilliant orator, an office-holder of high position, and a party worker of the first class.

Suddenly one of the stags who were about three hundred yards away, lifted his head. Donald reeled over on his back and slipped the rifle out of his case.

"He's a brown beast, the further one," he said. "But it's a long shot, of three hundred yards, say." "I'll try it," said Donald as though it was an apology for his expertness. As I took the rifle and adjusted its sights, all three of the stags stood. The farthest one I could see was a fine one with a noble head.

"Be quiet, sir," cautioned Donald. "They'll be away." My heart was thumping loudly, as hearts have a way of doing on such occasions, but I sighted as carefully as I could and fired. As Donald had fairly prophesied I missed, and away the quarry started in single file, scattering a bit as they ran diagonally down the hill-side. Immediately I threw another cartridge into the chamber and made a hasty shot. The big stag that was following the others gave a jump into the air and came down in a heap. Donald rose to his full height. My own surprise at the result of the shot probably discounted any expression of exultation on my part, but the keeper gave vent to his feelings with the prompt exclamation of a boy.

"He's down, sir; he's down," he cried. And then he looked at me as I knelt there with nothing short of undimmed admiration. I felt rather embarrassed.

"I think thought that you'd do it, sir," he said, and that was what we shot at where the head lay. After the crop of grace we carried the body with bunches of heather and dried fern, to keep away the eagles, and in another hour I was toiling up the slope on the opposite side of the river, across which, by the way, Donald had carried my two hundred pounds on his thin wiry shoulders without tiring a hair. During the afternoon the wind seemed to be blowing from all directions, and though we made several long stalks, the beasts always got some intimation of our approach. Just about sunset I got another shot, and succeeded in bagging a fat five-year-old by a lucky chance. It was ten o'clock that night before we saw the lights gleaming from the windows of the little lodge. Mr. Charles, who had just come and was sitting next to his tired host in a tub of hot water, looked up at me from in front of the fire. I had heard from the gillies outside that he had not got a wot all day.

"Well," said he, and what do you think of it?"

I made some answer.

"My hat off to the wild beast of the Highlands," I replied.

"Meaning me or the stag?" asked the laird.

"The stag," said I.

They ran west into the State. One of them made scores of speech-dramatic friends, and all he heard saying that party were other men in the State as good as the prosecution of criminals in St. Louis.

By and by the counties began to vote. In the primaries out in the State there was a hardy dissent. In the cities there was much growing about Folk and desire for him in rounded primaries, but the youths from the furrowed fields answered back five to one. When the convention of last came together there was but one man named aside from Folk—the young man with the present following, and when the votes were all in it was this young man who rose to ask the convention to make Mr. Folk's nomination unanimous. There are 115 delegate districts in Missouri—and of these a hundred went to Folk on the only ballot.

And this is how he did it. Mr. Folk has practically made but one speech—the same talk many times. He has said that all good citizens must realize that the betrayal of a public trust is a public enemy. That the prostitution of place is a blow at the foundations of the Republic, and that when they are not alert in national politics their servants to guide in the people's property; that there must be a direct ballot, and an honest return for taxes paid; or there can be but one end to the national life. He pleaded for no party, but expressed his confidence in his fellow-citizens to recognize the right of a Democrat to job a Democratic community no more than he recognized the right of a Republican office-holder to rob a Republican community. All were criminals. Mr. Folk might have said that the six former members of legislature now in the penitentiary were Democrats and three Republicans, but he did not. The public knew that he was proceeding without regard to party affiliations.

Now the so-called machine in Missouri, which is not at all dishonest in its personnel, is shouting for Folk. There are some men in it who are saying that they were for Folk all along, that they knew his future, and had always supported him. But the record is different, and word of the machine men are honestly saying that they were mistaken. They are now for Folk because they believe in him, and that they were not for him before for the reason that they had put party above the man, which is, in most cases, the thing to do.

Now is the present time. In spite of the great honor that lies ahead of him—for Republicans and Democrats alike will vote for him in great numbers—he is still at work in his stuffy office in the Court Courts, hearing contentions, passing on judicial appeals. He is making a very good thing of it, and he is not only for the public but for the people's service. He is not only for the underbarners who have fallen into his clutches—but it is the pity of the hour!

Correspondence

THE NEW NEGRO CRIME AGAIN

ATLANTA, Ga., August 15, 1904

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—The interesting theory that the disfranchisement of the negro in Mississippi had resulted in putting a stop to what you have styled "The New Negro Crime," was, I think, first advanced by you in your issue of June 20, 1903, on the authority of certain statements attributed to Representative Blandford of that State. In a letter from me dated February 20, 1904, and published in the WEEKLY during March or April of the present year, occurred the following sentence:

"Without any statistical data at hand as to conditions in Mississippi, my confidence in any man judgment of the negro and his crime impels me to disbelieve the premises, and to believe on the contrary, not only that the crime in question has not ceased in Mississippi, but that the conduct of the negro in that State is, and will continue to be, in all respects the same as in the other Southern States."

The letter from Mr. Thomas Jackson Ray, published in your issue of August 13, seems to support by statistics the correctness of my opinion above quoted. I would not, perhaps, be warranted in taxing your country or hardening your columns with any further reference to the matter, if it were not for the fact that my opinion was so axiomatic based upon a *prima facie* premises that its present vindication by the statistics would seem to entitle it to the weight which attaches to demonstrated theory. If you will refer back to the letter in question, you will see that I there attempted to show why the Fifteenth Amendment has little or no bearing on the subject, and that the real trouble at the bottom of the negro's increasing savagery lies in the Fourteenth Amendment. The opinion there expressed did not appear to address it self to your mind with any particular force, or, at least, to retain your attention, although you were good enough to allow a full page to it in your excellent paper; but it is the exact truth, nevertheless, and if the editor of the WEEKLY will read it again in the light now shed on the subject by Mr. Ray's letter, I think you will feel with further satisfaction.

I am the more encouraged to make this suggestion, because your paper has manifested a sincere purpose to find the truth which shall prove the solvent of this vexing negro problem, and because your liberal policy in opening your columns to a free expression of opinion has brought in such large contributions toward it.

Let me again briefly formulate what I conceive to be the truth of the case. I shall not try to argue it, or to prove it, but merely to state it, leaving time and free discussion to prove it or disprove it, as may happen.

The negro is a low order of mankind who has never in the six thousand years of recorded time shown aptitude or capacity for self-government or self-elevation. Under his American tutelage, which was much more cruelly administered than that of slavery, he underwent marked improvement in intelligence, industry, and religion, made some progress in education, and a little in conventional morality. The secret of this progress lay in the fact that his government during that period was consciously and openly adjusted to the theory that he was incapable of any considerable measure of self-government, and not adapted to American or Anglo-Saxon laws or institutions. The same principle was applied in his case that is applied by a parent to his children and by the United States government in the Indian and the Japanese—to a child that control was necessary, and that he would degenerate without it.

In the civic controversies which grew up in the United States, the prevailing faction adopted the opposite theory, and crystallized it into the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution, injecting the negro race bodily into the citizenship of the Union and of every State, and undertaking to enforce their civil and political equality. The two last amendments were said to be necessary in order to make the first effective. It was contended that if Congress should stop after passing the Thirteenth Amendment, the negro would be enabled to nullify the latter by some substituted form of control similar to slavery. Therefore, by the Fourteenth Amendment, the negro was invested with full citizenship, and the States forbidden to discriminate in their laws, but required to govern the negro by the same code which applied to his more highly colored white fellow citizen. It also endeavored indirectly to compel his admission to the suffrage. The Fifteenth Amendment was more brutal in its methods, and has, therefore, seemed to be more important.

As a matter of fact, it is so cumbersome to enforce, and the Federal courts and Congress are so awkward and reluctant to enforce it, while at the same time it is so easy to evade, that it has long been a dead letter. The vast majority of Southern negroes to-day do not even know that they are entitled to vote. In Georgia the progressive adoption and development of the "White Primary" has entirely eliminated even the better informed negroes. The Fifteenth Amendment, therefore, has no bearing whatever on the subject.

The Fourteenth Amendment, however, is self-executing. Instead of being limited in its application to one function of citizenship, it affects every relation of life, and *ipso facto* nullifies every State law that contravenes it. It, therefore, is at the bottom of the increasing barbarism among the negroes. The mild laws and free institutions of the American people are as inadequate to govern and control the negro as it would be to restrain the head-hunters by fine and imprisonment. Nor does the blue-black spell of any more hope in the one race to change the Ethiopian's skin than a roasting circle would avail in the other to convert an Igorvite into a Chautauque freeman.

It follows from what I have said, and is obliged to follow,

not only that the people of the South must continue to grow more progressive, but that their social and industrial system must deteriorate, and the negro continue to degenerate so long as his domestic regulations are interfered with from without. Women and children must be immured more and more closely, and no industry suffer in constantly increasing measure so slowly as our form of State government continues to be one of external interference tempered by domestic lynch law.

I am perfectly well aware that academic philosophers will reject the theory I have stated for many years to come, in spite of the manifest facts which make any other position absurd and impossible. I know also that well-meaning philanthropists will be loath to accept it, because to do so is to admit the last half-century to have been an indefensible blunder. Nevertheless, what I here here set down is Truth—plain, evident, demonstrated, and unpalatable Truth, supported by history and science, recognized everywhere in the world and by everybody, until it comes in dealing with the negro and the Southern white man,—then rejected, with out reason or excuse—simply rejected.

Your paper, Mr. Editor, is doing a great deal more good perhaps than you are aware. With the exception of a very occasional magazine article, the *Metropolitan* paper has not usually been open to free expression from the South. Indeed, I have seen no paper in the North, except HARPER'S WEEKLY, that has been willing to give patient and courteous attention to Southern opinion, which of necessity differs so widely from that of the North. Out of it must finally come Truth, for whether my opinion expressed by Southern men or Northern men is right or wrong, I have never will be true that free discussion and untrammelled expression is the only avenue to knowledge, and that "Error comes to be dangerous," and only then, "when reason is left free to combat it."

I am, sir,

HOBERT ALEXANDER.

A CONVERSATIONAL "DON'T"

New York, August 10, 1904

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Having read with interest your editorial in the August 5 issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY on "A Plea to Conversation," I beg to suggest a "Don't" which you have not mentioned, but of which I am sure "hotel porch" circles, but other less specialized circles, are in need. It is: Don't discuss the relation of art to morals—especially by artists. By avoiding this topic many friendships may be kept whole, which otherwise would be dissipated.

I am, sir,

HOBERT A. WARE.

WHERE THERE IS NO COMPETITION

HARRISBURG, Pa., August 5, 1904

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Noticing the free advertising you are giving the *Pennsylvania Railroad* on page 1193, in your WEEKLY dated August 8 and at which as a reader of your WEEKLY I am greatly surprised, I beg to suggest that you visit some of the stations on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company between Harrisburg and Pittsburg, where the railroad company in question has no competition.

You will find stations where passengers not only do not have benches to sit upon on the outside of the station room in any form of weather, but are forced to stand on the open platform. There is no road projection over the platform to keep passengers from either rain or snow while waiting for arrival and departure of trains.

Their main waiting rooms are something wonderful to behold. Cheapest kind of uncomfortable wooden benches furnished; as water-coolers for passengers from which they can secure a drink of water in quench their thirst; no clocks in said waiting rooms by which passengers can ascertain the time of day, and no announcement board to notify passengers whether the train is five minutes or five hours late, and if you are at all acquainted with the road between Harrisburg and Pittsburg you will know that there have been often long hours of waiting for a car or train.

While you are giving the Pennsylvania Railroad Company the benefit of your columns for such free advertising as is contained in your article, why don't you give your readers the benefit of all the facts and tell them—Yes!—that where the Pennsylvania State and the railroad have no competition there is no extent to the comfort and convenience of the traveling public, but where it has no competition, Well—in the language of a former citizen of some prominence in your State—"The star-spangled" badge be d—d."

I am, sir,

A READER OF YOUR PAPER

SHIRT-WAISTS ALLOWED

St. Louis, Mo., August 10, 1904

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—It is not a very important matter, but I think our correspondent who wrote about "the shirt-waist man at St. Louis" must have been misinformed. I was at St. Louis for two weeks in July; part of the time it was very warm, and the shirt-waist and the confederate were in evidence on the grounds. It was only in the Art Gallery that coats were insisted upon. The incident of the two boys I read in one of the *St. Louis* papers at the time—they were stopped by the overzealous defense guard, but little boys were therefore exempted from it. I did not hear of it as applied to any other building. I agreed with a man who was entering the very careless; the defense guard told him of the regulations. It seemed to me a very proper one as applied to that part of the exhibition.

I am, sir,

B.

Progress of the War

From the beginning of the war, February 8 until August 22, the following Russian warships have been destroyed: the *Petropavlovsk*, *Voronezh*, *Bocharov*, *Kurik*, *Bogorin*, *Kavriak*, and *Fraser*. The battleships *Pobeda*, *Retvizan*, and *Pervoraz*, and the cruiser *Palada* were badly damaged in the battle of August 10. The Russian cruisers *Rosina* and *Oronok* were damaged in the engagement of August 14, in which the cruiser *Kurik* was sunk. The battleship *Conqueror* and three destroyers have been dismantled at Kail-Chow, and the battleship *Admiral* and the destroyer *Urochov* have also been dismantled at Shanghai.

The cruiser *Sovoy* was partially wrecked and driven ashore by the Japanese at Enakura, island of Sakhalin, on August 10. Several Russian torpedo-boats, destroyers, and gunboats are also known to have been sunk by the Japanese. Japan has lost the battleship *Hatsuse*, the cruiser *Isokawa*, and several torpedo-boats, and a Japanese cruiser was successfully torpedoed by the Russians on May 10.

In the majority of land engagements the Japanese have been victorious. Some of the most important Japanese victories have been the battle of the Yalu on May 1, the battle of Kin-Chow and Nanshan Hill on May 20, the battle of Yaluang on June 12, the battle of Telou, on June 13, the battle of Tschi-Chow on July 24 and 25, the battle of Simu-cheng on July 30 and 31. The Japanese estimate their total casualties from the beginning of the war up to and including August 1, at 12,005 men killed or wounded.

August 23.—A despatch from Chiofo says that the Japanese have captured two more forts at Port Arthur in the neighborhood of Golden Hill. The Japanese are reported to have driven the Russians from the parade-ground (about two miles north of the harbor), and have destroyed the town hall, which was used as a magazine.

August 24.—Admiral Katsuka to-day reported to the government at Tokyo that the Japanese cruisers *Nisika* and *Kanaga* yesterday bombarded and shelled the Japanese harbor and fired on the Russian forts east of Golden Hill at the entrance of Port Arthur. The Russian battleship *Sevastopol*, when engaged in shelling the Japanese land forts on May 1, was outside of Port Arthur yesterday, struck a mine and was disabled. She was towed into Port Arthur.

The *Car* to-day ordered the dismantling of the railway Ashid and the destroyer *Urochov* at Shanghai.

August 25.—The British government has ordered two cruisers from the squadron at the Cape of Good Hope to leave without delay the Russian volunteer fleet steamers *Rosinab* and *Petersburg*, and to convey to them the orders of the Russian government from which they must not further interfere with neutral shipping. A number of British vessels have lately been stopped and searched by the Russian cruisers.

The *Car* to-day received a telegram from Prince Oukhtomsky at Port Arthur, describing the naval battle of August 10. His story says that the cruiser *Palada*, which was previously reported to have been sunk by the Japanese, returned safely to Port Arthur.

A Russian destroyer struck a mine yesterday at Port Arthur and sank. Another destroyer was damaged by striking a mine.

August 26.—A despatch from Liao-Yang says the Japanese have begun an advance along the whole line of the Russian eastern front. General Kurapatkin reports a number of small engagements yesterday in which the Japanese were repulsed.

August 27.—General Oku began an attack upon the Russian forces at Anshan-Chan (only thirty miles from Liao-Yang, in the Yangtze) yesterday at the same time that General Kuroki commenced to attack them at Aiping. The Russian general staff to-day reported that General Sakharov, a detached regiment of the engagement at Anshan-Chan. The Russian losses were about 1,000 killed and wounded. General Kurapatkin reports that the total Russian casualties in all the fighting around Liao-Yang yesterday amounted to 1,150.

August 28.—The fighting around Liao-Yang was resumed to-day. The Russians

have retired from Anshan-Chan, and the entire eastern division is reported to have been withdrawn to positions close to Liao-Yang.

August 28.—A telegram from Liao-Yang says the Russian army has effected its retirement, with transport and artillery, on Liao-Yang, and is now in position awaiting the Japanese advance. The Russians lost 300 killed and wounded during the retreat from Anshan-Chan. The Russians have evacuated Aiping. According to a despatch from Harbin, the total Russian losses from the fighting east and south of Liao-Yang during the past two days amount to about 3,000.

August 31.—The most important news of the war is contained in a despatch made public on this date, reporting a great battle at Liao-Yang, in which 200,000 on both the Russian and Japanese sides are said to be engaged.

Not That Kind

JOHN W. RABBIT, the leading comedian of Henry W. Savage's "Prince of Piles" company, now playing in London, tells this anecdote of his little son:

The boy was overheard saying to his pet rabbit: "How much is seven times seven?" (Of course there was no response from the rabbit.)

"How much is four times four?" Still there was no response.

"Now, I will give you an easy one. How much is two times two?" Still the rabbit refused to respond.

"Well," said the little boy, "I know father was fibbing when he said rabbits are the greatest multipliers in the world."

Always on Medicine—Max, West coast, California, 25¢ should always be used for children's medicine. It soothes the throat, soothes the stomach, stops all pain, soothes the cold, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. (L.A.P.)

BREAST FEEDERS' FEELERS—Breast Feeder's Cream is guaranteed without equal. It is certified according to latest sanitary methods, having a delicate deodorant, and is the best for the mother and the best for the baby. It is the best for the mother and the best for the baby. (L.A.P.)

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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A brain worker's health is often injured by coffee, badly selected food, and sedentary habits. The experience of the Managing Editor of one of the most prosperous newspapers in the Middle West with Postum Food Coffee illustrates the necessity of proper feeding for the man who depends on his brain for a living.

"Up to three years ago," writes this gentleman, "I was a heavy coffee drinker. I knew it was injuring me. It directly affected my stomach, and I was threatened with chronic dyspepsia. It was then that my wife persuaded me to try Postum Food Coffee. The good results were so marked that I cannot say too much for it. When first prepared I did not fancy it, but inquiry developed the fact that cook had not boiled it long enough; so next time I had it properly made, and was charmed with it. Since that time coffee has had no place on my table save for guests. Both myself and wife are fond of this new cup, which 'cheers but does not inebriate' is a much truer and fitter sense than coffee. My stomach has resumed its normal functions, and I am now well and strong again, mentally and physically. I am confident that coffee is a poison to many stomachs, and I have recommended Postum with great success to a number of my friends who were suffering from the use of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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THE TRUANTS

BY A. E. W. MASON

RESUME OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Maricle is introduced in the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Late one night Pamela and Alan Warriden, who is in love with her, observe a young couple leaving the opposite house. They are Tony and Milverton Stretton, who live in a gloomy house provided over by the rich but wicked father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the villain of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. But finally they both weary of their monotonous life, and Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune. In his absence Milverton becomes infatuated with Lionel Talbot, a gentlemanly adventurer. Pamela wishes to help her uncle Warriden on a mission to find Tony and bring him home. Warriden finds Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea on a trawler. Warriden goes every arrangement to prevail upon him to come back to his father. Tony remains on the trawler until the term of his cruise is over, meanwhile having learned of his father's death, and then decides to sail in the French Foreign Legion, as no other career seems open to him. Sludge, a friend of Pamela's, learns from her of the peril Milverton is in from Talbot. He buys up Talbot's debts and places them in the hands of a single arm of soldiers, who insist on a settlement within twenty-four hours. Talbot receives a proposition from Sludge to supersede an important enterprise of the father's in Chile, which his financial difficulties compel him to accept. Warriden, although he has promised to his mother-in-law, again asks Pamela to marry him, and she allows him to think that in time it will be possible for her to accept him. The thing, she tells him, must make her take the step now. The return of Tony Stretton. Warriden, desiring of obtaining information as to Tony's whereabouts, goes to London to visit Tony's friend Mr. Sludge, who, he thinks, will be able to enlighten him. He finds on his arrival that Sludge has died suddenly, and of establishing the hard sailing and address of the carriage of a letter intended for the minister, thinks that he has found a clue to Tony's hiding place. Sludge returns from Chile and persuades Milverton to go south with him. They are seen driving together late at night in Rogers's Park by Mr. Sludge, who tells Pamela that he suspects danger for Milverton. Pamela persuades Warriden to go to an old training place of theirs for consultation: the parter of the village inn, in order to devise a plan to help Milverton. Pamela, for the second time, convinces Warriden to go in search of Tony, and he glides away. Pamela goes to Rougemont, which she had chosen as a resting place, and while there learns of the presence of Lionel Talbot. Stretton, meanwhile, is sent with a troop of soldiers on an expedition across the Desert of Sahara. On his return to Morocco he is given the commission of lieutenant, and he then decides to write to Milverton. At that moment Warriden arrives with the letter from Pamela. Tony reads the letter, and decides to desert the legion, with which he has enlisted for five years, and return to England. He starts in the guise of a pedlar for Morocco. Warriden is in great haste. Pamela learns that Milverton Stretton is expected at a hotel on the Riviera, and sends a telegram to Warriden at Tangier stating him not to fail to return by the ship, the date of Milverton's expected arrival. Tony comes safely through the mountains and meets Warriden just in time for tea.

CHAPTER XXVIII

DISCOVERY

THE two men smoked together upon the roof-top afterwards. "I left a man at the gate all day," said Warriden. "to watch the train from Sefton. I had brought him from Algiers. I do not know how he came to miss you."

"He could not know me," said Tony. "and I spoke to no one."

Tony was silent for a little while. Then he said, in a low grave voice, like a man speaking upon matters which he has no liking to remember:

"The male was taken from me some days ago in the Ah Yucal country." And Warriden upon that said, "good trouble."

"You are tired when you are in the city," said Tony. "I was a night of moonlight, so bright that the stars were pale and small, as though they were withdrawn; there was no cloud anywhere about the sky; and on each night that your translucent air, the city, with its upstanding minarets, had a grace

and beauty denied to it by day. There was something of enchantment in its aspect. Tony smoked his pipe in silence for a little while. Then he said:

"Let us not talk about it! I never thought that I could be sitting here in Sefton after sitting for a little while when we start."

"Early to answer," replied Warriden. "We must reach Rougemont in the south of France by the thirty-first."

Stretton suddenly sat back in his chair.

"Rougemont? France?" he exclaimed. "We must go there? Why?"

"I do not know," Warriden answered. "A telegram reached me at Tangier. I kept it."

He took the telegram from his pocket and handed it to Stretton, who read it and sat thinking.

"We have time," said Warriden, "just time enough, I think, if we travel fast."

"Good," said Stretton, as he returned the telegram. "But I was not thinking of the time."

He did not explain what had caused him to start at the mention of Rougemont; but after sitting for a little while longer in silence, he betook himself to bed.

Early the next morning they rode out of the Rab Sages upon the thronged highway over the plain to Mequinez.

The caravans diminished, striking off into this or that track. Very soon there remained with them only one party of five, accompanied on small donkeys. They began to ride through high shrubs and fumes of forest over rolling ground. Stretton talked very little, and as the track twisted and turned across the plain he was continually standing up in his stirrups and searching the horizon.

"There does not seem to be one straight path in Morocco," he exclaimed, impatiently. "Look at this one. There's no man who it should not run straight. Yet it never does."

Indeed, the track lay across that open plain like some leonine monstrous serpent of a legend.

"I do not believe," replied Warriden, "that there is a straight path anywhere in the world, unless it is one, which has been set and made, or unless it runs from gate to gate, and both gates are visible. One might think the animals made this track, turning and twisting to avoid the bushes. Only the track is no straighter in the desert, where there are no bushes at all."

They halted for half an hour at eleven, beside a bridge which crossed a stream, broken and ruinous, but still serviceable. And while they sat on the ground under the shadow they suddenly heard a great rattling of hoofs upon the broken sods, and jangling saw a body of men ride across the bridge. There were about forty of them, young and old; all were mounted, and it appeared as wild and ragged a set of bandits as could be in Stretton's opinion on the ground beneath them; and without a word or a shout they halted as one man. Their very silence was an intimidating thing.

"E-mur," whispered Hushim. He was shivering with fear. Warriden noticed that the two soldiers who accompanied them at this journey to Rougemont quietly assumed their horses. Stretton and Warriden rose to do likewise. And as they rose a dozen of the mounted L'har quietly rode round from the end of the bridge and shied between them and the stream. Then the leader, a big man with a black beard turning gray, began to talk in a quiet and pleasant voice to the soldiers.

"You are bringing Europeans into our country. Now why are you doing that?"

The soldiers in less pleasantly replied:

"Your country? The Europeans are travelling with a letter from your master and mine, my Lord the Sultan, to the Governor of Mequinez."

"You will show us, then, the letter?"

"I will do nothing of the kind," the soldier replied, with a smile. The L'har did not move; the two soldiers sat upon their horses smiling; it seemed that matters had come to a deadlock.

morning," he said, "for the country is not safe. It will be well if you start early, for you have a long way to go."

"The earlier the better," said Stretton.
"It will do if you breakfast at five—half past five," said then, "to whose pointlessness was a thing unknown." And start at six—half past six."

"No," said Warriden. "We will start at five—half past five."

That night a company of soldiers kept posted about the tents, and passed the hours of darkness in calling to one another and chanting an endless plaintive melody. Little sleep was possible to the two Englishmen, and to one of them sleep did not come at all. Now and then Warriden dropped off and waked again; and once or twice he struck a match and lit his candle. Each time that he did this he saw Stretton lying quite motionless in his bed on the other side of the tent. Tony lay with the bedclothes up to his chin, and his arms straight down at his sides, in some ancient resemblance to a dead man. But Warriden saw that all the while his eyes were open. They were awake with his troubles and perplexities, keeping them to himself as was his wont, and slowly searching for an issue. That he would hit upon the issue he did not doubt. He had these few days for thought, and it was not the first time that he had had to map out a line of conduct.

His course might be revealed to him at the very last moment, as it had been on the traveler in the North Sea. Or it might flash upon him in a second, as the necessity to desert had flashed upon him in the midst of the alms of Ain Sofra. Meanwhile he lay awake and thought.

They started early that morning, and crossing a valley, mounted on to that high wide plain Dhehlar Larson and Dhehlar Geronan. They left the town of Mezquiza behind them; its minarets dropped out of sight. They had come into a most empty world. Not a tent village stood anywhere beside the track. They were riding right in a deep recess the white sanded loam of Mahal Idris fell down the dark side of the Larson like a cascade. A little further an arch of stone and a few pillars rising from the plain showed where once the Romans had built their town of Volubilis. And now that was passed there was no sign of life anywhere at all.

For hours they rode on a desolate, beautiful world. Bushes of anemone, white with their starry flowers, branched against them; plants of iris, purple and yellow, stood sturdily high upon their path; and at times the bushes would cease, and they would ride over a red carpet of anemones, which would pale away into the gold of the mustard flower. Flowers were about them all that day, but no living things. Even the air about their heads was still. The country seemed too empty even for the birds.

At eleven o'clock they stopped beside a stream which ran prettily between trees across their path.

"We shall find no more water until evening," said Ibrahim. "We will stop here."

Stretton dismounted and said:

"We can send the mules on and catch them up. It will save time."

The soldiers shook their heads.

"We are in the Berber country. We must not separate," they remarked.

Stretton looked around impatiently.

"But there is no one within miles," he exclaimed; and, as if to contradict him, a man walked out from the bushes by the stream and came towards them. He had been riding on this very track not two hours before by eleven mounted Berbers. He had been driving three mules laden with eggs and food to Mahal Idris, and his mules and their loads had been taken from him. He was walking home, absolutely penniless. His whole fortune had been lost that day; and when once again the travellers started upon their journey he ran at a trot beside their horses for safety's sake.

The road mounted now on to stony and mountainous country. It wound continually, ascending in and out amongst low round peaks towards the summit of a great line of hills which ran from east to west opposite to them against the sky.

"Beyond the hills," cried Ibrahim, "is the plain of the Selou."

A big village crowned the hill just where the track ascended. It had been placed there to protect the road. In a little while they came to the foot of the hill, and suddenly they saw, far below them, the great plain of the Selou, green and level, dotted with villages and the white temples of saints, and clumps of trees stretching away as far as the eye could reach. It was afternoon, not a cloud was in the sky, and the sun shone through the clear, golden air beneficently bright. The track fell away to the plain with a descent so direct the plain broke so steeply upon the eyes, that the very beauty of the scene caught the breath away.

Both Warriden and Stretton reined in their horses, and sat looking across the plain as a man might look sublimely from the crest of some high cliff over for the first time the sea. And then Warriden heard his companion begin to hum a song. He caught some of the words, but not many.

"Oh, come out, mah love, I'm a waitin' for you back!" Tony began, and suddenly he looked himself with an expression of anger, as though the words had associations which hurt him to recall.

"Let us ride on," he said, and led the way down the steep winding track towards the plain.

They pressed on, the evening, and camped late in the Beni Hassan country. Stretton slept that night, but he slept fitfully. He had not yet come to the end of his perplexities, and as he rode

away from their camping ground in the morning he said, impulsively:

"It is quite true. I have thought of it. I am to blame. I should have gone into the house that night."

He was endeavoring to be just, and to this criticism of himself he continually recurred. He should have entered his home in Berkeley Square on the night when he contrasted himself with looking up to the lighted windows. He should have gone in and declared what was in his mind about them. Very likely he would only have made matters worse. Contempt for a visionary would very likely have been added to the contempt for a *seidu-wari*.

Certainly so faith would have been felt by Mullie in the morning of his plan. He would have been asked, in a low, even way, to take him in and stay at home. Still, he ought to have gone in. He had made a mistake that night.

All that day they rode through the Beni Hassan country westwards. The plain was level and monotonous; they passed village after village, each one built in a circle about the old Portuguese open turf into which the cattle were driven at night. For upon the hills, and in the forest of Mamara to the south, close by, the L'mar lived, and between the Beni Hassan and the L'mar there is always war. In the afternoon they came to the borders of that forest, and skirting its edge, towards evening reached the caravanerai of El Kantra.

The travellers saw it some while before they came to it—four high, smooth, castellated walls crowning a low hill. It stands upon the road from Fez to Rabat, and close to the road from Rabat to Larache, and is a garrison, and it is the only one of its kind there a stone from its walls into the trees of Mamara. Stretton and Warriden rode round the walls to the gate, and as they passed beneath the arch both halted and looked back.

Outside was a quiet country of gray colors; the sea was near to the far away, far away, far away, in a low, even way, to take him in and stay at home. Still, he ought to have gone in. He had made a mistake that night.

Inside was a quiet country of gray colors; the sea was near to the far away, far away, far away, in a low, even way, to take him in and stay at home. Still, he ought to have gone in. He had made a mistake that night.

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Rulers of Kings

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Author of "The Conqueror," "The Aristocrats"

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F. Y. Cory, whose pictures of baby-life have never been equalled for cleverness and humor, has illustrated the book copiously with pen-and-ink drawings. The pictures are every bit as funny as the narrative, and the book will provide the laughter of any one who turns the pages.

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BY
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THESE are Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's latest stories. All are filled with the humor and pathos of New England life—the type of story which is indisputably the author's own, and in which she scored her remarkable early success.

Of the stories in this volume, the title story—"The Givers"—has created more widespread interest and called forth more letters from the author's readers than anything else Mrs. Freeman has done. It is a laughable tale of the revolt of a sturdy, strong-minded woman against the inappropriateness of the Christmas gifts with which she is deluged by her well-to-do, unthinking friends. How she leads each in turn to replace her gift with some homely, serviceable article is a triumph of rough-handed New England diplomacy and a highly amusing tale.

Sophia Lane is but one of the many characters in this book who are good to know and not soon forgotten.

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PUBLISHERS NEW YORK CITY

morning," he said, "for the country is not safe. It will be well if you start early, for you have a long way to go."

"The earlier the better," said Stretton.

"It will do if you breakfast at five—half-past five," said Ibrahim, to whom punctuality was a thing unknown. "And start at six—half-past six."

"No," said Warriden. "We will start at five—half-past five."

That night a company of soldiers kept guard about the tents, and passed the hours of darkness in calling to one another and chanting one endless plaintive melody. Little sleep was possible to the Englishmen, and to one of them sleep did not come at all. Now and then a soldier dropped off and waked again, and once or twice he struck a match and lit his candle. Each time that he did this he saw Stretton lying quite motionless in his bed on the other side of the tent. Tony lay with his hands upon his chin, and his arms straight down at his sides. In some unaccountable manner a great deal of time passed away, and at last the while his eyes were open. Tony was awake with his troubles and perplexities, keeping them to himself as was his wont, and slowly searching for an issue. That he would hit upon the issue he did not doubt. He had these few days for thought, and it was not the first time that he had had to map out a line of conduct.

His course might be revealed to him at the very last moment, as it had been on the tawdry in the North Sea. Or it might flash upon him in a second, as the necessity to desert had flashed upon him amidst the slopes of Ain-Sefra. Meanwhile he lay awake and thought.

They started early that morning, and crossing a valley, mounted on to that high wide plain Dibel Lashon and Dibel Geronan. They left the town of Mequien behind them; its minarets dropped out of sight. They had come into a most empty world. Not a tent-village stood anywhere beside the track. Far away to the right in a deep recess the white sacred town of Mahal Idria fell down the dark side of the Lashon like a cascade. A little farther an arch of stone and a few pillars rising from the plain showed where once the Romans have built their town of Volubilis. And once that was passed there was no sign of life anywhere at all.

For hours they rode on a desolate, beautiful world. Bushes of euphorbia, white with their starry flowers, brushed against them; plants of iris, purple and yellow, stood stem-high upon their path; and at times the bushes would cease, and they would ride over a red carpet of marigolds, which would pale away into the gold of the mustard flower. Flowers were about them all that day, but no living thing. Even the birds above their heads were still. The country seemed too empty even for the birds.

At eleven o'clock they stopped beside a stream which ran prettily between ferns across their path.

"We shall find no more water until evening," said Ibrahim.

"We will stop here," said Stretton.

"We can send the mules on and catch them up. It will save time," said Stretton.

The soldiers shook their heads.

"We are in the Berber country. We must not separate," they remarked.

Stretton looked around impatiently.

"But there is no man within fifty miles," he explained; and as, if to contradict him, a rain of arrows fell from the bushes by the stream and came towards them. He had been robbed on this very track not two hours before by eleven armed Berbers. He had been driving three mules laden with eggs and food to Mahal Idria, and his mules and their loads had been taken from him. He was walking home, absolutely penniless. His whole fortune had been lost that day; and when once again the travellers started upon their journey he ran at a trot beside their horses for safety's sake.

The road ascended now on to stony and mountainous country. It wound continually, ascending in and out amongst long round peaks towards the summit of a great line of hills which ran from east to west opposite to them against the sky.

"Beyond the hills," cried Ibrahim, "is the plain of the Sebou."

A big village crowned the hill just where the track ascended. It had been placed there to protect the road. In a little while they came to the brow of the hill, and suddenly they saw, far below them, the great plain of the Sebou, green and level, dotted with villages and the white towns of saints, and clumps of trees stretching away as far as the eye could reach. It was afternoon, not a cloud was in the sky, and the sun shone through the clear, golden air benevolently bright. The hillside fell away to the plain with a descent so sheer, the plain broke so abruptly upon the eyes, that the very beauty of the scene caught the breath away.

Both Warriden and Stretton reined in their horses, and set looking across the plain as a man might who suddenly from the crest of some white cliff saw for the first time the sea. And then Warriden heard his companion begin to hum a song. He caught some of the words, but not many.

"Oh, come out, come here, I'm awallin' for you here!" Tony began, and suddenly checked himself with an expression of anger, as though the words had associations which it hurt him to recall.

"Let us ride on," he said, and led the way down the steep winding track towards the plain.

They pressed on that evening, and camped late in the Beni Hassan country. Stretton slept that night, but he slept fitfully. He had not yet come to the end of his perplexities, and as he rode

away from their camping-ground in the morning he said, impulsively:

"It is quite true. I have thought of it. I am to blame. I should have gone into the house that night."

He was endeavouring to be just, and to this criticism of himself he eventually recurred. He should have entered his house in Berkeley Square on the night when he contented himself with looking up to the lighted windows. He should have gone in and declared what was in his mind to do. Very likely he would only have made matters worse. Contempt for a visionary would very likely have been added to the contempt for a non-do-well.

Certainly no faith would have been felt by Millie in the sincerity of his plan. He would have been asked, in a lukewarm way, to abandon it and stay at home. Still, he ought to have gone in. He had made a mistake that night.

All that day they rode through the Beni Hassan country westwards. The plain was level and monotonous; they passed village after village, each one built in a circle round a great space of open turf into which the cattle were driven at night. For upon the hills, and in the forest of Mamura to the south, close by the Lashon flood, and between the Beni Hassan and the Lashon there is always war. In the afternoon they came to the borders of that forest, and skirting its edge, towards evening reached the caravanera of El Kantra.

The travellers saw it some while before they came to it—four high, smooth, castellated walls crowning a low hill. It stood upon the crest of a low rise to Rabat, and close to the road from Rabat to Larache, and a garrison guarded it. For you could almost throw a stone from its walls into the trees of Mamura. Stretton and Warriden rode round the walls to the gate, and as they passed beneath the arch both halted and looked back.

Outside was a quiet country of grey colour; the sun was near to its setting, far away the broken walls of the old Portuguese town of Medivah stood upon a point of vantage on a hillside, like some ruined castle of the Tyrol. Inside the caravanera all was noise and shouting and confusion. In the thickness of the walls there were little rooms or cells, and in these the merchants were making their homes for the night, while about them their servants and muleteers buzzed like a hive of bees. And the whole great square within the walls was one lake of filthy mud wherein raven and snail, and donkeys, and horses rolled and stamped and fought.

A deafening clamor rose to the skies. Every discordant sound that the created world could produce seemed to be brayed from that jostling throng of animals as from some infernal orchestra. And in the place was felt a sense of the most terrible.

"Let us pitch our camp outside!" said Warriden. But the captain of the garrison came hurrying up.

"No," he cried, excitedly. "The Lmar! The Lmar!"

Stretton shrugged his shoulders.

"I am sending a Hilal horse with the Lmar," said he.

"They have sent in word to us," the captain continued, "that they mean to attack us to-night."

Stretton looked perplexed.

"But why send in word?" he asked.

The captain of the garrison looked astonished at the question.

"So that we may be ready for them, of course," he replied, quite seriously; for life in Morocco has some of the qualities of *opera bouffe*. "No you must come inside. You have a letter from my lord the Duke of Fes, it is true. If the letter said you were to sleep outside the walls of El Kantra, then I would kiss the seal and place it against my forehead, and bring out my five hundred men to guard you, and we should all get killed. But it does not say so."

The five hundred men were really short of fitly. Stretton and Warriden laughed; but they had to go inside the caravanera. This was the last day on which they ran any risk. To-morrow they would cross the Sebou at Medivah, and beyond the Sebou the way was safe.

They rode inside the caravanera, and were allotted a cell which obtained some privacy from a hurdle fixed in the ground in front of it. The gates of the caravanera were closed, the sunset flooded the blue sky with a haze of rose; the muezzin came out upon the minaret, and the red rose from the minaret was heard in a moment his call to prayer; and then a drummer and a higher and louder into the rounded square. Suddenly there fell upon Stretton's ears, competing with the muezzin and the uproar of the animals, the "Last Post."

Stretton started up, amazed, and most deeply moved. An English officer instructed the Moorish troops. What more natural than that he should introduce the English calls and signals? But to Stretton it seemed most wonderful that here, in this Eastern country, while the Mohammedan priest was chanting from his minaret, he should hear again the words which he had heard in his father's tent, sounded by an Eastern bugle and an Eastern drum. In how many barracks of England, he wondered, would that same "Last Post" ring out to-night? And at once the years slipped away, the hard years of the North Sea and the Scheldt. He was carried back, among the days when he served in the Volunteers. Then arose in his heart a great longing that something of the happiness of those days might be recaptured still.

Warriden and Stretton crossed the Sebou the next morning, and rode with the boom of the Atlantic in their ears. Hills upon their left hand hid the sea from their eyes, and it was not until the next day, when they mounted on to a high tableland four hours from Larache, that they saw it rolling lazily towards the shore. They caught a steamer at Larache that night.

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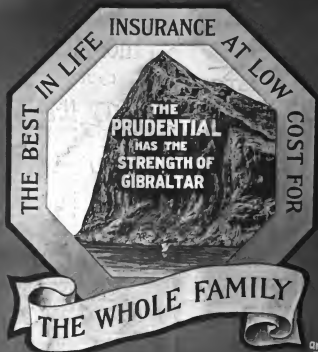
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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

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COMMENT

PLATFORM: NO HERRING!

When, last week, in commenting upon the *Herald's* prediction of a political revolution which would elect John P. Morgan, we confessed our inability to detect signs of Republican forsaking their party, we did not have Vermont particularly in mind. Indeed, we knew very little of the conditions in that State beyond the fact that the Democrats were handicapped by a lot of inferior orators and the necessity of opposing a popular farmer candidate—even the President of the Grange—for Governor. But the result certainly sustains our contention. The Republican management undoubtedly put its best foot forward, sending up its best speakers and enlisting on Uncle ROOSEVELT's platform its utmost endeavorers, but what of that so long as it was able to show the country the largest majority—except in 1896—ever rolled up in a preliminary election in Vermont in a Presidential year? No wonder Mr. ROOSEVELT broke a silence that is becoming really oppressive long enough to express gratification. Two facts were apparently established: first, that there is no general revolt against his administration; second, that the conduct of his enemies is infinitely more efficient than that of his antagonist. There seems to have been no definite purpose on the part of the Democratic managers regarding the Vermont election. They neither did their best nor announced, as they might properly have done, that they would attempt no miracle in a hopeless situation. Consequently, when election day came, as would be said in the State where the deed was done, they were between lay and grass, and could neither explain nor excuse. Not enough time has elapsed to determine the actual effect of this first indication of public sentiment. The Republicans may be muchly encouraged and the Democrats utterly discouraged, but we hardly think so. A swift kick is good for optimists of the *Times* ilk, and sometimes results in an appreciation of the necessity of eliminating personal jealousies and getting down to business under single-minded direction. Up to the present time, however, so far as we can judge, General Chaos is still in command of the Democratic forces.

On Thursday, September 1, the *World*, the most aggressive newspaper supporter of the Democratic ticket, printed conspicuously upon its first page a story to the effect that Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN had made two visits surreptitiously to President ROOSEVELT, apparently by appointment, and that, as a result of four conferences, the two men had made a trade, by which Mr. MORGAN agreed to supply a large sum of money for use in the Republican campaign, and Mr. ROOSEVELT promised, in return therefor, to virtually submit to Mr. MORGAN's dictation in all matters pertaining to corporate interests, in the event of his election as President of the United States. The story was told with a minuteness of detail obviously designed to carry conviction to any possible doubter. Mr. MORGAN, accompanied only by Mr. CHARLES STEELE, one of his partners,

had left the New York anchorage of the yacht-club at a certain hour on each of the two days on his steam-yacht, the *Corsair*, had landed in his launch at a certain point in the harbor of Oyster Bay at a specified hour, had proceeded thence to the President's summer home, where the conference took place, had returned at a stated time to the launch and the yacht, and had sailed away, the bargain having been made to mutual satisfaction. The head-lines under which the story was printed were as follows:

MORGAN SEES ROOSEVELT; DEAL MADE. TWO SECRET TRIPS BY THE BANKER IN HIS YACHT "CORSAIR" INSURE THE WALL STREET INTERESTS TO THE PRESIDENT BY TERMS SATISFACTORY TO BOTH. PARTNER STEELE AT THE TEN-HOUR CONFERENCE. MORGAN AND ROOSEVELT TALK OVER SITUATION AND THE FORMER OFFERS AID AND ADVISE THAT MAY WIN SUPPORT—THE BANKER TO RAISE IT UP, THE PRESIDENT TO "BE GOOD."

The result of the alleged conference was summed up in the article itself in these words:

That the result was favorable to all the wishes of President ROOSEVELT, as well as of Morgan's, political circles have long been well informed. It is thoroughly understood that President ROOSEVELT at this meeting, which is now a bit of political history, pledged to Morgan, body and bones, the future of the Republican party, and that in return for the promise that nothing "revolutionary" was to follow, President ROOSEVELT's election, the entire vast weight of the Morgan interests was to be thrown for the Republicans, and that all the money needed from Wall Street was to be produced at the proper time by a syndicate, with J. PIERPONT MORGAN at its head.

There was no equivocation, no reserve left to deceive rumor or mistaken inference. The positive assertion was made, as quoted, and confirmed editorially that President ROOSEVELT had "pledged, body and bones, the Republican party" and, of course, the nation and, of course, his official and personal honor in return for "money from Wall Street" to insure his election. It was the most astounding story, in a public sense, that has appeared in any American newspaper since the *Times* exposed the corrupt practices of WILLIAM M. THURGOOD and his associates.

Immediately upon receipt of a copy of the newspaper containing the article, *i. e.*, on the same day, Thursday, September 1, President ROOSEVELT personally authorized the issuance of, and, we have no doubt, personally dictated, the following statement:

The story in the *World* about the visit of Mr. Morgan to the President at Oyster Bay is a lie from beginning to end. Neither Mr. Morgan nor any representative of Mr. Morgan has seen the President or communicated with him directly or indirectly at Oyster Bay or anywhere else. As far as the President or any one around him knows, Mr. Morgan has been nowhere near Oyster Bay, in a yacht or otherwise.

It would be difficult to construct a more emphatic or comprehensive denial. The *World*, in common with the other newspapers, published it conspicuously upon its first page under the heading "The President Says the *World* Lied." Notwithstanding the denial, however, the evening editions of the *World*, printed hours after the President's statement appeared in its own columns, published conspicuously a cartoon depicting the President and Mr. Morgan in the act of hiding the bargain. This could only be construed as an insinuation that the President, not the *World*, was the real liar. The only substantiation of its story the *World* has since produced, at the time this is written, is contained in an alleged interview with "Captain SEYMOUR BANKS, of the launch *Scandalito*, which carries passengers from the railway pier in Oyster Bay to the Senecaunda Corinthian Yacht Club," who "told a *World* reporter yesterday that J. PIERPONT MORGAN's yacht, the *Corsair*, had moored twice in Oyster Bay this summer," and continued: "The last time she was here was about six weeks ago. She came in the afternoon and anchored off the yacht-club, flying the absence pennant, which indicated that Mr. MORGAN was not on board. It was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day that Mr. MORGAN came down to the pier in Oyster Bay, and got into my launch. He was accompanied by a tall man of distinguished appearance, whose cheeks were hollow. I took them to the club-house landing, but instead of going up to the club-house they entered a small boat and were taken aboard the *Corsair*. Within half an hour the *Corsair* got under way and started off in the direction of New London." The *World* supplemented this impressive

utterance with a statement that its reporters had besought both Mr. MORGAN and Mr. STEELE to confirm or repudiate its story and that both had refused to discuss the matter, apparently considering the obvious discoloration of even a mere admission that the word of the President might require substantiation from them or anybody else. Further than this, nothing has appeared at present writing, except a significant statement that the story was not printed until after a thorough investigation, covering a period of two weeks, had been made.

Now, how are we to account for the publication in a great newspaper of this monstrous accusation of perfidy against the Chief Magistrate of the nation? And how for its refusal of explanation or disavowal? We feel certain that the *World* would not wittingly have perpetrated a fake so glaring and so sure of prompt exposure. It must have been imposed upon. Then what sort of "investigation" was made in those fourteen days which elapsed before it felt justified in printing the story? And why is not the impostor exposed to public gaze and brought to the bar of justice? Such an imposition is a fraud, and a fraud is a misdemeanor. Does the *World* think to serve either the public's or its own interests by permitting such a one to go unscathed, in shielding him from the rightful effect of his own wilful act? The *World's* own punishment need not be considered. Not for years, if ever, can the damage to its position and prestige be repaired. But Mr. JOSEPH PLUTZER is in this country in active control of the newspaper. He writes and signs columns of luminous articles in support of the Democratic candidates. Has he not a word to say of this outrageous performance?

Truth must be proclaimed, illustrated, established.—
JOSEPH PLUTZER, in the *World* of September 3.
Yes, indeed!

Mr. EDWARD H. HANNA, just returned from Europe, is the latest acquisition of the *Tribune's* Four Men's Party. "It will be ROOSEVELT and FANNIN," he says. "Everybody wants them." It is a broad statement, if he refers to the fifteen millions of citizens who will vote next November if it doesn't rain, but the *Tribune* accepts it gracefully and gratefully. When Mr. HANNA took his dinner-pail and started eastward some months ago he was looking rather sickly, but he seems quite strong enough now to take a place under the hambone-tree. For the information of our rural readers, we may say that Mr. HANNA—or "Ed," as his fellow brakemen used to call him—is still working for (some regard the proposition as superfluous) the Union Pacific Railroad Company. He hawks at piece-work, but they found after a while that it was cheaper to put him on salary, and finally they concluded that it would be well to divide even that with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company if they expected to have anything left to pay freight-cars with. But then his habit of industry had grown to such proportions that he didn't have enough to do to keep him busy, and he signified a willingness to work also for—again the possibly superfluous proposition—the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railroad companies. As we understand it, they are still considering his application with the kind assistance of various United States courts. There seems to be apprehension in some quarters that he might prove too expensive owing, doubtless, to an unauthenticated rumor that, in addition to his salary, the Union Pacific has to hang a trotter and the Southern Pacific a sulky on his Christmas tree every year. But all this has nothing to do with Mr. HANNA's meeting the requirements of membership in the Poor Man's Party. He is really so hard up that when he wants his boots blacked he never thinks of patronizing a dago, but passes a button marked "Governor-chairman" and gets a shine for nothing. It looks now as if he might have a chance to show his appreciation by casting a ballot for his shiner about the time he helps to prove that "everybody" is for ROOSEVELT and FANNIN.

Our Republican contemporary, the *Sun*,—*Boston Herald*.

Nonsense! The *Sun* is an independent journal earnestly striving just now to keep a straight face while advocating the election of THEODORE ROOSEVELT. But wait till the Governor-chairman raises his hand for reelection! We cannot be counted as one of his thick-and-thin suggesters, but it is a

severe temptation to hope for his nomination just for the pleasure of seeing the sparks fly from the anvil at Park Row and Frankfort Street.

That *Tribune* editor is a slippery fellow. It will be remembered that he did not come down to the office on the night of the day when Judge PARKER sent his telegram, and here he is away again, with the result that the foreman of the composing-room reprints approvingly this cartoon in the *Banghouston Press*:



No doubt the shades depicted will exercise their best endeavors in a restraining way as indicated, but the question is, how much dependence can you put upon the influence of ghosts in a situation of this kind? We may be privileged to see later, but while the present pre-natural calm envelops Oyster Bay, the *Tribune* man will do well not to forget his cue. He may get himself disliked.

Mr. SUTHERLAND seems determined to get the Four Hundred into line.

We are beginning to doubt the salubrity of the famous air of the Berkshire Hills. It seems almost heretical to say so, but what can one think when Professor HENRY LEONIS NELSON, surely concerned in Williamsonian as a preacher of political economy to helpless students, has the nightmare? Professor NELSON is an able publicist and, despite evidences of an occasional attack of the filip, we have always regarded him as sound in mind and body. But there can be no doubt that he is beginning to see things. His latest vision is of the Colonel as Emperor of All the United States holding down his throne by force of arms. "Mr. ROOSEVELT's tendency to autocracy," he fearfully declares, "is shown by the expenditures which are being made in preparation for famed war, for the first object of an autocrat is to increase the armed force of the nation, and then to make it his personal force. Mr. ROOSEVELT has made the military force, especially the army, his own by favoritism." This is getting serious. We have often observed that, in the course of his active and varied career, the Colonel has seemed a little hampered at times; also, that he is somewhat disposed to run things his own way in Washington. But we had not harbored even a remote suspicion that he was conspiring with the other 99,999 members of our overpopulated army to take possession of the whole eighty millions of us. All we have to say is that it is a mighty mean thing to do, and we hope the attempt will fail, although it is difficult to see what to do about it in this expensively fly-time. Cannot the Professor himself come to the rescue? He has a good many friends in the navy, which, he intimates, is not yet

committed to the daring venture, and if he will raise a suitable standard over his pet catboat off the Esopus landing, we doubt not a great rally will ensue. But he should act promptly. The bogy man will catch him if he don't watch out.

We hope that GEORGE HARVEY, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, will soon tell the world, openly and aboveboard, why the St. Louis Democratic convention did not nominate the Sage of Princeton, Hon. THOMAS CLEVELAND, for President. He knows all the reasons for that omisssion, and doubtless they are mighty good reasons!—*Oxford News*.

The best. Not enough delegates would vote for him.

Hollo! Doctor McKELWAY KNOWS a lot more things he hasn't told; in two columns of double leads he firmly admits it. This time he speaks from what there is left of the true inwardness of Uncle DAVID HILL, and definitely repudiates the report that that formerly crafty gentleman objects to the nominations of Judge CYRUS for Chief Justice, and Judge WENGER for Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals. "He has pronounced for nobody and against nobody. He has simply withheld himself and, so far as he could, has withheld his friends from favoring or disfavoring any men for the Court of Appeals judgeships, to be filled by election, this year. The difficulty of receiving this, considering Mr. HILL's incessant political activity heretofore, increases the duty of receiving it. It is a fact. The *Essex*'s statement concerning it rests on knowledge, not on impression, or hearsay or deduction—but on knowledge." That is the way to talk. As the Doctor himself would say, when you know a thing, you don't guess it. And he knew all the time, the sly dog, but wouldn't tell. Somebody whom he obviously is acquainted with and possibly admires also kept other important information very quiet. Listen:

The latter (Mr. HILL) long ago made up his mind to withdraw from State politics. He long ago desired to announce his intention to do so at the date just named by him. For purely personal reasons, and at others' request, he withheld his announcement till now. Some to whom he privately communicated it would have violated no confidence had they announced the fact. But they consciously refrained from announcing it, because they thought it should first be announced only by Mr. HILL himself. It has been first announced by him, and they feel vindicated for their own voluntary reserve concerning it.

There! What do you think of that? Could anything be more chivalrous? But how well rewarded! Contemplate the consciousness satisfaction induced by the supreme "vindication" of "voluntary"—voluntary, mind you—reserve. Who can that peerless knight who reaped this noble self-appreciation have been? Doctor McKELWAY himself, by chance? We bet it was.

The supporters of Judge PARKER who are urging the nomination of Colonel LAMONT for Governor are making a mistake. He is a vigorous and honorable man, but he would not be a strong candidate. DELANEY SMALL is the man to nominate.

We must confess our preference that Judge PARKER be elected by the American people, and not by MR. CROKER, MR. MARSHY, or MR. HARVEY.—*Boston (Herald)*

Oh, very well!

Senator DREW declares emphatically that we hold the Philippines by perfect title and "could no more give them up than we could give up Louisiana or Florida," acquired in the same way. We confess our inability to see why we couldn't if we wanted to or considered that doing so would not conflict with a sense of duty to our wards. Mr. ROOSEVELT, Secretary TART, and the Republican platform admit that much—and more. They even promise to do it after a while—quite a while, maybe. Still, somebody should guide a flea into the Senator's ear. His remarks don't tally.

Senator EVERHART'S name may be found among the contributors to leading magazines, and it is believed he will help the Republican party now by his writing this year than by speeches.—*Times dispatch from Chester Bay*.

Oh, come, now! he speaks very well.

We said last week that the great trouble with Mr. DAVID B. HILL as a politician was that he never in his life had an

honest conviction. But convictions do not come as a matter of course; settled opinions are the fruit of much thought and some study and of the experience of life. Mr. HILL has not spared thought, nor study, but it is possible that his experience of life has been in some respects defective. His chief interest has been practical politics; his chief associates have been practical politicians. He has no small vices. He does not smoke or drink wine. But these are both social indulgences, the accompaniments, as a rule, of varied discourse. Moreover, Mr. HILL is not only a bachelor, but one with very slight inclination for mixed society. He has habitually denied himself not only the common pleasures and solaces of domestic life, but the inspirations that come from the society and discourse of intelligent women. Now, womanhood constitutes the greatest help and one of the most important sources of inspiration that has been vouchsafed to man. Some great politicians have been bachelors; GEORGE CLEVELAND and SAMUEL JOHNSON among others. But in Mr. HILL's case the celibate condition, taken in conjunction with the freedom from small social vices, seems to have resulted in too restricted a contact with general society, and overmuch concentration on political details.

It requires a lot of self-repression to be a candidate these days. EVER REV. DR. SELAS CANNON SWALLOW ain't aisy! a word.

The Associated Press, apologizing for disseminating the report that Uncle DAVID called Mr. ROOSEVELT "a fraud," lately says that "it seems that a reporter of a local Democratic paper, upon whom the Associated Press depended for a report, failed to attend the meeting, but instead invented a speech for Senator HILL, which contained several statements wholly misrepresenting the Senator's views and quite at variance with his utterances," which induces the frank, though suitably humble suggestion that Generalissimo MARIAGA E STONE might serve his country to greater advantage by hobnobbing less with kings and emperors and looking more sharply after the working of his organization. The Associated Press really has a reputation to lose, and a few more inexcusable occurrences of this sort would not have an effect of reassurance that it will be saved.

It is no whitish campaign that the Democrats have entered into to be won by host and hire, but a deliberate and candid appeal to the nation on matters that concern the greatest principles of administration and Constitution.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

Their choice of a chairman is proof conclusive.

HARPER'S WEEKLY treats with asperity (and pretended indifference) the suspicion of the public that its hostility toward President ROOSEVELT is governed by what is generally known in the country as the Wall Street influence. It proclaims its virtue as of the disinterested quality which is inspired solely by independent patriotism, and benevolence.—*The Press*.

This is the best sample yet of a great mind in sarcastic action. Just when HARPER'S WEEKLY "resented with asperity" or "pretended indignation" or "proclaimed its virtue" or carved a host about a "suspicion" that may or may not exist, we are not aware. Perhaps the *Press* can inform us. If so we will take and pay for one thousand campaign subscriptions to its own wood-pulp and eat it. Since, however, the slights are on our trail, we may as well confess and be done with it. HARPER'S WEEKLY is really edited by Mr. JAMES D. ROCKWELL. He doesn't like to edit, but he took the job because he needed the money. Moreover, he discovered that reading proofs makes him grow—and he also needed that. His associates are Messrs. HENRY H. ROGERS, JOHN D. ARNOLD, and DANIEL O'DAY. The insignia of the art department is Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN. He uses the steamship *Corsica* solely in the service of the WEEKLY. When, according to the *World*, though not according to the President, he stemmed shyly from the Twenty-third Street anchorage at 3 P.M. of a sunny day for Oyster Bay, his real mission was to get a snap-shot of Mr. ROOSEVELT skimming an oar, for publication in this paper. Our fashion department is in charge of Mr. JAMES H. HYDE, the well and favorably known model of Paris. All telegraphic and cable messages are received and sent by Messrs. CLARENCE H. MAYNARD and GEORGE J. GALT.

who alternate in the day and night service. The cashier is Mr. JAMES SWELLMAN, who also answers letters from complaining subscribers.

Our chief poet is Mr. JOHN A. McCALL, whose most successful recent production was the verse entitled "Memories," to which he attached his pen-name, LOUISE MORGAN SELL. Readers of the WEEKLY will remember it well. It was designed to be an ode to Mr. ROOSEVELT celebrating the emotion experienced by a poetic nature upon discovering an unsuspected political fancy. Having this explanation of its origin, our readers will be interested in recalling it, thus:

MEMORIES.

First, dear, I loved you like the dawn,
A cool new love, discreet and pale,
A love that trembled like a fawn,
Full of shy fear lest love should fail.

Then came the moon-love; like a flower
That glows in the embracing air
It sang its beauty to the hour,
And passing, left a fragrance there.

And now 'tis sunset, and the mere
Is all bloom like blossoming trees,
And now my erring love is here,
Half sleeping with old memories.

Mr. McCALL intended to make it longer, but just as he began the fourth verse a life-insurance agent came in to get him to take out a policy, and he was obliged to lay down his pen. The foreigner who signs SYDNEY BROSAS in the flesh Mr. ANDREW CONNORS, rather thinly disguised. Of the more important special articles published recently we may say that "Italian without a Grammar," signed MARY TUSTIN, was written by Mr. RICHARD A. MCCORMY, and "The Use of Adversity," signed W. D. HOWLAND, by Mr. CHARLES M. SCHWAB. These are only their pen-names. They write differently when they sign checks. The editorial policy is determined by the entire staff assembled in solemn conclave, and it is only proper to state that, in deciding upon the manifestation of the notable "hostility" to Mr. ROOSEVELT so strongly detected by the *Press*, the vote was unanimous.

The essence distilled from the verbiage of Mr. BOWKER COCHRAN's latest public utterance is to the effect that, so long as the bulk of the population comprises the mass of the people, we shall not be ruled by the privileged few. It is probably safe, therefore, to assume that even a week's search for righteous living left the heart true to Fall.

Secretary TART said, in his speech at Montpelier, "The Republicans hope that the time may come when they [the Filipinos] may be safely granted independence, and think that it will come." Mr. BROW, at Chicago, expressed his confident expectation "that the Filipino people will follow in the footsteps of the people of Cuba," and "will come to bear substantially such relations to the people of the United States as do now the people of Cuba." Judge PARKER calmed Mr. MURPHY'S anxieties on this subject with the assurance that when he said "self-government for the Filipinos" he meant eventual independence. He is even willing to promise now that they shall have their independence when they are fit for it. Perhaps the President will use some new turn of language about this matter in his letter of acceptance, which at this writing has not yet seen the light. Are we all practically of one mind and accord about those islands? Where is Senator BEVERIDGE? He who, in seconding Mr. ROOSEVELT'S nomination at Chicago, cried, "They [the people] know that while he is President the flag will stay put, and no American advantage in the Pacific, or the world, be surrendered." It is perfectly safe to say that we shall not be quit of the Philippines within the next five years, but does Senator BEVERIDGE now feel, as TART and BROW and PARKER do, that ultimate independence for the Filipinos is a thing to be hoped for, and confidently expected?

According to the Boston *Herald*, Mr. COVINGTON has warned the Republican spellbinders to fight shy of advocating high living expenses, after the fashion set by Secretary SHAW. The impression seems to have struck in that, just at this time, when most people are having all they can do to make ends meet, the idea might not evoke unbridled enthusiasm. We

dare say this is so. Neither will the worthy Secretary. He has never yet opened his mouth without putting his foot in it.

While timidly rejoicing that there is no strike on the elevated, surface, and subway railroads, one cannot escape a pang of regret on the *Journa's* account.

The *Evening Post's* head-line over Mr. SHAFER'S Burning-ton speech runs, "ROOSEVELT Personally the Issue." The *World's* head-line over a communication from Professor NELSON runs, "The Real Issue is ROOSEVELT." There are seven weeks before election. They will all be profiles of argument and discourse, and the nut of it all will be—ROOSEVELT. It is not a question whether the Republican candidate is a good man, but whether he is the kind of a good man that the country wants for President. There was once a conundrum: Would you rather, or go fishing?

It may be instructive—we hope it will not be distressing—to our Southern brethren to observe that so conspicuous and distinguished a supporter of the Democratic ticket as BROWER JOHN E. PARSONS has been dining with BOWEN WASHINGTON at Stockbridge. But, of course, at Stockbridge there is no local race question.

Some remarkable estimates of the cost of Presidential campaigns have recently been published in the New York *Times* and Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. The data on which these estimates are based must be largely conjectural, as nobody believes that the accounts of national and State committees are rigorously audited. Few well-informed persons are likely to dispute the fundamental assertion that, for one dollar disbursed by a national campaign committee, at least four dollars are expended by the State committee of the same party in the forty-five States. It is this fact, often overlooked, which renders credible the current report that four years ago it cost \$25,000,000 to reelect President McKINLEY. According to the computations to which we have referred, the aggregate outlay of both parties this year will be about five million dollars less. The difference is attributed to the unlikelihood that the Republicans, who are confident of victory, will deem it necessary to spend even half as much as they did in 1900. The Democrats will have much more at their disposal than they had four years ago, but their national campaign committee is not expected to disburse more than three million dollars, or about one million more than the Republicans think will be required, so far as the funds confided to their national committee are concerned, to keep Mr. ROOSEVELT in the White House. If we assume that the national committees of both parties will expend between them five million dollars and that the State committees of both parties will disburse only three times as much, we still have a total of twenty million dollars to be distributed in the form of campaign seed. As we have previously pointed out, no considerable fraction of the funds at the disposal of campaign committees can be used in corrupting voters. Almost the whole of the money will be devoted to organizing, advertising, and exhorting.

For printing and stationery alone it is calculated that each of the national campaign committees will spend half a million dollars. Of the scores of millions of documents sent out, a great many are franked, but to distribute the residue requires a huge outlay for postage. Extremely expensive also is the house-to-house canvass, which is made by each party early in September, and again about a fortnight before election day. Of course no such canvass is needed in any of the former slave States, except Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, and, possibly, Kentucky. It would be equally superfluous in Pennsylvania or Vermont. No other item of expenditure is comparable with the sums paid for campaign speeches. It is expected that, when the campaign is fully under way, no fewer than five thousand political orators will be placed upon the stump as many "spellbinders" will be mastered by the State committees, the aggregate number of exhorters will not fall much short of sixty thousand. Some of the speakers receive \$250 a week, together with their expenses, while others will accept no money for their services, but allow their actual disbursements to be made good. It is

probable that the total cost of campaign-speaking on both sides, if as long in view the agents of both the national and State committees, is not overestimated when it is put at eight million dollars. As everybody knows, political campaigning is far better organized, and, consequently, more expensive, than it was forty, or even twenty, years ago. It is computed, though, as we have said, the data for the computation are by no means exhaustive, that the outlay of the national campaign committee of the Republican party in 1864 did not exceed \$200,000, and that in 1864 it was only about \$1,000,000. High-water mark seems to have been reached, not in 1860, as is generally supposed, but in 1860. This year the Republicans have a material advantage over the Democrats in way of expenditures, owing to the fact that Mr. DEMAS CARRAN, so far, has advocated the election of Judge PIERCE.

At the hour when we write, it is uncertain whether the Supreme Court of Wisconsin will place in the Republican column of the ballot the ticket headed by ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, or the so-called "Stalwart" ticket, headed by Representative S. A. COOK. The Stalwart faction obtained an order to show cause why a mandamus should not be issued to compel Secretary of State WALTER HAYES to place the Cook ticket in the Republican column. HAYES has replied, denying that the court has jurisdiction. If the court sustains HAYES'S plea, both Cook and LA FOLLETTE are expected to run. LA FOLLETTE will remain in the field even if the court should assert jurisdiction, and should grant the mandamus requested. If, on the other hand, the court should refuse the mandamus, not on the plea of non-jurisdiction, but on the ground that the LA FOLLETTE ticket is the legal one, Representative COOK is expected to withdraw from the contest for the governorship. In that event, nobody doubts that LA FOLLETTE would be re-elected Governor over his Democratic competitor, and that the Republican nominees for Presidential electors would also be chosen. Very few well-informed persons believe, however, that the outcome of the legal proceedings will be to leave only one Republican ticket in the field. If there are two Republican tickets, the Democratic ticket headed by GEORGE W. PERKINS has a fair prospect of success. We observe that ex-Senator W. F. VILAS and other Wisconsin friends of Mr. CLEVELAND have entered with vigor into the campaign, and seem to have hopes of victory.

There is timely reading in Colonel ROBERT BISHAM'S article on "Sectional Misunderstandings" in the September *North American Review*. How right a basis on paper secession had, Colonel BISHAM has set forth briefly and in an interesting and striking way, and he tells some things that not many readers of this generation know; as that "Revolution in the Constitution," studied as a textbook at West Point from 1855 to 1859, by ROBERT E. LEE and JEFFERSON DAVIS among others, expressly and repeatedly recognized the right of a State to secede from the Union. He tells how the New England States asserted the right of secession in six special cases before 1800. He tells of the early efforts of Virginia to get rid of slavery; how in 1793 her legislature prohibited the further importation of slaves; how in the Federal convention of 1787 she stoutly opposed New England, South Carolina, and Georgia, when they voted for the prohibition of the slave trade for twenty years. He tells about the Southern antislavery societies which flourished up to the time when the Garrisonian abolition movement gained headway in the thirties in Massachusetts. Firing that what is called "race prejudice" is not peculiar to the South he easily makes a strong case for his assertion that while the large proportionate negro population makes race instinct with social and political discrimination against the negro much more prevalent in the South than the North, race prejudice, with economic discrimination against negroes, yellow men, and brown men, is much more prevalent in the North.

What Colonel BISHAM is after in setting forth these truths of history and facts of current existence, is to make the North understand the South a little better, and to pay due attention to the beam in its own eye, and not devote itself too exclusively to the mote in its Southern brother's eye, to the end that North and South may understand one another better and work together in fuller harmony to solve the difficult problems that are the concern of both. Great progress in this direction

of a better understanding based on fuller knowledge, has been made in the last two decades. It is exceedingly important that it should continue, and such deliverances as this of Colonel BISHAM'S are well adapted to further it.

Colonel BISHAM was a colonel of Confederate infantry who surrendered with his regiment at Appomattox. Written in the same wise and conciliatory spirit as his article, is another article contributed to the same magazine by CHARLES W. THOMAS, a Northern lawyer, who also served in the civil war, but on the Federal side. Mr. THOMAS was a delegate to the recent Republican convention at Chicago. He discusses the disfranchisement of many of the Southern negroes, the provisions of the Constitution which sought to prevent it, and the best solution of the problem that has arisen out of the failure of those provisions to do what was expected of them. The provisions in question are the second section of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and the Fifteenth Amendment. The former provides that when the right to vote is denied to any of the male inhabitants of a State the representation of that State in Congress shall be reduced proportionately. The latter—the Fifteenth Amendment—provides that the right of citizens shall not be denied or abridged "on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

The Fifteenth Amendment, Mr. THOMAS holds, is a demonstrated failure, and encumbers the Constitution. He finds that the Southern States were compelled by disastrous evils to evade it, and have finally provided successful legal devices to that end. In section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment he finds serious defects and structural weaknesses. He says the representation of the Southern States must in time be made proportionate to the number of voters, but for various reasons he deprecates the enforcement of section 2. Its enforcement, he says, would be very difficult, would make bad feeling, would do injustice, and would be generally objectionable and untimely. He would find a way out of this difficult situation which would be both sound in theory and acceptable in practice. He proposes to repeal the Fifteenth Amendment, and section 2 (and 3) of the Fourteenth Amendment by a new Sixteenth Amendment, which shall provide that Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to the number of male inhabitants who are permitted by State law to vote for President and members of Congress. This plan would leave suffrage in the hands of the States where it was before the Fifteenth Amendment was adopted. It offers a premium for extending the suffrage instead of providing a penalty for restricting it. Mr. THOMAS thinks that this solution of a difficult question would be acceptable to reasonable men in the South. Perhaps so. Perhaps reasonable men in the North would favor it also, and perhaps there are enough reasonable men in North and South to get the new amendment adopted. At any rate the suggestion has some excellent points, and is worthy to be discussed.

We learn with satisfaction from a special report made to the State Department by Mr. JOHN BARNETT, American Minister to Panama, that the climate of the Isthmus is by no means so unhealthy as it is usually described. He says that, as a matter of fact, there was not a single death in July or in August when it was impossible to sleep comfortably, and that, on an average, the days have not been hotter than they were in New York or Washington. At the date when Mr. BARNETT wrote, apparently about a week ago, there had not been a single case of yellow fever for over a month, and there was less malaria than is often encountered in sections of the United States where there is considerable turning up of the soil. Of course, the existing sanitary arrangements of the Isthmus leave much to be desired, but Mr. BARNETT has no doubt that, when the plans adopted by the Canal Commission for the improvement of the canal zone, and of the adjoining cities of Panama and Colon, have been carried out, the Isthmus will be one of the healthiest regions in the world. This welcome information would naturally have the effect of attracting adventurous Americans to the canal zone. It is, therefore, a timely warning given by Mr. BARNETT, that, while the cost of living on the Isthmus has increased nearly 500 per cent. during the last six months, there are but few, if any, opportunities, for the establishing of new mercantile and professional firms. Evidently there are no fortunes to be made at Panama.

Senator Lodge on the Campaign Issues

In the leading article of the September number of the *North American Review*, Senator H. C. Lodge, of Massachusetts, sets forth the reasons why, in his judgment, Mr. ROOSEVELT should be elected President. Aside from the skill and earnestness with which the Republican nominee is commended to his fellow countrymen by a personal friend, who is at once a veteran politician and a practiced writer, the article derives special interest from the probability, not to say certainty, that it was submitted to the President before publication, and that not a word of which Mr. Roosevelt disapproves would have been suffered to stand. What we have before us, therefore, is a document reflecting faithfully Mr. ROOSEVELT's own convictions and intentions, and intended to figure among the expostitions thereof midway between the speech of acceptance and the as yet unuttered speech of rejection. Under the circumstances, Mr. Lodge's contribution to the *North American Review* challenges close scrutiny on the part of both Republicans and Democrats. All Republicans except antimilitarists and the friends of reciprocity and immediate revision will read it with satisfaction, and it will be strange if Democrats do not find in it some matter for criticism.

Mr. Lodge is one of those Republicans who assert that events have by no means taken the gold standard out of politics. Much stress is laid on the assertion, in spite of the telegram sent by Judge PARKER to the St. Louis convention, and of the confirmation of his nomination by that body after his opposition to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 was made known. The Senator from Massachusetts also seeks to conclude, or even insinuate, in the paragraph immediately preceding the paragraph that the gold standard is not an issue, and that Democratic nominees may hold any opinion upon the subject of the monetary question that they prefer. The gold standard, we are reminded, depends for its perpetuity upon the laws that are inscribed on the Federal statute book. The latest law relating to the subject was passed there by the Republican party, and so long as that party remains in power the law will neither be repealed nor so much as attacked. Why? Because the Republican President and the Republican party are absolutely at one in approval of that law. Republicans are not at liberty to hold any views they choose about the gold standard, for the error that they most profess, if they are to be acknowledged as Republicans, was formulated for them by the Chicago convention. So far, on the other hand, as any prominent member of the St. Louis convention is concerned, Mr. Lodge points out that not only Judge PARKER, but Democratic Senators and Representatives are, for their part, at liberty to go to Washington and make any attack they please upon the gold standard. This is true, but Democrats may hesitate to accept without qualification Mr. Lodge's supplemental statement that, even if the attack should fail, any agitation about the standard of money is purely confidence-inspiring, and is, in the long run, less prejudicial than the absolute repeal of the existing law would be. The Senator from Massachusetts underlines the good sense and composure of business men. They cannot be thrown into a panic by scarecrows. They are aware that not a session of Congress passes without some silly, irresponsible onslaught on freely established laws. They might be worried by a proposal to abolish the gold standard, if it were supported by the leader of one of the great parties in the House of Representatives, and if it had a chance of becoming a law. But what possible chance would such a monetary revolution have of being recorded on the statute-book if the White House were occupied by a man whose acceptance of the gold standard is not only known, but has been tried in the fire of temptation? Even if it were conceivable, moreover, that Judge PARKER, when elected to the St. Louis convention, had been so far from refusing to change it as the risk of losing thereby the nomination, a further fortress of the gold standard would remain intact. In fact, namely, that throughout the Fifty-ninth and the Sixtieth Congresses the Republicans are assured beforehand of a substantial majority in the Senate.

When all is said, however, it cannot be denied that Mr. Lodge is well advised when he makes the most of his party's adherence to the gold standard during the last eight years, and shows how led to win a third Presidential contest on the strength of it. It remains to be seen whether he can put across the issue into a semblance of life. Another feature of the Senator's article, which will be regarded by Republicans—and, for that matter, by many Democrats—with approbation, is the position that he takes with reference to the Philippines. It is true, as he and Secretary Tamm, that our administration of the islands has been visibly successful, compared with the experiment made by our Spanish predecessors. Unquestionably law and order reign throughout the archipelago to a degree never known before, and it seems to be equally indisputable that the Filipinos have a larger share in their own local government than they ever had before. It is also true, as the Senator and the Secretary say, that he and Secretary Tamm have been able to make the Filipinos understand that they have been promised to make vague promises to concede absolute independence at an unmeasured date, or to make, indeed, any promise which we are not prepared

to carry out to the letter. It certainly would not comport with dignity or decency, in saying nothing of morality, for the American people, speaking through its Executive and Legislature, to tell in deliberate lie. These trifling but decisive objections to the indefinite assurances of good intentions embodied in the St. Louis platform and in Judge PARKER's speech of acceptance. They would furnish no answer at all, on the other hand, to a declaration—should Judge PARKER furnish one in his forthcoming letter of acceptance—that we are bound in morals and in expediency to put us toward the Filipinos precisely the same course which we have followed toward the Cubans, and, in the longer run, as in the latter, should make a definite promise to grant the islands perfect independence at a fixed date, no, for example, ten years from the present time.

There is one other point made by the Senator from Massachusetts in the *North American Review* which by Republicans, at all events, will be regarded as unassailable. It is perfectly true, as he says, that the antitrust act was on the statute-book in the last CLEVELAND administration, but was never enforced, and, moreover, was pronounced unconstitutional by Mr. CLEVELAND's Attorney-General. By Mr. ROOSEVELT's administration, on the other hand, the act has been enforced, his Attorney-General not only enforcing it to its equalization, but proving it to be so. It is true, as Mr. Lodge says, that, although both of the great political parties have had the same opportunities of attesting sincerity, the Republicans alone have shown by deeds a determination to enforce the antitrust act, while to such enforcement the Democrats have contributed nothing but "lunge and language."

It may be urged, on the other hand, by Democratic critics of Mr. Lodge's argument that his argument could be turned to such more than counterbalancing his positive assertions. What ray of hope, they may ask, is derivable from this article by the Republican revisionists of loans and the Republican eloquents of reciprocity in Massachusetts? There is not a word about reciprocity, except an insinuation that, because the Republicans granted it also in the way of tariff abatement just one-quarter of what the Cubans wanted, Republicans rather than Democrats should be credited with securing the reciprocity treaties with other foreign countries, which were long since concluded, but which hitherto the Republican masters of the Senate have stilly refused to ratify. To the establishment, doubtless, of scores of thousands of his Massachusetts constituents, Mr. Lodge will not even acknowledge as the *North American Review* there is at present there is any demand at all for a revision of the tariff. It will be over six years, if not longer, before the expiration of the next year or two should require revision, he would favor it. He merely inquires whether revision, when needed, would be likely to be undertaken more satisfactorily by the party which hitherto has treated the DUTY-free tariff as sacred, than by the party which, when laid in power, produced the WILSON-GORMAN tariff. Mr. Lodge, when he posed it, seems to have imagined that the question will be unanswerable, but it is not so. It is only this time that a large fraction of the Massachusetts Republicans would jump at the chance of substituting the WILSON-GORMAN act for the DUTY-free act.

Mr. Lodge has severely a word to say with regard to the series of proceedings by which Mr. ROOSEVELT is held by Democrats to have exhibited an arbitrary temperament and an allignment to disregard the spirit, and even the letter, of the Federal Constitution. We refer, of course, to such proceedings as the President's interposition in the *authentic color strike*; his vigorous promotion of ex-Assistant Surgeon Wain over the heads of scores of veterans of the civil war; his declaration of the existence of a "conspiratorial revolution" between two consecutive sessions of the same body, and his asserting by "Executive order" that the attainment of a given age shall be *prima facie* proof of the physical and mental disability required by statute of certain applicants for pensions. These incidents of Mr. ROOSEVELT's career in the White House are treated by Mr. Lodge as negligible, although considered as omens of what may be done hereafter, they have been watched with anxiety by thoughtful independents all over the country. To the charge that he forbidding "colonialism" to him "traps on the islands for the purpose of asserting its authority" Mr. ROOSEVELT not only violated the Treaty of 1846, but encroached upon the prerogative of Congress by committing an act of war. Mr. Lodge makes not the slightest allusion. He simply remarks that Mr. ROOSEVELT, by "his prompt and courageous action, has given us the Panama Canal." Neither is the slightest notice paid to the startling intimation contained in the President's letter read at the Cuban dinner that unless the Latin American republics pay all their debts to foreign creditors they may look for execution on the part of the United States. The Massachusetts Senator can scarcely have in mind this extraordinary assumption of a debt-collecting function when he praised Mr. ROOSEVELT for having "raised the prestige of the Monroe Doctrine to a higher point than ever before."

We end, as we begin, by saying that Mr. Lodge's contribution to the *North American Review* is undoubtedly a gem. By Mr. ROOSEVELT with satisfaction. Whether it will gain any converts, we are not a different copper-headed to the Republican nominee is, perhaps, a slightly question.

Comment upon "Comment"

HARPER'S WEEKLY has boiled down the issues of the campaign to this:

Imperialism (as defined by Mr. ROOSEVELT), recognition of the necessity of meeting a condition, regardless of the possible effect of a precedent thus established.

Constitutionalism (as defined by Judge PARKER). Rigid adherence to theory, irrespective of temporary consequences.

Which is the better?

Isn't it a fact that strict adherence to a precedent amounts a lack of progress? Is the strict theory in conditions arise, and in precedents must be made to care for them? A constant regard for precedent means stagnation. It retards progress and invites disaster. The business man who pays strict attention to precedent and more at all to present-day conditions is the man who gets left in the competition. Because a thing is right fifty years ago is no sign that it is right today. The world moves.

We do not argue for violation of any of the tenets of the Constitution of the country, nor do we believe President ROOSEVELT acts in any violation of them, but we do say that in commercial life or in national life, the man who recognizes things as the man who lives for the present, and does not allow the precedents of past ages to influence his actions. "A rigid adherence to theory," such as the WEEKLY attributes to Judge PARKER, would stagnate the country. We do not want a theoretical government, we want an active one doing one that shall take hold of present-day problems and settle them in a present-day manner.

If we insisted on precedent our Presidents would journey to the White House on hot-shock or by stage coach. We are beyond the stage-coach days, and the government should be run on ideas constant with this condition.

There are those who affect to be, even at this early and doubtful stage, a marked leaning of the noticeable Democratic enthusiasm that followed the action of the national convention and the historic telegram of Judge PARKER. Among these is the esteemed HARPER'S WEEKLY, a paper normally candid and fair in its political judgments, but whose editor, like other mortals, is liable to err through too great insight. We incline to think that our contemporary mistakes as to the reception of the speech of acceptance by the Democratic party. Instead of producing the unpleasant sensation of a wet blanket, it gave complete satisfaction to that very large element of the American public that was and is dissatisfied with the strictly personal government under which we live, and desires for the Chief Executive of the nation a man of deliberation and constitutional training instead of one of vanity and impulse. No one anticipated anything in the least dramatic in connection with the speech, and every one, for that matter, from general acquaintance with the character of the nominee, understood reasonably well ahead of time his words and manner. It was hardly to be expected that such an address, a more formally, should create any outburst of enthusiasm, and we think it rather premature to be estimating its effect on the Democracy of the country or even of New York from insufficient premises; that are at least the most superficial. In point of fact, we think we are justified in the belief that Democratic enthusiasm for the ticket has not only suffered no abatement, but can be counted on to increase progressively with the campaign. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

In the mind of GEORGE HARVEY, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, Mr. ROOSEVELT's moving principle is "recognition of the necessity of meeting a condition, regardless of the possible effect of a precedent thus established." On the other hand, Judge PARKER's moving principle is "rigid adherence to theory, irrespective of temporary consequences."

In the main this distinction between the two candidates is reasonably accurate.

Mr. ROOSEVELT has shown that he can adhere to theory by his rigid attitude to the conventions of strict international law in all of our relations with foreign nations.

Mr. PARKER has shown recognition of the necessity of meeting a condition, regardless of the possibility of a precedent thus established, when he voted twice for HAYES, thus inhering the bromide attacks on the Supreme Court of the United States.

Either of these definitions can be twisted to suit circumstances, and can be made more or less favorable to either, but the definitions as presented suggest a laudable intensity of a great Democratic statesman who said, "It is a condition not a theory which confronts us."

If Mr. HARVEY's definitions are correct, Mr. PARKER'S Democracy lies far behind that of the man whom he is supposed to replace, the GRAY HAWK, the dark hunter of Cretaceous and Cretaceous. —Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

A highly instructive and suggestive article is copied today from HARPER'S WEEKLY, showing how quickly Mr. WHITNEY won the hearty and powerful cooperation of RICHARD GOSSETT and EDWARD MURRAY, Jr., in being selling the party against a splendid victory in the Senate and nation. It is written by GEORGE HARVEY, undoubtedly the confidential friend consulted after the nomination, and it is, therefore, authoritative.

This true story is related for the purpose of showing similar to suggest the necessity of promptly harmonizing Democratic differences, and presenting a solid front to the opposition. It is timely and trustworthy, and we reproduce it to help further the good work of unity and victory. The conditions are propitious for Judge PARKER'S election; if this consummation shall not be accomplished,

it will be the fault of the party leaders, and not of the temper of the people.

The power of a master hand in shaping the destinies of a party and country is admirably shown in Mr. WHITNEY'S victorious part in the convention and CLEVELAND'S canvass of 1892. —Troy Press.

Never were warm expectations of an utterance worthy a great occasion and a grand opportunity so thoroughly frosted by acute disappointment as were the anticipations of President ROOSEVELT's acceptance in the PARKER speech of acceptance. HARPER'S WEEKLY admits that "Judge PARKER'S speech of acceptance fell upon his party like a wet blanket." His gold telegram had in some quarters raised expectations that his campaign utterances would be from the beginning lofty, independent, and inspiring. Yet in his first announcement of policy he actually declared "admirable" the platform from which he had deliberately excluded the United States proposal of the gold standard. The plain truth is that Judge PARKER is not of Presidential size. He has never declared himself an advocate of the gold standard. He simply regards it as "established." He carefully refrains from saying whether its establishment is agreeable or disagreeable to him. But he does say that the platform, which refused to approve it, is "admirable." The Democratic party has been once more gold-betted. —Louisville Herald.

THE WEEKLY overlooks the association that impelled many Democrats to withhold their support from HAYES or to vote for McKIMLEY. It was not that they preferred the Republican party or subscribed to its distinctive political doctrines, but that they believed their own party had adopted a wrong policy, which, if sustained by an election, would be detrimental to the country and also to the party. These Democrats of that persuasion tended rather to impair their sons with the necessity of adhering to sound Democratic principles, and this year when the party returned to a sound basis it is to be expected that, as a rule, not only the surviving Democrats who refused to support Mr. HAYES and his objectionable platform, but their sons also, who will vote for the first time for President this year—all earnestly support the Democratic Presidential ticket. —Anchorage Beacon.

While no offer of the nomination for the Governorship has been made in this State, there is a good deal of quiet talk among his friends around here, that there is an offer that ought to be made to him. It is that of Secretary of State in a cabinet that will never have any existence except on paper. The idea is that Judge PARKER might be so much of a secret as to be elected by the State as Secretary of State in a Democratic cabinet. And the idea is not merely local. We notice that it has found its way to New York, and that GEORGE HARVEY endorses it in HARPER'S WEEKLY, in the current number. There is so much to recommend it that Judge PARKER ought to act on the advice. It is given by his best friends. —Boston Advertiser.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is hard to please. In 1896 it was one of the most bitter and malignant of the opposition forces. Now it is fighting mad because Mr. HAYES' endorsement is not such as it would write. In last week's issue appeared an extract from a recent editorial. It attempts to belittl the reasons given for supporting the ticket. If the reader will examine the speech made by our candidate at the time of the nomination he will see that Judge PARKER has justified the reasons given by Mr. HAYES and has answered the arguments put forth by the "Journal of Civilization," as HARPER'S WEEKLY calls itself. It is determined to be displeased no matter what Mr. HAYES does. —Mr. Bryan's Com-moer.

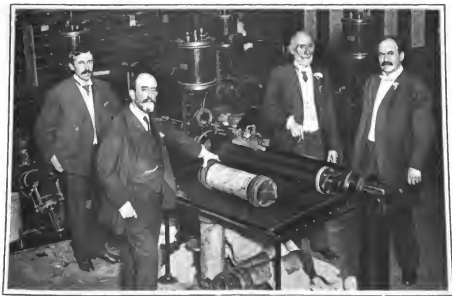
The repeated demands of New York editors for a more aggressive Democratic campaign is now endorsed by GEORGE HARVEY in HARPER'S WEEKLY. That influential publication says that Judge PARKER'S speech of acceptance fell upon his party like a wet blanket, and that the advantage gained by the telegram to the St. Louis convention has been in considerable part lost by the unwelcome announcement, that paper thinks the Republicans are far in advance, although the task before the Democratic committee was necessarily greater and therefore called for Herculean efforts from the moment the St. Louis convention adjourned. —Washington Post.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is trying to make out a row for Judge PARKER on the ground that a number of newspapers which advocated the election of McKIMLEY are not supporting the Fousas candidate. The fact that all these papers are either Democratic or independent journals with a strong Democratic leaning, and that they are the notice of Editor HARVEY. The even more significant fact that several Democratic papers in the West have declared against the New York-West Virginia combination has been almost ignored by their contemporaries of the same party in the East. —Portland Chronicle.

If any one is getting more real joy out of this campaign than GEORGE HARVEY we are not aware of it. He may not be telling all he knows of politics and politicians as the Journal suggests, but he is telling enough to make the editorial pages of the WEEKLY brilliant with his wisdom, luscious with his wit, and intensely entertaining with his stories. Whether you agree with him or not, it is impossible to miss a single line from his pen without feeling that you have lost something of interest and of value. —New York Evening Mail.



The First Package sent through the Tubes—Postmaster Cuyne receives an American Flag



Postmaster Cuyne

E. L. Disney

Street Carman

Inspector Hylton

Officials at the Opening of the new Mail System

AN INNOVATION IN CHICAGO'S MAIL SYSTEM—OPENING OF THE CITY'S NEW PNEUMATIC-TUBE MAIL SERVICE

Chicago's new pneumatic-tube mail service was formally opened on August 24. A batch of mail was first sent through the line, after which the system was formally turned over to the government, and was accepted, on behalf of the Federal authorities, by Postmaster General Cuyne. The system consists of about nine miles of brass tube, through which bags of mail are transported by compressed air to different stations, including those located in the railway depots. The Chicago system is said to be the largest thus far installed in the United States.

Photographs by Theodore H. Wagner



Harry Hillman, of the N. Y. A. C., winning the 100-metre Run in 15 1-5 seconds—a new Olympic Record



Roy Evers, N. Y. A. C., making a new World's Record in the Standing Broad-jump Contest—Distance, 11 feet 4 7-8 inches



The Finish of the 60-metre Dash—Archie Hahn, of the Milwaukee A. C., Winner

SNAP-SHOTS OF SCENES AT THE WORLD'S OLYMPIC CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR

The world's Olympic championship games began in the Stadium on the Exposition grounds at St. Louis on August 29. On the first day of the meeting the world's record for the standing broad jump was lowered, as were also the Olympic record for the 100 metre run, and the record for throwing the sixteen-pound hammer. The most important event during the games was the Marathon race for a distance of forty kilometres (twenty-five miles and fifteen hundred yards), which was run on August 30. The race was won by Thomas J. Hicks, of Vanhookerport, Massachusetts, in 3:58.21. The record time for a Marathon race is 2 hours and 55 minutes, made by Louis, a French, at the Olympic games at Athens in 1896.



Ralph W. Bear, of the Chicago Athletic Association, breaking the World's Record for putting the sixteen-pound shot



Pyralis Labadie, of Athens, Winner of the Bar Bell Contest. He lifted a 216 pound Bell, surpassing the World's Record



Contestants in the Hurdle Race going over the last Hurdle of the Course—H. L. Hoffman, of the N. Y. A. C., leading, and F. Wallen, of the Milwaukee A. C., second

SNAP-SHOTS OF SCENES AT THE WORLD'S OLYMPIC CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR

A general description of the Olympic championship games, held recently at the St. Louis Exposition, is given on the opposite page. The snap shots reproduced above show some of the important events of the games

Labor as a Power in Politics

By John Keith

THE recent attempts of labor leaders to force employers into a recognition of their demands during the campaign in order to avoid labor disturbances before the Presidential election had once more to a consideration of some of the inherent defects in the policy of the men who control the output of the manufacturing community, and whose mistakes the influence of public opinion is being more and more firmly set against the present methods of coercion and misrule. It is beyond dispute that the power of labor, not only in politics, but in industry, depends upon the winning of public sentiment and upon correction by its own leaders of the present high-handed methods.

The United States, which is notoriously opposed to standing armies, has the largest labor establishment as the world. The increase has been at a rate far exceeding that of any European country. The English labor-unions had in 1900 a membership of 1,900,000, and in 1901 a membership of 1,900,000, while in the three years from 1900 to 1903 the American trade-unions increased from 500,000 to 2,400,000.

That this army of comparatively uneducated troops could be an enormous political power in this country is true, and at the same time it is capable of misusing its power, such an event as the recent atrocities in Colorado proves conclusively. It is not my purpose to give the impression that I consider the labor-unions an unmitigated evil, which could be and should be destroyed, but rather to point out where it loses power and influence by being its own worst enemy.

One of the first weaknesses in organized labor is that, while representing a minority of the actual laboring population, its acts are based upon the assumption that it represents the entire population of workers. The demands and complaints it constantly shuns over the truth that there is a large army of non-union labor standing on the very opposite side of the question, suffering from much that benefits organized labor, and more or less tacitly protesting against the very acts which union labor represents as essential to the welfare of all workers.

There consequently ensues a civil war in the labor world at the very time when the struggle with capital is in progress. This oppression of the disorganized majority by the active minority is carried so far that the laborer is justly entitled of forcing that very thing which it claims the greatest of crimes—a trust.

Almost every State in the Union has laws prohibiting those who would naturally be competitors from combining to control prices and limit competition. Yet there is no denying that this is the very end and aim of the labor-unions. It is not sufficient to fix the market price of wages, but it uses violence and ostracism to prevent competition.

In this last effort the labor-union makes a direct assault upon the constitutional liberty of every free man, to work for whom and for how much he will, or to employ whomsoever he will, at whatever wages he deems sufficient. Every strike, and in fact, the whole method of labor organizations, is in direct violation of these inherent rights. The workman of the new employees' unions consequently is highly chosen when they appeal to the "Constitution" and to "American liberty." This is one point upon which labor loses in its appeal to public opinion.

As the trusts are assailed by their "trust-busters" so the unions are attacked by their "strike-breakers." Non-union men, tired of brute conduct, are beginning to appeal to the courts for the protection of their constitutional rights. In America, Illinois, recently M. M. Trautman sued the Teamsters' Union No. 220 for \$5000 damages, alleging that the union prevented him from making a living, and has caused him to become "poor, penniless, and helpless." He described the efforts made to compel him to join the union, the threats of strikes and boycotts that were held over him, and employers to compel them to discharge him when he would not join the union, and the threats that were made to prevent other employers from hiring him. He served summons on the nation's delegate and six members of the union, accusing them of conspiracy to drive him out of the trade and out of his State, "and to ruin his character as a workman and bring him into public disgrace and infamy." He insisted that the union was violating the Constitution in demanding that he should pay money to join the union and also in persisting in conduct that prevents him from working. This is believed to be the only suit in Illinois of this character, and the laborer's plea is certainly a very powerful appeal to a very deep-rooted American sentiment.

On the other hand, the unions are bound to fight such a case desperately, because their custom of using more than moral suasion to induce laborers to join their unions and to prevent employers from hiring non-union men were to be given up merely because it is unconstitutional, the entire underpinning of labor organizations would be chopped away.

Not long ago Judge Adams of the Illinois Appellate Court handed down a decision not only against the right of union men to interfere with non-union employers, but against the right of an employer to enter into a "closed-shop" agreement with a union to discriminate against the employment of men outside that union. The judge couched upon two points in which the creed of the labor-union is inconsistent with Americanism: the interference with the liberty and with the business sense first of the employer; second, of the employer. No country can be called free in which the workers are deprived of their liberty, but equally, no country can be called free if the employer is deprived of his;

especially as employers themselves are, after all, only the employees of some one higher up—or if the general public. Consistent interference in the conducting of a business by workmen who are inexperienced in management is a menace to the prosperity as well as the liberty of the entire population, including these labor leaders themselves.

There is no space here to attempt a story of the miserable and peevish interferences which workmen can inflict upon their employers when they are armed with the enormous power of the unions. Both impertinences and penalties are not the end; they frequently drive employers out of business, or out of the State, or into bankruptcy. In the year 1903 there were four hundred more failures than in 1902. R. G. Dun & Co. state that labor troubles in the building trades provided an unusual element calculated to precipitate insolvencies.

Knuckling to the unions does not always solve the problem. It becomes nearly impossible for the most compliant employer to avoid labor troubles, even if he keeps a closed shop and allows the unions to dictate.

Another point of weakness against which public opinion protests is that lack of financial responsibility makes the union usually liable to temptations to break solemn agreements. In this fact rests, perhaps, the chief weakness of the arbitration and the conciliation methods for avoiding strikes. In spite of solemn promises in advance, the union frequently refuses to abide by the decision of the board of arbitrators. Take the instance arising in Chicago a year ago, three ministers were selected by the steam engineers at the stock-yards to arbitrate their claim for an increase. The arbitrators delivered their decision, and in two days the dissatisfied union called a strike of 400 men, renewed their old demands, and declared an arbitral strike.

Signed agreements between employers and employees have fared little better. The failure of this was one of the chief reasons for driving the national metal trades into its war with the unions. As late as June 7 certain of the unions in the Building Trades Association were officially invited by other unions to break their solemn agreements. Even where these agreements are kept, it is frequently at the expense of the public and by means of a conspiracy between certain employers and certain employees to prevent competition from other employers or other employees. In previous articles I have substantiated the atrocious results of such conspiracy, as in the case of the teamsters of Chicago and the steam-fitters of New York.

The proof of the inability of labor to diminish the law of supply and demand, and to establish wages by strikes is the statistics of the last few years. From 1900 to 1900 the Bureau of Labor found that in general wages had remained stationary; that is, some organized industries have lowered their and still others have suffered an advance. From 1902 to the middle of 1903 there has been a noticeable increase in the wages of the unorganized. But this last year has seen reductions of from ten per cent. to twenty-five per cent. in the wages of tens of thousands of men, especially in the textile, steel, and iron trades. The annual number of strikes in the last thirteen years would not vary appreciably, yet in last year alone the total wage increase was stationary, rose rapidly, and fell rapidly. It is apparent, then, that the labor-union is helpless to combat the broader tides of industry.

None the less there have been hundreds and hundreds of strikes, some of them attended with violence, and all of them with heavy outlay of money and the evils attendant upon idleness. Take, for example, the Pattern-Makers' Union of Pittsburgh, which struck to raise their wages from \$3.78 to \$4 a day. The union remained idle for six months, exhausted all its accumulated funds, as well as the savings of its members, who earned nothing in that half-year, and where the price of living was more than ever up by the loss of time, the debts incurred, and the habits of idleness, inculcated through long idleness, and the theory that the world owes every man a better living than he can earn. The limited effort of unions upon wages is shown by the fact that during the past sixty years the wages of farm-hands and domestic servants have risen from \$7 a month for farm-hands and \$1 a month for cooks to wages sometimes reaching \$2.50 a day for farm-hands and from \$15 to \$20 a month for cooks. Yet these are not the wages of the laboring class.

Compare this great rise of non-union wages with the action of 1300 members of the Baltimore Boiler-makers and Ship-builders who accepted a reduction of wages without strike last fall, or with the return of the window-glass-workers at Anderson, Indiana, who had been promised an increase of wages as the market price advanced, but found themselves facing a fall of fifty per cent. in the market; they sensibly, and honorably, accepted a reduction in wages. The American Sheet Steel Company on January 1 reduced the wages of its rollers, benders, and shearers by twenty per cent. This was in its own interest, but by reason of the reduction it was enabled to open five idle mills. In Springfield, Illinois, the union boiler-makers struck, and went back at once lower wages than they had before. The strikers in the C. & N. W. Works at Chicago, Michigan, lost six months' wages as the result of a strike. The Phoenix Iron Company, of Phoenixville, Pennsylvania,



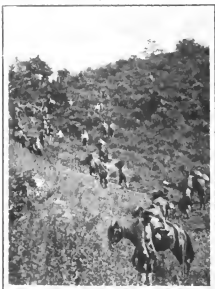
Marquis Oyama, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Forces
 From photograph copyright 1904, by W. C. White Co., New York. R. S. Pease, artist



General Kodama (standing), General Terabeke (sitting)



Japanese Soldiers carrying Ammunition Packs over the Manchurian Divide



Japanese Soldiers marching over a Foot-trail near the Manchurian Divide

PHOTOGRAPHS OF JAPANESE MILITARY LEADERS, AND SNAP- SHOTS OF RECENT OPERATIONS UNDER THEIR DIRECTION NEAR THE MANCHURIAN DIVIDE

The two upper photographs were taken recently of the Japanese military leaders, the Marquis Oyama and General Kodama and Terabeke, who are important figures in the management of the Far-Eastern campaign. The two lower photographs are snapshots taken by Mr. William Deane, one of the "Workday's" special correspondents in the Far East, showing some of the difficulties under which the Japanese land forces have labored in their advance on the Russian in Manchuria.

reduced the wages of 3000 men by five per cent., and reductions of far greater value are, in repeat, being made all along the line, affecting the labor world by wholesale. Many of the prominent officials of the unions have been enough to issue warnings against resistance, although Samuel Gompers has made vigorous pronouncements against such a weakened policy.

Recent acts of violence are too many to recount in detail. On the 25th of May two freight-handlers were followed to Jersey City and assaulted in the street by five persons; one of them was killed, the other dangerously wounded. The Victor, Colorado, horser overhauled all others. The Railroad Gazette made a summary of the violations of the law for the year ending October, 1903, as follows:

By actual count, from a special report, since last October, trade-union members and sympathizers have been guilty of as many as four hundred and thirty attacks on crime. They are chargeable with four murders, three assaults, and fifty assaults of great violence, nine cases on shooting, and three times they the assaults have been resisted. The record of the month upon the same shows two cases of assault, violence of dynamite, four of shooting, and eighteen of murder. Yearly eight times have dynamite bombs been exploded upon trains and cars, four times have dynamite bombs been exploded, and the year has each three attacks upon bridges. Twelve have been assaulted thirteen times, and police resisted nine times, and there have been five attacks and injuries to the automobile. Neither agent noted, and the year has been protesting continually, neither young girls nor children have been pained from infanticide attack when a member of the family has wanted to obtain work, simply as an American citizen, although he did not hold a union card.

Not only have the union men been guilty of violence, but, worse yet, the criminals have received official union support. During the famous teachers' strike in Chicago, when Samuel Galtus, a commission merchant, drove his own wagon to the depot to take away a consignment of eggs before they rotted, he was killed by a teamster, who gave himself up and walked into the police station, accompanied by the president and secretary of the union.

During a strike at Dayton, Ohio, the members of the Iron Molders' Local attacked Clayton Florio and his son, beating them nearly to death. They were tried and convicted, but their fines were paid by the union, and they were not expelled.

That form of unconstitutional disturbance of the peace, known as the boycott, with its attendant evils of picketing and intimidation, has happened two often in need more than an allusion here. This curious law brought about a meeting of the National Union of Employees, known as the American Antitrust Association, with offices in New York and Chicago. It was permanently organized in June, 1903, by one hundred employees. One of the articles of constitution is that membership is not to be made public, though publicity is given as to the purpose of the organization.

Violent assault and libel are the commonplace of union rule, it is not surprising that blackmail and graft should go hand in hand with open crime. Sam Parks was a prominent example of both before and after. The very name of "walking delegate" has acquired such a stench in the public nostrils that an attempt is being made to replace it with the less malodorous name of "business agent."

Richard Carvel, whose high-sounding name is attached to a derisive name walking delegate, pleaded guilty recently to extorting \$900 from Hopper & Sons, and five hundred employees presented a vain petition against leniency in his sentence. Thomas C. Walsh, a carpenter's delegate, was tried for extorting money from employers, and the jury three times disagreed. On January 31, 1904, two walking delegates of Paterson, New Jersey, were indicted by the grand jury for extorting \$1000 from Contractor Sweeney under threats. Numberless other cases would be made public were it not for the timidity of many employers. There are other forms of corruption, such as that example in Chicago, where on December 24, 1903, six members of the Electrical Workers' Union were fined \$1000 and costs for paying a clerk to falsify court records and then plotting to keep witnesses out of the court during his trial. On the February 8, 1904, seventeen members of the Chicago grand jury came out in a signed statement accusing the State's Attorney of unlawfully influencing the grand jury not to find indictments against certain labor leaders.

Open defiance of the law is by no means unknown, not only in the form of resisting and overpowering the police and sworn detectives, but the mandates of the court as well. On December 24, 1903, Samuel Gompers, in connection with an injunction issued by Judge

Friedman of New York against interference with non-union sign-makers, has been quoted as having said:

Never in the history of the world has a tyrant been found without a judge in either the tyrant or the judge. In law, and a fitting representative of this class, is found in a judge who, by his action, tells his name, for he is called Friedman. I am here especially in relation to him, for I have done so before at a distance; now I am in person the man, if there is any.

Since the regular army and the militia have been frequently called upon to preserve the peace, at the expense of interfering with the unions, the most violent attacks have been made on the two safeguards of our nation. Not only have they been assaulted with sticks and stones and bullets, but in the Victor, Colorado, affair, but efforts have been made to stir up public opinion against their very existence. William Potter, of the New York National Guard, was expelled from his union, and then barred out of his employment, because he had obeyed the Governor's call and gone with his regiment to a scene of riot. A similar episode occurred recently in Michigan.

Such outrages provoked an immense sensation and brought the unions into wide disfavor. A law, indeed, was passed forbidding any discrimination against members of the National Guard. The more necessary for such a law is in itself a curious thing. Now the less it cannot prevent the hostility to the militia or the our religious discrimination against militiamen. John P. Wrigel, a labor officer of Boston, testified in court that ninety per cent of the unions reject the application for membership of men serving in the militia, and the State and regular troops are a breed of hatred.

This sets the union in such complete opposition to all the first principles of patriotism and shows such a drift toward anarchism that many of the labor leaders have been compelled by a strong public indignation to disavow such feelings, and John Mitchell, after the great anthracite strike in Pennsylvania, thanked the militia for their good work. But such professions do not conceal the true extreme to which union sentiment has led its own victims.

The logical sequence of such an unpatristic attitude is the belief fostered in many places that the union oath is superior to an oath in court. Indeed, in Dayton, Ohio, thirty members of a union were proved guilty of perjury by their own books, and one of them declared that he rated the union oath higher than any other.

One of the chief causes that have led the unions to the depths of such national perfidy is the fact that they are likely to be ruled by ambitious knaves, who prefer politics to day labor and lead many of the labor leaders have been compelled by a strong public indignation to disavow such feelings, and John Mitchell, after the great anthracite strike in Pennsylvania, thanked the militia for their good work. But such professions do not conceal the true extreme to which union sentiment has led its own victims.

It may be set down as a general truth that the labor union acts in no way to the good of the country, but as an obstacle to the development of the country along the most scientific lines of economic advancement.

The evil effect of union tyranny upon the general public has been far-reaching. To take one instance, in Indianapolis the Allied Building Trades' Council boycotted a newly built hotel, and said that unless the building was completely torn down, the monster scraped from the bricks, the nails pulled from the planks and the structure rebuilt, from foundation to roof, every man at tempting to play polo in the building would be boycotted. The actions of the lively drivers in the recent strike in Chicago their interference with weddings, with the use of ambulances to carry the sick to the hospitals, and with the burial of the dead is still fresh in the memory of the public.

In a word, the effect of union sentiment in reducing all submission to one level; in frowning down the workman who by extra industry endeavors to improve his condition; in restricting output by union sentiment if not by actual orders; in struggling about to reduce the number of working hours and to raise the pay, and by increasing the quality of quantity; but by three and a half cent strikes; the effect of all these things is not only to diminish the ambition, the proficiency, and thrill of the workman, but what is of more importance to the labor-unions themselves is alienate public opinion and sympathy—by which alone organized labor can hope to have and exercise the power, political and otherwise, which is its due.

A Corner of England

By Sydney Brooks

SWINDON, DORSETSHIRE, August 21, 1904.

On a holiday the outside world is curiously and delightfully remote. More so perhaps to a journalist, whose range of interests and activities is bound to be a wide one, than to any one else. To me, at any rate, sitting by the English Channel, with the Isle of Wight just opposite, with boats darning about on the bay, with a circular aisle and a half of beach dotted with tents, bathers, children building castles, and all the gay well-being of the seashore, beneath my windows, London and the daily paper and all that are crowded therein seem incredibly alien. I can scarcely believe that but a day or two ago I, too, had views about the Welsh fight against the Education Bill; that I was inclined to make a personal matter of the Reading election; that Parliament really interested

me; that I was positively anxious to learn something of the ecclesiastical troubles in Scotland; and that I was following the course of some war or other, in the Far East, if I remember rightly, with little flags on a huge map. And yet more imaginary still must be my recollection of being throttled in a violent collar, sitting in a back seat, and being told, I believe, that I had a couple of shillings in my pocket, of watching some stupid fellow in a sliding chair, of dining in a glittering, spick and span restaurant, if I ever did any of these things it must, I feel sure, have been in some previous existence. A few hours in a train and a world of things have snatched them off as though all such interests and experiences had fallen to the lot of "some other fellow of the same name." It is in far other fields that the real myself finds occupation and amusement. I am returning to the elements



The Advance Guard of the Army of Manassas, 1861—Troop "H," 7th U. S. Cavalry, General Corbin's Headquarters Guard



Army Leaders of General Corbin's Quarters—the Officers pictured are, from Left to Right: Colonel Knight, Colonel Fox, Colonel...

THE MILITARY MANOEUVRES AT MANASSAS
SPECIAL PUBLICATION

Published by G. W. Brown



House broken from Inc. thrown, and Pyramids formed in four Minutes from Eagle Cliff

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General West, General Bliss, General Grant, General Corbin, General Bell, General Lee, General Barry, Colonel Regan, Colonel Smith
 & W. P. Foster

Dr. W. H. Henshaw

SAS—SCENES AND INCIDENTS BY OUR PHOTOGRAPHERS



Building a Station for the Subway at Hickman Street, where the Road runs on a Trestle



Where the Subway becomes a Viaduct—a View of the Line between Hickman Street and Spanghten Duvel



The Trestle spanning the Road at 145th Street

NEW YORK'S NEW SUBWAY—PHOTOGRAPHS OF UP-TOWN SECTIONS WHERE TRAINS WILL RUN ABOVE GROUND

The three photographs on this page show interesting exterior views of up-town sections of New York's new rapid transit system, where trains will run above ground. It is expected that the Subway will be in full operation before the end of the year



The opening of the Subway Tunnel near Dyckman Street



A View of the Viaduct at Broadway and 125th Street

Photography by E. J. Brown, Brooklyn



The Loop at the City Hall Station, showing part of the Station Platform



The Ticket-office of the City Hall Station—View from the Platform

VIEWS OF NEW YORK'S NEW SUBWAY SYSTEM

The photographs show different views of completed and uncompleted sections of the new Subway system



The Barrier Skidder Party starting on an Exploring Trip

The Story of the New "Farthest South"

The expedition led by Captain Scott in the ship "Discovery," which was sent to explore the unknown regions of the Antarctic under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society of London, has just returned. Following is Captain Scott's account of his experiences and the results of his exploration in the Far South

By Captain Scott, of the "Discovery"

IN essaying a brief account of our southern sledge journey it is impossible to forget the disappointment of certain perhaps too lively hopes of reaching a higher latitude which were formed at its commencement. At the same time it must be remembered that, in throwing considerable light on the nature and origin of the Great Ice Barrier and in extending the coast of Victoria Land, the journey contains points of great interest, and of an interest which might have been little enhanced had a higher latitude been reached.

It may prove of interest to my readers to quote certain paragraphs from the instructions issued by the President of the Royal and Royal Geographical Societies in the light of which our actions must, presumably, be judged. The following are verbatim extracts from those instructions:

"Such exploration (that of the first season) should, if possi-

ble, include an examination of the coast from Cape Johnson to Cape Cuvier, with a view to finding a safe and suitable place for the operations of landing, etc.

"The chief points of geographical interest are as follows: To explore the Ice Barrier of Sir James Ross to its eastern extremity; to discover the land which was believed by Ross to flank the Barrier to the eastward, or to ascertain that it does not exist, and generally to solve the very important physical and geographical questions connected with this remarkable ice formation.

"If you should decide that the ship shall winter in the ice, the following instructions are to be observed: (a) Your efforts as regards geographical exploration should be directed, with the help of dogs, to three objects, namely, an advance into the western mountains, and an advance to the south, and the exploration of the volcanic regions."



Emperor Penguins at the Great Barrier

It is well to keep in mind the objects our journey was intended to achieve, and to remember, amidst minor disappointments, that we must be considered as more strictly pioneers than the majority of polar travellers in being the first to make extended journeys in the Antarctic regions.

The early stages of the southern journey need not be dwelt on. The southern party left the ship on November 2, 1892, and overtook the supporting party, which had been delayed by bad weather, on the night of the same day. The rendezvous was kept (A), the depot established earlier in the season, some ten miles southeast of the bluff. This was reached by the southern party by easy stages on November 10, but the travelling, owing to the slipperiness of the wind-swept straits, proved much more arduous for the supporting party, who worked hard to rejoin on November 11. On November 12 the course was set due south, the parties in company, but the men slightly ahead of the dogs, and thereby greatly helping the drivers. On November 13 half the supporting party returned to the ship, with the satisfaction of having reached the highest latitude yet attained; the remainder continued south during this and the following day. On November 15 preparation was made for the final putting. The hard, wind-swept snowdrifts had disappeared, and, under foot, we had a light snow-cover, liberally powdered with softer snow; as yet such a surface had seemed to give us little trouble.

Trials and Difficulties

We had provisions for thirteen weeks and a larger amount of dog food than was expected: our outfit appeared in good order and fully up to our requirements. Shortly after noon the last dog was despatched, the last farewell said; we started on our journey, and without delay our troubles began. Our utmost efforts of coaxing and deluding could, on this day, produce only short advances of a few hundred yards at a time; at each stoppage the rear sledges had to be pulled up to the front one, to make the effort of starting less severe. Finally, as each stage grew shorter, the impossibility of proceeding in this manner became obvious, and we decided to camp and consider the situation. There seemed but one thing to do, namely, to advance with half the load at a time; this, of course, meant that each mile had to be traversed three times, but we consoled ourselves with the thought that the weights were rapidly diminishing, and hoped that we should soon be able to start on the old system. Instead of improving, however, things went steadily from bad to worse. For the first few days we made good something over five miles daily, covering over sixteen miles in doing it; but later the distances kept down until we were forced to be satisfied with an advance of three or three and a half miles. Again and again we tried to make a start with the whole load, but each effort seemed to prove more hopeless than the last. At first we were inclined to attribute much to the surface, and undoubtedly this had changed seriously for the worse. It grew softer as we went south, and the light, powdery surface crystals ever increased in quantity, bringing greater friction. But it was soon evident that there was also something radically wrong with the dogs. Their spirit had disappeared, and we could see that their internal economy was altogether out of order. This, it was hoped, was only temporary, due to the work, the change of diet, or the sun. We tried night marching without sign of improvement. A test was pro-

posed, and a blizzard came seasonably, forcing us to spend a day in the tent. On the following morning the dogs were as listless as ever. At last we were reluctantly compelled to realize that there was a deeper cause for their indisposition; there could no longer be a doubt that their food, the dockfish, was entirely disagreeing with them, and was all the bottom of all the mischief. On the fifteenth we were steering due south, but on the twenty-first, realizing that there was little prospect of a speedy ending to our relay work, we turned towards the land with the hope of being able to make a depot. For the first time we discovered that the land continued to run as far as we could see to the south; it was difficult to estimate its distance at any point, but we made for what looked like the bluff cliff of a sharp head-land, but which proved to be a square of a mountain range of considerable height.

The events of the month are not likely to be forgotten by any of us. Day after day we plodded on in the same monotonous manner, the routine being in advance half the load as nearly as possible two and a half miles, and then to return for the second half. Then after lunch a similar advance was attempted, but usually resulted in a bare gain of one and a half miles. We ourselves could have worked longer hours and covered greater distances, but at each evening camp the dogs sunk down thoroughly done, and each day their exhaustion increased, until only the strongest dogs put any weight at all on the traces, and no advance would have been made had we not pulled ourselves. This, however, we were glad enough to do, taking it in those to drive a far more tedious task. After various attempts to reach the head-land which we were reaching at a distance of some miles a second depot was finally established in latitude 46 deg. 30 min. south.

The Problem of Food

On five days we had met a magnificent view of the land on our right; in the background it rose to a height of 10,000 feet, outlined in occasional slightly elevated but sharp peaks rising above lofty snow-covered ridges. The general direction of the high land was north and south, though it was interrupted with occasional hills of very regular pyramidal shape and square flat-topped table mountains, on the steep slopes of which the bare land was visible. Neerer to us the foothills rarely showed their heads through the deep undulating ice-cap, which at places ended abruptly on the summit of high perpendicular cliffs, and at others descended in long steep slopes to the surface of the barrier. In general appearance the mountains and foothills closely resembled the northern part of Victoria Land, as we saw it from the ship. Starting at about ten miles from the coast at the depot, we crossed during the succeeding ten days an extensive bay, aiming to pass within a similar distance of the point at which the coast again advanced. A closer approach not only brought us a softer and more difficult surface, but revealed occasional configurations amongst which the up-grades proved ever trying work.

It was about this time that we first began to feel the discomfort of hunger, and knew that for many a day we could scarcely hope to better our allowance. No doubt all our travellers had year could have eaten a great deal more than their allowance on extended journeys, but, from what I have gathered, I do not think that any other party really suffered from shortage of food as ours did. The reasons are too complicated to be discussed here, they



The Sledge used by Captain Scott's party in the Antarctic

previous allowance was fixed on the same basis as that of other parties, but, whereas with us the basis was the sum total, with others more or less considerable additions were made to it. Our arrangements were also modified by various causes, some of which tended to still further shorten our allowance. We decided to lay by a week's biscuit and other stores, taken equally from the bags to balance some seal meat, and we discovered much too late that after the first week we had been considerably overrunning our allowance of biscuit. Some early scurvy symptoms had caused Dr. Wilson to suspect the bacon, which we accordingly renounced, and laid by for the end of the journey, but we increased the pemmican slightly in lieu. Even with all facts considered, it is a little difficult to understand why we were so very hungry, but the fact remains we were, and we never culled down in our bags without feeling we could have withstood at least two more suppers of the same nature as the one we had just finished.

One of the worst drawbacks was the inefficiency of oil. A gallon was calculated to last the ordinary trip partly for ten days; our original estimate was for one to last six twelve days, but after wasteage and some want of care during the first month, we discovered that each gallon that remained would have to last us fourteen days. This not only cut off all chance of a hot meal in the middle of the day, but necessitated the greatest economy in the warming and in the cooking. In both cases the "Pemmican" was carefully thawed, for breakfast it was going as a rule, less than twenty minutes, and for supper rarely more than half an hour.

For lunch we cooked out a small piece of seal flesh, some biscuit and a few lumps of sugar, and, with regard to the former, some grew to welcome the pieces that contained the most blubber. I could have surely believed this possible had I not experienced the delight of finding those yellow streaks of blubber in one's lump of dark, stringy fish.

A Strange Christmas

As the weather gradually cleared on our journey south, a very sharp, round peak showed up, far to our right, and, in the northern light, appeared a high mountain of a great distance. By Christmas day we were closest to it, and found it to be a sharp eminence about 2000 feet in height rising out of the ice cap of the foothills. Its solitary position made it a most conspicuous landmark, and in honor of the day we named it Christmas Mountain.

Our Christmas day was gloriously fine, the sun shone bright and clear throughout and had a most cheering effect, which, no doubt was much assisted by the fact that we looked forward to a special ration to celebrate the occasion. At lunch we had the swiftest of a hot meal, and in the evening after a special wash-up and lunch-up, we cooked three "NABU" rabbits and devoured a plum pudding about half the size of a cricket ball and the remains of a tin of rice specially reserved for this day. During the day the sledges had run extraordinarily easy so that, though the dogs did little, we were able to cover ten miles' an unusually long march and when we retired in we felt the satis-

faction of having done a good day's work as well as the still more practical comfort of a comparatively full stomach.

On the following day one of our party had an exceedingly bad attack of snow-blindness. It is difficult to imagine as a matter of fact for this painful ailment than the great, boundless plain of the Barrier, with its every-varying conditions of light. The general impression seems to be that the greatest danger of an attack is on a slightly dull day, when things are not clearly visible and the eyes are strained to catch a difference of shade; but, curiously enough, we all seemed to find that there was a greater risk on the very bright, glaring days, when the sun was reflected in every crystal of the smooth snow-carpets.

The Farthest South

Christmas day had found us moderately close to the foothills on our right, whose high cliffs and snow slopes consequently shut out the land beyond. From Christmas Mountain nothing very remarkable appeared until the eye rested on a high mountain evidently close to the coast-line and bearing almost south to the 20th, however, a sudden and unexpected break in the coast-line revealed another huge strait, and gradually we opened out from behind its nearest cape a magnificent new range of mountains, in the center of which a sharp double peak rose to a greater height than anything we had yet seen on our journey. From the high, partially bare peaks, the slopes of the range descended in gradual undulations of snow to the level of the strait. Unfortunately the positions from which I was able to observe the altitudes of the peaks were too close to give reliable data for calculating their heights, yet, though the absence of foothills which increase their dignity may also have aided in their apparent height, we were so struck by their loftiness in comparison with other calculated heights that I have little doubt that the highest peaks nearly approached, if they did not exceed, 15,000 feet. In the evening of this day (25th) we got our best westerly view. Across the open strait, but to the southward of it, lay the mountains I have already mentioned; to their left ran out more extensive snow-clad foothills, their northern edge fringed with mighty cliffs, sometimes of a black and sometimes of a deep red color, which formed the northern limit of the strait. The coast-line continuing south wound around snowy headlands till it struck the flanking ridge of the spurs of our southern mountains, to the right, but behind the well-marked summit of which could be seen two other lofty peaks. When the southern ridge was reached, beyond the cape to which we could trace the coastline, but very close to it, two tiny white patches indicated land at a much greater distance, and showed that the coast-line continued in the same general direction for many a mile. The cape on our right still obscured the channel of the strait, which appeared to turn inside the neck, and we decided to push on with all we had the following day to get a better view of it.

But the 26th brought wind and drift, and we were obliged to remain in camp, and on the 27th it was so foggy we dared not leave the sledges, but continued in a southward direction with them. The surface soon changed entirely, and we found ourselves travelling over well-marked undulations of incoming



Harassing the Dogs preparatory to Starting on a Sledge Journey

height the crests of the waves becoming broader and at length traversed by cracks and crevasses. The light grew worse and at last, when we were forced to camp for the night, deciding, moreover, that, as we hoped to pay a visit to the land on our return, this must be our farthest camp.

It will be remembered that the instructions bore the greatest stress on the question: What is that extraordinary ice formation, the Barrier? Can we now give a definite answer to the question? I fear that it must be considered we cannot; but, on the other hand, we have accumulated such strong presumptive evidence as to its nature and movement that there can remain little doubt with regard to it.

Fifty years ago, Ross, examining its seaward face, concluded that it was about at its edge; since then that face has broken away, in places as much as twenty or thirty miles. We have scouted far beyond the icy cliff which was visible in his day, and have obtained such depths as to prove that the part which was broken away was wholly absent.

If, as was evident, the edge of the literal Barrier was water-borne, how far did it continue in that condition? Nothing but a journey on the Barrier could throw light on this question, and even such a journey could not obtain positive proof unless, which was, of course, impossible, the actual stage of some southern portion could be examined. We should willingly enough have attempted many a mile to the southward for our glimpse of a section a quarter of a



Waiting for Herpou a boat through the ice

that Victoria Land is not a narrow ridge of mountains, but that these mountains only outline an immense ice cap, covering an apparently extensive continental land, and the western party has

(Continued on page 137.)



Breaking the ice with gun-cotton

Correspondence

THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 24, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In the latest number of your excellent paper appears an article entitled "The Present Law of Presidential Succession." I do not take exception to what you say therein, but I take the liberty of pointing out what you, in common with all other writers on this subject whose words I have seen, do not say. You assume that Mr. Root's blow leveled at the St. Louis ticket, based on the score of the Vice-Presidential candidate's advanced age, remains only a partial idea, viz., the probability that Mr. Vice-President (17) Davis's early demise after assuming office may render Mr. President (17) Parker's personally chosen Secretary of State the hierarch, thus making it a vital question whether a bill shall succeed in May. And you add that "an easy and informal way to carry the bill" is for the Judge to announce at an early date the definite choice of a high-class appointee. You later, therefore, mention the lesser, yet essential, part of Mr. Root's thought. Stranger things have happened than the untimely death of a healthy man in middle life who sits in the Presidential chair; and in the event of the success in November of the Democratic party (may it not be so) Mr. Davis might live to succeed Mr. Parker, he might or he might not retain the same cabinet on his accession (18). Inevitably is the only "accident" President who has retained his predecessor's cabinet; therefore, considering his years, it becomes a question of improbability who Mr. Davis's Secretary of State may be. Why not ask for a definite announcement at that point?

I am, sir,

WILLIAM F. BURKE.

[Discussing this point, the WEEKLY, in its issue of August 6, said: "The first necessary thought, if President Parker should die) is who would be President Davis's Secretary of State?" But it went no farther. There were no puny "etc." Mr. Davis seems quite competent to select an able Secretary of State.—EDITOR.]

SHIRT-WAISTS

BOSTON, N. C., August 24, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—When we were very young we met a threatened infringement of our rights with "I'm going right straight and tell my mamma!" Given a choice, we drew a tight upper lip and say "I shall write to HARPER'S WEEKLY about that!"

The eloquent but aggrieved wail of the shirt-waist, by W. A. C., should be taken up and thoroughly discussed, be it to relieve the aggregate of human misery, on other lines, necessitates a vast amount of talking and writing, and this would necessitate a vast amount of shouting and vociferousness which it will come to stay.

It is quite possible to keep or break the golden rule by our dress, and it is our manifest duty to do so for ourselves that we may appear comfortable, and thereby promote the satisfaction of others.

Women lower the temperature in effect when they flit about, on hot summer days, in their fresh, cool cotton, linen, and diaphanous draperies, and wear none it by their scorching lined and lined-in cotton clothing, which is as ugly and uncomfortable as it is possible when you come to think of it.

It should be considered a complimentary plan planning for to be greeted in summer with an admiring "How cool you look!" and in winter with "What a comfortable, warm-looking garment that is!"

If all means let the men be encouraged to adopt the shirt-waist; all charitably minded women will be delighted to share the comfort they have found in it with their long-suffering brothers.

Perhaps, after all, the opposition of a few warped minds is only a bit of retributive justice, visited upon the men for the ridicule they have heaped upon woman's whimsicalities in dress; if so, now is the time for us to rise and heap bumps of ice upon the heated brain-pan of our brothers, and say, "Yes, you shall wear shirt-waists and be as happy and comfortable as you deserve!"

I am, sir,

G. E. S.

PAUL POTTER'S BULL IN CHIVENEY

CHEYENNE, WYO., August 24, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In your issue of the 20th instant, I notice that your very amusing review of Gustav Kolbe's "minute study" of Judge Parker includes a reproduction of Paul Potter's famous painting of the young bull with which the Judge became so enamored while abroad that he brought home a copy. You make the statement: "But when at the Hague he came to Paul Potter's famous painting of the young bull, there he stopped and looked long and earnestly. There was something he knew all about. No painter could fool him on live stock."

A very large and faithfully executed copy of this painting adorns the wall of the size-room of this club, which, in the territorial days of Wyoming, was the rendezvous of all the convivial spirits among the cattle barons of this section of the West. This picture appears in perfect order, except that it contains three clean-cut holes, one of which penetrates the bull's left nostril, and another

the white face of the patient cow. It seems that on the occasion of some gathering of the members, one of them had just returned after an absence of several weeks, during which time the picture in question was hung.

After getting into a state of belatedly-awakened by picking an unusually large number of hobbles at himself, this member wandered into the room with a friend, and, and no sooner seated himself at a table when his gaze fell upon this new painting. "This is the Judge, this worthy did not have to 'look long and earnestly' at the painting, but immediately drew his six-shooter and proceeded to puncture this work of art."

If this member's opinion of the young bull is general among Western cattlemen, it would appear that the explanation of this painting out here would not gain many votes for the Judge.

I am, sir,

FRANCIS PATTON.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH AND IMMORTALITY

SAN FRANCISCO, N. Y., August 24, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Permit me humbly to defend Professor Goldwin Smith's article in the *North American Review* for May against your correspondent Dr. Mockbridge in your issue of August 6.

Your correspondent quotes Dr. Smith's statement that "immortality, if taken in its narrow, conscious existence, is inconceivable. To attempt to conceive it ends in mental vertigo." As an intellectual concept immortality is as far beyond our vision as is before apprehension to be beyond the power of the lower animals, as conscious perception is beyond the vegetable kingdom. It does not form a mental conception of a thing, as it is, by merely naming it, nor by endeavoring to form an intellectual judgment as to its possibility.

Even our mental conception of this our present conscious existence is a mental, not intellectual fact—in a pitifully young. An attempt to get it clearly before us is apt to end in fatigue and vertigo. Self is the "moving picture" of the kinetoscope, and by what process can the mechanism be deduced from the picture? Such an intellectual task would be child's play to our attempt, by turning round on ourself in introspection, to build a conception of the self in me. When we have succeeded in doing this (beyond philosophical hypothesis) we will have gone a long way, perhaps the whole distance, towards a mental conception of immortality.

Intellectuality is not a proposition capable of apodictic proof, as more than the existence of God; both are matters of personal faith, personal relation to the divine; and theological arguments for both only convince us of what we already believe to be true. They fail to convince the sceptic, and figure very little, if at all, in the phenomena of faith.

Since we can have no mental conception of the nature of immortality we can have no intellectual proof, nor is such proof necessary. It is a question lying wholly in the domain of faith—it is well to recognize such a domain; that the universe divided by the intellect leaves a remainder. I know, too, to myself, on immortality seems so fundamental on the axioms. No argument from analogy, from the faith of others, can affect this faith.

The incidental, perhaps really principal, criticism of your correspondent on Dr. Smith's remarks on evolution is too abundant to deserve specific comment at this late day. Four years has been worked hard in former years; but he has been and some time.

To those who are interested in the question of immortality I give the following references: John Fish, *Through Vain to God*; H. B. Black, *Private Confessions*; E. B. Schuchman, *Henry Drummond, Naturalism in the Spiritual World*; William James, *Lectures on Religious Experience* (lecture on "Mysticism"); Lyman Abbott, "Certitude of Immortality," *Outlook*, January 31, 1903.

I am, sir,

R. B. G.

TILDEN AND THE TROUT

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., August 24, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Your anecdote in the WEEKLY for the 6th inst. about the dogfish and his unsuccessful interview with President Roosevelt reminded me of an experience of my own at the White Mountains nearly twenty years ago when passing a week at Crawford's. Among the guests were Mr. Everett and Mr. Tilden. Towards the close of the day these enterprising statesmen strolled out for a walk along the banks of the Ammonoosuc. Before long their road reached a small bridge. "See that big trout?" said Mr. Tilden, as he espied a fat and comfortable fish a few feet from the shore. "I think I'll have him." "How?" he claimed his companion. "Do you expect to catch him without a hook?" "Well and see," was the reply, as Mr. Tilden resumed his coat and first night his arm in the shoulder. Promptly kneeling down he simply seized the fish, though with such unrelenting agility that he lost his balance and went in up to his neck. Nevertheless, with characteristic tenacity he held his prize, and the two anglers between them succeeded in pulling it to the bank. "There!" exclaimed Mr. Tilden as he yielded it to the limbered, "did you ever see a finer trout than that?" "Trout!" was the reply: "it's nothing but a snake." Tabern with a dissolving view! I am, sir,

BENJAMIN PATTON ARNOLD.



THE TRIANTS

BY A. E. W. MASON

SYNOPSIS OF TRIANTS

In the opening chapter Pamela Martine is introduced to the reader as a young woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Later we learn that Pamela and Alan Warfield, who is in love with her, observe a young couple entering the opposite house. They are Tony and Millie Stretton, who live in a shabby house provided over by the club but suited better of the racing man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter on all into the life of the outside world. But finally they both weary of their monotonous life, and Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune. In his absence Millie becomes acquainted with Lionel Cullen, a gentlemanly adventurer. Pamela wishes to help her. She sends Warfield on a mission to find Tony and bring him home. Warfield finds that Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the South Sea on a trader. Warfield sends every message in general upon him to come home, but he refuses. Tony remains on the trader until the term of his contract is over (two months) having learned of his father's death, and then decides to sail to the French coast, England, as no other means seems open to him. John Mudge, a friend of Pamela's, borrows from her of the small Millie is in from Cullen. He borrows all without a check and places them in the hands of a single firm of old men, who based on a settlement within twenty-four hours. Cullen borrows a proposition from Mudge to superintend an important enterprise of the future in Chile, which his financial difficulties compel him to accept. Warfield, although he has proposed to her unconditionally before, cannot Pamela to marry him, and she allows him to think that in time it will be possible for her to accept him. One thing she tells him would never let her take the step now. The return of Tony Stretton, Warfield, desirous of obtaining information as to Tony's whereabouts, goes to London to tell Tony's friend Mr. Chase, who, he thinks, will be able to tell him. He ends on his arrival that Chase has died suddenly, and on examining the house, finding nothing and address on the envelope of a letter intended for the missing letter. Chase had been found a day in Tony's living place. Pamela returns from Chile and persuades Millie to go south with him. They are seen drifting together late at night in Heaven. But as Mr. Mudge, who tells Pamela that he is very dangerous for Millie. Pamela's cousin Warfield is an old friend of theirs for consultation. The party of the village has, in order to devise a plan to help Millie. Pamela, for the second time, concludes Warfield to go in search of Tony, and he gladly accepts. Pamela goes to Hampshire, which she had visited as a young girl, and while there hears of the presence of Lionel Cullen, Stretton, meanwhile, is sent with a troop of soldiers on an expedition across the desert of Sahara. In his return to Mudge he is given the commission of lieutenant, and then decides to write to Millie. At that moment Warfield arrives with the letter from Pamela. Tony reads the letter, and decides to desert the legion, with which he has enlisted for five years, and return to England. He starts in the guise of a pedler for Morocco. Warfield is to meet him at Ex. Pamela learns that Millie Stretton is expected at a hotel on the Riviera, and sends a telegram to Warfield at Tangier urging him not to fail to return by the ship, the date of Millie's expected arrival. Tony goes safely through the mountains and meets Warfield just in time at Ex, and they make their way together, with some difficulty, to the coast, where they take a steamer at Larcade.

CHAPTER XXIX

PAMELA MEETS A STRANGER

MEANWHILE Pamela waited at the Villa Pomignard, waiting from hour to hour, and from hour to hour, for the day to pass. The day passed one another. She watched the arrival of each train from Martville at the little station below with an expectant heart; and long after it had departed towards Italy she kept within her vision the pathway up the hillside to the villa. But the travellers did not return. Expectation and disappointment walked alternately at her elbow all the day, and each day seemed endless. Yet, when the next day came, it had come all too quickly. Every morning it seemed to her, as she turned her calendar, that the days passed one another, she wondered how they could pass so slowly. The thirty-first of the month dawned at last. At some time on this day Millie Stretton would arrive at Ex. She thought of it, as she rose, with a sinking heart; and then thought again. She dared not confront the possibility that the train might stop at Rapinodora, and come on to Italy and discharge no passengers upon the platform. She dared not recognize her dread that this day might close and the

darkness come as faintly as all the rest. It was her last day of hope. Lionel Cullen was waiting. Millie Stretton was arriving. To-morrow, Tony might come, but he would come too late. Pamela lived in suspense. Somehow the morning passed. The afternoon slipped through towards Montrose. Pamela saw the smoke of the engine from her terrace, and knew that again that train had come the passenger from England. Half an hour ago Millie had most likely stepped from her carriage on to the platform at Ex. And still Tony Stretton and Warfield lingered.

Towards dusk she began to despair. In a little while another train was due. She heard its whistle, saw it stop at the station, and waited with her eyes fixed upon the hillside path. No one appeared upon it. She turned and went into the house. She thought for a moment of going herself to Ex, thrusting herself upon Millie at the foot of any snail; and while she debated whether the plan could at all avail, the door was opened, a servant spoke some words about a visitor, and a man entered the room. Pamela started to her feet. The man stood in the twilight of the room; his back was against the light of the window. Pamela could not see his face. But it was not Warfield, so much she knew at once. It could only be Tony Stretton.

"No you have come," she cried. "At last! I had given up hope."

She advanced and held out her hand. And some reserve in Tony's attitude, something of reserve in the manner with which he took her hand, checked and chilled her.

"It is you!" she asked. "I watched the path. The train has gone some while."

"Yes, it is I," he replied. "I had to inquire my way at the village. This is the first time I ever came to Rapinodora."

Still more than the touch of his hand and the reserve of his manner, the cold reserve of his voice chilled her. She turned to the servant abruptly.

"Bring lamps," she said. She felt the need to see Tony Stretton's face. She had looked forward so eagerly to his coming, she had hoped for it, and dispirited of it with so full a heart; and now he was come, and with him there had come, most unexpectedly, disappointment. She had expected ardor, and there was only, as it seemed, indifference and stolidity. She was prepared for a lot of questions to be furnished and upon her in so with a question that no time was given to her for an answer to any one of them, and he stood before her, seemingly cold as stone. Had he ceased to care for Millie, she wondered?

"You have come as quickly as you could?" she asked, trying to read his features in the obscurity.

"I have not had a moment since I received your letter," he answered.

She sought at the words "your letter." Perhaps there by the reason for his reserve. She had written frankly, perhaps so frankly, she feared at this moment. Had the letter suddenly kindled his love for Millie? No, things, as should, could happen had happened. Diffusion might have withered it like a salt stain of lightning.

"My letter," she said. "You must not exaggerate its meaning. You read it carefully?"

"Very carefully."

"And I wrote it carefully," she went on, pleading with him in difference; "very carefully."

"It contains the truth," said Tony. "I did not doubt that."

"Yes, but it contains all the truth," she urged. "You are not to doubt that, either. Remember, you yourself are to know I wrote that, didn't I? I meant it."

"Yes, you wrote that," answered Tony. "I am not doing what you are right. It may well be that I am to blame. As well be that you, too, are not quite free from blame. Had you told me that morning when we rode together in the train, what you had really meant when you said that I ought never to leave my wife?" And at that Pamela interrupted him.

"Would you have stayed if I had explained?" she cried. And Tony for a moment was silent. Then he answered slowly.

"No; for I should not have believed you. And then he said."

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(Continued from page 136.)

for the first time since he had entered the room. "However, it can do neither of us any good to discuss what we might have done had we known then what we know now."

He stopped at the door opened. The lamps were brought in and set upon the tables. Tony waited until the servant had gone out, and the door was closed again; then he said:

"You sent a telegram. I was here in answer to it. I was to be at Roquebrune on the thirty-first. This is the thirty-first. Am I in time?"

"Yes," said Pamela.

She could see Tony clearly; and of one thing she at once was sure. She had been misled by the twilight of the room. Tony, at all events, was not indifferent. He stood before her, travel-stained and worn. His face was haggard and thin; his eyes were tired, like the eyes of an old man; there were flecks of gray in his hair, and lines about the eyes. These changes she noticed, and took them at their true value. They were signs of the hard life he had lived during these years, and of the quick, arduous journey which he had made. But there was more. If Tony had spoken with a measured voice, it was in order that he might control himself the better. If he had stood without gesture or motion, it was because he felt the need to keep himself in hand. So much Pamela clearly saw. Tony was laboring under a strong emotion.

"Yes, you are in time," she cried; and now her heart was glad. "I was so set on saving both your lives, in keeping you and Millie for each other. Of late, since you did not come, my faith faltered a little. But it should not have faltered. You are here! You are here!"

"My wife is here, too?" asked Tony, oddly; and Pamela's enthusiasm again was checked. "Where is she?"

"She arrives at the south of France to-day. She stops at Eze. She should be there now."

She had hoped to see the blood pulse into his face, and some look of gladness dawn suddenly in his eyes, some smile of forgiveness after the stern set of his lips. But again she was disappointed.

Tony seemed to pat his wife out of his thoughts.

"And since your message was so urgent," he continued, deliberately, "it follows that Calton comes to-day as well;" and he repeated the name in a singularly soft, slow, and almost caressing voice. "Lionel Calton," he said.

And at once Pamela was desperately afraid. It needed just that name uttered in just that way to explain to her completely the emotion which Tony so resolutely controlled. She looked at him again. She had planned to bring back Tony to Millie and his home. The Tony Stretton whom she had known of old, the good-natured, kindly man who loved his wife, whom all now liked and none feared. And, lo! she had brought back a stranger. And the stranger was dangerous. He was dealing with anger, he was anticipating his meeting with Lionel Calton with a selfish which, to Pamela, was dreadful.

"No," she exclaimed, eagerly. "Mr. Calton has been here all this while, and Millie only comes to-day."

"Calton has been waiting for her, then?" he asked, implacably.

"Oh, I don't know," Pamela exclaimed in despair. "I have not spoken to him. How should I know?"

"Yet you have no doubts?"

"Well, then, no," she said. "I have no doubt that he is waiting here for Millie. But she only arrives to-day. They have not met until to-day. That is why I sent the telegram."

Tony nodded his head.

"So that I might be present at the meeting?"

And Pamela could have cried out aloud. She had not thought, she had not dreamed. She had lived all her thoughts on saving Millie. Set upon that, and she had not understood that other and dreadful consequences might ensue. These consequences were vivid enough before her eyes now. All three would meet—Tony, Millie, and Lionel Calton. What would follow? What might not follow? Pamela closed her eyes. Her heart sank; she felt faint at the thought of what might and so blindingly followed.

"Tony!" she exclaimed. She wrung her hands together, pleading with him in short and broken sentences. "Don't think of him! . . . Think of Millie. You can gain her back! . . . I am very sure. . . . I wrote that to you, didn't I? . . . Mr. Calton. . . . It is not worth while. . . . It is of no account. . . . Millie was lonely, that was all. . . . There would be a scandal, at the best. . . ." And Tony laughed harshly.

"Oh, it is not worth while," she cried again, piteously, and yet again. "It is not worth while."

"Yet I am anxious to meet him," said Tony.

Suddenly Pamela looked over his shoulder to the door, and for

a moment hope brightened in her face. But Stretton understood

the look, and replied to her, "No. Warriiden is not here. I left him behind with our luggage at Monte Carlo."

"Why did he stay?" cried Pamela, as again her hopes fell.

"He could hardly refuse. This is my affair, not his. I claimed to-morrow. He will come to you, no doubt, to-morrow."

"You meant him to stay behind, then?"

"I meant to see you alone," said Tony; and Pamela dared question him no more, though the questions thronged in her mind and tortured her. Was it only because he wished to see her alone that he left Warriiden behind? Was it not also so that he might not be hampered afterwards? Was it only so that another might not know of the trouble between himself and Millie? Or was it not so that another might not be on hand to hinder him from exacting retribution? Pamela was appalled. Tony was angry—yes, that was natural enough. She did not have to half her present distress if he had shown his passion in temperate words, if he had threatened, if he had raved. But there was so much deliberation in his anger, he had it so completely in control; it was an instrument which he meant to use, not a fever which might mislead him for a moment and let him go.

"You are so changed," she cried. "I did not think of that when I wrote you. But, of course, these years and the Foreign Legion could not but change you."

She moved away, and set down holding her head between her hands. Stretton did not answer her words in any way. He moved towards her, and asked:

"Is Calton, too, at Eze?"

"No, no," she cried, raising her head, thankful at last, that here was some small point on which she could attenuate his suspicions.

"You are seeking too much of the trouble."

"Yet you wrote the letter to me. You also sent the telegram. You sent me neither the one nor the other without good reason."

And Pamela dropped her eyes again from his face.

"If Calton is not at Eze," he insisted, "he is close by."

Pamela did not answer. She sat trying to compose her thoughts. Suppose that she refused to answer, Tony would go to Eze. He might find Millie and Calton there. On the other hand, it was unlikely that he would. Pamela had seen that quiet, solitary restaurant by the sea, where Calton lodged. It was there that they would be, she had no doubt.

"Where is Calton?" asked Tony. "Where does he stay?"

Pamela closed her ears to the question, working still at the stern problem of her answer. If she refused to tell him what he asked, Millie and Calton might creep for to-night. That was possible. But, then, to-morrow would come. Tony must not think to-morrow in any case, and to-morrow he might be too late.

"I will tell you," she answered, and she described the place. And in another minute she was alone. She heard the front door close, heard Tony's step upon the gravel of the garden path, and then all was silent. She sat holding her throbbing temples in her hands. Visions rose before her eyes, and her fear made them extraordinarily luminous and vivid. She saw that broad, quiet terrace over the sea where she had lunched, the lonely restaurant, the tables of that suite of rooms open to the street. A broad column of light streamed out from the window in her vision. She could almost hear voices and the sound of laughter. She imagined the laughter all struck dumb, and thereafter a cry of horror stilled the night. The very silence of the villa became a torture to her. She rose and walked restlessly about the room. If she could only have reached Warriiden! But she did not even know in which hotel in all the hotels of Monte Carlo he had gone. Tony might have told her that had she kept her wits about her and put the question with discretion. But she had not. She had thought that Stretton had purposes of his own behind. Tony asked for no restraining hand, when at last he came face to face with Lionel Calton. She sat down, and tried to reason out what would happen. Tony would go first to Eze. Would he find Millie there? Perhaps. Most likely he would not. He would go on then to the villa in the Corniche road. But he would have wasted some time. It might be only a little time; still, however short it was, what was waste of time to Tony might be gain of time to her if only she could find a messenger.

Suddenly she stood up. There was a messenger, under her very hand. She scribbled a note to Lionel Calton, hardly knowing what she wrote. She bade him go the instant when he received it, go at all costs without a moment's delay. Then, taking the note in her hand, she ran from the villa down the road to Roquebrune.

To Be Continued.

All's Well

By Elizabeth Carpenter

WHY harbor fear? The planets one by one
Their peaceful paths pursue through trackless space;
The myriad stars, tho' distant from the sun,
Yield mellow light with undiminished grace.

What tho' swift, sudden storms sweep swiftly by
And fret the face of heaven for an hour?

Above the tempest's rage a boundless sky
Unshadowed bends its blue in tranquil power.

To steadfast souls nor strife nor sin can bring
Resultant ill. Where Love and Quiet dwell
The full, harmonious spheres of being swing
Serenely on their way—and all is well.

Our National Expenditures

The expenditures of the United States government are much less in proportion to population than those of many other of the leading nations of the world. This fact is shown by a statement published by the Department of Commerce and Labor through its Bureau of Statistics, showing the population, revenues, expenditures, and indebtedness of the principal countries of the world. It shows that while the expenditure of the United States, with 80 millions of people, is \$50 million dollars, that of France, with 39 million people, is \$93 million dollars; that of Germany, with 58 million people, \$33 million dollars; while in practically every country aside from China and India, with their enormous population, the per capita of government expenditures is greater than in the United States. Even in the case of Russia, with its population of 141 millions, the per capita of government expenditure is about the same as that of the United States. While it is true that a larger proportion of public expenditures is borne by State and local governments in the United States than in many of the more centralized governments of Europe, these figures of the relative national expenditures of the various governments are at least interesting at the present time.

What We Cost the Government

The table puts the population of the United States at \$67,372,000, the government expenditure in 1903 at \$640,325,000, and the per capita expenditure \$7.57. The per capita government expenditure of Canada is given at \$9.39; the German Empire, \$8.43; Italy, \$10.92; Austria-Hungary, \$14.27; Belgium, \$17.40; France, \$17.48; the United Kingdom, \$21.39; and Australia, \$27.68. Russia's annual expenditure is put, for the latest available year, at \$1,116,093,000, as against \$644,383,000 in the United States; but the fact that Russia's population is given at 141 million brings the per capita expenditure to about the figure shown by the United States.

The table of the Bureau of Statistics presenting these figures of population and government expenditures includes all countries for which data on this subject can be had, and its figures show for the countries in question a total population of 1,308,000,000, and government expenditures amounting to \$7,000,826,000, with government revenue amounting to \$7,001,486,000.

The Most Prosperous Country

The table in question also shows in the case of each country the excess of revenue or expenditure in the latest available year, and in this particular the United States also presents a satisfactory showing, the excess of revenue over expenditures being greater than that of any other country, while in many countries the expenditures exceed the revenues. For the latest available year the United States shows an excess of revenue over expenditures amounting to \$1 million dollars, while France shows a reverse of revenues amounting to only \$26,000; Germany, an excess of expenditures over revenue amounting to \$7 million dollars, and the United Kingdom an excess of expenditures over revenue amounting to 100 million dollars.

Up and Down

Our following telephone conversation, severely overheard between a woman whose home is in the suburbs and a business acquaintance of her husband, illustrates some of the curricular of our language.

BUSINESS ACQUAINTANCE: "Good morning, Mrs. —. I'd like to speak to Mr. —."

Mrs. —: "A moment." "I'm sorry, but my husband isn't down yet."

B. A. (fingering): "Isn't down yet?"

Mrs. —: "I mean he isn't up yet. I'm letting him sleep into this morning; he was so down last evening over his office troubles that he was about ready to give up. The boys'll be down as soon as he gets up."



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A Revolution in Farming

By William R. Lighten

Within twenty years agriculture has been changed from a primitive to a thoroughly scientific basis.

No better illustration of this change could be found than is afforded by the manner of handling the corn crop of the present year. Within the memory of men who are still at work in the fields, the time of human labor necessary to the production of one bushel of corn was four and one-half hours; the labor cost being thirty-five cents. In 1902 the time of labor fell to forty minutes, and its cost to ten cents. Every successive step has been modified; the horse-power although has given place to the steam gang plough; the old method of dropping the seed by hand and covering it with a hand hoe has yielded in the machine which checks, plants, and covers in one operation while driven rapidly across the face of the field; cultivation is better performed with one-fourth the labor; the hand corn-knife has been supplanted by the horse or steam power harrower. But the most radical difference appears in the final processes. The old-fashioned "shucking-pig" is no more; and along with it has disappeared the gala "shuckings" with its glimmer of red ears and knives. That labor is now all performed by huge machinery: one may be pardoned for wondering whether the rural night will not soon be doing his very kissing by steam-press, so thoroughly persuaded is he becoming of its greater efficiency. And it is easy to remember the day when corn-shelling consisted in rubbing two ears together by hand, or in scraping the ears across the nests of a skiff laborer could shell one bushel of grain in an hour and a half; that is to say, the shelling of the crop of 1902 would have occupied the entire population of the United States for more than three months. But this is now accomplished by power-machines, some of which have an hourly capacity of 700 bushels.

Equal or even greater advances have been made in the methods of wheat culture. Against the costly hand labor of the last generation, which required the expenditure of three hours of time to the production of a bushel of grain, modern machinery, having widely supplanted hand-work, has reduced the time and per bushel to ten minutes. Most remarkable of all implements is the power-driven harrow in the giant automobile fields, which cuts, threshes, cleans, weighs, and sacks the grain from a hundred acres in a single day. Every other industry of the fields has shared in the benefits of this new machinery: every process is highly specialized; every process is highly specialized; every process is highly specialized. The cost of labor by perfected machinery and modern methods was computed in 1902 on the production of seven bushel ears in a year—wheat, oats, rye, barley, corn, white potatoes, and hay; the aggregate saving being more than \$200,000,000, or showing the greatest advance, \$325,000,000.

These advances, which are nothing short of revolutions, are only to be appreciated in the full in the future West. There has hardly been the chief industry, and where the production of the great field staples is now centralized. Some time ago the writer once who was a stranger in the West: three hundred miles of almost unbroken harvest field, the landscape dotted with gigantic machines of the highest type, rearing about every other mile, smouldering with black clouds of smoke, making ready the world's loaf. The stranger concluded, half whimsically:

"I can't call farming a pastoral pursuit nowadays in your big West. The romance is all gone out of it; your western farm is nothing but a noisy machine-shop; your farmers are all turned mechanics, your economists, men of affairs. They would their simple old dads say if they could behold this!"

Whatever the loss in pastoral simplicity, in the traditional civility of bucolic manners and attitudes, there is no denying the great gains in scientific and economic and consequent social and political power. No part of the nation now rests upon a farmer foundation than the agricultural prairies.



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Crop shortages occur, of course; but their hardship falls upon the consumer, not upon the producer. Furthermore, shortages are less common and less disastrous to the volume of the industry. Improved machinery must provide a better cultivation, greatly offsetting the occasional seasonal evils. The modern farmer is more completely the master of his fortune than is the manufacturer or the merchant or the farmer, being less at the mercy of artificial conditions.

Weather Reports by Wireless Telegraphy

In Great Britain, owing to its isolated position, the Weather Office experiences great difficulty in making forecasts owing to the lack of sufficient data of atmospheric conditions, particularly in the Atlantic Ocean. Through the cooperation of a London newspaper—the Daily Telegraph—arrangements have been made whereby messages will be sent by wireless telegraph from steamers which will give full information of the weather conditions in the Atlantic, and enable the forecasters to test their predictions on various conditions of barometer, temperature, wind, and weather conditions. While the present system provides for messages at points about one hundred miles distant from the coast, it is to be extended as rapidly as possible. In the meantime, reports are received simultaneously from several vessels in different positions, the approach of storms can be traced with considerable accuracy. In addition, each vessel is supposed to test in its statements of general weather conditions encountered. It is thought possible that with the additional information to be furnished by wireless telegraph that not much greater accuracy would follow, but that the time limit could be extended from twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

Color Taste of Mosquitoes

In connection with the investigation of the transmission of disease by mosquitoes, some experiments have been made recently tending to show that these insects have a certain taste for light. This was demonstrated by placing boxes lined with various colored cloths on the floor of an apartment infested by mosquitoes and noting that while many of the insects went into the boxes lined with blue few went into those with lighter colors. Accordingly from the results of observations it was possible to arrange a scale in the following order: blue, dark brown, scarlet, black, slate, gray, olive, green, light green, pearl, pale green, light blue, white. Furthermore, it is asserted that an investigator entering a tent with white clothes is far less likely to attract the mosquitoes than one with gray flannel. These experiments, while most interesting and altogether convincing, and the question has been advanced, why do the mosquitoes attack the white flesh of the face and arms. Possibly in this case the other element besides color must be considered, and it seems to be no reason why people living in districts infested by mosquitoes should not make colored tents on their own account in selecting the colors of their clothing according to the above scale, and also make use of it in painting their houses and particularly their verandas.

Tabacco and Hearing

A Paper read at the recent Congress of Otolary held at Bordeaux, France, by M. Delie dealt with the effect of tobacco on the auditory nerve, and in it was described the injurious effect on the patient's hearing. There is a direct action of the tobacco on the auditory nerve, and the stimulating effect of the nicotine on other nerves is likely to add further complications, so that tobacco should always be used in moderation and especially where trouble with hearing is being experienced, and patients should be warned at an early date. In fact, there are certain conditions of the tissue when all smoking should be forbidden, and especially where the patient is comparatively young.

A Ladder of Swords

BY

GILBERT PARKER

Author of "The Right of Way"



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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DEFIANCE!

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

PLATFORM: NO HUMBLE!

THEODORE ROOSEVELT SAYS:

We are content to rest our case before the American people upon the fact that in adherence to a lofty ideal we have added proved governmental efficiency. Therefore, our promises may surely be trusted as regards any issue that is now before the people; and we may equally be trusted to deal with any problem which may hereafter arise.

Our actions speak even louder than our words for the faith that is in us. We base our appeal upon what we have done and are doing, upon our record of administration and legislation during the last seven years, in which we have had complete control of the government. We intend in the future to carry on the government in the same way that we have carried it on in the past.

Self-satisfaction! Self-confidence! Self-certainty! Take us or leave us! That sums it up.

We discuss Mr. ROOSEVELT's letter of acceptance at length in other columns. *En passant*, we may say that it is an unprecedentedly masterful and extraordinarily able document. In both thought and expression it beams with the natural vigor and nervous energy of its author. No opportunity is missed to keep the enemy on the run. Some subtleties are shown in the method of stating the criticisms of the opposition, but such is not boldly, confidently, aggressively. There is not so much as a hint of the possibility of the present administration ever having been or ever going to be in the wrong. Mr. ROOSEVELT is absolutely wholly sincere in regarding it as ideal. But, he insistently urges upon his rival, if you will persist in finding faults, in detecting errors, in seeing danger in present policies, what remedial changes do you propose? Speak up, in detail, and we will join issue; otherwise, by holding your peace, confess your impotence. It is a direct, personal challenge to the Judge to come into the open and fight it out on every point he cares to raise. We shall know in a day or two how it is met.

One fact is certain. The letter of acceptance shows that in so far as pertains to convincing him that he is unworthy of election, the Democrats' two months' work has gone for nothing. He still obstinately claims to be the worthy leader of a worthy party, and if either he or his party have done anything they ought to be sorry for he is glad they did it. He is not very successful as an apologist, but perhaps he didn't try.

For a broad, handsome claim it is hard to beat the following: "There is not a policy, foreign or domestic, which are now carrying out, which it would not be disastrous to reverse or abandon." He proceeds to declare that if the Democrats should come in and not reverse the Republican policies they would show themselves to be impostors and unfit to be trusted; but if they should reverse any of the said policies, "by just so much would the nation as a whole be damaged."

Apparently there is nothing left for the Democrats, in case of success, but to abandon the course of government and climb a tree. The President speaks with characteristic comprehensiveness, but the case of the Democrats is not so desperate as he makes out. A new administration begins where the last administration left off. It has to take things as it finds them, and must often carry out policies which it has criticized. Moreover, both among the ROOSEVELT voters and the PARKER voters there will be many men of many minds. There is hardly a policy among those which the President commends as indispensable which a good many Republicans do not criticize and a good many Democrats do not approve. And, further, it is not alone what the Republican President has done that influences voters, but what they think he is liable to do when he gets his second wind.

The journalists in charge of the Democratic canvass make characteristic comments. "Like an impetuous mountain stream, the current of his utterance moves rapidly, dashing over, but not dislodging, the obstacles it encounters," is the *World's* picturesque description. And then it proceeds to gasp at the daring of the man in refusing to "bend to the rising storm of popular demand for tariff reform" and in "ranging himself with the stalwart enemies of all who would seek to lower taxation and relieve manufacturers and consumers generally of the barbarous enormities and exasperations of a protection which has outgrown every decent claim and has overriden the commercial rights and liberties of the people." His pronouncement of satisfaction with and unhesitating perpetuation of his foreign policy is taken as an indication of the kind of "Serbian bog" of expenditures and taxation the country will be plunged into "if his ambition and aspirations are gratified."

Careful not to encroach upon Mr. PUTNEY's exclusive personal privilege of injecting thunder and lightning into "open letters"—another of which is about due—the *World* sticks closely to prosaic governmental expenditures, and the candidate's treatment of them. Between ourselves, President ROOSEVELT, when dealing with United States currency, has not what might be called a saving disposition. He likes to do far things in a big way, and distinctly does not like to be bothered about expenses. Why is KNIGHT he might and probably does occasionally ask. But he writes about them in his letter after a manner not wholly free from grudge. It is true, as he says, that there have been no very great changes in the cost of running the government since the war with Spain, but, as the *World* pertinently inquires, why render the comparison to that brief period? Of course, expenditures increased enormously during the war; and were sure to continue on a higher level for a year or two, but not necessarily forever. The fact of no decrease is as significant as a big increase would be under normal conditions. A very proper comparison is that made by the *World* with 1897, thus:

\$ expenditure for	1897.	1904.
Civil and miscellaneous.....	\$80,000,000	\$122,000,000
War Department.....	30,000,000	315,000,000
Navy Department.....	31,000,000	102,000,000

Here, in three items, is an increase of \$187,000,000 in ordinary running expenses. It is a lot of money, and the question is, if we keep on adding to expenditures at that rate, may we not bring up in the poorhouse? Probably not. The country is rich and the people are doing well. Besides, some day they will get used and turn out the men who are piling up their taxes. Possibly Mr. ROOSEVELT thinks that, if he gets South America into good running order, he will have done his share, and his successors can struggle with the popular resentment that will then have been aroused against paying the piper.

Anyhow, it is interesting to see how, after making a few sly digs at figures—just enough to let you know that he knows they are there—he takes the flat position that present expenditures are necessary and that reduction would be unwise. Stand up, Judge Knicker! You declare for retrenchment. Where will you retrench? Will you promise to cut down the rural free delivery, stop irrigating the plains, and lose the farmers' votes? If so, the issue is joined. Will you "dis-

manle our coast fortifications?" Will you "cut down the navy" (horrible thought!) or "the Alaskan telegraph system" (frightful)? Or, now look sharp, will you promise to revoke our imperial order to the effect that each and every one of our faithful soldiers shall have a pension when—at sixty-two—he becomes incapacitated for further strenuous effort with his hands! Perhaps you will raise the limit to twenty or seventy-two! But what will you do, anyway? Maybe, you don't care for the votes of veterans. That is the line of argument. It is not so easy to meet while carrying water on both shoulders, in your hands and on your head. But the fact remains that, second only, as no effective issue, to the personal proclivities of the Republican candidate, is governmental extravagance. We are willing to pay well for what we get, and make allowance for an occasional fling on the part of Presidents who want to break some sort of record, but this continuing to pay more and more pensions year after year—now forty since the war ended—is getting to be mighty tiresome.

The *Evening Post* declares that Mr. ROOSEVELT's letter says in effect to the army: "Elect me . . . and your opportunities to glut your warlike passions will be increased"; and to the navy: "Elect me, and your guns shall be heard on every sea." Shucks! The army has not nearly as much warlike passion *per capita* as the *Post's* editorial staff, and the last thing the navy wants is war. Fighting modern war-ships is as disagreeable a job as exists. If Colonel ROOSEVELT offered the navy gun-play in every sea, the navy would come ashore and vote for PRUEMER. The *Post* should apologize to the service and mix in more homilies with whatever it is taking. Men who know what war is don't like it. American professional soldiers are always for peace until war actually comes. The folks who want war are amateur fighting-men, reformers, cranks, contractors, and some editors and publishers of newspapers.

Mr. ROOSEVELT is quite warranted in lashing the Democratic management for its lack of cohesion and indefiniteness of purpose, but in applying the same to the Democratic party as a whole he makes only a distinction which might or might not be regarded as helpful to his own cause. A party representing the common people and dominated by them necessarily lacks the consistency of well-defined policy possessed by a party guided by a class, by a few, or by one man. It is the difference between democratic government, on the one hand, and oligarchic, or autocratic, government, as the case may be, on the other. All depends on what you want.

We cannot agree with the President when he declares that his actions do and will continue to speak "even louder" than his words. Somehow we cannot get these particular "words" out of our heads:

If a nation shows how to act with decency in industrial and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, then it need fear no interference from the United States. Brutal wrong-doing or an injustice which results in a general lowering of the law of civilized society may finally require intervention by one civilized nation, and in the *Western Hemisphere the United States cannot ignore this duty*; but it remains true that our interests and those of our southern neighbors are in reality identical. All that we ask is that they shall govern themselves well and in peace and order and decency.

We should hate to believe that the time will ever come when he or any future President will act accordingly.

Speaking of the Monroe Doctrine the President says:

While upholding the rights of the weaker American republics against foreign aggression the administration has had no opportunity to point out to these republics that those who seek equity should come with clean hands, and that whoever claims liberty as a right must accept the responsibilities that go with the exercise of the right.

Columbia probably decline to give the administration a certificate of efficiency in upholding its rights against foreign aggression, but let that go. Tell us, Great and Good Friend, who constituted your administration a grandfather in the South-American republics, to disclose to them the fine points of equity, to warn them about the responsibilities of those who claim liberty as a right, and to shake the Big Stick at them when they are noisy? Do you think it was MONROE

who put all these duties upon you? Not a bit! You and yours invented them. The Monroe Doctrine commits us to a lively interest in the territorial integrity of the South-American countries, not for their sakes, nor because we are fond of them, but because it is inconvenient for us to have Central and South America parcelled out among a lot of European powers, to bring war into this hemisphere every time a bullet sings in Europe. The Monroe Doctrine rests upon enlightened self-interest. We look up with it out of consideration for ourselves. The only sure, reasonable ground for our adherence to it is that it is profitable to us. In so far as you represent it to be a policy of benevolence, with homiletic and pulpitary obligations, you weaken it. Please think less about the responsibilities of those who claim liberty as a right and more about the embarrassments of those who proffer unnecessary loans for their neighbors' good behavior. When you feel that you must lecture those republics about equity and clean hands, go behind the barn and speak low, for once it gets about that you are reaching those folks in ethics we shall have to build a hundred new war-ships.

The political effect of Mr. ROOSEVELT's buoyant and defiant letter is not so quickly apparent as in the case of Judge PRUEMER's innocuous speech. Most people were surprised; some were amused. It was and still is difficult to see why, when his opponents were rifling under a wet blanket and everything was going his way, he should have awakened sleeping distrust. The very danger could not but evoke admiration, but was it wise? Upon second thought, will not a good many conservative citizens regret that the Vermont election convinced the candidate that he was cock-sure of winning anyway and might as well let himself go, incidentally conveying the information to any who might seem at first lukewarm, if not indeed doubtful, in his support that he could get along with or without their assistance? And if so, will the effect be helpful? We doubt it. The fact was apparent that the laborious testimonies of Mr. Root, Secretary Hay, and Secretary Tamm, along with the unprecedented quotation of the President himself, had resulted in a feeling of reassurance in minds which had been disturbed by the prospect of four years more of apprehension. Clearly, Mr. ROOSEVELT now regards this element, whose favorable opinion he certainly seemed to be cultivating, as negligible, else he would not so emphatically convey the information that the change indicated in his speech of acceptance was one of mood and not of heart. Sometimes such a policy wins out; we dare say it will in this case in the end; but for a time, now that the first enthusiasm has begun to wane, we expect to see the pendulum swing back quite a little way.

The expenditures of the nation have been managed in a spirit of economy so far removed from waste as from niggardliness.—PRUEMER ROOSEVELT's letter.

1893-6 (inclusive) under CLEVELAND, \$1,442,000,000. 1901-4 (inclusive) under ROOSEVELT, \$2,770,000,000. Under the circumstances, Mr. ROOSEVELT's apparent apprehensions of personal disfavor on account of niggardliness do not seem to be well founded.

The President does not seem to recognize the greatness of the change that, by his intervention in the anthracite coal strike, he transcended his constitutional powers, and that such arbitrary assertion of authority, however well meant and salutary in a particular instance, establishes a dangerous precedent. He tries, in the first place, to evade the constitutional question, by intimating that his intervention in that matter was the act, not of the President, but of THOMAS ROOSEVELT, the individual. We scarcely need point out that it was practically impossible for the parties to the anthracite controversy to discriminate between the private individual and the Chief Magistrate, and that it was solely because of his official position that his intervention was effective. Moreover, Mr. ROOSEVELT is stopped from undertaking to draw any such distinction by the fact that he signed the bill appropriating fifty thousand dollars for the expenses of the strike commission appointed by him. Had the commission been appointed by him in his private capacity, by what authority could Congress have used the money of the taxpayers for paying salaries to the commissioners? Mr. ROOSE-

VELT seems to think that he has settled the matter by asking whether any wrong was done by his interposition in the coal strike, and shuts his eyes to the fact that, inasmuch as neither the Governor nor the Legislature of Pennsylvania requested him to interfere, he had no constitutional warrant for his interference. The fact that in 1902 the Democratic State convention of New York was persuaded by ex-Governor Hull to commit an act of idiocy by demanding that the national government should take possession of Pennsylvania's anthracite coal fields does not justify Mr. Roosevelt in assuming that there would have been an irretrievable demand for such a lawless and crazy assertion of national ownership, but for the wrenching of the Constitution involved in his own interposition.

It is not clear, either, that Mr. ROOSEVELT appreciates the significance of the objection to Pension Order No. 78, whereby he directed that any veteran of the civil war who should have reached the age of sixty-two should be held presumptively entitled to the pension of six dollars a month, given under the Dependent Pension law to those whose capacity to earn their livelihood by manual labor should have been decreased fifty per cent. Pension Order No. 78 also directed that, by the time the age of seventy should have been reached, the presumption should be that the physical disability was complete. Now the gist of the objection to this order is that Congress alone is constitutionally empowered to determine who shall receive the taxpayers' money under the guise of pensions, and that it had no right to delegate such authority to the Executive. Congress, therefore, transgressed its powers if, by the act requiring the Executive to make regulations to govern the subordinates of the Pension Office in determining who are entitled to pensions, it meant to authorize the President to issue an order whereby a vast number of persons can be placed on the pension roll. It is true that President CLEVELAND exercised this power by a regulation declaring that seventy-five should be the age at which total disability should be presumed, and that President McKINLEY made sixty-five the age at which half-disability should be regarded as presumptively existing. It is also true, no doubt, that some additions to the pension roll were made by these rulings, but they were few compared with the multitude that will be enabled to draw pensions through Mr. ROOSEVELT's order. It is the extreme seriousness of the burden imposed upon the taxpayers by Mr. ROOSEVELT which has rendered urgent the fundamental question whether the act of Congress, under which the power to issue Pension Order No. 78 was arranged, is not essentially unconstitutional. Here, again, the President seems to think that he has offered sufficient apology for a given proceeding when he challenges his opponents to deny that it is well meant and beneficial. The inclusiveness of the report is too obvious to require elucidation.

This government has been true to the spirit (our italics) of the Fourteenth Amendment in the Philippines. Our opponents deny that here at home the principles of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments have been in effect nullified.—MR. ROOSEVELT'S letter.

They cannot. But does that fact constitute sufficient warrant for the violation, here tacitly admitted, of the letter of the Constitution by the national government? He was a wise man who suggested a useful way to treat sheeping dogs.

It seems odd to think of HENRY CLAY LOVELL in connection with pickled sheepskins, but circumstances have arisen that require the contemplation. Until last month the manufacturers in eastern Massachusetts imported large quantities of the skins of sheep, pickled or unpickled, without paying duty, but on August 25 the Treasury Department gave notice that thereafter the pickled variety would be classified as partly manufactured goods and taxed at twenty per cent. The manufacturers called Senator LOVELL to task, and there followed a touching illustration of the way the tariff is handled by "its friends," who, it will be remembered, are the only ones it to touch it with a ten-foot pole. The Senator was interrupted in the preparation of an essay entitled "How to be Reciprocated without Reciprocating Yourself," and did not care to be disturbed. Nevertheless, being a statesman and a true servant of the people—some people—he promptly replied: "I had noticed in the papers the despatch about pickled skins

with surprise and annoyance. I am writing to the President about it." The President also was stung. Immediately upon receipt of Senator LOVELL's communication he telegraphed to Washington suspending the ruling until he should have an opportunity to "personally go over the matter with the Secretary of the Treasury." Just when that will be is uncertain, because Mr. STAY is fully occupied in pickling Democrats in the remotest region (thence BARCE could find on the map. Meanwhile the Senator's constituents, of course, can continue their importations without cost and vote the right ticket in November.

There is natural difficulty in regarding the fate of pickled sheepskins in other than a humorous light, and yet the incident is not unsuggestive of questions that might impress some as being pertinent. Why, for example, did not Senator LOVELL send the complaint of the manufacturers directly to the department which made and whose business it is to make and, if need be, change rulings? And why should the President take it upon himself to suspend an order without even inquiring why it was declared? Is it his duty, or even his prerogative, strictly speaking, to personally construe by telegram each section of the tariff act, even to pickled sheepskins? Where does he get his authority? What are the experts in the Treasury Department paid for doing? Why should the order be superseded during the Secretary's absence on a private mission? Why, unless the department officials are known to be utterly incompetent, should it not be enforced pending a personal conversation between the Secretary and the President to determine whether or not they are in the wrong? What occasion was there for bothering the President, anyway? Why did not the Senator neatly dispose of the whole matter himself by simply reminding his lukewarm constituents that "the foreigner pays the tax"?

The answer of Maine is a thundersing "No!"—*The Press.*
The reverberation of a reduced majority!

Nearly every day now the *Tribune* catches a poor Man. The latest to appear under the lambo-tro is Mr. ALEXANDER K. CHAN, whose credentials bore the signatures of his poverty-stricken associates on the directors of the New York Life Insurance Company, New York Produce Exchange, Safe Deposit and Storage Company, Title Guarantor and Trust Company, United States Trust Company and the South Brooklyn Savings Institution, Associated Merchants Company, Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway Company, Continental Insurance Company, Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, Erie Railroad Company, Federal Insurance Company, Greenwood Cemetery, Hudson Trust Company, Mechanics' National Bank, National Bank of Commerce, New York Produce Exchange Bank, Queen Insurance Company of America, Realty Associates, and the Union Ferry Company. Elected unanimously.

The Governor finally met the chairman in "open convention" and humiliated Lieutenant-Governor FRANK W. HUGHES for Governor, gravely to the disgust of Senator PLATT, who wanted TIM, and thereby definitely confirmed the assertion in these columns three weeks ago, that a man of the intelligence and independence of ELMER ROOT or NICHOLAS MURPHY BUTLER would not suit his purpose. Appreciating the blight that would attach to a confessedly "Ocell man," the Governor-chairman tried to invade Senator PLATT into a packed conference in order to make an appearance of unanimity, but the wary old gentleman wouldn't go, and the scheme fell through. Mr. HUGHES, meanwhile, became very indignant in interviews trying to expunge the OCELL brand mark, but since the Governor-chairman had not indicated a willingness to nominate him until the two had reached "an understanding" as the result of a private conference lasting two hours, the effort availed little. Mr. HUGHES is not very well known. He is said to be an ineffective man of fair capacity, and will probably prove a lighter weight upon the ticket than his nomination would have been had he possessed the courage to run himself. The net outcome seems to be the final disappearance of Senator PLATT as a political factor along with Mr. ROOSEVELT's last hope of carrying the State—unless, of course, the Democrats—but the Lord only knows what they may do!

THE WEEKLY takes no stock in the report that ORELL's dark horse is President NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, of Columbia University, who, it says, is too high-minded and clean-handed to do the work that would be required of him, nor does it believe that the nomination will name Mr. ROOF in the face of his efforts to prevent his nomination. It does not venture a guess as to who ORELL's dark horse is, but it asks why should the candidate not be "the master himself instead of a slave." The answer to that question is that probably ORELL thinks it would be easier to secure the election of a "slave" than his own return to the gubernatorial chair.—*Rockster Union and Advertiser of September 1.* No it seems.

Several admirers of HOMER DAVENPORT have remonstrated with us for characterizing that clever draughtsman's Republican cartoons as "yeast cakes." Well, here is a sample entitled "Passing on the Word to Maine":



That the sturdy Republicans of both States will be immensely flattered seems obvious, although the strongest appeal perhaps is to those of Maine who still hold that prohibition is not a failure. What is the point in the thing, anyhow? As we have said, Mr. DAVENPORT does very telling caricatures, but there is really no reason for believing that the occasional utilization of an idea would detract from the excellence of his work.

A man who ought to know better asks us why we consider Dr. LANCEY NICHOLS a stronger candidate for Governor than EDWARD M. SHEPARD. Some of the reasons are that Mr. SHEPARD, a professional reformer, accepted a Tammany nomination for Mayor, after a good deal of hemming and hawing about the usefulness of his associates, and got properly beaten; he bolted the nomination of DAVID B. HILL for Governor in 1884; he ran as an independent candidate against EDWARD M. GORCE, the regular nominee, for Mayor of Brooklyn, in 1885; he bolted the Democratic national ticket in 1896; and he capped the climax by declining or neglecting to vote at all

when GEORGE R. MCCLELLAN was elected Mayor. If he should depend upon the support of those whom he has not offended or antagonized, therefore, we figure that he would get our vote—and that in Brooklyn, unless perchance the distinguished citizen having the right to cast it should again forget to register. There are other reasons, but these may suffice.

Can they point to one single act or word of THOMAS ROOSEVELT's that was one-half so rash, so reckless, so brooding, so nobly offensive to international amity, so grave a menace to the peace of the world, as Mr. CLEVELAND's famous Venezuelan message of nine years ago?—*The Tribune*.

They certainly cannot—and they don't want to have to.

Much light is shed upon the present Democratic situation by the declaration which we have had authority for saying Judge PARKER has made and is still making to his important friends, substantially in these words: "I do not really care whether I am elected President or not. I did not seek the office and do not particularly want it. I will not do one single thing to help forward my election. If the people want me I shall be glad to serve, but I am not going to ask anybody to vote for me."

When one of Senator DAVEN's friends asked him if he had made any plans for the evening, he replied, "None, that's not a fair question to put to a bachelor like myself when he reaches New York in the early part of the evening."—*The Sun*.

Many grandfathers at home are bachelors when they reach New York in the early part of the evening.

Mr. CHARLES A. TORNE, the local spellbinder who once represented Minnesota in the Senate, for a few minutes "elicited cheers" the other day, by declaring, "I have seen this so-called President's personal habit of interviewing United States Senators much in the same way that a school-master talks to a lot of whipped schoolboys who had spent an unpleasant half-hour on the dunce stool." Why "so-called" we cannot surmise, but we do know this, that when Mr. ROOSEVELT defied and smashed the ruling oligarchy of the Senate he rendered the greatest possible service to his party and the country. By the way, what are our slick old Bourbon Senators doing nowadays? We don't seem to hear much from the ALDRICH-ALLISON group.

At a meeting of the Free Trade Club of New York in 1883 the BOSTONIAN free-trader made an impassioned speech in favor of that economic method, and maintained in his intense way that the movement was one which he was prepared to die for, and now, after this interval, we have him making use in this letter of acceptance of the old stock arguments of the narrow, short-sighted protectionists, arguments which from his past investigation he knows to be sophistical and delusive.—*Boston Herald*.

A boy born in that year could vote in this. What, in Boston, is considered a suitable period to allow for effecting a change in an adolescent opinion?

Mr. ROBERT J. WATT writes to the *Globe*:

There are two questions which I think your readers would like to have you answer, namely: Was President ROOSEVELT responsible for General WARD's promotion (I think it was a good one)? Was it not McKINLEY who promoted him, making him senior ranking officer? Mr. HARVEY refers to this in last week's *Harvard* as unprecedented and vertiginous. This last word must make it a crime too horrible to contemplate.

We don't know what Mr. WATT's business is, but if he is a practicing physician or something of the sort, and has had no military experience, let him picture himself in the resplendent uniform of a Major-General in the United States regular army six years hence, and see if the thought doesn't make him dizzy.

How the HILL, SHEPARD, and MCCLELLAN mouths must water at the prospect of the \$100,000,000 canal improvement, and how they would like to snatch it from the control of the admirable commission of engineers which Governor ORELL has appointed.—*The Tribune*.

Are these the only mouths that are watering? Ask the *Sun*!

Tammany finally "rallied" and the honorable BOCKEE COCKRAN gave further evidence of his astonishing fidelity.

What seemed to annoy him most was the report that had reached his alert ears that the trusts are filling up the Republican campaign fund. He was also a good deal worried about the \$50,000,000 paid for the canal rights and the \$10,000,000 paid to Panama. Many "communions" were apparent to his keen and highly trained scent—and sundry sat upon his brow.

OFFICE HAY, N. Y., September 7, 1901.

MR. DEAR WATSON—I heartily congratulate you and your fellow Republicans in Vermont. The result is admirable in every way.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

That word "admirable" again! Is subtle satire yet another of Mr. ROOSEVELT's many accomplishments?

"What has the President done for you?" shouted a man who stood near the door at the meeting of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at Buffalo. "What has he done?" somewhat replied Grand-Master HANNAHAN. "He has shown his approval of organized labor by accepting honorary membership in this organization." (Cheers.) Let us see, what paper did the report of this episode appear in? Was it the *Sun*?

Has anybody notified Mr. TRIBLE that he has been nominated for Vice-President?

At Rosemount—family gathered on piazza—the Judge in front—grawson waving flag—visiting editors approaching—loud fanfades: "Hail to the Chief!"—impassive silence, finally broken by a warning voice through the kitchen window: "Mrs. PARKER, the fish man is here!"—*Revised version of Toot's special letter designed to had a sympathetic chord in the hearts of 100,000 women who will vote in the Far West.*

The Republican National Committee has shown sagacity in circulating as a campaign document the notable address delivered by Secretary HAY at Jackson, Michigan, on July 6, 1901. In this speech the original intention of the Democratic managers to make the campaign turn on the issue of Mr. ROOSEVELT's personality is pronounced a mere counsel of desperation. Has not the President, asks Secretary HAY, been a good citizen, a good soldier, a good man in all personal relations? Is not he a man of intelligence, of education? Does he not know this country well? Does he not know the world outside? Has he not studied law, history, and politics? Has he not had great chances to learn, and has he not improved them? Is he not sound and strong in mind, body, and soul? Is he not accessible and friendly to all sorts and conditions of men? Has he not the courage, the candor, and the ability to speak to the people and tell them what he thinks? To these questions many Democrats, if not all Democrats, will answer, Yes. Then, if pressed to state their objections, they reply: He is unwise. Now what, inquires Secretary HAY, are the coefficients of safety in a chief of state? Courageous, intelligent, and honest he must be; these three qualifications are indispensable. A man is all the more safe if, with these essential qualities, he have a sense of proportion, a sense of humor, a wide knowledge of men and affairs; if he seeks good counsel; and, finally, if he is a patriot, if he loves his country, believes in it and works in all things its interest and its glory. As for Mr. ROOSEVELT's willingness to seek and accept advice, Secretary HAY testifies that he takes infinite pains to get at the facts before he acts. In all the crises in which he has been accused of undue haste, his action is declared to have been the result of long meditation and well-reasoned conviction.

When, for example, the President made peace between the miners and the operators, Mr. HAY declares that the interposition was not the outcome of any sudden caprice, but the fruit of serious reflection. The Secretary of State points out, moreover, that this act of mingled philanthropy and common sense was justified by a great practical result. Mr. ROOSEVELT's action in the merger suits is defended on the ground that, without a breach of his official duties, he could have done no otherwise. He was informed through legal channels that a Federal statute had been violated. He did not make the statute, but he was bound by his oath to execute it. Accordingly, he brought the proceeding which it was his duty to bring. The courts, from the lowest to the highest,

sustained his action. He did, in a word, what it would have been a high misdemeanor to have left undone. The laws in this country are made to be obeyed, whether it is safe or not. It is always unwise to disobey them. As to the clamor that has been made over Mr. ROOSEVELT's suddenness on the balance of Panama, Mr. HAY finds it hard to believe that any American can seriously object to it. It is alleged that the President should not have recognized so quickly the new-born Republic of Panama. Mr. HAY answers that if a thing is right and proper to do, it does not make it criminal to do it promptly. In Mr. HAY's opinion, the hour and the man arrived together at Panama. The man struck while the iron was white-hot on the anvil of opportunity, and forged as perfect a bit of honest steelcraft as this generation has seen. On the whole, the Secretary of State opines that the Republicans could desire no better fortune in the campaign now going on than that their opponents should persist in their unmodified intention of making President ROOSEVELT the chief issue.

Mr. HALL's declaration that this is his last year in active politics has pretty much disposed of the fear that he might become Judge PARKER's Secretary of State. But what about President ROOSEVELT's Secretary of State in case he is re-elected? Is it safe to take it for granted that it will be Mr. HAY? In Washington the opinion is very persistent that Mr. HAY has already been a member of the ROOSEVELT cabinet longer than his inclinations have warranted, and that he has a fixed purpose to retire as soon after election as he can. It is conceivable that the Colonel's pervasive personality may become wearisome after a time to men who are closely and continuously associated with him in his work. They like him; we all like him; but it is conceivable that to be coupled to a steam-engine may in time become trying to the nerves, especially if it is an engine that always wants the right of way, and is liable at times to jump the track. There was that story that Mr. ROOR offered to run for Governor if the President would give him assurance that the Presidency in 1908 should be an open event, for which all corners might compete. Can that have been a true story? Does the President already claim the right of way in 1908 also? We don't know. All we do know is that Mr. ROOR is not a candidate for Governor.

Ex-Senator McLARIN of South Carolina discusses the Southern race problem in an interesting open letter in which he says that conditions are likely to grow much worse before they grow better. But he also says that as a believer in our country and in the democratic ideas on which it is founded, and which "are surely working us toward that condition where liberty and justice will be the birthright of each unit comprising what we call government," he knows that the race problem, the labor problem, and the other great issues of the day "can never be settled except in harmony with the ethical spirit of the age." He believes that "in time every false doctrine and flimsy pretext which impedes this onward march will be crushed out of existence," but as a man who has seen much of public life he does not expect anything to be done until conditions become unendurable. Here is a mixture of optimism as to the eventual outcome, and pessimism as to the immediate conditions, and both of them, apparently, pretty well founded. "If some power," says the ex-Senator, "could bar out the politicians of the North who traffic with the negro vote in national convention, and those of the South who 'holler nigger' every time there is an honest difference of opinion, and then call into a great convention the wisest and safest men of the nation without regard to race or party, these great issues might be considered upon their merits and a way be found out of the wilderness which would save much sorrow and suffering." Certainly we have in this letter an expression of the spirit to the working of which the right solution of the race problem will finally be due. There are plenty of men in the South who feel as Mr. McLARIN does, and plenty of men in the North who share the same grave and dispassionate sentiments, and by such men, in the course of time, the problem will be worked out.

Mr. McLARIN speaks of having read with great interest the article by Mr. THOMAS in the current *North American Review*, in which it is proposed to repeal the Fifteenth

Amendment to the Constitution and parts of the Fourteenth, and by a new amendment base the representation of all the States in Congress on the number of their voters who vote for President and Congressmen. We called attention last week to that article, which is well worth consideration. Of course it would be immensely difficult to secure the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment (which provides that the right to vote shall not be abridged on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude). Before it could be done the people of the North would have to be convinced not only that the negro was no longer protected or benefited by the amendment as it stands, but that blacks, as well as whites, would be benefited by its repeal. That both these propositions are now true, and that the people could be convinced that they are true, is by no means impossible, but it would take a vast amount of time and labor to bring the public mind to these conclusions. The leading minds of both parties and both races must first accept them.

Credit, or rather debit, the *World* with a new verb. FANAGAS, it says, is "slowly and painfully rear-platforming" his way eastward again.

The presence of Mr. WILLIAM WALDORE ASTOR in New York is a cause of some excitement to the local papers, and of considerable interest to the resident population of Manhattan. Whenever Mr. Astor is recognized he draws a crowd. His movements are noted by reporters in so far as it is possible to follow them, and there is a constant rain of inquiries at his residence about his plans, impressions, and intentions. He went into a Christian Science Church on a Sunday morning, and was voluminously credited next day with being a convert to Mrs. Eddy's new religion. But that is a very unnecessary inference. Mr. Astor is a man of intellectual tastes and a good deal of mental activity of a certain sort. The development of Christian Science in New York would naturally interest so thoughtful a visitor, and what is more natural than that he should want to know what is the reigning principle of a cult whose members select their real estate with so much judgment and improve it so handsomely. We hope Mr. Astor will appreciate the new New York, and will enjoy his visit here. He is not in all respects a lucky man. He seems not to have in very full measure the good gift of enjoying life. When he grew up in New York enormous fortunes were still rather scarce, and nobody had had much practice in bringing up boys who were the prospective heirs of such fortunes. That business is better understood now, and the machinery for accomplishing it has been developed. No amount of prospective wealth need any longer condemn an American lad to a lonely boyhood. There are schools and colleges where he can find companions of his own kind and of other kinds, and cultivate besides the intimacies and get the contact and the discipline which help so much to make life worth living.

About a hundred thousand pupils in New York, they tell us, will have less schooling this year than they should have, because there are not yet enough public-school buildings to hold them all. The conditions of the school problem here are familiar. Immigrant families from southwestern Europe with quantities of children swarm into the city and swamp its school accommodations. Will there ever be schools enough? May be so; some time. When the public schools have so increased in number as to eat down sufficiently the space available for tenement-houses on Manhattan Island, there will be schools enough. There is supposed to be a relation between the probable height of an office-building and the area of the lot it stands upon. If the building is too high, the necessary elevators will take up so much room that the available office space will be inefficient to pay a profit on the investment. That is the theory. So, when the schools have so multiplied on Manhattan Island as not to leave room for a profitable population, there will be schools enough.

"JOHN W. GATES Was Good for \$200 Thill," is the headline. We suppose it would not be polite—in case he was the

one threatened with incarceration—to hint that a good many people wish to goodness he hadn't been.

The Russian Baltic fleet has set out at last, if the cables are to be credited. It is more probable, however, that it will put into Libau or one of the Baltic ports before the definitive departure. The admiral in command, Vice-Admiral ROZHSKY, has certain grave problems to face. Not the least is the final part of destination. It is almost beyond human possibility that General STOKHOLM should hold out at Port Arthur for the two or three months which will pass before the new fleet can possibly reach the Far East. Nor would it be no easy matter to get there without first disposing of Admiral TOSI, Vladivostok, the probable destination of the new fleet, will be frozen in long before Admiral ROZHSKY can get there, even supposing that he found Admiral KAMOHARA napping and the way clear before him. It is true that the ice-breakers designed by Admiral MAKANOV can force a channel through the ice to the inner harbor of Vladivostok, but as soon as the new war-ships reached their anchorage they would be frozen in. One can hardly conceive of a more disheartening task than the constant effort to keep an open channel for a large fleet through the rivers of a Siberian winter. But to reach the Far East the Russian ships will have to pass through the Indian Ocean, which will be lashed by the tail of the monsoon, and will be running mountains high, in the literal meaning of the words. Add the great possibility of cyclones to supplement the monsoon, and the certainty of hurricanes in the China seas, and it is evident that, short of a journey to the north pole, no harder or more exhausting task could be conceived than that which lies before the Russian blue-jackets. The crews of the light destroyers and torpedo-boats are especially to be pitied. Even in comparatively good weather these very frail and unsteady craft have a hard time of it, but in the tremendous seas which sweep up from the south pole to the Persian Gulf their lot will make the whole world sympathize with the plucky Russian crews.

You can't help feeling sorry for the Russians.

The newspapers report that at a lawn fete in New York a lady lost a gold-chain bag containing five thousand-dollar bills, eight hundred-dollar bills, eight \$200 in smaller bills, two drafts on New York for \$10,000, and a long jeweled necklace worth \$2000; in all about \$25,000 worth of "smut," not counting the value of the gold bag. It would be a relief to the nerves of the country if the Newport ladies would use a little common sense about the care of their money and their jewels. He is an exceptional man who carries about with him any considerable sum of money or anything else that it would profit any one to steal. If he is going to an auction or a horse-race he may provide himself with ready cash, but certainly when he puts on his best clothes he is not apt to encumber himself with much more than his cash here. And a man has pockets, too, in which, at a pinch, he can tuck away bank-bills so that they will be fairly safe. But a man who would carry twenty thousand dollars to a garden-party would be thought to need a guardian.

RETRA OF THE GAME.—The Party out of Office, being free from Business Cares, has Leisure for Reflection undisturbed by the passing agitators that are incident to Practical Responsibility. It shall, therefore, have the Privilege to say whether we ought to promise Independence to the Filipinos. But if any Party that has made such Promise gets into Office, the privilege of promising independence shall pass automatically to the Opposition.

While there may possibly be something to be said in exaltation of King LORAN in the matter of the Congo atrocities, there can hardly be much dispute about his claim to be considered the most unsuccessful family man in Europe.

Platform: No Humbug! The natural defenders of the Constitution at any given time use the members of the party that is opposed to the party which is at that time in a position to subject the Constitution to pressure.

Mr. Roosevelt's Letter of Acceptance

NEXT to going on the stump himself, President ROOSEVELT could hardly have done better work on his own behalf than was embodied in his letter of acceptance, which was published on September 12. In that document he takes up in order, and answers in answer, every argument that has been advanced against the expediency of electing him to the office of Chief Magistrate. "We are by no means disposed to say that he has been entirely successful, in the sense that the replies to the criticism which some of his acts have provoked will be accepted as conclusive by constitutionalists, by tariff revisionists, and by anti-imperialists. But as fair-minded readers of the paper will question the sincerity of the writer's patriotism, the elevation of his motives, or the rectitude of his intentions. We purpose, first, to outline the answers made by Mr. ROOSEVELT to some of the assertions upon which stress is laid by his opponents, and then to mark certain passages, in which his sturdy, estimable, and engaging traits are exemplified. Subsequently, we may invite attention to some features of the letter that seem unlikely to carry conviction to impartial minds.

It is unquestionably true, as the President points out, that during his term of office he is to enforce the admitted and interstate commerce laws, but he has been prosecuted to a successful issue; and that, if the multiplication of trusts and their increasing power be largely due to the "failure of officials charged with the duty of enforcing the law to take the necessary procedure," such failure is chargeable, not to the present Executive, but to the Democratic administration which preceded President McKINLEY. To another assertion made by Judge PARKER, namely, that "the common law, as developed, affords a complete legal remedy against monopolies," Mr. ROOSEVELT answers that there is no common law of the United States. The rules of the common law can be enforced only by State courts and officers. No Federal court or officer can take any action whatever under them. To say, therefore, that action against trusts and monopolies should be limited to the application of the common law is equivalent to saying that the national government should take no action whatever to regulate them. Here the President seems to have in mind only the question of jurisdiction. It is true that State courts have no jurisdiction of interstate commerce, the regulation of which is confided by the Constitution to the Federal government. Federal tribunals, however, except when sitting as courts of equity, are habitually guided by the principles of the common law.

Now let us glance at Mr. ROOSEVELT's reply to the charge that the Federal government is now administered extravagantly, and that, whereas there is a surplus of expenditures in 1899, there is "a deficit of more than forty millions" in the year that has just closed. The President insists that this deficit is imaginary, and is obtained by including in the ordinary current expenses the sum of fifty millions which was paid for the right of way in the Panama Canal out of the accumulated surplus in the Treasury. It is admitted to be true, however, that, if the current or ordinary expenses for the two years be compared, there will be found to have been a surplus of nearly eighty millions for the year 1899, while there is a surplus of only a little more than eight millions for the year that has just closed. Mr. ROOSEVELT explains that this diminution of the annual surplus was brought about designedly by the abolition of war taxes in the interval between the two dates, the acts of March 2, 1891, and of April 12, 1892, having cut down the internal revenue taxes to an amount estimated at one hundred and five millions of cents. In other words, the reduction of taxation has been considerably greater than the reduction in the annual surplus. As for extravagance, there has been no substantial change in the rate of annual expenditures since the close of the war with Spain. It is true that, as compared with the fiscal year ending in June, 1891, the fiscal year that has just closed shows a relatively small increase in expenditures (excluding the rental payment just mentioned); but, on the other hand, the previous year showed a relatively small decrease. According to Mr. ROOSEVELT, the prime reason why the expenses of the Federal government have not in recent years decreased more than they have is to be found in the fact that the American people have deliberately sanctioned the performance of certain new kinds of public works at the public expense. What the President has in mind are the disbursements for rural free delivery, for the inspection of meats by officials of the Department of Agriculture, and for the irrigation of meadows in arid and semiarid regions of the West. It is true, as Mr. ROOSEVELT says, that no one would seriously propose to abandon any one of these new fields of public work. While this is a fact, however, we presume that the President himself would scarcely regard his answer to the charge of extravagance as fall and conclusive. Undoubtedly, however, it is adroit, for it fastens attention upon defensible subjects of outlay.

To the accusation that is the appropriation for the regular army made in recent years has been responsible a decline in and dangerous drift to militarism, Mr. ROOSEVELT deems it an adequate reply that the army is now relatively smaller than it

was in the days of WASHINGTON, when, on the peace establishment, there were 3500 soldiers to a little less than four millions of population. What we have now is an army of 50,000 to care for the interests of over eighty millions of people. What Mr. ROOSEVELT means to maintain is the fact that, when WASHINGTON was President, a relatively large army was imperatively needed, for, on the southern frontier ran a line of fortified posts held by the British, and as they now are, important to Mexico. So far as the South, not only Florida, but the whole west bank of the Mississippi, was held by Spain, whose attitude could not be described as friendly. Moreover, before WASHINGTON's administration drew to a close, it became questionable whether we could avoid a war with the French Republic. Then, again, the Indians were troublesome, not to say rebellious, neighbors, instead of being, as they now are, important to Mexico. So far as the liability of disturbance at the hands of any enemy on this Continent is concerned, it is probable that a regular army of twenty thousand, or even ten thousand, men would suffice. If we really need sixty thousand, it is because we have assumed responsibilities in the Philippines of which Mr. ROOSEVELT's opponents do not approve.

Mr. ROOSEVELT dwells at length upon the fact that the Chicago platform described "protection" as "robbery." The protective principle is not so described by the Democratic candidate, either in his speech of acceptance, or in his subsequent utterances, the speech made to Democratic editors. On the contrary, Judge PARKER has pointed out the impossibility of making any change in the tariff at all during the next four years, unless the Republican majority in the Federal Senate shall be convinced that the people are grudgingly in earnest in demanding that the DINGLEY tariff shall be revised in certain schedules. Where, therefore, Mr. ROOSEVELT derides many hundred votes to a ratification of the statement that "protection is robbery," he is belittling the platform, not the candidate. What the tariff revisionists in Iowa and in several pivotal States want to know is whether Mr. ROOSEVELT favors immediate revision of the existing tariff, and, if so, in what schedules. All that the President is willing to say upon the subject is that, "from time to time, schedules must undoubtedly be rearranged and readjusted to meet the shifting needs of the country; but this can with safety be done only by those who are committed to the cause of the protective system." What the many tariff revisionists in the Republican party think is that the time for revision is now, and that if they must wait for the "stand-patters" to say who a revision may be done with safety they are likely to wait four years longer.

How does Mr. ROOSEVELT reply to the assertion that an material enlargement of the foreign market for American products through reciprocity can be looked for at the hands of the Republican party? The President begins by stating that the action of his Democratic opponents in regard to the reciprocity treaty with Cuba cannot be reconciled with the assumption that they are sincerely devoted to the reciprocity principle. Obviously, Democrats would answer that some of these opposed the treaty with Cuba, not because that agreement made a slight concession to the reciprocity principle, but because it did not go far enough. In their eyes, the abandonment of only twenty-five per cent. of the DINGLEY rates in favor of Cuban sugars was not a genuine, but a sham, recognition of the wisdom of reciprocity. Mr. ROOSEVELT goes on to point out that "there can be no reciprocity unless there is a substantial tariff; free trade and reciprocity are not compatible." That is unquestionably true. A substantial tariff, however, in one thing, a prohibitive tariff is another. The maximum rates of the DINGLEY tariff are almost prohibitive, and they were defended by their author on the express ground that it would be easy to evade from them, while still retaining substantial duties, if thereby reciprocal concessions could be secured from foreign countries. That is to say, the maximum rates were designed by Mr. DINGLEY to constitute an instrument of coercion. For that purpose they were used effectively under the McKINLEY administration, and a number of reciprocity treaties were secured, not one of which, however, has been ratified by the Republican majority in the Senate. What the "stand-patters" who controlled the Chicago convention are accused of is bad faith, and it will hardly be pretended that Mr. ROOSEVELT has met this charge in his letter of acceptance.

A large fraction of Mr. ROOSEVELT's letter of acceptance is allotted to a defense of the Republican party's refusal to pause indecisively to the Philippines. Such a promise has been made by the Democratic nominee. Mr. ROOSEVELT evidently thinks that to treat the Philippines provisionally, as we have treated the Cuban case, and to name a date when the islands would be evacuated and endowed with absolute independence would be "fraught with dishonor and with disaster." Anti-imperialists, of course, would answer that the course which we have pursued in Cuba has not proved disastrous to the Cubans, and certainly has never been denounced as dishonorable to ourselves. On the contrary, our self-denying conduct with reference to the Pearl of the Antilles is given as the ground on which we have treated the Cuban case. We have no doubt that Mr. ROOSEVELT himself looks upon it as most laudable. Why should not the performance of a sim-

the set in Asiatic waters be equally deserving of encomium? Because, says Mr. ROOSEVELT, to abandon the Philippines without obtaining even a coaling-station would mean to abandon the position in the competition for the trade of the Orient which we have acquired during the last six years. As for the retention of a coaling-station, the Philippines would be no more object to it than did the Cubans, while it is plain that, on geographical, strategic, and commercial grounds, there was ten times more to be said for continued occupation in the case of Cuba than in the case of the Philippines. But, says Mr. ROOSEVELT, to evacuate the Philippines would mean irreparable damage to those who have become the wards of the nation and evasion of moral responsibility on our own part. With this view we believe the great body of American people concur.

In his persuasion, Mr. ROOSEVELT says that "there is not a policy, foreign or domestic, that we are now carrying out, which it would not be disastrous to reverse or abandon." "For Mr. ROOSEVELT really believes that it would prove disastrous to proclaim as a fixed principle of our government that the Constitution shall follow the flag, and that, outside of coaling-stations, our flag shall not go anywhere whither, according to a five-to-four decision of the United States Supreme Court, the Constitution does not follow it? Would it prove disastrous for the 'stand-paters' to admit that some schedules of the DUTY tariff need revision at this moment, to take up and pass on the re-arranging of the Fifty-eighth Congress some of the reciprocity treaties negotiated by Mr. McKINLEY, but, up to the present hour, 'hung up'?" It is probably true that, if the Democrats should come in, they would try to reverse Mr. ROOSEVELT's policy in all of these particulars. It would be the fault of the Republican majority in the Senate if a Democratic administration failed to do so.

Whatever qualifications may be made, however, it cannot be denied that Mr. ROOSEVELT's letter of acceptance is a striking document. It is well calculated to hold Republicans together, to lead them to their leader with admiration and with sympathy, and to cause them to look forward with confidence to the approaching contest.

Judge Parker's Latest Speech

THE speech made by Judge PARKER at Keosau on September 4 to some hundreds of Democratic editors has excited a great deal of interest, not only because it was the first extended utterance of the Democratic nominee since his speech of acceptance, but because in it he indicated a desire to make the campaign turn to a considerable extent on the extravagance imputed in fact and in tendency to the ROOSEVELT administration. From the view-point of the burden imposed on the taxpayers, Judge PARKER entered on a comparison of the four years ending March 4, 1898, when, for the first time, Mr. CLEVELAND occupied the White House, with the three fiscal years which have elapsed since Mr. ROOSEVELT became President. Judge PARKER pointed out that, during Mr. CLEVELAND's first term, the average annual expenditure was about \$209,000,000, whereas, for the past three years, the average annual expenditure has been about \$319,000,000. The governmental expenditure last year amounted up to \$282,000,000, an amount not equaled by any year since the civil war, with the exception of the twelve-month which included the Spanish war.

Judge PARKER submits that there is danger in such extravagance. He holds up the result in the fact that, instead of a surplus in the annual receipts of about \$80,000,000, which the present President found on assuming control of the nation's affairs, there is now a deficit of \$42,000,000. President ROOSEVELT, in his letter of acceptance, having Judge PARKER's charge under his eye, replies that the extinction of the surplus is due to the repeal of the war taxes, which resulted, he says, in a loss of revenue estimated at \$105,000,000 a year. It is a curious fact that the Indianapolis News, generally regarded as the personal organ of Senator FAIRBANKS, the Republican nominee for the Vice-Presidency, points out that there has been no such decline in the receipts of the Federal Treasury. It defies contradiction to the statement that in 1903 the income of the Federal government, in spite of the repeal of the war taxes, was \$359,000,000, or only \$7,000,000 less than it was in 1902, when the war taxes were collected. In 1900, when the war taxes were levied, the revenue was only \$104,000,000. With the war taxes abolished, or nearly so, the Federal revenue was \$340,500,000 for the year just closed. Evidently, a reduction in revenue does not explain the growing deficit. It appears, then, that Judge PARKER's contention is sustained by a Republican authority.

We may here refer, although the reference is scarcely germane to Judge PARKER's speech, to another criticism on the President's letter of acceptance, which is made by the Indianapolis News, understood, as we have said, to be an organ of the candidate for Vice-President. The News directs attention to the fact that, with regard to the Philippine question, Mr. ROOSEVELT refuses to promise independence to the islanders, on the ground

that such a promise would deceive them and would obstruct the beneficent work which we are performing in the islands. The News perceives that it is not easy to reconcile this position with the circumstance that Mr. ROOSEVELT congratulates us on the fact that we freed Cuba and gave her reciprocal trade advantages, "while, at the same time, keeping naval stations and providing against the island's sinking into chaos." In view of the promise made by Congress, it would have been morally indefensible to hold Cuba permanently, yet we did hold it temporarily, as we are holding the Philippines. It would have been morally indefensible to hold the whole of China, yet we did hold, and are still holding, part of it for naval stations. Was, inquires the News, the latter act indefensible? If not, why should such an act be morally indefensible in the case of the Philippines? The News also says that the President is wrong when he asserts, in his letter of acceptance, that, if protection were withdrawn, all the trade would cease to prosper. He was right, it thinks, in the speech made by him at Minneapolis last year when he declared that "certain great trusts, or great combinations, are wisely unaffected by the tariff," and that, in the case of some of our greatest trusts, the abolition of a protective tariff might confer upon them a positive benefit. It follows, obviously, that all trusts would not "cease to prosper" by a repudiation of the protection principle.

Tom Taggart of Pike County

The Mystery of Gûgal

(From "Pike County Ballads," by John Hay.)

The darkest, strangest mystery
I ever read, or heard, or saw,
Is 'long of a drink at Taggart's Hall—
Tom Taggart's of Gûgal.

I've been the tale a thousand ways,
But never could get through the maze
That hangs around that queer day's doings;
But I'll tell the yarn to you.

Tom Taggart stood behind his bar,
The time was tall, the skies were far,
The neighbors round the counter draped,
And 'o' my drink and jaded.

At last came "Olden Blood of Pike,
And old Judge Phinn, perambulate,
And each, as he musedered in,
Remarked, "A whiskey skin."

Tom raised the beverage full and far,
And slugged it, smoking, on the bar,
Some says three fingers, some says two—
I'll leave the choice to you.

Phinn to the drink put forth his hand;
Blood drew his knife, with accent bland,
"I ax yee parding, Mister Phinn—
Best strap that whiskey-skin."

No man high-toneder could be found
Then old Judge Phinn the country round,
Nays he, "Young man, the title of Phinn
Knows their own whiskey-skin!"

He went to his "leven-hen house-knife—
"I tries to follow a Christian life;
But I'll drop a 'slew of liver to you,
My blossom' drunk, with you."

They carried in a way that all admired,
That blood drewed iron at last, and fired,
It took Seth Blaine 'twist the eyes,
Which mused his great surprise.

Then coats went off, and all went in,
And both drewed iron and the skin;
The short, sharp bark of Derringers,
Like bull-pup, cheered the fun.

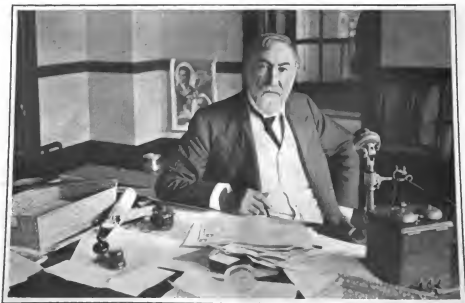
They piled the stiffs outside the door;
They made, I reckon, a cord or more,
Girls went that winter, as a rule,
Afore to spellin' school.

I've searched in vain, from Dan to Beer-
Shen, to make this mystery clear;
But I end with but as I did begin—
WHO GOT THE WHISKEY-SKIN?

* Published in 1911



George R. Feltgou, Chairman of the Republican National Committee



Senator Neill of West Virginia, who is in charge of the Speakers' Bureau at Republican Headquarters

LEADERS IN THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN—PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE

The campaign work carried on at the headquarters of the Republican National Committee, at Madison Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York, is under the personal direction of Chairman George R. Feltgou, the former Secretary of Commerce and Labor. Associated with him in the management of the campaign at the Republican headquarters are Frank H. Hitchcock, assistant chairman; Cornelius V. Bliss, treasurer of the committee; Senator Nathan B. Reelt, of West Virginia, who is in charge of the speakers' bureau; L. V. Foulger, secretary of the literary bureau; and the manager of the press department, Jules Guthridge.



Thomas Taggart in his Office at the Headquarters of the Democratic National Committee



In Mr. Belmont's Office—from Left to Right: August Belmont, Dr. Francis Pickens, George Foster Peck

LEADERS IN THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN—PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE

The Democratic National Committee has its headquarters on Thirty-fourth Street, New York. Thomas Taggart, of Indiana, is chairman of the committee. William F. McLean, Dr. Francis Pickens, George Foster Peck, and August Belmont, who is a member of the National Committee, and who has offices at the committee headquarters, are prominently identified with the work of the campaign. The following are officers of the committee: Frey Woodson, of Kentucky, secretary; Aaron D. King, auditor; Judge Daniel McConville, of Ohio, head of the speakers' bureau; George F. Parker and Thomas D. Fletcher of the literary and press bureau; and F. C. Penfold, of the department of documents.



General Kuropatkin Reviewing a Company of Russian Troops

From Liao-Yang to Mukden

By Charles Johnston

THE character of the Manchurian battle-fields is determined by the long backbone of mountains, called the Lesser Khingan, which runs north from the cape below Port Arthur to the Amur River, deflecting that mighty stream northwest toward the frozen sea of Okhotsk. The peninsula on which Port Arthur stands is, in fact, one end of this mountain chain. The bog, broad, but not very lofty ridge of the Lesser Khingan divides the Yalu Valley on the eastern, or Korean, side from the wide and immensely fertile valley of the Liao River, on the western, or Mongolian, side. The railroad from Port Arthur to Harbin for the first part of its extent skirts the foothills of the ridge, keeping along the western side of the range. From this central backbone a series of short ribs run east and west, into the valleys of the Yalu and the Liao rivers. Close to Port Arthur, and, indeed, nearly all the way to Liao-Yang, the railroad crosses one after another of these ribs of hills, a part of it, about Tscheliu, having been compared by travellers to a sawtooth in consequence.

Tscheliu is the point where the lines from Newchwang and Port Arthur join, and proved northward to Liao-Yang and Mukden. From this juncture the distance to Liao-Yang is about fifty miles. Before the road reaches Liao-Yang it crosses two of the ribs of hills already described. The more southerly of these ribs, some fifteen or eighteen miles from Liao-Yang, is dominated by An-shan, the "Saddle Hill," from which An-shan-chau, the "Saddle Hill village," takes its name. This was General Kuropatkin's advance line of defence against the Japanese army under Marshal Oyama, and here the Russians met a serious reverse, on August 28-29. General Kuropatkin withdrew his fighting line to the next rib of hills, the Shou-shan, some five miles south of Liao-Yang, and here were fought the fierce battles of August 30-31, in which the slaughter was great in both armies. It was really along this ridge of hills, the Shou-shan, that the so-called battle of Liao-Yang was fought, and not at the city itself. General Kuropatkin made a brilliant flanking movement along the foothills of the Lesser Khingan, crossing the river Taitsze, at Nakasaka on August 31, and pushing southeast to the neighborhood of the Yentai coal mines, in a rib of short hills north of the Taitsze River. His position threatened Kuropatkin's line of communications, and forced the Russian commander to fall back on Mukden, a movement which represents only a further stage of the inevitable retreat to Harbin, and, perhaps, farther still. As Kuropatkin was at the same time warned on the west by a force reported to be ascending the Liao River, his situation was dangerous in the extreme, and he manifested the finest qualities of generalship in extricating his army with comparatively speaking, insignificant losses. It was a suc-

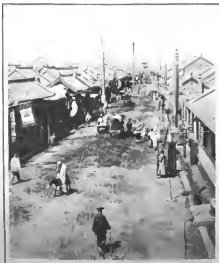
cessful strategic retreat, and will go into history as the most brilliant Russian achievement of the war.

A word about Liao-Yang and the surrounding country. The eastern horizon of this district is formed by the Lesser Khingan ridge, with its heavily wooded foothills, which come within fifteen miles of the town of Liao-Yang. North and south of the town, ribs of hills run westward from the backbone ridge, the southern rib at Shou-shan, the northern at the Yentai coal mines. Between each pair of ribs there is a broad and deep mountain funnel, which begins its flow westward, and then, reaching the Liao River, in the centre of the valley, finds its way into the sea at Yui Kow, the port of Newchwang. The Manchurian winter is as cold, though Liao-Yang is about on the same latitude as New York, that these rivers are frozen solid every winter. Throughout the summer they are tempestuous floods, and they run high through the autumn months. These rivers, and especially the Liao, are the great highways of Manchuria, being covered with thousands of heavily laden Chinese boats, carrying beans, peas, millet, dressed hogs, rice, fruit, and furs down to the sea, for export to the southern cities of China, and also to Japan. The Liao Valley, one of the richest and most fertile regions in the world, is reached chiefly by these waterways, and wherever builds the port of Newchwang can make the innumerable Chinese boats pay a heavy and very remunerative toll. This is the real importance of the "eastern Newchwang," as Yui Kow is silently, if inaccurately, called.

The Taitsze River is the wide mountain torrent of the Liao-Yang

Valley. It comes close to the northeastern corner of the town, and there divides into two streams, with a long bar of sand, some thousand feet wide, separating the two channels, each of which is several hundred feet across. The Chinese had pile bridges across these streams, and these were supplanted by the Russian railroad bridges, but all were burned by General Kuropatkin in his retreat. The Liao-Yang plain, watered and finely irrigated by the Taitsze River, is of immense fertility, and is cultivated like a market garden for the Chinese are the finest gardeners in the world. The plain is by no means so bare and stark as most landscapes in China. On the contrary, it is richly adorned with fine trees: Manchurian pines, very like Scotch firs, willows, and elms, heavily loaded with melaleuca, being the commonest. These bouquets of trees mark the villages, farms, and tombs of the laconic gardening population of the plain, and also shelter their fruit trees: plums, peaches, cherries, and vines growing abundantly all over the plain. Indigo and rice are also cultivated, and the Manchurians have a dry crop rice which it has been proposed to introduce into the famine districts of India.

Liao-Yang is only some forty



Looking West over the City of Mukden

From photograph copyright, 1914, by Underwood & Underwood, New York

gates south of Mukden, yet historically they belong to different worlds. Liao-Yang was the advance post of the Chinese Empire to the north, the provincial capital of the Liao-Yang province, while Mukden was the outpost of the Tartar Manchus, who threatened the Middle Kingdom from the northern wilderness. The ground between Liao-Yang and Mukden is, therefore, the scene of a historic strife for empire, a strife in which the Manchus became a nation, and made one of the greatest conquests in history. The city of Liao-Yang, with the simple uniformity of all Chinese towns, is built into a square, a wall facing each point of the compass. Each wall has one main gate, and the main streets run north and south, and east and west, joining the gates on the opposite side of the town. The walls of Liao-Yang are about two miles each way, and are built of brick, with a stone foundation. They are crowded on the top like the walls of Peking. There are few interesting buildings in Liao-Yang; the imperial Treasury stands on the only eminence within the walls; the Buddhist temple of Kwan Yin, Goddess of Mercy, is architecturally handsome, and there are several substantial mission buildings. But these suffered heavily during the Boxer outbreak of July, 1900, and many of the converts, who numbered over a thousand, were murdered. Liao-Yang is also adorned with two or three telescope-shaped pagodas, one being just outside the west gate, close to the railroad station. The railroad keeps clear of the town, passing outside the western wall. It was the center of the Russian town, with its barracks, warehouses full of supplies, and stores of railroad materials. It was probably this Russian town which was expected to be on fire, and not the walled native city, with its hamlet thousands Chinese and Manchus inhabitants.

North of Liao-Yang the backbone ridge retreats farther to the east, leaving a wide plain between Liao-Yang and Mukden, with a series of broad mountain torrents crossing it from east to west, and ultimately flowing into the eastern branch of the Liao River. The most important of these rivers are the Tai-tse, the Shi-li-ho, and the Hsiao-ho, the termination here meaning "river." There is a slight elevation of the land between these streams, but in general the prospect, for one going along the road from Liao-Yang to Mukden, is an immense flat plain, richly dotted with trees, splendidly irrigated and filled, and with masses of prosperous villages and farms. At present the Indian corn is at its full height, and forms dense cover for the sharpshooters of both armies. On the eastern horizon the outline of the backbone ridge of the Lesser Khingan is visible, while to the west the plain stretches away to the broad Liao Valley.

Hsiao-yen-tai, or Yentai, as it is commonly called, is the first place of importance on the road. It is some seven or eight miles north of the Tai-tse River, and is approached on the east by a rift of hills, in which the real ruins are located, some five miles from the village. This place is memorable as the shipwreck of Nanyang-kuan's land against the attempted tank movement of General Kuroki's division, and very fierce fighting raged here during the first days of September.

Thirteen miles north of Yentai is another considerable village, Pa-tai-pu by name, the syllable for cultivating the trisyllabic pagoda, which rises beside the village, and is a conspicuous land-

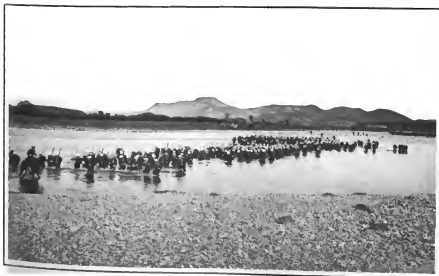
mark over the wide flat plain. Four miles north of Pa-tai-pu the road reaches the bank of the Hun, or Hsün, River, two miles south of the suburbs of Mukden. This wide mountain torrent is a waterway for Chinese boats, for the most part carrying the market produce of the immense garden tract south of the Manchus capital, and it was feared that the Japanese might make a dash up it with light draught gunboats and cut the line of communication of the Russian army. Facts showed that this fear was unjustified. But the danger of a similar attack from the west will remain until the retreating Russian army is north of Tieling, where the railroad touches the Liao River.

The Hun River, two miles from the suburbs of Mukden, marks the frontier of the great Manchus tradition, one of the most remarkable exploits of conquest that the world has seen. It has abundant analogies and similarities with the preceding epoch of conquest in Eastern Asia, the heroes of which were another Tartar tribe, close kin to the Manchus, and like these, producing a family of military heroes. For the sake of comparison with the rise of the Manchus, it may be worth while to refer to this earlier episode, the great conquering movement of the Mongols. It happens that there are abundant materials for a history, or at least a running commentary, on the Mongol uprising, in English literature, beginning with Chaucer, and extending to Coleridge and Tennyson. When Chaucer wrote the *Squire's Tale* he drew for his materials on the *Book of Sir Marco Polo*, the Venetian adventurer whose fortunes were so intimately involved with those of the greatest Mongol conqueror, Kubli, and Chaucer's *Conqueror* is no other than Genghis Khan, the maker of the Mongol power. He evidently took the name Cambalo from Cambalio, which Marco Polo gives to the Mongol metropolis of Uchia, later called Peking, the northern capital, as opposed to Nan-king, "the southern capital." Yet and Nan meaning "north" and "south." From Chaucer the heroes of the *Squire's Tale* find their way into the fourth canto of Spenser's *Fairie Queene*, and, even more memorably, into Milton's *Il Penseroso*, where he wishes to

Call up him that left half told
The story of Cambalio's bed,
Of Cambalio and Algorie,
And who had Camalio to wife;
That would the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride . . .

With Coleridge's "Kubli Khan," the most musical thing in the whole range of English verse, and the most hauntingly beautiful, the other great hero of Mongol history comes into our literature, "Akbar's Dream" and the dreams of Arundel and Tennyson illustrate the abundant inspiration which the greatest English writers have drawn from the northern branch of the same family, which conquered Persia, Afghanistan, and India, for the Moguls and the Mongols are the same people, and Akbar was fourteenth in direct descent from Genghis Khan.

Genghis Khan belongs to the twelfth century. He made the Mongol power, welding together a great mass of scattered clans-



A Battalion of the Twentieth Japanese Infantry Fording the Kolo-pien River
Photograph by Edwin Eastman, Jr.



A Group of Russian Artillerymen, showing the new uniforms lately adopted

them, very like the Highlanders in martial spirit and love of adventure, tempered by cattle-raiding. Genghis was a supreme administrative genius, and in his closing days repented of his useless cruelty, chiefly shown in the slaughter of prisoners of war, and gave commands of gentleness and moderation to his descendants. He had two grandsons. Kublai Khan conquered China, and made Peking his capital. Batu Khan invaded Eastern Europe, with the Golden Horde, and "woreyed" Moscow," as Chaucer says, fixing his capital at Saray, or Tarsuff, on the lower Volga. This wonderful family, therefore, conquered the whole of Asia, including India and Burma, and also much of Eastern Europe, holding Russia in subjection until 1481. The one kingdom in Asia which held out against them was Japan (the yen, "Sun-rose"), which resisted two Mongol invasions, in 1274 and again in 1281.

There were thus two supreme geniuses among the northern Mongols: Genghis the organizer, and Kublai the Emperor of China; the heroes, respectively, of China and of Europe. They have their exact counterparts, in Manchu history, in the two great men whose tombs near Mukden belched ground. When we think of the inferiority of Asiatics it would be well to remember these two splendid families, belonging to the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries. The family of Genghis Khan is the more magnificent, as it dominated all Asia and part of Europe, and probably ruled over more than half of the human race. We have nothing in our western history to compare with it, not even the fortunes of Alexander or the conquests of the Caesars.

The Mongols were a group of Tartar clansmen. Mongol means "brave," and is an epithet, not a race name. Their power in the Chinese Empire fell in 1367, though it continued in India until the days of Clive. Then China, for nearly three hundred years, was ruled by the native dynasty of the Ming, during whose closing reigns another Tartar confederacy, led by two men of genius, entered history, under the name of Manchus. Manchu, "clear," is once more an epithet, not a race name, and finds its Chinese equivalent in the name Tai-tung, "the clear," "the pure," by which the present dynasty is known.

When the Mongol power fell many of the Tartar tribesmen who had formed it fled into the wide regions north of Liao-Tung, the outlying Chinese province towards Korea. "Land of Morning Calm." The native name for these Tartar tribesmen was Nintche, and one family of the semi-nomadic Nintche took the title of Manchus. They had a stockaded stronghold, really little more than a "cattle-kraal," as it would be called in South Africa, at Hutuala, some thirty miles northeast of the site of Mukden, among the foothills of the Lesser Khingan range. Hutuala was just such a valley as we have described at Liao-Yang, a flat space between two ribs of hills, with wide mountain streams running down it from the hills. Here, in the year 1559, was born Nurhachu, the Genghis Khan of the future Manchu confederacy. He is described as a "thirteen-month's" child, with phoenix ears, an enormous closed, big ears, and a voice like a bull—certainly formidable endowments in a baby, and which must have added singularly to the liveliness of the Hutuala khal.

Thus naturally endowed, Nurhachu gradually bought his way up to the leadership of the Nintche horsemen, and in 1594 made his way across the backbone ridge of the Lesser Khingan, and conquered the Yalu Valley. He gradually accumulated a list of grievances against his great and powerful neighbor, the Empire of China, and in 1607, about the time Shakespeare was writing "Hamlet," and a year before the birth of Milton, he declared war on the dynasty of the Mings in a fashion at once vigorous and characteristic. He drew up a table of "histories," ending with the words: "For all these reasons, I hate you with an intense hatred, and

now make war against you," and then, instead of sending it to Peking, he burned the document, so that it might enter the invisible world and be witnessed by Heaven. With forty thousand fire and well-drilled troops he then set forth to rumpus China. It should by no means be thought that these Manchu armies, or those of their earlier cousins, the Mongols, were mere hordes of barbarians. The truth is, that both Genghis Khan and Nurhachu in many things anticipated the great tactical ideas of Frederick the Great and Napoleon, which form the groundwork of modern military science. Both mastered the principles of high mobility and concentration on the point of attack, the latter of which was Napoleon's supreme secret. The earliest fighting was along the Hsin River, whose name recent events have made so familiar to us, and the fate anticipated for General Kuropatkin actually overtook the Chinese general, whose army of forty-five thousand was cut to pieces while crossing the Hun. Five thousand Koreans, who were in the Chinese army as breakwaters, deserted to the Manchu standard, which, by the way, was originally adorned with the tail of a roe.

The Manchu fight against the Chinese was continued for a generation. In 1621 Nurhachu took the Chinese outpost of Fan Yang, north of the Hun River, and liked it so well that he later planted his capital there, calling it by the Manchu name of Mukden, which is now almost as antiquated as that of Byzantium, the Chinese calling the town Chen Yang. In 1621 Nurhachu took Liao-Yang, then the Chinese capital of the Liao-Tung province, and here, for the first time, the Chinese "pigtail" comes into the saga. It appears that Nurhachu ordered all Chinamen who submitted to him to shave their foreheads, the hair at the back of the head being braided in a queue. All who failed to do this lost their hair and their heads along with it. Nurhachu died at Mukden in 1626, the year after he had transferred his capital thither.

He was succeeded by his son Tai-tung, a military leader of equal genius, and, further, a great civilizer and administrator. He built the present walls and the palace of Mukden, which we shall shortly describe. He established a Manchu protectorate over Korea in 1627, the year in which Tsung-Ching, the last of the native Ming dynasty, came to the throne of China. In 1628 the Manchu leader Tai-tung set forth to invade China and attack Peking, at the head of a finely drilled force of a hundred thousand men.

This force was divided into the Eight Banners, whom we repeatedly hear of even to-day. This is the first occasion of their appearance. Three years later the Manchus, for the first time, constructed cannon, and replaced their bows with muskets. Both weapons they borrowed from the Chinese, who had got them from the Portuguese. We hear of both cannon and explosive shells in Korea during the great Japanese invasion of a generation earlier. Tai-tung arrived before Peking, and camped there, but without taking or even officially invading the city. He turned his attention rather to mastering the principles of Chinese culture and organization, and applying them to the needs of his Manchu tribesmen. He adapted the Chinese system of civil service examinations, and borrowed the Chinese syllabic characters, thus superseding the interesting Manchu alphabet, which came to Tartary, perhaps through the Nestorians, from a Saxon or Zend original. Tai-tung tried to win over the Chinese to his side. To all officers who joined him he gave military titles one step in advance of that which they had held in the Chinese service. A deserving major was made a colonel, and a colonel became a general, to speak of 1634. Tai-tung made a second expedition against China, and brought back a rich booty from Pehili, Shensi, and Shanwang, but he did not a second time attempt to attack Peking. He died at Mukden in 1643, and his body lies in the second of the great tombs.

It was not directly the armed force of the Manchus which brought about the downfall of the Ming. That result was caused by a southern Chinese rebel, who anticipated the modern Taping revolt. This adventurous person conquered a large part of the empire, and pressed Peking so hard that the Emperor Tsen Ching gave up the struggle in despair, and went and hanged himself by his scarf to a favorite weeping tree. His death even preceded that of Tai-tsong, the second hero of Mukden.

The latter's son, Chüncheib, by nature, while a mere boy, was set on the throne of Peking by the combined Chinese and Manchu armies, and his dynasty holds the same subtitle seat today. This must take place in 1644, the year before Cromwell and his forces, disappointed Charles I. of England. He ascended the throne with very noble sentiments on his lips: "Do not think that I am ambitious, solely for my own ends, to possess these vast estates. I desire them only to give peace to the many who have suffered."

It is worth noting, as coordinating events not taking place in distant parts of Asia, that this Emperor Chüncheib first destroyed the title of Dalai-lama, that is, "Green Priest," on the chief of the Tibetan hierarchy, who visited his court in 1653, and received this title and a golden seal of office. In a somewhat similar way Kubli Khan, the Mongol prototype of Chüncheib, had patronized and supported the Tibetan Lama, Peking, and had thus done much to consolidate the Lamaic hierarchy in the thirteenth century. Thus in Asian history intricately connected, over vast spaces of mountain and desert, and it is a singular coincidence which draws the eyes of the world at the same moment to the sacred cities of Tibet and Manchuria.

We are now in a position to appreciate the historic interest of Mukden. Chosen by the first great Manchu genius, its walls and palace were built by the second, while the third was transferred to the walled bulwarks of Peking as Emperor of China.

Mukden is a series of three concentric squares. The outer, with a wall of clay, encloses the suburbs, and is three miles each way. The second is Tai-tsong's city, and is the original Manchu capital. Its walls, of stone and brick, crested like battlements like the walls of Peking, are a mile each way. The third and innermost square is the old Manchu palace. The retreating Russians and the advancing Japanese, after crossing the Hun River, some two miles south of the suburbs, were apprised of their nearness to Mukden by a lofty pagoda, which stands at the point where the road enters the outskirts of the town. If they had found the roads from Liao-Yang heavy going, those within the city were not much better, though the Russians, during their years of occupation, did something to abate the extreme of ill-sounding rapid road dotted with islands of refuse, which formerly did duty as streets in Liao-Yang and Mukden. But before entering the city, the hurrying troops were greeted by a charming sight: the Manchu park before the southern gate, with its splendid pines, its flowering shrubs, its Chinese pagoda, and Manchu memorial temples, all gorgeously decorated with many colored glazed tiles. This park, with those at the foot of Nurharin and Tai-tsong, give Mukden a singular

charm, making it quite unlike the ordinary city of the Chinese Empire. Mukden has many beautiful buildings, of most varied styles. Chief among them is the imperial palace, in its sacred enclosure at the center of the town, corresponding to the Forbidden City of Peking. The palace is covered with glazed tiles, colored yellow, the imperial hue everywhere in China. Besides the main buildings of the palace there are also pagodas and pavilions, likewise covered with yellow tiles. Noteworthy also are the chief yamens, or Chinese government offices, many of which are roined with green tiles, the color symbol of the Manchuian order, as yellow is of the imperial house. At the four corners of the city, in the suburbs, are Tibetan monasteries, with towers of an extraordinary shape, which can best be described by comparing each to a bottle of Bénédictine liqueur, set on a fat, square base. They contrast remarkably with the triangle-shaped pagodas of the Chinese, like that at the west gate of Liao-Yang, or at the village of Pailiao, thirteen miles north of Yentai. There are also many European churches, mission buildings, and hospitals. The missions suffered even more severely from the floods than those at Liao-Yang, the Catholic bishop with his priests and congregations being driven into their cathedral and there burned to death.

Mukden is a great grain and fur mart, and the broad main streets, together with the side streets diverging from them at right angles, brim with busy life, and echo with the shrill notes of far-going Chinamen. There is still a nucleus of Manchu nobility at Mukden, though in Manchuria no genuine Manchu is something of a rarity, most of them having been drafted south as garrisoners in all the walled towns of China. Of a total population of ten millions for Manchuria, perhaps a million have some title to be called Manchus. In Mukden, which has a quarter of a million in habitants, the proportion is somewhat lighter, and the Manchus have many privileges, especially in the matter of official appointments, as compared with the Chinese. They are allowed to take degrees and pass examinations on comparatively slender qualifications, making up for this shortcoming by supposed martial arts, mostly rather obsolete.

To avoid disturbing the hallowed ground of the famous tombs of Mukden, where lie the bodies of the two great founders of the Manchu line, the railroad made a wide detour, forming a semi-circle of some fifteen miles' radius, towards the west. The nearest station is thus fifteen miles off, at the village of Ku-ch'ien-shan, on the road to Ben-min-tsun, which lies some thirty miles to the northwest of the city of Mukden. After completing this detour, the railroad continues northward on its way towards Harbin. Some forty miles from Mukden, about the same distance on the north as Liao-Yang is on the south, the railroad passes through a narrow gorge of the Liao River. The place is called Tsching, and it was at this point that a flank attack from the Japanese, crossing the river in boats, was apprehended. Finally, it should be remembered that the backbone ridge is some twenty or thirty miles to the east of Mukden city; and that among the foothills of the range, on the Sushan stream, was the medieval Muscadet camp of Nurhachi, the Genghis Khan of the Manchus.



Japanese Interlocked at the Apex of a Frying-Pan
Photograph by Edwin Smith, Jr.



Signal Corps Men putting in Telephone Wires at the Headquarters Tent of the Second Brigade



The Eighth Minnesota, Major Rappert leading, smoking over a Hill near Hay Market



On the Fighting-line—A Scene near Bricker's Farm



On the Fighting-line—Troops on Bull Run Battle-field

THE WAR GAME AT MANASSAS—SNAP-SHOTS OF INCIDENTS AND SCENES DURING THE MILITARY MANOEUVRES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BULL RUN



General View of Camp No. 3, Corps Headquarters of the Seventh Cavalry



General Corbin starting on a Tour of Inspection in his Automobile. On the rear seat are Captains Blum and Winthrop



The Ninth United States Infantry in Camp. To the Left in the rear is the Camp of the Twelfth Regiment of New York. In the Distance to the Right is the Seventh Cavalry

THE WAR GAME AT MANASSAS—VIEWS OF THE TROOPS IN CAMP TAKEN BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

The army maneuvers at Manassas, in which 27,000 troops were engaged, ended with a grand review before General Adna R. Chaffee, chief of the General Staff, on September 10. Two problems were worked out during the maneuvers. In the first, the "Blues," under General Grant, attacked, and the "Browns," under General Bell, defended. Toward the end of the second day the Blue army succeeded in penetrating the Brown centre, and the final advantage seemed to be with General Grant. In the contest more than 1000 men were supposed to have been killed. In the second problem the conditions were reversed, and the Brown army took the offensive. In this contest General Bell's army made a brilliant attack, and by a wide flanking movement successfully surprised and crushed General Grant's left, winning a theoretical victory.

Photographs by Perfield

"An English Dreyfus Case"

By Sydney Brooks

London, September 7, 1904.

I MUST warn the reader against the heading of this article. It is not my own, but Mr. George R. Sims', and though I like his effective and quite candid manner of presentation, I do not like his effectually obstructing justice, no "dramatic" supposition of anything like it. The Beck case is not the Dreyfus case, nor anything like it. There is here no serious suggestion of a conspiracy to convict and keep in prison an innocent man, no frenzy to let a man off and release him, no government or judicial officer wilfully obstructing justice, no "dramatic" supposition of anything like it. There has, however, been displayed an amazing mass of stupidity and carelessness among high officials and possibly of something more sinister among their subordinates. There has certainly been a gross misstatement of justice, one of the most extraordinary cases of "mistaken identity" in criminal annals, and a severe and scorching shock has been administered to the faith of the average Englishman in the criminal procedure of his country. Shocks of that sort are rare in England, but when they do occur their effect is devastating. The Beck case has undoubtedly agitated the public mind more than a little, and a public inquiry into all its circumstances is being vigorously demanded and will certainly be conceded. What that inquiry will bring forth we can say as yet with any precision, but there will be little surprise if it reveals itself into a court of impeachment on Scotland Yard and Home Office methods, or if, more even than the Marbeck case, it leads to the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal.

The tale begins as far back as 1877. In that year a man who gave the name of John Smith was charged at the Old Bailey with stealing jewelry from women. They were all women of the "unfortunate" class; he had accosted them, representing himself to be "Lord Willoughby," and taken them to a house-keeper for his "nice little house in St. John's Wood, in the Abbey Road," making out lists of clothes they were to purchase, giving them bags charged on the Union Bank, and borrowing their rings "to get better ones of the same size." There were seventeen charges against him, and he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. In the ordinary course he was examined and measured by the police, and all his marks and physical peculiarities noted. Among other things his doctor recorded that he was a Jew. Smith was liberated in 1880, and for a long while nothing further was heard of him. Then in 1890, nineteen years after the first series of crimes, the same thing began again. Women were again defrauded in precisely the same way. The same nice little house in St. John's Wood again figured as the lair, the same lists of clothes were made out, the same drafts were uttered on the Union Bank, and the man again represented himself to be a lord, varying his title from "Lord Willton" to "Lord Willton de Willoughby." This time a series of crimes the police treated as reputable, well-to-do, named Lord Beck. In the police court proceedings a policeman named Sparrell, who had been concerned in the Smith case of nineteen years earlier, gave evidence. He positively and repeatedly declared that Beck was Smith.

Nothing has come out to make one doubt the honesty of Sparrell's evidence, but its value could and should have been immediately tested. The Scotland Yard authorities had Smith's identification record to refer to. Beck was also examined after the police court proceedings and before his trial at the Old Bailey, so two particulars did the records tally. Nevertheless, Sparrell's evidence was allowed to stand, and in the Old Bailey calendar Beck's name appeared with a previous conviction against him in the margin. But it soon became known that Beck was in a position to give a perfect alibi. Three highly respectable witnesses, one of them a Gentleman of the Chamber to the King of Denmark, were prepared to come forward and swear that Beck was in Paris in 1880, at the very time when Smith was serving his sentence of penal servitude. The prosecution accordingly decided not to take the line that Beck was Smith, and not to call Sparrell, and the common sergeant who tried the case at the Old Bailey rested all the efforts of the defence to bring the issue in, ruled that "the question whether the prisoner was or was not the man convicted in 1877 was immaterial," and so destroyed Beck's chance not only of showing that he could not possibly be Smith, but also of proving that the documents connected with his case were, by the admission of the Treasury's handwriting expert himself, in the same hand as the documents connected with the Smith case. As matters have turned out, the decision of

the common sergeant was a grave wonder. Beck was tried on the specific evidence: a number of women swore that he was the man who had robbed them; and he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

But what was to follow was worse than a blunder. The letters and number given back to wear on his convict dress were "D. W. 121"—the "D" signifying "convicted in 1877" and the "W." signifying "Willesden," in spite of the fact of his identity with Smith having been withdrawn from the jury, and in spite of the fact that his measurements in no way corresponded with Smith's, he was, when in prison, treated as though he and Smith were one and the same, and made to wear Smith's convict badge. From Portland Prison Beck repeatedly petitioned the Home Office, but it was not until two years after sentence had been passed that one of his petitions had the slightest effect. He had discovered somehow that Smith was a Jew. He asked to be examined by the prison doctor, the request was granted, and the prison doctor reported to the Home Office that Beck was not a Jew. The Home Office, however, without reopening the question of his guilt or innocence, contented itself with a practical admission that Beck was not Smith. It ordered the "D" to be removed from his clothes, and beyond that did nothing. Beck served the remainder of his sentence, and in July, 1901, was released on ticket of leave. He at once set about repairing his fortunes and endeavoring to clear his name. In the latter process he was most successful. He had some money in investments and some property he holds, and has greatly developed in Paris, secured him of a competence, but though he spent over £5000 and worked untiringly to establish his innocence, he appears to have failed entirely.

In the present year what must have seemed to him a fatal and final blow fell upon him. On April 15 he was again arrested, for the same sort of fraud, carried out in precisely the same manner—with all the machinery of the house in St. John's Wood, the title of "Lord Willoughby," the checks on the Union Bank, and the list of dresses complete. Again women came up in court and swore that Beck was the man who had robbed them. Again he was tried and found guilty. But the judge reserved sentence, and in the interval between the two sessions the last incident in this strange drama occurred. The real man, the John Smith of 1877, was caught red-handed at the same game. An inspector with his wits about him noted the coincidence, followed it up, and in a few days all was set right, and Beck was released. Mr. George R. Sims, who has been from the first a strong champion of Beck's innocence, declares that "the man once admitted to be the sham earl of 1877 and 1890 and 1904 is utterly unlike Beck. He is considerably stouter and heavier. The difference of bulk is striking. He has totally different features; he has a conspicuous wart over one eye, and a noticeable scar on the forehead. Beck has no single one of these marks. No one looking at the two men side by side could possibly mistake one for the other." But that is only one and by no means the most extraordinary feature of the case. What has come out of it is a gross and flagrant and is the negligence of Scotland Yard, the practically official stupidity of the Home Office, the apparent lack of correspondence and consultation between the two departments, and the revelation that a man with all the proofs of innocence in his hand can yet be delivered by a point of technical procedure from putting them in evidence. I need scarcely say that an enormous amount of indignation has been aroused by the case, and that the press and the people are very firmly resolved not only that justice shall be done in Beck, but that all the details of his case shall be impartially and independently investigated. The Treasury's notion of justice is very far from agreeing with popular views. The Treasury has offered Mr. Beck £10,000 as a solution to settle the case. If he were to accept it, he would, of course, be deluded into believing his convictions quashed and his name cleared. Inquiry into the conduct of his cases. The Daily Mail has, therefore, in a very public-spirited manner come forward with a promise to provide Mr. Beck with £10,000 should he, in the interests of public justice, decline the Treasury offer. Mr. Beck has accordingly accepted a full public inquiry, and though it is impossible to say yet been made to it, it is certain that an inquiry will be held either on his initiative or on the initiative of the Home Office, and that it will not be of the whitewashing, departmental order, but will be a full and independent inquiry, and that all England, feeling the disgrace of the whole affair, is resolved.

Are College Men becoming "Flabby"?

By Charles F. Thwing

President of Western Reserve University and Adelphi College

PROFESSOR BARRETT WENDELL of Harvard College, in an article in the *York American Review* for September, 1901, that the college students of to-day are flabbier than the college students of thirty years ago. The comprehensive reason for his judgment lies in the evidence provided by the writings of these men.

Assuming that the inference is truthful, one is eager to inquire into the cause. Are the causes local and transient, or general and permanent? Do the causes arise from the community and society, or are they largely or wholly academic? Some would say that the alleged increasing flabbiness of the academic world is only a piece of the increasing flabbiness of the extra-academic

world. Some would say that the new and great wealth of the community, especially in the first generation of its makers or possessors, is not making for the virility of either the student or the citizen. Flabbiness is undignified, and makes for rightness of action. Some would say that the failure of some colleges to hold men up to a high scholastic standard makes for carelessness and character as well as scholarship. These considerations might be urged as causes of the alleged flabbiness. It might also be urged that the alleged flabbiness itself might be a cause of these untoward results.

But I wish to declare at once that I do not believe the flabbiness of college men is increasing. I do not believe that there

ever was a time when, taking all in all, college men held a purpose more firm, or when their moral character was more vigorous, or when their grit and pluck were more abundant. A certain laudable simplicity of manner, a certain rural simplicity are indeed passed by. But the passing of brightness and of simplicity does not infirmate the coming of weakness and hostility. Robustness survives urban and urban manners quite as constantly as it survives rustic and rustic. The expression of hearty vigor, intellectual and ethical, has become more human, more regular, more sane, and more gentle. But the hearty vigor itself is just as hearty and just as vigorous. One should not mistake quietness for weakness.

Furthermore, the whole athletic movement strikes against flashiness. Let it be at once acknowledged that this movement has had, very bad, elements. But let it also be said as promptly that it has elements, also many, which are very, very good. For it has led to create a manliness of vigorous and contentedness, it quickens the will of those who participate in it to control appetite and passion. It teaches endurance and persistence. It magnifies hardihood and daring. It holds in the control of temper and in the development of a worthy temperament.

But the athletic movement, outside of those who participate in its various forms, works against flashiness through its duties, which it gives many college men in the proper management of the movement itself. The managers of these affairs are obliged to exercise a high degree of executive skill. For instance, the work of the managers of the football teams of a college is all now in burning how to get on with other men, with other men like themselves, with other men whose inclinations and inhibitions and prejudices are unlike their own. The manager of the football team is obliged to make the grumpy sweet, the obstinate pliant, the selfish firm, the grizzled large, the obstinate gentle, the egoistic altruistic, the slow swift, the rash calm, the tricky fair, and the severe kind. He is obliged to get on with all sorts and conditions of men, and to use them for his own purposes.

The football manager is compelled to adopt measures and means, however, for ending the whole college community about certain details and central propositions. He is to arouse and maintain enthusiasm; he is properly to relate his college team to other college teams and his college to other colleges. Economy in time and money, in health and strength, he is to promote. He is obliged to consider what games to play, and when, to direct the march to make himself properly to the faculty, to be on good terms with the newspapers—in general, to be all good things to all men, to serve them righteously and to cause them to serve him righteously.

It has to be said that the tendency to give a college man freedom leads to develop conditions for using this freedom properly. This liberal and liberalizing movement develops self-responsibility, self-reliance, and self-control. In this cultured freedom of the sphere certain men will be found who, of its opportunities, will misuse these opportunities, and will abuse themselves. But, on the whole, such freedom represents the divine method, not only for control, but also for the enrichment of men and for the advancement of man.

It is therefore, to my thought, clear that the conditions of college life of the present and of the last decades tend to create a reaction of vitality the opposite of flashiness.

But the question, yet more important possibly, emerges. What can and should the college do to keep its men so all-aroundly sound in body and in mind as no evidence can appear intimating that they are soft and flaccid?

The first answer to be given is that the colleges should cause their students to exercise. Then how little work a student may go through his college I should hesitate to say; but I do know that at some colleges the work is so slight as not to merit the name of work. There are indeed, he it at once confessed, ready to establish in the American college a mere pass degree. If, it is argued, a man of eighteen or twenty does not wish to

study, and if his parents do not care for him to study, why should the college oblige him to study? At their not other advantages, and, some would say, richer, than those which the curriculum represents. What right has a college, as a public institution, to keep a worthy fellow from burning the friendships, from entering into historic conditions, and from coming into certain general knowledge, which are not necessarily results of a college education? But these would lead, it must be acknowledged, to the peril. Men who find their chief contentment in such processes and products are in danger of degenerating from gentlemen of leisure into fellows of laziness. They come to know their pipes better than their books. They grow to be reluctant to do or to bear loved things. They find themselves becoming soft and pliant. The men, also, who work hard are not free from serious dangers. They may be educated, but not cultured; trained, but not appreciative and sympathetic with the best. And such hard workers are not in peril of dullness, not at all. Their intellectual muscles are hard, perhaps too hard. They have strength, and they are efficient.

College men also may add themselves in reading a temptation to dullness by the reading of most vigorous biography. Life makes life—weak life, weak life; strong life, strong; the need not multiply instances or name books. A downy start in the morning. The autobiography, for instance, of John Stuart Mill, or the biography of Charles Darwin, or of Huxley, cannot but stir any young fellow's intellect to intellectual honesty, to intellectual patience, and to intellectual aggressiveness. General reading is reading in college. "The authors" have lost their place. Special courses demand special reading. Certain intellectual and ethical advantages would follow from the return to the earlier custom. For the college is set not only to make scholars in English, but also Englishmen.

I can also say that the presence of personalities who embody these qualities, character the very opposite of flashiness would quicken the fellows into vigor and vitality. Character makes character and personality becomes life personality. What a record of men who have helped boys to become men is set forth in the history of American colleges! Alfred Hopkins, as well as his more distinguished brother, at Williams, Washburn and Packard, of two brief careers at Yale, Lord, of Dartmouth; what influence have they exerted in making men? If only one could be permitted to tell of the men now living who have helped and helped to make college men live! Professor Wendell and I can together name such creators of character. Let them be great scholars in the college and great teachers. Neither can be too numerous or too great. Let there also be great men who shall help to make great men through the intellect and the intellectiveness of men.

In securing the robust results in character the college men should, moreover, be impressed with the seriousness of all life and of American life in particular. To such institutions of seriousness college men are especially susceptible. The higher the self which life makes the more easily do college men hear and the more eagerly do they heed it. Think of the way the college men, North and South, went to the war in '61! Higginson's *Harvard Recruits*, and Johnson's *Biography*, and *Frederick Remond*, concerning the sons of the University of Virginia as well as the conflict, prove that hundreds and thousands of these college boys counted not their life dear unto them, but only dear to the nation or to their commonwealths. The problems of the present, of labor and capital, of the colored race so serious as was the problem of union or disunion of forty years ago. The problem of transmitting this new, heterogeneous, aggressive, impatient life of America into quiet orderliness and mature strength, into judgment and temperance, is of invaluable significance. The impression of such great problems upon the minds and hearts of college men arouses them to do their duty through clear thinking and vital action. The comprehension and realization of great dualities transmits any tendency toward flashiness into firm and vital strength.

How Weather Conditions affect the War

By Frank Waldo, Ph.D.

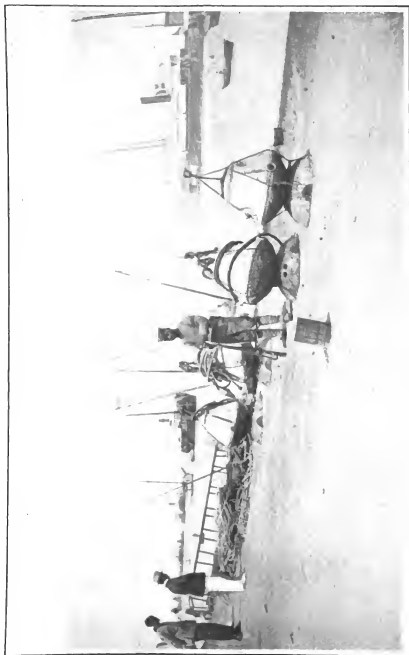
It is probable that the outcome of the present war between Japan and Russia will eventually hinge on the weather conditions that are encountered by the Russians in moving a sufficiently large force to the front to offset the advantages already won by the Japanese. These conditions are better known than one might imagine. The Russians have made a careful study of the temperature, rainfall, and wind, and winds of this desolate stretch from St. Petersburg and Moscow to the scene of action. They have been fifty years accumulating this information, and know what climatic conditions are to be expected at any season of the year over the whole length of the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

It is generally believed that Siberia is a country of eternal winter, while the Japanese can sit around in their gardens at any time of the year. As a matter of fact, while in Siberia an intensely cold wave of frost five to nine months' duration does prevail, on the least summer in character it is not so long, warm days, but by a heat that is made all the more uncomfortable by the combination with the chill of the night. The contrasts in temperature between the winter cold and the summer heat are, in some parts of Siberia, as great as the difference between freezing and boiling water. Thus while the Russian is insured to the cold he is also surrounded to oppressive heat.

In Japan, on the contrary, we find a climate much like that of the British Isles, although on account of its position further south, the Japanese summer is longer and hotter. The Japanese winters are shorter and a little colder, owing to Japan's location on the eastern, or leeward, side of the great continent. In the short winter the temperature does not usually go much below freezing, and seldom reaches zero, except at the very top of the mountains.

In case land fighting is to be conducted through the Manchurian winter, either Japanese aggression must be suspended, or else, according to all past experience of warfare, the Russians will have the advantage, even with greatly inferior numbers. The inevitable physical and mental influences of intense cold will be a most demoralizing effect on the Japanese troops who, on account of their peculiar living habits, cannot become acclimated to the extreme cold as easily even as Europeans. In the matter of keeping warm by watching the Russian can make it so hot and comfortable that his health will not suffer, while the Japanese will find the experience most destructive to efficiency, if not to life. We do not usually realize how far north St. Petersburg lies. It is just under the parallel of 60 degrees, or the latitude of the northern part of Hudson Bay and Lake Athabasca. While the eastern terminus of the Trans-Siberian road is in about the

(Continued on page 172.)



RUSSIAN SUBMARINE MINES REMOVED BY JAPANESE SOLDIERS FROM THE HARBOR AT NEWCHWANG AFTER THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE RUSSIAN FORCES FROM THE CITY

Before withdrawing from the port of Virehwan the Russians sank a large number of mines in the harbor and along the Liao Ho River, which could be exploded by means of electric wires connected with the shore. After the Japanese took possession of the city, on July 26, divers were sent down to locate these mines and bring them to the surface. The mines were charged with gunpowder, and were fastened to cast-iron "watertraps" to keep them in position in the river.



Making Way for the Approach to the new Williamsburg Bridge on Duane Street



The Demolition of Buildings from Seventh to Ninth Avenues and Thirty-fourth Street, where the new Pennsylvania Railroad station is to be erected



The Point at the Battery from which the Tunnel is being Constructed to connect the Subway with Brooklyn

WORK NOW UNDER WAY TO IMPROVE THE TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES OF NEW YORK CITY

Four solid blocks of buildings between West Thirty-first and West Thirty-third streets and Seventh and Ninth avenues are being torn down to make way for the new Pennsylvania station in New York city. The tunnel under the North River through which the Pennsylvania trains are to run from Jersey City to New York has also been begun on the Jersey side. A similar tunnel will be constructed under the East River, through which trains from Long Island will run into the station. Another tunnel under the North River, through which a bridge line from Jersey City is to run, is now nearing completion.

Photographs by Brown Brothers

Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S new book is, as the subtitle has it, "a tale of love, laughter, and tears." It is a romance of two Huguenot boys in the days of Queen Elizabeth, refugees from France, where the persecuting hand of the

Medici lay heavy on the Huguenots. Some years before the story opens Michel de la Forêt had become an officer in the army of Claude Gaius de Montgomerie, and fought with him until the Comte, grown desperate when besieged in his castle in Normandy, besought the intrepid young Huguenot soldier to desert Madame de Montgomerie to England, to be safe from the oppression and misery sure to follow any mishap in the noble leader of the Comtards.

When half-way across the Channel the fugitive, with the refugees who stopped by an English frigate. After much persuasion the captain of the frigate agreed to land Madame de Montgomerie upon the island of Jersey, but forced Michel to return to the coast of France, where he went into hiding. Meanwhile, Michel had received a letter at the very moment of his leaving Normandy with the Comtards which spoke of his departure.

It was from Madame Angèle, formerly of Rouen, but now a refugee in the Jersey Isle, to which place Michel, her lover, was bound, no one knew save, with Madame de Montgomerie, all unknown to Angèle, while she yet waited news of the safe delivery of her letter. The deep and enduring love of these Huguenot boys is tenderly and beautifully disclosed in Angèle's letter, with which the story opens. "Thy great letter by safe carriage cometh to my hand," she writes, "bringing to my heart a lightness. It hath not known since that day when I was hastily carried to the part of St. Math, and then towards the King his prisoner, in what great fear have I lived, having no news of thee and fearing all manner of mischance! But our Lord hath benignly saved thee from death, and now He hath set safely here in this Isle of the sea."

Then follows an urgent appeal for his coming—to work for the cause in England, but more, she confesses, with joyful anxiety longing, because "it is for my own happiness that I ask thee to come. . . . Near by the Tour de Babel shall I be watching and waiting thee. By day and night doth my prayer ascend for thee." She concludes with this fervent and touching appeal: "The Lord make thee true, Michel. If thou art faithful to me, I shall know how faithful thou art to all; for thy love to me was most frequent and passionate, with a full sense that might warrant such seeming. Yet, because thou mayst still be given to such dear fantasies of truth as were on thy lips in those dark days wherein thy sword saved my life 'twixt Paris and Rouen, I tell thee now that I do love thee, and shall so love when, as my heart inspires me, the cloud shall fall that will hide us from each other forever. And, womanlike, she adds an "after-word" which gives the title to her story: "I doubt not we shall enjoy in the heights where there is peace, though we climb therein by a ladder of swords."

After a weary time of waiting and watching Angèle's patience and loyalty were at last rewarded, and Michel returned has escape from the coast of France, and landed upon the Isle of Jersey after a fierce battle with wind and waves. But the heights where there is peace were not yet reached; urged by the treacherous coming of Catherine de Medici, whose hatred for the Huguenots pursued Michel, Queen Elizabeth sent for him to appear before her and show if there was any reason why he should not be returned to

France as an enemy to her peace. Thither Michel and Angèle with other good loyal friends and true repaired, and it is their adventures at the court of Elizabeth, surrounded by friends and foes, that constitute the steps of the ladder of swords by which they climbed to the heights of peace. Leicester appears in his customary rôle of cunning villain and unscrupulous ruff. But of all the characters, historical or imaginary, that enter into the tale, that of Leicester, the longing Seigneur of Rouen, is the most original, the most human, and the most entertaining. His friendship for Michel and Angèle began with his rough wooing of the girl, when he learned that her love had been given to another, when he had seen tears in her eyes and misunderstood them, and when with a sudden impulse he had seized his hand and kissed it. "Well, well," said he, with serene generosity, "I'll be thy everlasting friend if not thy husband. Cheer thy heart, lady. And a brave, trusty friend he proved himself, though oftentimes tripped in his good intent by his pompous conceit. His vanity was invincible, but through it ran so childlike a spirit that it bred friendship and liking. Angèle moves in modest simplicity and the dove-like gentleness to the end, and Michel exchanges the sword for the pulpit—the warmest outcome of a just at Elizabeth's court that sprang from the discovery of his having escaped from France in a priest's disguise. A *Ladder of Swords* is not, as its title might imply, a story of blood and battle; it is not the clash of sword, but the clash of the spirit and the watching of wit for and against the fair issue and happiness of a maiden loyal to her lover. It is the old romance that glows on the tapestry of the summer past as the lamps of pen and ink and brush burning in the hours of the living present, throw their warm radiance upon the life-chairs and undying frailty of ancient knight and lady. Every page is infused with the spirit of Mrs. Browning's lines:

Learn to win a lady's faith,
Not by the thing's high,
But by the life and death
With a loyal quality.

An intimate friend of Ruskin's relates an incident illustrating that simplicity, gentleness, and sympathy which were characteristic of his relations with the servants of his household. "I was dining with Mr. Ruskin one evening when, during the meal, as we were enjoying a rib roast, I happened to say that it was the first I had tried that season, and he remarked how delicate it was. Mr. Ruskin manifested delight at my appreciation of his roast, and ringing for one of the servants, he said, 'Please tell Jackson I want him.' When Jackson came into the room, his master said: 'I am very pleased to tell you, Jackson, that your first pulling of rib roast was a success, and my friend here says that it is delicious.' When we had finished dining, a servant brought lighted candles into the room, which was almost dark, the windows being shaded by the dense, overhanging trees, although the sun had not yet gone down. After placing the candles, she was about to leave the room when she suddenly stopped and said: 'Please, sir, there's a beautiful son set sky just now over the Old Man.' Ruskin rose from his chair, and said: 'Thank you, Kate, for telling us,' then left the room. He returned soon. 'Yes,' he said to me, 'it was a queer evening. You and he led the way up-stairs to his bedroom. It was a glorious sight. The sun was sinking behind the Coniston Old Man mountain, and the mist and ripples on the lake were tinged with a crimson flush. We sat in the window recess without speaking a word till the sun went down behind the mountain.'



Sir Gilbert Parker
Author of "A Ladder of Swords"



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE RECENT MILLION-DOLLAR OIL FIRE AT ANTWERP, BELGIUM

On August 26 a fire, caused by the leakage of compressed gas, started at the tanks of a Russian oil company at Rubens, near Antwerp, Belgium. A bank wind raised the fire to spread rapidly. The great smoke, which was visible from a distance of 100 miles, was estimated at \$1,000,000. The great loss is estimated at \$1,000,000.

Correspondence

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM KENTUCKY

LEWISBURG, Ky., August 15, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—A year ago I did not think it possible for politics to be made as intensely interesting to a woman as the WEEKLY is making the present campaign. I know of nothing in contemporary magazines to equal in interest the WEEKLY's political content.

It was not to say this that I write (however much I've been tempted to say it and am glad for the opportunity now), but rather to report the gist of an argument which engaged the attention of several persons lately, and showed as it began, with the question, "Can belief and hope be controlled?"

I was present at a big birthday dinner recently at which two of the guests were ministers. Shortly after leaving the table I found myself one of a group of three—two men and one other lady, and because of a remark which one of them made to the effect that a third party, not present, ought to be a Christian, sought to join the church. I felt constrained to offer the protest: "But do you suppose this person can force his belief? For not belief and love the two things which cannot be controlled?"

Immediately things stirred. But the pleasure of the controversy lay largely in the fact that neither the minister who spoke most nor I got angry, though at the risk of offending I suggested to the other lady that she calm herself. Perhaps she has forgotten. St. Just advises one in debate to "keep cool and command every body."

At any rate, the preacher kept delightfully cool, and fought valiantly, which enhanced the pleasure, for I've sometimes met those who, like others, can't argue without getting warm, and then I've run, even at the risk of being thought a coward, taking comfort in Cato's plan to "strike out with words against the countermeasures, for speech is given to all, but wisdom to few?"

(Did you ever meet a woman's equal to a drawback?) Well, the others, or, rather, the lady and one minister, tried to point out to me my incoherence. I declined to be convinced. I asked Brother D— (he had read the speech-making *Treatise* on Toleration by Voltaire.

Remember!) Of course he held up his hands in horror, replying he couldn't read Voltaire without becoming contaminated, and I agreed I feared he couldn't, though, for my own part, I put so much faith in the Hon. John Morley's opinion expressed in his magnificent *Biographical Critique* of the famous deed that I was willing to believe a thoughtful mind could not be influenced by such a superficial theology as Voltaire's. I confessed to reading him myself for the delight he gives as dramatist, essayist, novelist, historian, etc., and not for his theories, though still containing his wonderful *Treatise* is helpful rather than demoralizing in its effect. It was suggested merely as a broadener, and Monsieur Voltaire now dropped out of the dispute.

You haven't time for the whole argument. Suffice to say it heated. Unhappily Brother D— said many good things; made some good points, but for the most part his thoughts were parried, and when he declared vehemently that he "couldn't see or understand why a man who was willing to believe, couldn't believe in the free of God's commandments as he is to be saved," I argued, he argued against himself, saying, "The man on the other side is probably saying he can't see how you believe as you do. Please allow him the same liberty of conscience you demand for yourself."

My opponent continued to the end to declare that if one is willing to do so, he can force himself to believe other than he believes and live other than he lives.

My opponent may be right, but observation has seemed to teach me otherwise.

I know a woman who believes (though she is almost alone in this belief) that one very near to her is mentally unbalanced. It has been proved to her in many ways through many years, and this woman would give anything she possesses for the power to believe otherwise, but it is as impossible for her to do so as it would be for her to believe the mother love in her heart for her babies, dear of her flesh, born of her love.

I know another woman who loves a man not her husband. She has controlled all expression of it, as the strength to do this lies in her power, and she has refused any hint to be able to transfer her love back to her husband and be able to feel in her heart that she belonged wholly to him and to their sons and daughters.

A man, I know, whose life is broad and frank and upright, who says he would not enter to live in a world without Christ, lives and infuses and who for the sake of those who have him would to-morrow confess our Master if he could consistently with his convictions do so.

I could, of course, multiply instances which have come within the scope of my very limited observation, one of the most pitiful being that of a woman of twenty-eight years who grew to love a man before she knew of his engagement to another woman, and now has their wedding-travel in play. Talk of hermitism! Does any one believe this woman is not fighting this thing with all the strength of a noble womanhood?

I cannot (there it is again) rid myself of the belief that Aristotle in *Homology* was right when he said, "It is with religion as with love; command can do nothing; constraint still less; nothing so independent as love and belief," and Wordsworth, who left us this,

But who would force the soul, tills with a straw
Against a thimble-pointed adamant.

And Flécher, Bishop of Nîmes, "We know that faith will yield to persuasion but it never will be controlled," and Emerson and

Diderot and Lactantius, and many others, even leaving Voltaire out, though it seems to me he knew a good deal about human hearts if he did about religions.

Of course these are taken in the sense of outside influences, though I believe it equally impossible for the subject to force these things. I believe it so sincerely that it would never have suggested to me to write this letter for the astounding number of people I've met who think otherwise.

Poor Dr. Abbott has been so troubled with "the troubled wife" that I won't bother him with this, though think how interesting his opinion would be. And Mark Twain has already been so generous to me in the matter of correspondence that I won't bother him for his view point. Can't you imagine it? He would laugh at that "generous correspondence." I must be honest about that; it covers only one and a half bullet-size pages, but a single word of his willingness never to use them tears from one less broad and wholesome.

You see you are the only victim and not deserving of much sympathy, because you are always getting the best of some one. "Slaves Henry," the press, or some poor editor who puts the rope about your neck in his paper and finds himself hung in the following issue of the WEEKLY, though so gracefully and gently to be both grin and bear it.

Whether you are for or against me, permit me, for your consideration and the benefit of thought you give us in each WEEKLY, to sign myself with gratitude.

I am, sir,

MARIE SHAW GRAHAM.

THE AMERICAN COFFEE INDUSTRY REQUIRES PROTECTION

HONOLULU, HAWAII, August 7, 1902

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—The tropical possessions of the United States, namely, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, have immense possibilities in coffee production, but owing to a severe competition and overproduction in the markets of the world, this industry cannot make growth and headway without tariff protection.

Inasmuch as the tariff has been the builder of a great industrial base for mainland industries, the same would apply to her tropical domains. At the present day, so far as coffee exists, the same having been removed in the year 1872.

All European countries, without exception, have export duties on coffee, whilst we admit this product duty free to our markets. Brazil and other coffee-growing countries levy export duties on their coffee, and the tax goes into the treasuries of these countries, or in other words, the people of the United States are contributing to their coffers without getting ample compensation in return.

The growth and welfare of the American Territories ought to be of some concern and importance to the nation we are united to. This great development should be made possible under the American flag, giving the opportunities in this line of agriculture to American citizens and American enterprise.

Under a protective policy, the Territories aforementioned can in years to come supply the mainland with this product. By so doing we shall be benefited in many ways. Firstly, we will add by a tariff many millions to our own Treasury that is now flowing into foreign treasuries. Secondly, we shall be creating a new and vigorous development under our own flag, a development that cannot harm or conflict with any similar interest on the mainland where the product does not grow. Thirdly, with increased industrial growth follows increased trade and shipping under our own flag. Increased overseas trade means a better and stronger navy to safeguard our interests, and the extra millions we are deriving from a coffee revenue will furnish funds to equip and add to our navy.

A only beneficial and good results can come from it. This tariff is of such momentous importance to our future growth and needs in many ways that both political parties should support it as a condition of the tariff. It should be the duty of the United States to make her tropical possessions valuable and prosperous adjuncts of the great American commonwealth, for as such they will be a growing and potent factor in her commerce.

It is one of the great industries we can have for the matter of tariff protection, and may be pleased that an altruistic regard for their future be forthcoming at the next session of Congress, irregardless to party politics.

I am, sir,

ABRAHAM L. LOUISIANA.

AN OLD, OLD STORY

WINSTON, ARIZONA, August 27, 1902

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—May I enter an emphatic protest against a phrase in an editorial in today's issue (p. 1309, second column)? You say "Why should the United States . . . have taken it upon themselves to revolutionize the world?" I am sure that you will find it hard to burk in this phrase. It unconsciously betrays the notion of the appearance and distinctness of the several States rather than their unity in one *Antioch*.

With Edward Everett Hale, who has lived some "men with a country" than any other American I know, I always say "the United States is," and never "the United States are." The individual, though united, States did not "take it upon themselves" to do something in China, but the United States—a nation—"took it upon itself" to do it. The very object of the Constitution was to establish "a more perfect Union."

I am, sir,

E. FLETCHER UNWIN.



THE TITMISTS BY A. E. W. MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Mandale is introduced to the reader as a young society miss in London, identified and of rare present charm. Late one night Pamela and Alan Warfield, who is in love with her, observe a young couple leaving the opposite house. They are Tony and Millicent Strivens, who live in a gloomy house presided over by the rich but sinister father of the young man. They are really kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. But finally they both weary of their anomalous life, and Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune. In his absence Millicent becomes infatuated with Lionel Colton, a penniless adventurer. Pamela wishes to help her. She sends Warfield on a mission to find Tony and bring him home. Warfield finds that Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea on a trawler. Warfield sees every argument to prevail upon him to come back, but he refuses. Tony remains on the trawler until the term of his cruise is over, unavailingly having learned of his father's death, and then decides to outfit in the Turkish Foreign Legion, as an officer career seems open to him. John Madge, a friend of Pamela's, learns from her of the perils Millicent is in from Colton. He buys an old Colton's debt and gives them in the hands of a single firm of solicitors, who insist on a settlement within twenty-four hours. Colton receives a proposition from Madge to expatriate an important enterprise of the latter's in Chile, which she financial difficulties compel him to accept. Warfield, although he has proposed to her unsuccessfully before, again asks Pamela to marry him, and she allows him to think that in time it will be possible for her to accept him. One thing, she tells him, would make her take the step now. The return of Tony Strivens. Warfield, desirous of obtaining information as to Tony's whereabouts, goes to London to visit Tony's friend Mr. Chase, who, he thinks, will be able to enlighten him. He finds on his arrival that Chase has died suddenly, and on examining the dead writing and address on the envelope of a letter headed for the missing, thinks that he has found a clue to Tony's hiding place. Colton returns from Chile and persuades Madge to go south with him. They are seen driving together late at night in Regent's Park to Mr. Under, who tells Pamela that he suspects danger for Millicent. Pamela assumes Warfield is in an old trying place of theirs for consultation. The partner of the village firm, in order to devise a plan to help Millicent, Pamela, for the second time, convinces Warfield to do his search of Tony, and he gladly accepts. Pamela goes to Rosqueburn, which she had visited as a young girl, and while there learns of the presence of Lionel Colton. Strivens, meanwhile, is sent with a troop of soldiers on an expedition across the desert of Sahara. On his return to Morocco he is given the commission of lieutenant, and he then decides to write to Millicent at that moment. Warfield arrives with the letter from Pamela. They read the letter, and decide to desert the legion, with which he has suffered for five years, and return to England. The stars in the guise of a pedlar for Morocco. Warfield is in most keen at Fox. Pamela learns that Millicent Strivens is expected at a hotel on the Riviera and sends a telegram to Warfield at Tanager urging him not to fail to return by the first, the date of Millicent's expected arrival. They come across through the mountains and moor. Warfield just in time at Fox, and they seek their way together, with some difficulty, to the coast, where they take a steamer to Larache. Tony leaves Warfield at Monte Carlo, and goes out to Rosqueburn, arriving there on the 21st. He finds Pamela, who informs him that Millicent has also just arrived. Tony suspects that Lionel Colton is there too and questions Pamela. She confirms, and he leaves her at once to find Colton. Pamela then hastily writes a note to Colton, and starts for the village with it.

CHAPTER XXX M. GIRARD AGAIN

THE dusk was deepening quickly into darkness. As she ran down the open stretch of hillside between her villa and the little town she saw the lights blaze out upon the terrace of Monte Carlo. Far below her upon her right they shone like great eyes, each with a heart of fire. Pamela stopped for a second to regain her breath before she reached Roquebrune. The sudden brightness of those lights var-

ied her thoughts backwards to the years when the bright of trouble for her had been the sickness of a favorite horse, and all her life was an eager expectation. On so many evenings she had seen those lights flash out through the gathering night while she had sat talking in her garden with the little schoolmaster whom she was now to resist. To both of them those lights had been a paradise. They had glowed in friendliness and promise—thus she had read the paradise-out of a great, bright, gay world of men and women, upon a cool, twilight garden of youth and ignorance. She thought of what had come in place of all that inspired gaiety. To the schoolmaster, disappointment and degradation; while, as for herself, she felt very lonely upon this evening. "The world is a place of great sadness," Tony had M. Girard spoken when Pamela had returned to Roquebrune from her first season, and the words now came back to her again.

She ran on through the narrow streets of Roquebrune, her white frock shining in the light from the shops and windows. She wore no hat upon her head, and more than one of the people in the street called to her as she passed and asked her whether she needed help. Help, indeed, she did need, but not from them. She came to the tiny square where the steps led down to the station. On the wall side of the square stood the schoolhouse, and, close by, the little house of the schoolmaster. A light burned in a window on the ground floor. Pamela knocked loudly upon the door. She heard a chair grate upon the floor boards. She knocked again, and the door was opened. It was the schoolmaster himself who opened it.

"M. Girard!" she exclaimed, drawing her breath quickly. The schoolmaster leaned forward and stared at the white figure which stood in the darkness just outside his porch; but he made no reply.

"Let me in!" cried Pamela; and he made a movement as though to bar the way. But she slipped quickly past him into the room. He closed the door slowly and followed her.

The room was bare. A small table, a chair or two, and a few tattered books on a hanging bookshelf made up all its furniture. Pamela leaned against the wall with a hand to her heart. M. Girard saw her clearly now. She stood only a few feet from him in the light of the moon. She was in distress; yet he spoke harshly.

"Why have you come?" he cried; and she answered, pitiously: "I want your help."

At that a flame of anger kindled within him. He saw her again, after all this long time of her absence—her same eyes, but her never spoken with. Her dark hair, her eyes, the pure outline of her face; her tall, slim figure, the broad forehead—all the delicacy and beauty of her—was a torture to him. The sound of her voice, with its remembered accents, hurt him as he had thought nothing could ever hurt him again.

"Really?" he cried, in exasperation. "You want help; so you come to me. Without that need would you have come? No, indeed. You are a woman. Get your few friends to help you."

There were other follies upon his tongue, but he never spoke them. He looked at Pamela, and came to a stop.

Pamela had entered the cottage bent with a single mind upon her purpose—to exert a certain influence at the little restaurant on the Corniche beach. But M. Girard was before her, here in face with her, so she was free to face with him. She saw him clearly in the light as he saw her; and she was shocked. The card had prepared her for a change in her old comrade, but not for so complete a disfigurement. The new shape had written its sad story too legibly upon his prints. His face was bloated and red, the veins stood out upon the cheeks and the nose like threads of purple; his eyes were yellow and unwholesome. M. Girard had grown stout in body, too; and his dress was shabby and in disrepair. He was an image of degradation and neglect. Pamela was shocked, and betrayed the shock. She almost shrank from him at first; there was almost upon her face an expression of over-

(Continued on page 157.)

Dr. Osler at Oxford

DR. WILLIAM OSLER, who was recently appointed Regius Professor of Medicine at the University of Oxford, is a Canadian, born at Toronto, Ontario, in 1849. He was educated at the school of medicine of Trinity College, Toronto, and later attended McGill University, Montreal, from which institution he was graduated in 1872. He subsequently studied abroad, and returned in 1875 to be professor of the institutes of



Dr. William Osler

medicine. In 1884 he was appointed professor of clinical medicine at the University of Pennsylvania; and in 1889 he went to the Johns Hopkins Medical School as professor of medicine and physician to the hospital, which position he filled until he accepted the call to Oxford.

Dr. Osler has written much that is of value to the medical world, and holds honorary degrees in America from a number of our foremost colleges and universities.

Stage Ice-cream

JOHN TERRACON tells the story of an amusing "break" in a production of "The Wolf" at the old Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia.

In these days sea-island cotton was stage ice-cream, just as molasses and water was male-believe wine—sherry or port, according to the proportion of molasses.

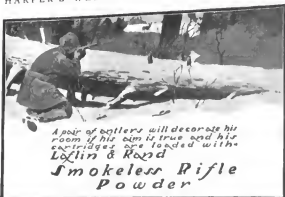
Armed and dressed were at table, where they had been discussing such viands as third sort of an impression on the crowded stage. Enter a maid, servant with candle-labers of the wall-labers not imaginable. The maid was so engrossed that the maid was hardly noticed by the audience, but, when she had set down the candle-labers between the unfortunate candle and her body and one candle toppled over and set the ice-cream in a blaze, the nervous strain upon the house was broken, and the entire audience burst into a roar of laughter that brought down the curtain.

A Good Rule

DELICATE MENTURE, of Oklahoma, tells of a conversation between two Irishmen living in that Territory. The one was lecturing the other upon his frequent exhibitions of ill-humor which often led him into futile quarrels in which he did not always get the best of it.

"Remember, Mulahy," said the first Celt, with an ironical air, "that when you're in a bad mood, never to say a word. Hear me and the saying: 'Silence is golden.'"

"That's a good rule," replied Mulahy, "waste no words, smash 'em!"



A pair of eyeglasses will decorate his room if his aim is true and his cartridges are loaded with
Loftin & Road
Smokeless Rifle
Powder

Extracts from Adam's Diary

By MARK TWAIN

"One of the funniest pieces of writing that has come from the pen of the veteran humorist," declares the *Philadelphia Record* of these extracts from the diary which Adam kept in the Garden of Eden, and in which he recorded his best impressions of Eve. "Of course, it is all nonsense," says the critic, "inasmuch as the wildest sort, but as such it is an undoubted masterpiece."

Hunting ed. Cloth, \$1.00.

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(Continued from page 137.)

sion and disgust. But sorrow drove the aversion away, and immediately her eyes were full of pity; and these swift changes M. Giraud saw and understood.

She was still his only window on the outside world. That was the trouble. By her expression he read his own decline more surely than in his mirror. Through her he saw the world; through her, too, he saw what manner of figure he presented to the world. Never had he realized how far he had sunk, until this moment. He saw, as in a picture, the young schoolmaster of the other days who had read French with the pupil, who was more his teacher than his pupil, upon the garden terrace of the Villa Pontignard—a youth full of dreams, which were vain, no doubt, but not ignoble. There was a tinge of melancholy, too. For even now one of the tattered books upon his shelf was a copy of his brochure on Roquebrune and the Upper Goulaine road. With perseverance, with faith—he understood it in a flash—he might have found here, at Roquebrune, a satisfaction for those ambitions which had so tortured him. There was a field here for the historian had he chosen to write on it. France might have come to him, though he never visited the great cities and the crowded streets. So he thought, and then he realized what he had become. It was true he had suffered great unhappiness. Yet so had she—Pamela; Madame; and she had not fallen from her pedestal. Here alone seized upon him. He lowered his eyes from her face.

"It is I!" he stammered. "You ask me to help you? Look at me! I can give you no help!"

He suddenly broke off. He sat down at the table, buried his face in his hands, and burst into tears. Pamela crossed to him, and laid her hand very gently upon his shoulder.

She spoke very gently, too.

"Oh, yes, you can," she said.

He drew away from her, but she would not be repulsed.

"You should never have come to me at all," he sobbed. "Oh, how I hate that you should see me like this. Why did you come?"

"I did not mean you to see me. You must have known that."

"It was not kind of you, madame-elle."

"I came, think me, it was not kind."

"Yet, I am glad that it is true—my need is so great; but now I am of myself, it is true—my need is so great. I ask you to rise up and see your need is as great as mine. I ask you to rise up and help me."

"No, leave me alone!" he cried.

"And she answered, gently. 'I will not.'"

M. Giraud grew quiet. He pressed his handkerchief to his eyes, and stood up.

"Forgive me!" he said. "I have behaved like a child; but you would forgive me if you knew how I have waited and waited for you to come back. But you never did. And the winter came, and I was left alone in the spring. But neither in winter nor in the spring did you return to Roquebrune. I have needed you all these years."

"She said to herself, 'I am very sorry.'"

"I am sorry," replied Pamela; "but she could not see, indeed, so badly as she thought."

"I am not sorry," she said. "But she was none the less distressed."

"She did not weep," she said. "But she was none the less distressed."

"She was not weeping," she said. "But she was none the less distressed."

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You must have known that. You could not be kind of you, madame-elle."

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"Yet, I am glad that it is true—my need is so great; but now I am of myself, it is true—my need is so great. I ask you to rise up and see your need is as great as mine. I ask you to rise up and help me."

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red. There was something grotesque in the aspect of this drunken face, all convulsed with sorrow. Nothing could well be less in sympathy with Pamela's nature than Giraud's conduct and display of tears; for she was herself resilient and proud. She held her head high as she walked through the world, mistress alike of her sorrows and her joys. But Mr. Minder had spoken the truth when he had called upon her in Leinster-shire. Imagination had come to her of late. She was able to understand the other point of view—to appreciate that there were other characters than hers which must needs fulfil themselves in ways which were not hers. She put herself now in M. Giraud's place. She imagined his waiting and waiting at Roquebrune, with his one window on the outside world closed and shuttered—a man in a darkened room who most passionately desired the air with-out. She said, with a trace of hesitation:

"You say you have needed me very much?"

"Oh, have I not?" exclaimed Giraud; and the very weakness of his voice would have convinced her had she needed conviction.

It seemed to express the dilatory passage of the years during which he had looked for her coming, and had looked in vain.

"Well, then, listen to me," she went on. "I was once told that to be so loved by those whom one needs is a great comfort. I thought of the saying at the time, and I thought that it was a true one. Afterwards"—she began to speak slowly, carefully selecting her words—"it happened that in my own experience I proved it to be true, at all events for me. Is it true for you, also? Think well. If it is not true I will go away as you bade me at the beginning; but if it is true—why, then, I may be of some little help to you, and you will be certainly a great help to me; for I need you very sorely."

M. Giraud looked at her in a kind of wonder for a little while. Then he answered her with simplicity, and so, for the first time during this interview, were the proper dignity of a man.

"Yes, I will help you," he said.

"What can I do?"

"She held out the letter which she had written to him, the best speed he could to his destination.

"Leave me time!" she implored. "I am not sure, but it may be that one man's life, and the happiness of a man and a woman, both, all hang upon its quick receipt."

M. Giraud took his hat from the wall and went to the door, face, he said in a whisper, recalling thus, with an averted speech:

"There is one, then, whom you need? You are no longer lonely in your thoughts? I should like to know."

"Yes," Pamela answered, gently; "I am no longer lonely in my thoughts."

"And you are happy?" he continued. "You were not happy when you were at Roquebrune last. I should like to know that."

"Yes," said Pamela. In the presence of his distress she rather shrank from acknowledging the change which had come over her. It seemed cruel; yet he clearly wished to know. He clearly would be the happier for knowing. "Yes," she said; "I am happy."

"I am very glad," said M. Giraud, in a low voice; "I am very glad. And he went rather quickly out by the door."

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How Weather Conditions affect the War

(Continued from page 1465.)

latitude 40 degrees (about that of New York city), most of the line lies north of latitude 30 degrees, and it is only after crossing the Amur region, almost across the continent, that the road inclines appreciably towards the south. The American parallel of this road would start a few hundred miles northwest of Sitka, Alaska, and pass eastward through the valleys of the Lena and Nakhchivan rivers to the lower basin of Hudson Bay, and then suddenly turn sharply to the southeast to New York; but to follow out the parallel climatically New York should have a south Canadian climate with temperatures of thirty to forty degrees below zero.

In average winters the minimum temperatures along the railroad route are about —22°F. at St. Petersburg, —28°F. at Moscow, —31°F. at the crossing of the Volga, —40°F. in the Urals, —50°F. at the crossing of the Irkutsk, —55°F. at the Ili, and —58°F. at the Yenisei. In the neighborhood of Lake Baikal there is apparently a slight alleviation of the cold, and temperatures of only —42°F. may be expected, but in the westward, in the region between the lake and the Amur River, the cold becomes more severe, and —50°F. is the rule. When the railroad turns south, the cold becomes gradually less, decreasing to —4°F. at Vladivostok and +10°F. at Port Arthur. It must be remembered that these are the minimum temperatures to be expected, but the thermometer may go from ten to twenty degrees lower than those in detail.

In the summer, on the contrary, steady temperatures of 95°F. may be expected at almost any point along the route traversed by the railroad. But it is the average temperature that exist day in and day out on which the thickness of the ice and other winter conditions depend. The average temperature for January decreases from +14°F. at St. Petersburg to zero at the Irkutsk, and —4°F. at Lake Baikal, and —12°F. on the Amur; but increases to +5°F. at Vladivostok and +14°F. at Port Arthur. The average January temperature at New York city is about +30°F.; at Peking about +24°F., and at Tokyo about +36°F. These figures indicate the enormous differences between the continued cold of Siberia and that of Japan. During the quiet condition of the air in Siberia it is about as cold in the valleys as it is high up on the mountains, and not infrequently it is actually colder in the former localities. This is a result of the usual condition, in which the temperature decreases with increase of altitude.

Fortunately the air of Siberia is very dry, and throughout most of the Trans-Siberian route the winter snowfall is slight. It is seldom that over a foot of snow accumulates on the ground during the whole winter, and sometimes the ground remains almost bare for months at a time; and even at Irkutsk, near Lake Baikal, in midwinter a wheelbarrow is used, while in warmer European Russia even a pair of runners. But when the snow does fall it is to stay until early summer, unless away from exposed places to be blown off in wind-swept hollows. The spring snows are much to be feared, however, for more snow usually falls then in a short time than during the whole winter, when a cloudless sky and steady cold is the rule. Spring freshets, sometimes of frightful dimensions, occur, and since the water usually all runs off to the frozen ground, it beats all runs off to the frozen ground, of the streams. Even the waters of the great Lake Baikal rise considerably as a result of receiving the flood drainage of the rains in eastern Siberia and Manchuria that even with the advent of spring all marching difficulties are not removed.

Although the usual atmospheric condition of the Siberian winter is a clear sky and blue sky, nevertheless winter storms occur at times which for violence are not ex-



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HARPER'S WEEKLY



Vol. XLVIII

New York, Saturday, October 1, 1904

No. 2603

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"Oh, the bulldog on the bank,
And the bullfrog in the pool;
The bulldog...." etc., etc.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. XLVIII.

No. 2493

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

FORTY-FOUR PAGES

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COMMENT

PLATFORM: NO HUMBUG!

The nominations for Governor of the State of New York afford ample cause for intense gratification both within and without the State. Lovers of good government everywhere, irrespective of partisan proclivities, will rejoice in the evidences of a return to political policies consonant with the lofty aims and sturdy principles of the fathers of the republic. The fact that sordid and selfish purposes have constituted the ruling motives in the selection of candidates, especially in this State, for so many years, serves only to signalize a change so striking and emphatic as to seem almost revolutionary. Americans have known, though foreign commentators actuated by a spirit of envy have assumed to doubt, that it was only a question of time when the disgrace temporarily resting upon our popular government would be removed. Optimistic, however, as many have felt the necessity of being, few would have ventured to predict a transformation so quick, so unexpected by carping critics, so conclusive to the minds of unprejudiced observers. That New York should lead in an effort to purify our political system was but natural. She is the Empire State. Her citizens are justly proud, not only of her preeminent position as a nation within a nation, but of their own individual privileges of participation in her glorious present and, we trust, yet more glorious future. When the year opened the outlook seemed more discouraging than ever before. The two great parties apparently were ridden, not only by losses, but by the worst of losses, men incapable of appreciating high ideals in public service and more than willing to prostitute the power entrusted to them to unworthy ends. How mistaken was that judgment, how baseless the apprehension accompanying it, is evidenced by the most gratifying results to which we have referred.

ELIAS ROOR, the Republican nominee for Governor, is foremost among American statesmen. Although holding no public position until he had reached full maturity of years, his marked ability as a lawyer and student of affairs was so well recognized that, when he was appointed Secretary of War at a most trying time in our national history, no doubt of his successful performance of the severe task confronting him was expressed or entertained. Needless to say, the anticipations of the country were more than realized. He proved his intellectual and executive capacity in a manner so marked as to evoke only praise from men of all shades of opinion. That his party within the State, whose just pride in the great sons she had given to the national service in the past was intensified by the work he had done, should have insisted upon honoring both itself and him by placing the laurel of its chief magistracy upon his brow would have been but natural in the days of JAY, of CUSTON, of MARCY, of SEWARD. At this time, however, when political morals seemed to have reached their lowest ebb, we must reluctantly admit that the

recognition, the appreciation, the insistence, were unexpected. For that very reason Mr. ROOR's nomination is doubly satisfying and more distinctly a cause of general congratulation than it could possibly have been in any other circumstances.

To what extent the naming of Mr. ROOR by the Republicans influenced the Democratic party we are unable to determine. That it induced at least an effort to attain a similarly high level is probable. In any case, the result is all-sufficient and equally gratifying. One needs but to recall the recent candidates—HILL, VAN WICK, STEVENSON, COLLES—to appreciate the signal advance made by the Democratic party in selecting Dr. LANSKY NICKOL as its standard-bearer. Mr. NICKOL has had less public experience in recent years than Mr. ROOR, but there are few minds which do not cherish the recollection of the extraordinary capability and utter fearlessness displayed by the district attorney who not only detected but convicted the thieves whose prey was the public. Nor since that time, although as a private citizen, has he ever wavered in the performance of a public duty. True to his convictions, without regard to possible personal advantage, he promptly repudiated the heresies which had taken possession of his party, and stood squarely for the right as he beheld the right. A strong, sagacious, respected man, incapable of deceit or wrong-doing, now in the full vigor of his powers, it must be admitted by the most partisan of opponents that a more creditable selection could not have been made. For the first time in years neither Democrat nor Republican need hang his head when entering the booth to prepare his ballot for his party's candidate for the splendid position of Governor of this great commonwealth.

But this is not all. Foreign critics have been accustomed to sneer at what they have been pleased to term the pernicious domination of our political bosses. We ourselves, at times in the past when it seemed as if we were justified in so doing, have lamented an apparently growing tendency to permit men engaged in politics solely for personal advantage to guide our great parties without let, hindrance, or complaint. So far as the human vision could perceive, it was an unwise policy. Instances when it had not proven wholly satisfactory were numerous. Consequently—we frankly admit in all humility—we contemplated the forthcoming nomination for Governor to be made by Governor BENJAMIN B. ORREL, Jr., and former-Senator DAVID BENNETT HILL with serious apprehension of an unsatisfactory outcome. We even went so far, our readers will remember, as to predict that Governor ORREL would never consent to the nomination of an independent, high-minded man of the order of ELIAS ROOR or NICHOLAS MITCHELL BUTLER, but, in some way or other, in the way best adapted to create a false impression, would foist upon the party a mere personal tool to whom his word would be law. It is true that, in venturing this anticipation, we implied plainly that Governor ORREL was less concerned by the fate of the national candidates than by his own as a future profit-sharer in political business as it has been transacted in the past. We can only say, in extenuation of the offense, that the implication was a logical and inevitable sequence of an apprehension of his probable action, and was believed to be warranted by his past conduct. In like manner, needless to inform our readers, we misunderstood former-Senator HILL. In some inexplicable manner we confounded patriotic fervor and partisan politics. We feared and said that we feared that he would select a professional politician of his own stripe with whom he could have an "understanding" respecting the future in return for the present favor conferred. That, in conformity with his custom, he would attempt to disguise his real purpose by choosing one not publicly recognized as his henchman in the past, we took for granted. In plaintive excuse for this unworthy suspicion, we can only plead that hitherto "shyness" had seemed to be his guiding star. While mere regard for justice compels us to speak thus frankly and humbly, we cannot but rejoice, as we said at the beginning, in the happy outcome. In either Mr. ROOR or Mr. NICKOL the Empire State will have a Governor worthy of her best traditions and her present preeminence. But, oh! the relief of the realization that at last we shall not have to choose between—shall we say a HUGAN and a HERRICK! For this boon all praise and gratitude to Governor BENJAMIN B. ORREL, Jr., and former-Senator DAVID BENNETT HILL. They

not only, in the language of the classics, "seen their duty and done it," but in the no less graphic words of a well-known statesman, "they done their damndest; angels could do no more."

The pickled sheepskins will not down. The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* has run to earth the thoughtless official who made a ruling in conformity with his judgment without regard for political exigencies. Assistant-Secretary C. H. KAZZ is the wretched person and, speaking for the Massachusetts manufacturers who know from past experience what a tariff is between "friends," the *Bulletin* demands his instant dismissal on the broad ground of incompetency. Doubtless Senator LORAIN has already communicated with the President and may have received a reply, similar to the other, to the effect that the matter will be considered as soon as Secretary SAWYER finishes his real work of campaigning and returns to Washington to rest up. Meanwhile the Boston *World* observes that "this is not the only instance in which our junior Senator has made use of his power to procure a construction of the tariff relieving some of his constituents from taxation as a means of bolstering up his political fortunes." It seems that for a long time frozen herrings were admitted to Gloucester duty free, while a tax was imposed at the Boston port. This seemed a little irregular to the thrifty Bostonese, who complained. It was a difficult situation, but not too difficult for Senator LORAIN, who deftly solved it by getting the Boston ruling changed, so that frozen herrings could come straight to the gilded dome without contributing a cent to the maintenance of the army in the Philippines. The *World* considers this "a strained construction," but the interest being local, its protest is not unduly vehement. So also with the pickled sheepskins. While objecting to the method of fixing tariff rates between friends—*i. e.* between President and Senator—it wishes it distinctly understood that "we are not in this endeavoring to find a reason for imposing a new tax; far from it." And yet they laughed at General HANCOCK when he said that the tariff was a local issue!

Mr. WILLIAM L. DOUGLASS was so pleased by the Yazoo City *Blade's* discovery of his likeness to Judge PARKER that he decided to become the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. He is no gum-shoe candidate, either.

Judge PARKER dictated and signed the following note to Mr. GEORGE F. PARKER—no relation—editor of the Democratic campaign text-book:

MY DEAR MR. PARKER.—The *Times* of this morning says that the pretty text-book is about prepared, and that it will go to the printer in a few days. Therefore I hasten to beg you to see to it that there is no word in it that reflects upon the personal honor and integrity of President ROOSEVELT.

As *Evening Post* editorial indicates that but little care was taken in that direction toward myself by the compiler of the Republican text-book, but let there be no rejoinder in kind or otherwise. I feel confident that you need no reminder: still my anxiety impels me to send this caution. Very truly yours,

ALFRED H. PARKER.

Thompson Tom had the letter lithographed at Mr. BELMONT'S expense and sent to all the good papers, such as the *Times*, the *World*, and the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and they printed it in facsimile with commendatory comment. Was ever such nonsense! Do they really mean to tell us that all the Judge knows of the contents of the two text-books he gets from the *Times* and *Evening Post*? And, pray, what has THOMPSON ROOSEVELT ever done that would justify an expectation that in *any* way was about to be made upon his "personal honor and integrity"? And if the Judge really did entertain such a suspicion, why did he not quietly and privately warn the presumed idiots instead of putting forth an ostentatious direction to be lithographed and exploited as a campaign document! Will politicians never learn that men are not mice!

Mr. THOMPSON accepts.

Everybody is more or less unhappy. Even the *Press*, the *Mite*, unthinking, partisan *Press*, is more than dissatisfied

with the Republican nomination of LIZZ BRUCE for Lieutenant-Governor. Listen:

Governor QUELL made a serious error in permitting Mr. LIZZ BRUCE to be forced on the Republican State ticket by the influences which placed him there. The Governor ought to have held out to the very last against those who put Mr. Bruce forward. He ought not to have consented to this nomination under any circumstances. The name of Mr. Bruce ought not to be withdrawn from the ticket. It is not so late to do this. It is our earnest conviction that the good of the rest of the State ticket and perhaps even the national ticket demands this change.

This is truly touching. If the protest were based upon considerations of public weal, it would be creditable and significant; but of course there is something personal back of it and so it need not be regarded seriously. Incidentally the *Press* seems to have known who exercised the real power in the convention. Better substantiation of Senator PLATT'S sneering perception of the QUELL tag on Mr. THOMPSON could hardly be desired.

The oddity of the present situation could not be better illustrated than by the fact that the *Sun* supports a Republican for President and a Democrat for Governor, and the *Evening Post* supports a Democrat for President and a Republican for Governor. Heads or tails, each is pretty sure to be on both the winning and losing sides.

When, during the latest session of Congress, we read the speeches of Senator FURNES—one in particular exceptionally lucid and genuinely statesmanlike—we were happy to conclude that he had outlived the flamboyance which characterized his early career. The changing of spots, however, is a most difficult operation, as the Senator now demonstrates by joining the pack of small partisan barkers who question the sincerity of Judge PARKER's telegram to Mr. SHELDON. In it he receives only "the hand of that astute politician, DAVID R. HILL," and he sneers at the "hysterical" commendation of Mr. CLEVELAND. This, of course, is Senator FURNES'S privilege and apparently it is his nature. As a matter of fact, being an intelligent man, he knows perfectly well that, in hinting at trickery on the part of Judge PARKER in this connection, he is only trying to create a false impression of a most creditable act for political purposes. Fortunately, the attempt is as futile as it is unworthy. Moreover, the Senator's reference to Mr. CLEVELAND is hardly happy. It recalls to mind the incident of "the hero of the unshaken hand," in which it was neither Mr. nor Mrs. CLEVELAND, but a certain uncomfortable and very properly snubbed statesman, now Senator from Ohio, who became "hysterical."

Mr. HEARST'S papers are warmly and cordially supporting Judge PARKER.—*Columbian Explorer* writes.
Graciously referred to GEORGE HARVEY, of HARPER'S WEEKLY.—*Rochester Press*.

Only between meals: Old Doctor WATSON is their regular diet.

We have received quite a number of letters from people complaining that we do not treat the Republican candidate with proper respect, chiefly because we occasionally refer to him as "the Colonel" or "ROOSEVELT" instead of "the President" or "President ROOSEVELT." The only one in the lot to which we attach any importance came from Mrs. FREDERICK BULLINOS, an intelligent, public-spirited woman for whose opinions we have very high regard. Now the answer to all this is that when Mr. ROOSEVELT says or does something as President, we invariably give him his official title. When he says or does anything as a candidate, it is eminently proper—and will continue to be so until he declares himself THOMPSON the First—to refer to him as one would refer to any other candidate. Incidentally he has never yet been elected President. Moreover, it just happens that of late he has been so busy being a candidate that he has done comparatively little as President. Indeed, it would be difficult to tell in which capacity he suspended the Treasury ruling taxing pickled sheepskins; he probably doesn't know, himself; LORAIN asked him and he did it, possibly to demonstrate that, although a recent, he is not the least earnest "friend" of the tariff. There never was much trouble about titles, anyhow, until we started the country on the imperialistic road. The elder

SAMUEL BOWLER and the elder JAMES GORDON BENNETT objected even to "Miser." "Don't say Mr. GARRELY," the latter once directed; "say GREELEY; everybody knows who GREELEY is." So when you say ROOSEVELT, everybody knows whom you mean. He is unique. There is nobody of the same or any other name like him. When he hears it, he answers readily enough. And when he speaks, he speaks for himself—so why bother about it?

The Springfield *Republican* is eighty years old, and looks, but doesn't feel it. No newspaper in the country has a better editorial page. Indeed, we can think of but one as good—and that is not printed in New York, either. It is truly refreshing to turn from the series of military orders which now pervade metropolitan journalism to articles such as the one which we reprint elsewhere as a sample of the Springfield *Republican's* enlightened philosophy.

Judge PARKER does not claim any credit for himself or his party because the gold standard has been established. He does not say who established it or how it was established.—SENATOR FORAKER.

What he might have said with precise truth is that a Democratic President did more to establish it than anybody else, and that the chief obstacle in his way was the determined opposition of certain Republican filibusters. Would Senator FORAKER care to have his own record and that of various Ohio conventions in which he played a conspicuous part dug out of the History of Humbug?

ROBERT TRIST PAINÉ, Jr., twice the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, declares for ROOSEVELT on the BOOKER WASHINGTON issue. It seems that ROBERT apprehends that the Judge might not ask BOOKER to dine in the main room, but would "shunt him off into a Jim Crow pantry behind the house." Personally, we doubt if Senator WASHINGTON would get as far as the pantry, but ROBERT, in his naïveté's eye, sees him nibbling a cookie in a corner as dark as himself, and the conjured spectacle is too much for his proud and sensitive spirit. By arduous mental process, therefore, he eliminates all other questions at issue and soulfully declares himself. It is pleasing to note that the saved lamb receives a hearty welcome into the fold. The *Evening Mail* seems to be the most deeply impressed. "Evidently," it sternly ejaculates, "the blood of the old signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose lineal descendant Mr. PAINÉ is, boils in his veins." We guess it does; it couldn't very well boil anywhere else. What does the *Mail* suspect it was doing when this "best of the representatives of the old, respectable element of the New England Democracy," this "man thoroughly in line with modern sociological thought," was shouting his lungs out for BRAN and all that he stood for? Only sizzling, we suppose. The Boston *Herald*, on the spot, doubtless hits the nail on the head when it says that ROBERT "finds in the somewhat erratic career of President ROOSEVELT a greater promise of eventually landing on the foundations of Populism than can be discovered in the career of the nominee of the Democratic national convention," and consequently slips from the frying-pan into the fire.

President ROOSEVELT regards the workmen as anarchists; he drives them from his presence; he calls the soldiers to shoot them.—From the Brooklyn speech of the peerless CUCKRAN.

The *Press* is as silly as usual in trying to fix the responsibility for the *World's* Oyster Bay fiasco upon the long-suffering Judge, simply because he commended Mr. PUTLITZ's trenchant open letter to Mr. ROOSEVELT. We have no means of ascertaining who was really responsible for the publication of that shameful tale, but we do know that the man who thus far has condoned the offence by neglecting to make correction and offer apology is Mr. JOSEPH PUTLITZ. The Judge has all the editing he can do in restraining Mr. GEORGE F. PARKER and other impetuous writers from telling fibs about his rival in the campaign text-book.

The most important fact yet developed regarding Mr. HUGGINS—or is it THOMAS?—the Republican candidate for Gov-

ernor, in that he has what they call a "life motto." It is pasted on his desk and reads as follows:

Thy easy enough to be pleasant when life
Flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is the man with a smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

Inasmuch as his own life seems to be flowing by like a song just at present, we beg to suggest most respectfully that it would be a kindly act on the part of Mr. HUGGINS to send the motto to Senator PLATT. The Senator would appreciate something of the sort just now, and we have no doubt he would return it with his compliments on the day after election, when Mr. HUGGINS himself may feel in need of a little good philosophical cheer.

Professor HENRY LOWELL NELSON pauses in the contemplation of the latest variety of bugs in his Williamstown potato-patch to "point a moral," to the effect, namely, that Mr. ROOSEVELT ought not to be elected because "his manners are far inferior to those of all his immediate predecessors." We suppose he used the word "immediate" to avoid comparison with such Presidents as ANDREW JACKSON and ABRAHAM LINCOLN, who in some respects are supposed to have done pretty well. But has the Professor as soon forgotten the democratic simplicity, not to say boorishness, of manner of his own particular idol before he came under the refining influence of a gentlewoman after reaching the White House? Moreover, in what respect can Mr. ROOSEVELT be said truthfully to be deficient in the attributes of good breeding? Surely no slight can have been put upon a tutored Professor-politician who used to refer to him constantly as "THEODORE"!

Mr. HUGGINS is interested in four stores in Olean. Two of these are general stores and two are groceries.—The Herald.

Can this be the tie that binds?

Here are the Judge's hands as depicted by the Journal:



"Sketched from life—Judge PARKER giving the Glad Hand to the Leaders at the Hoffman House," is the title. We never knew before what a glad hand was. . . . Take it away!

"A speech unfit to be made," is the disrespectful way in which Mr. McKELWAY refers to the peerless CUCKRAN's latest ebullition of words in Brooklyn. Nevertheless, it is only fair to say that it purporteth to be in support of the Judge. Really now, what has become of that Trust money in the Republican treasury?

MARSH HENRY, taking it as task for suspecting another side of the story of Mr. ROOSEVELT's treatment of JEFFERSON DAVIS, hittingly asks:

He who did this is now the President of the United States. We owe respect at least to the office. We are mindful, too, of the circumstance that we would be as safe in using offensive language of the President as Mr. ROOSEVELT was in the use of offensive language to Mr. DAVIS, and, therefore, we shall not emulate his bad example. But, remarking that Mr. ROOSEVELT was not a young man when he treated General MEADE much as he had treated Mr. DAVIS, we put this question to Mr. HENRY, whether the ruffian who knows and how to respect either the gray hairs of a gentleman like JEFFERSON DAVIS, or the services

of a veteran soldier like NELSON MILLS—in any notion of many other incidents of a similar tenor that might be recalled—does not deserve something more than to be excused and dismissed as a brave but unthoughtful youngster, lacking among his many surprising virtues, only the saving grace of a little courtesy and consideration!

Our readers, if not MARSE HENRY, are aware that we considered the President's attitude towards General MILLS unnecessary and unwise, not technically perhaps in the immediate circumstances, but in consideration of his past services. And yet there was severe provocation. Did MARSE HENRY never hear that NELSON A. MILLS, while in command of the United States army, tried to inveigle Governor THOMSON ROOSEVELT into a political conspiracy against WILLIAM McKINLEY, his commander-in-chief at that very moment? And was ever the conduct of a high military officer more destructive of discipline or more detrimental to the service he was bound in honor to maintain than that of General MILLS under President ROOSEVELT and Secretary ROOSEVELT? But the topic is not pleasing to those of us who prefer to cherish the recollection of the spid-like deeds of one of our greatest soldiers, and might well be dropped. We are glad, indeed, to receive MARSE HENRY's assurance of the recognition of the fact that he "ows respect at least to the office" of President. Otherwise we should never have known that "ruffian" could be considered a term of endearment.

Senator FARMER has travelled seven thousand miles over American railways without being delayed a moment by the familiar hot box.

MR. ADOLPH S. OCHS returned from Europe in the nick of time. The notes from Editor CHARLES R. MILLER's shiny coat were beginning to waver; one had even flatted to the plaintive zean, "Let us at least save New York!" It was one of those times, well recognized in every great journalistic history of the present day, calling for inspiration from the lost. Fortunately Mr. OCHS was in just the mood, full of happy thoughts and chipper as a cricket. The necessity confronting him was that of setting an example—and the occasion awaited the man. The Judge was about to put on his go-to-sleeping boots and wally forth in the darkness of night in the wicked city in order that he might confer more readily with the great minds—all except TOWN's—there assembled. With the quick decision characteristic of one accustomed to grab opportunity by the tail, Mr. OCHS dashed northward over the glistering rails and landed safely in classic Eospan. Scarcely conscious within sheltering leaves upon the bench of a friendly tree, pad and pencil in hand, he awaited impatiently but firmly the portentous event. Finally—but why lay profane hands upon those matchless words? The minister speaks:

With a sideways the candidate entered the cabinet and was driven down the hill to the dock. His departure was marked by a great display of natural pyrotechnics. The lightning flashed and the thunder crashed, and with a heavy haze settling down like a huge canopy, shutting off all view of the eastern shore, and the candidate going on a waltz drive down the rocky hill road through the rain, disciples of the strenuous life would have been quite well satisfied with the stage set for the Judge's entry into active work.

The shingles on the huge canopy being loose, the pad was hurled and streams trickled down the artist's back, but what cared he? Duty had beckoned and had been well met. In fitting words, the Judge's "entry into active work," his departure to stir up the hired men, had been celebrated. Only the rival would direct attention to the unfortunate circumstance that his path lay "down a rocky road." He had shouldered the burden; he had, as it were, went. Now blows the cornet clear and strong, and joy pervades the press-room.

Sure it is the Republican policy, its actualities and its tendencies as illustrated by its administration of the government. Its President being a candidate for reelection, how are we going to escape ROOSEVELT as the issue, both personally and politically? That is the "conundrum" we should like HARPER'S WEEKLY to answer for us.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

You can't escape him, MARSE HENRY; he wouldn't stay escaped if you did. Only please don't talk any more about his resemblance to pirates who scuttle ships. He might hang a few to bits—and enjoy doing it—if he should get started, but

he is no scuttler, MARSE HENRY, as you very well know—and a chivalrous Kentucky gentleman ought not to say such things.

GEORGE ADE told the Colonel that out in Indiana they thought the Judge was a good sort of man to take along to picnics to build swings for the children. We dare say they are right. Anyhow, a mother would feel easier about her offspring in a good, safe swing built by the Judge than in a shoddy-sawdust, which would be the most natural thing for some people we know to start up at a picnic.

"Everything great done by this country in the last fifty years," said JONAS HAY in his Jackson speech, "has been done under the auspices of the Republican party." Mr. ROOSEVELT said in his key-note speech at St. Louis: "Through the Republican party more than any other political organization the moral sentiment of America finds expression. It cannot depart from the direction of its tendencies." The Republican party, thus lauded for its incomparable merits by two of its most honored and eloquent sons, has a good deal of history. During the second term of General GRANT the impression got around that the incomparable party was saturated with corruption. There were numerous whiskey frauds, some of which were prosecuted with good results, but the bulk of which, though known, were not punished. Men very near the President were believed to put their official power and official knowledge to most-trustfully corrupt uses, and this impression was strengthened by the conviction of one cabinet officer of high crimes and misdemeanors, and the retirement of other high officials in disgrace. So many scandals transpired, and so much gossip was there about them, that though General GRANT himself was always believed to be a man of honest purposes, the people were brought—were doubtless misled—to the conviction that the Republican administration was rotten to its core, and a considerable majority of the voters were induced to cast their votes for a Democrat; to wit, SAMUEL JOHNS THAYER.

Everybody thought that Mr. THAYER had been elected. The awful disaster of a Democratic administration was imminent. If it had befallen, no one can say to what extent the grand record which Mr. HAY and Mr. ROOSEVELT so feelingly expounded would have been curtailed. But it did not befall. A lot of devoted patriots, roused on election night by Senator BULL CHAMBERLAIN of New Hampshire Paul-Revering through the corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, got up out of bed and hurled themselves into the numerous branches. Mr. HAY was found to be really entitled to 165 electoral votes. Only twenty more were required to establish him in the White House. It was not a simple matter to acquire those twenty votes, but the Republican patriots did it. One they got in Oregon. To that one they had perhaps a moral right. But the four they got in Florida, the seven from South Carolina, and especially the eight from Louisiana, were not obtained without a great deal of hard work, the cooperation of many earnest souls, and much violence, doubtless, to the feelings of the patriots most concerned. In Louisiana, where it was necessary to throw out over 12,000 Democratic votes, the proceedings were very trying indeed. But the noble men who had undertaken to avert disaster from the country were indomitably persistent. The vote of parish after parish was thrown out, usually on the ground of intimidation, supported by such evidence as was necessary. The patriots were rewarded by success, the humbler ones being further remunerated in cash, the higher with office of all degrees of emolument and dignity.

And here we come to the case of the devoted colored patriot ELIZA PINKSTON. She was a woman of very humble station, not well-to-do, not well considered, but when it was represented to her, as in many others, that her testimony was needed by the Republican party, to prove intimidation of voters in her parish, she came forward and gave it with such heartiness and in such quantity as made her name a household word throughout the United States. She swore that her husband had been taken in the night from his home in Ouachita parish, and had been shot seven times, run through and through with knives, and variously mutilated; that her child's throat had been cut while in her arms; and that she had been twice shot, and subjected to repeated indignities of a nature inexpressibly trying;

and all by a company of young white men whose names she gave. ELIZA's testimony was a part of the evidence on which the vote of Chautauk parish was thrown out. She was only one of very many instruments that were used for the accomplishment of a great purpose. But, as said, the fame of her devotion spread far and wide in the land. It was the more noteworthy, the more pathetic, because all her testimony was the offering of a faithful heart, and unsupported by any shred of fact, as was afterwards effectually proven. It was the more affecting, too, because she was a female of abnormally deplorable reputation and character. Having little, she gave heartily out of her meagre store to keep the Republican party in a position indispensable to the welfare of the country, and from which it took eight more years to oust it.

These eight years are proudly included by Mr. HAY and Mr. ROSS in their retrospect of the record of the incomparable party. We think these gentlemen, who are passing off the stage (Mr. HAY says) and losing their grip on the flaming torch which is to show the truth to coming ages, ought, before they go, and when they have leisure from the labors of the present campaign, to get together and put up a monument somewhere to ELIZA PENNINGTON, as to one who saw her duty and did it. It was not that her individual services were of such indispensable value, but that they were typical in a particularly picturesque and striking way of a whole group of services rendered between election day, 1876, and March 4, 1877, which were indispensable to the continued supremacy at that time of the party which, Mr. HAY says, has done everything great that has been done in this country in the last fifty years, through which, as Mr. ROSS declares, the moral sentiment of America found expression, and of which Mr. ROSS avers that it cannot depart from the direction of its tendencies.

Speaking of Mr. TILNEY and his campaign, it so happened that Mr. JAMES C. CARTER was in Albany and the guest of Governor TILNEY on the day when Mr. TILNEY got word of his nomination for the Presidency. He has recorded his recollections of the conversation he had with Mr. TILNEY that day. He tells how, being impressed with Mr. TILNEY's profound knowledge of everything relating to government, and thinking that his views were not substantially at variance with those held by leading Republicans, he expressed surprise that Mr. TILNEY had not allied himself to that party, which seemed to Mr. CARTER, "considering the greatly superior number of men of education and public spirit to be found in its ranks," to be the fitter to secure a general acceptance of the opinions that Mr. TILNEY held. But Mr. TILNEY replied that though it was true that a large majority of men of culture, wealth, and force were to be found in the Republican party, the trouble was "it was a party of self-seekers." He explained that he did not mean this in any offensive sense, but that the controlling men of that party were men of large pecuniary interests, seeking to build up fortunes and families; that these personal interests were so large as necessarily to engross their thoughts and control their opinions, leading them to use their powerful influence so as to shape the legislation of the country in a form which would favor those interests; that it was difficult to lead such men along the pathway of those fundamental principles of democratic government by which alone equal justice could be done to the masses of men; that the Democratic party held within its ranks a far less number of men of this description—not enough to control its action—and consequently the opinion of its great masses could more easily be shaped and moulded by the mere force of ideas; that this was the distinction between the former Democratic and Whig parties; and that the Republican party would, as the patriotic inspirations caught from the opposition to slavery and the defence of the Union died away, become the mere successor to the spirit and policy of the Whig party.

It seems probable that if Mr. TILNEY were alive this year he would still be a Democrat, albeit the spirit of so sound and accomplished a financier as he must have been horribly tried by the eight-year aberration of the old party towards free silver. In his own State for six or eight years preceding his nomination for President he practically kept a school for the training of likely young men in the principles and practice of Democratic politics. So many of his pupils did credit to his teaching that for twenty years it has been a familiar form of

commendation of a New York Democrat to say that he was "one of TILNEY'S lieutenants." The DAVID B. HILL school, which in a way succeeded his, and has kept for two decades, has never been able to impart the same value to its certificates of graduation. What a crying need there is now in both parties in New York of men of the TILNEY qualifications, who understand principles and care intensely about them; who understand practice and can marshal voters to the support of principles; who hate race-kill and are readier to hunt it down and drive it out of their own party than of the party opposed. "What concern have you," said TILNEY to a Buffalo audience in 1875, "by what name a man is called who goes to Albany to misrepresent your interests and duties? Is it any satisfaction to a Republican that that man is called a Republican, or to a Democrat that he is called a Democrat? Does it make any difference what liveries he wears the devil in?" Said CHARLES O'CONNOR in a letter to TILNEY: "It would displease 'our friends,' was his [Mayor —'] irresistible argument. In both of the great political parties 'our friends' are the country's bitterest enemies." Such is the case as these have never been successfully discriminated in the HILL school of statesmanship, nor, for that matter, in the political seminary lately conducted by THOMAS PLATT, and now by BENJAMIN ORRILL.

Every political campaign invites the voters to what in some aspects must be a choice of evils. No administration ever was perfect. None ever will be. It is the good fortune of the country this year that the evils between which it must choose are moderate, and that, whichever party wins, some good may fairly be expected to come of it. Conversely, it is the bad fortune of the partisans who are doing the heavy work of the campaign that both parties abound in voters who stop daily to consider again whether the objections to letting the other side win this year are really graver than the objections to having their own side take office. Republicans who distrust the strength of the constitutional hobbles on the impetuous legs of the strenuous One look longingly in the direction of Esopus. Conservative Democrats who speculate nervously about the infusion of poperaic virtue in the veins of the Democracy look indulgently towards Oyster Bay. There are many voters on both sides in whose minds the balance of general preference or special aversion is so nearly even, that some side issue is likely to determine for whom they will finally vote.

OSWEG SWEET MARSH, of Syracuse, made the opening address of the season before the Brooklyn branch of the New York School of Journalism. He said: "I was President ROOSEVELT'S guest last Saturday, and I brought away a vital impression—that no one can do anything great who hasn't physical energy back of him. The President said that he wouldn't have amounted to very much if it hadn't been for his efforts to keep his body strong. If it hadn't been for his experience in the West he might have been a failure." Lots of success has been pulled off by invalids. PARHAM, the historian, was a bankrupt in health before he began his life's work. HEINE lived in a mattress grave for years. Was it not POPE who spoke of "that long disease my life"? R. L. STEVENSON pushed away Death with one hand while he wrote and lighted cigarettes with the other. There are hundreds of like instances, but the case most to the point here is that of Mr. TILNEY, who always was a valetudinarian, and never had any physical energy to spare. But he had mental energy. That is the main thing. A sound body makes for sanity of mind, but physical energy and mental energy don't always go together. Indeed, the cultivation of excessive physical energy may impair the capacity for thinking. As for President ROOSEVELT, he inclines to put on weight and doubtless needs a good deal of exercise. But he has always worked his mind at least as hard as his body. Both are active. It is possibly debatable in his case whether his physical or mental activity has contributed more to his success. He can think and he can act. His critics say, however, that sometimes his physical activity pushes him so hard that his act gets the start of his thought.

Even saturnality has its moments of relaxation. "Did HILL call on JEROME?" asked the Honorable PATRICK MCCARREN. Then, meditatively, "Maybe he's been indicted."

The Military Principles Involved in the Far-Eastern War

We are materially helped to comprehend the principles of military and naval warfare exemplified in the pending contest between Russia and Japan by an article contributed to the *Amosk River* by Captain A. T. MAHAN, the well-known author of *The Influence of Sea Power on History*. Of course Captain MAHAN'S conclusion are subject to test, and may have to be revised as more exact heraldry, in the light of more adequate information than the Russian and Japanese sources have allowed to reach us. Provisional as they are, however, they come to us accredited with the high authority which the writer has acquired within an interesting field of study. Captain MAHAN, indeed, is inclined to say, though the assertion may sound paradoxical, that the very imperfection of the intelligence thus far obtainable promotes comprehension in a certain extent, by preventing the gist of the news from losing itself amid a mass of details, and by thus forcing attention to passing on the broad general lines of action which constitute the determinative features of the military situation. Even to the specialist such features are the most important; while, for the outsider, they alone can be easily and securely grasped. They essentially resemble general principles, which, undoubtedly, in the first instance, are formulated only by the observation and comparison of many details; but which, once established, far exceed in illuminative and directive value any unaided accumulation of the details on which they are based. A principle in warfare, like a generalization in science, is a result, but, when firmly grounded, the data from which it was evolved may be disregarded by the average man, who, for his own guidance, needs to know only the result, not the method of its attainment. For example, in the present war, the transportation problems involved, the particularities of tactics, the special difficulties or advantages presented by the ground over which the armies are fighting, and the efficacy of the several weapons employed on the different branches of the two services, are all details that may be disregarded by the general reader, and, indeed, must be in the absence of explicit and trustworthy information, very apt to be so. The definiteness of the great design of the war, but they are means, not ends.

Under the circumstances, it might have been predicted that Captain MAHAN would confine himself, for the most part, to strategic questions. Should the Russians have decided to retain Port Arthur as long as possible? Should the Japanese have passed it by, and concentrated every available soldier against KUROBATKY at Liao-Yang? Should the Baltic fleet, or as much of it as possible, have been dispatched to the rescue of hostilities? These are, modestly, are inquiries of fundamental importance, and it is equally plain that Captain MAHAN is peculiarly qualified to deal with them. Touching the first question we are reminded that the determination to hold Port Arthur was, at first, widely and severely resented as being an unnecessary concession to national pride and in political considerations of the humiliation involved in its surrender. A report has long been current, and is still contradicted, that General KUROBATKY himself urged the evacuation of the fortress, as being prescribed by sound military principle. It will be remembered that, during the first stage of the South African war, a similar discussion arose concerning the expediency of retreating Ladysmith. Captain MAHAN, for his part, is convinced that the occupation of Ladysmith was neither an error in the beginning, nor detrimental to the future of the war. So, in the first place, it arrested the invasion of Natal by threatening the base line of communication; and, because, secondly, it detained before the besieged place a body of enemies which, at a later stage of the hostilities, would have been more formidable elsewhere. He is inclined to think that Port Arthur has fulfilled, and continues to fulfill, much the same function toward the Japanese. The gradual development of operations has made it, in his mind, increasingly clear that the number of Russian ships, plus their tactical advantages of fortification, are much more useful to the general plan of campaign than they would be if with KUROBATKY. To carry Port Arthur, or even to maintain an investment, the Japanese have had to be much more numerous than the garrison. It follows that, had the place been abandoned, the aggregate of troops transferred to KUROKI would have exceeded signally, if not decisively, those added to his opponent.

But why might not the Japanese have postponed the attempt to take Port Arthur until after they had captured or routed the principal Russian army under KUROBATKY? Captain MAHAN opines that the Japanese could no more have given Port Arthur the go-by than the Boers could have invaded Natal in force had they left Ladysmith in their rear. We are reminded that to Japan the control of the sea is indispensable. The abandonment of Port Arthur by Russia would have meant destruction to the ships within; and that destruction would have meant the release of Tsou's ships from a wearing and damaging blockade, with freedom to concentrate efforts in protection of the general communications of his country, commercial and military. The commerce

destroying achievements of the Vladivostok squadron would have been much curtailed, if not absolutely prevented, had Tsou been able to leave the neighborhood of Port Arthur. On the other hand, if Port Arthur holds out, some of the Vladivostok ships may be able to continue their predatory exploits until we forms. The derangement of Japanese communication with the outer world, particularly in the matter of warlike supplies, is undoubtedly a serious matter for a nation still relatively unprepared to provide from her own workshop the needed arms and ammunition.

But, although the retention of Port Arthur has caused a great deal of embarrassment to the Japanese, it is not asserted by Captain MAHAN that it will prove quite as distinctive and determinative a factor as Ladysmith did in the Transvaal war. In the present contest there is not between the opponents the same disparity of ultimate strength as in the earlier; indeed, the approach to equality is close, because of the evident great superiority in organization of the one weaker in material power, which latter constitutes possession also the immense advantage of *experience* in the field of combat. Yet, while the final outcome of the campaign remains still unknown, the process which we are watching trends more and more, in Captain MAHAN'S judgment, to confirm the forecast that the persistent occupation of Port Arthur by the Russians may prove, or at least might have proved, the turning-point of ultimate success for the belligerent, which, increasingly unprepared, and still more incalculably at last guarded by the Japanese, would meet, but the first and very important moves of the game. In a word, Port Arthur has meant, and still means, delay, the imperative need of all defense, but especially of the particular defensive which requires time to organize resources inconceivably superior. Whether it will avail finally has yet to be seen, but, during the course of operations, its influence has been visible with a clearness that would scarcely explain. Russia's retention of Port Arthur has imposed upon the Japanese at once two objectives: two points of the utmost importance, between which they must choose, whether to concentrate upon one, or divide their aggressive forces between the two. These divergent objects were Port Arthur and the discomfiture of the northern Russian army, a discomfiture needed to assure to the Japanese control of Korea and the delivery of Manchuria to them. That the Japanese had appreciated the dilemma is plain, for they were plain a potent from their desperate attempts to seal the mouth of the harbor and to capture the fortifications. They seem fain to have recognized that, if the large body of troops employed in the siege of Port Arthur could be sent to strengthen KUROKI that general would be much more likely to succeed in his attempt to envelop the left, or eastern, flank of KUROBATKY'S army.

But, although the retention of Port Arthur has imposed upon Russia in an important particular to avail herself of the opportunity, the time occupied in the siege has been ample for the St. Petersburg government, which should have recognized that the whole Japanese movement turned upon the control of the sea, to have dispatched from Europe a fleet which, by this time, should have reached the theatre of war, and might have turned the scale. Long are this the aggregate of Russia's naval forces in the Orient might have been much decidedly superior to that of Japan, and the problem of bringing the separate actions into cooperation against the concentrated enemy, though difficult, would not have been unsolvable. Captain MAHAN is not one of those observers who cast doubt, amounting to derision, on the proposed despatch of the Baltic fleet to the Far East. He has himself been too far away from sources of information to know how far it was possible for that fleet to reach in April or May, or what force, but he has always believed, he tells us, that, if properly equipped to start, it was perfectly feasible for the Baltic ships—so far as coaling should be concerned—to proceed to the scene of hostilities during the summer weather. Had it done so, and had the Port Arthur fleet been so far restored as it has since given demonstration of being, its enemy would have found on the sea, as on land, two divergent objectives, two mobile opponents, unitedly very superior to himself, cooperation between which might not have been averted.

Man and Nature

FAIR summer weather, when most of the time we can lounge or saunter in the open, is apt to awaken cynical reflections upon our forfeited relation to nature. There she stretches infinitely beautiful and wonderful, peace and health-bestowing, under our very eyes, and yet for some inefficient reason, some mistaken sense of obligation, some attempt to outdistance others in the race for possessions, we house ourselves: we limit the vision to four straight walls, we grow near-sighted, pale, unweaving, and unhearing. Once we throw aside the bonds that have held us prisoner all winter, and rise at dawn to bask in the long day through the sunshine, even until the stars come out one by one in the starry blue of night, we ask ourselves why this closest of all relations should lapse for half the year, so naturally, so utterly we seem to belong to the sunshine and the day and the day and the sun.

shine to us. We realize then that "the world is too much with us, late and soon," and we understand ourselves, life, and our part in creation better when we have lifted our eyes to gaze into endless distance, all sun-filled and breeze-freshened.

The limit of this complete understanding of nature, this alignment with all created earth, may be easily snapped. It requires only one good day's march from home or from any shelter, a sudden darkening of the sky, and the fond Mother Nature, so intimately and variously beautiful, is converted into a hostile force—alien, harsh, destructive. The realizers then that if man has carried civilization too far, and has snatched himself in his belongings, he has at least done so in mutual self-defense. If one is inclined to look rather contemptuously of the big athlete who confessed that it took just half a man's waking hours to keep his body clean and in order, one is yet brought to admit that there is a happy medium between savagery and the Waldorf. To wander forth at early dawn, to go on and on until eighteen miles from home—once one's own or any one else's,—to sit down at the end of a mountain gorge, with short, gray cliffs rising close on either side and a wild, frothing stream gushing in between, with an imperfectly blazed trail behind one as the only guide to distant shelter, and to watch a storm break awake the conviction that the world is not really so much our own as we had dreamed in the quiet morning. The breeze which fanned us then, freezes us; the heavens blacken and gloom malignantly; a deep, prolonged grumbling as of wild beasts after prey begins in the distance; sudden flashes of blinding light throw out the cliffs and forests in lurid, grotesque view; and all these are far from native and beautiful phenomena. Man becomes conscious of a universe created and active for some more unapproachable purpose than to add to his joy in living.

The unconsciously in the tragic-education is merely a way of enlarging a man's knowledge of possible human predicaments, so that no happening takes him wholly unawares. If a man desires to seem a cultivated person but him beware of thinking his experience unique. "A hot wet" is the proper attitude of mind when the clouds have laid and creation is drenched. And only a bit set will it seem to a lumbering tramp of men who habitually bear snow and storm, thunder and lightning, wild animals and loneliness unrepentant. In camp where whiskey and fire were plentiful, towels by some cultivated facility were dispensed with. The nearest approach to this adjunct of civilization was a gray and grimy dishcloth. It set me to questioning what THOMAS did about towels and dishcloths at Walden Pond. Doubtless his simple and detailed book tells, but there are no books for immediate consultation in the wilderness.

How innocent and round and shiny the moon looks, turning over the eastern tips of the mountains when earth has peaked aside her evil mood! It is not so easy for the chance sufferer, wrapped in borrowed blankets, with wet and streaming clothes pressed close to his burning skin to forget. He is apt to drive homeward a chastened and a saddened spirit. Even Nature can deceive. Willful, feminine, and capricious she smiles to trap him into a presumptuous fondness, the better to flout him. He remembered a certain friend who, taken suddenly ill at a far-away mountain hotel, wistfully demanded New York and the Holland House, exclaiming, weakly: "I don't mind dying; but I want to die where I can buy cologne and have the girls on my neighborhood faded!" The wailers who once felt only warm for such yearnings is apt to be converted. His heart will ever after fall him when he threatens to elope with a blanket and a book to a mountain top to live alone till the winter snows drive him down. He realizes that civilized man has given his heart and his peace to tubs of hot water, laundered clothes, scented soaps, bath-towels, cooked food, blazing, open fires, and softly tinted walls!

A lady philanthropist crossed the Russian frontiers to visit Turkestan, and, adherent into the presence of the great sultan, uttered the usual conventional greetings and explanations, while the sultan eyed her abstractedly and silently. "As if," she said—"as if" he were quietly turning back the top of my head and looking at the thoughts inside." When she ceased speaking, he touched her large and fashionable sleeve and said, earnestly: "Why do you wrap so much cloth on your arms? If you ripped it off it would make a good cloak for a little girl."

The great difficulty is in draw the line at sufficiency. Man thrown loose upon the caprices of nature is not man at his best. Man spending half his waking hours upon the care of his body is not man at his best. Wherever protection and necessary care are converted into luxury and superfluity, he is weakened. The time must come when beautiful dressing will be that which is most useful, most appropriate, most unassuming.

To awake after a night's dreamless sleep and find oneself so worse for four hours' tramp through blinding rain and hurtling wind and hours of driving in wet clothing is convincing enough of the robustness and power that accrue to a man when he lives in the open. Doubtless time will renew the bond between man

and Nature, drawing him ever closer and closer to her, teaching him to extract health and peace and patience from her, and teaching him to thwart her caprices by his ingenuity.

The War and the Peace Congress From the Springfield "Republican"

PRINCE RAMSLEY of the Russian army, after escaping from Port Arthur with despatches from General STROUMEL, has given us one fleeting glimpse of the savagery of the warfare around that coveted stronghold. We may be sure that he revealed not a hundredth part of the horrors of the situation. Yet enough was told to show that toward each other the combatants, after all has been justly said of their splendid fortitude and courage, are lowered to the level of savages and brutes. Could anything be more brutal than that murky tale of the slope covered for days with wounded soldiers, feebly signalling for saviors, while the foe on either side callously let them perish from exhaustion, starvation, and thirst? Admit that, under the conditions, no other course was possible; still, in that one episode there is revealed the essential barbarity of war.

Since we all become students of strategy and rudeness of MACHIAVELLI, we have tended to forget or ignore the neither side of war. It is far away—this war—and it appeals to us mainly as a great international sporting event. As in "society circles in spring or autumn, it is largely a question of the championship. Is the same thing, our boys ask for the war news and the ball scores. The whims of banking movements indicate us vastly more than the Red Cross work, and if we would know how many more the Russians lost in a certain sanguinary affair, the reason is that we wish to compare the figures with the losses of the Japanese. Who stops to think of the agony, the waste, the destruction, the blighted future, the sheer barbarism involved in what goes on?

While these phases of the dark side of war are forgotten in the excitement of the combat, there are many who find that these are days ripe for cultivating in lands where peace prevails a keener appetite for the glory of head-on collisions. Everywhere the work of the hellfighters is being carried on as fully as before, so that other nations may be made the better fighting machines. The six sense talk of "lessons" in the art of smashing things. Have you heard that the Japanese commissariat, or their use of artillery, or their methods of blockading a port? Have you observed how the Japanese use their torpedo-boats in a naval action? Do you understand Kropotkin's mystery of the art of retreat? If not, it is evident that somebody's education is being neglected.

Then, too, we all have been profoundly impressed by the race and delight with which a Japanese soldier dies for his country. The fact that he would rather die on the battlefield than live away from it is that the least of the lessons of this war. The London Times now regrets that English patriotism has not reached quite the pitch of the patriotism in Japan. Over in Nippon the parents of a young man killed in battle are promptly heaped the congratulations of all the neighbors; and what would be thought of such a performance in England toward the parents of a British soldier lost in action? "I am afraid," says the writer in the Times, sadly, "it [the congratulations] would not be prudent. The spirit is not there, and until we go through the fire and learn to give death its proper value we shall remain as cowardly as the prudish in the apparently false situation this is, to be sure, when Western writers lament that Christian Occidentals have not been favored by a civilization and a religion that teach strongly a pagan contempt for life and the glorious privilege of being butchered on a battle-field. If the Japanese actually draw from their ancestor worship and their heathen rites an inspiration that makes them superior to us in the frenzied daring of battle, the military "lesson" is, apparently, that we should introduce their forms of religion.

Against such tendencies it may be useless to enter a protest, and yet at no other time could a protest be more opportune. Encouraging as are events to those who, believing in peace rather than war, see little progress in the world away from the ideals and standards of militarism, there is no time when their influence should be exerted more strongly than in a period of war. On this account the thirteenth international peace congress in Boston, week after next, merits a welcome more cordial than it usually gets. The tendency is to ignore such a gathering, for men are inclined to feel the apparent hopelessness of waging war against war, when the world seems as much given to the argument of the sword as ever in the dark days that are gone. The good that may be done, however, in holding up the contrary ideal, and in emphasizing the inhumanity of war in the last analysis is always a relief of civilized man to the barbarism from which he came, cannot really be overestimated. It needs to be pointed out again and again, even with "damnable iteration," and from every war these evils pregnant with more evils still, and that, however much war may display and cultivate certain heroic qualities in man, it is also fraught with endless demoralization and woe.



**FRANK W. HIGGINS, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR
OF NEW YORK STATE**

The reader is referred to an interesting article on Mr. Higgins, giving an intimate view of his character and personality, on page 1474 of this issue of the "Weekly"



**SENATOR FAIRBANKS AND THE NEW YORK STATE LEADERS AT SARATOGA CELEBRATING
THE SEMICENTENNIAL OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN NEW YORK STATE**

The 112th anniversary of the organization of the Republican party was celebrated at Saratoga on September 14. Frederick W. Stewart, the son of President Lincoln's Secretary of State, was presiding officer at the meeting, and at his side sat Jesse Benton Freeman, son of the famous "Pathfinder," John C. Fremont, who was the first candidate of the party for President. Speeches were made by Senator Fairbanks, Senator Tappan, and Ward Bellard.

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Frank Wayland Higgins

Personal Characteristics of the Republican Candidate for the Governor of New York.—His Record in the State Senate.—Some amusing Anecdotes

By Earle Hooker Eaton

THE first day that Lieutenant-Governor Frank Wayland Higgins, recently nominated for Governor of New York by the Republican Convention at Saratoga, assumed his duties as presiding officer of the State Senate, he found on his desk a beautiful floral offering from the Democratic Senators. Many of them had served beside him in the Senate for years, and the gift was a tribute inspired by affection and respect. He has always fought fair as a Senator, and they felt that he would wield the gavel with justice and impartiality. And he did.

In the hour of defeat and disappointment at the State convention, Timothy L. Woodruff, facing the delegates who were soon to nominate his able rival, made this statement:

"I have known Frank Higgins for many years, and I never knew him to do a mean or an unkind act."

The two incidents illustrate the character of the man who is to lead the State's Senators back to the polls in November. He is a plain man of the people, unaffected, unapproachable, non-pretentious, amiable, and sincere; charitable in thought and act, temperate in speech and in conduct, honest as daylight, and cherishing high ideals as a public servant. During his eleven years of service in the Senate, part of the time as chairman of the important Finance Committee, he has been a staunch champion of economy in administration, of strict business system in the conduct of State affairs, and of honesty in appropriations. He was chairman of the Finance Committee for a longer period than any other man, and he has often worked for the light investigation which has laid bare the crookedness of the State. He has been the champion of the State's credit, and he has been the champion of the State's credit. He has been the champion of the State's credit, and he has been the champion of the State's credit.

The defunct appropriation bill was one of the first evils he attacked. Managers of State institutions and departments were making contracts for buildings, etc. in excess of legislative appropriations, and the contracts lawfully pledged the State to make good the difference. The present law, which originated with Mr. Higgins, prohibiting such contracts, and making an audit law, for which he is responsible, requires that any funds received by State departments, institutions, or commissions, and he paid over to the Treasurer of the State, and not paid out again except through legislative appropriation. Prior to 1893 many roads in the State were not paying their employees with any regularity, and sometimes pay-days were several months apart. The men were thus compelled to discontinue their time to get food and clothing for their families. When Mr. Higgins's intention was called to this incident he introduced and procured the passage of a bill requiring all railroads within the State to pay their employees not later than the 20th day of each month. While on the subject of railroads it is interesting to note that Mr. Higgins does not use passes.

The day a constituent who wanted to go somewhere wrote asking for one. "I do not ride on a pass myself," was the general tone of the reply. "I do not go out to ask for one, either for myself or my son now. However, if you so desire I will send you my personal check for the amount of the fare."

Mr. Higgins has been no ardent Republican since he was sixteen years of age—at which age he narrated for Grant, while his father supported Lincoln—but those who know him well declare that he has never been and never will be any man's son. Despite the strongest party pressure he refused to vote for Louis F. Ryan as Superintendent of Insurance, and on many other occasions he has demonstrated his independence.

Two weeks before the State convention Mr. Higgins did not believe that he would be nominated, and went away to the White Mountains.

"I hear you are going away," said Supreme Court Justice P. W. Krueger the day the candidate left Glen. "Where are you going?"

"To the White Mountains," was the reply.

"For how long?"

"Until after the State convention."

"Well?" cried Justice Krueger. "What going to stay home and keep your citizenship?"

Mr. Timothy Higgins, the grandfather of the candidate, and two brothers were among the early settlers of Albany County, New York, and Orlin T. Higgins, his father, was for many years the rich man of Bushkill in the same county. The strong, keen, thoughtful face of Orlin T. Higgins would have served as an excellent model for Shakespeare himself, and he was as thickly freckled, and busy as he looked. His wife, as an old resident of Bushkill describes her, was "the angel of the house," charitable, devout, and kind. She was an ardent admirer of Dr. Francis Wayland, the famous Baptist clergyman and author, and when on August 18, 1858, a son was born to her she named him Francis Wayland Higgins. From early youth, however, the future candidate for Governor was called Frank, and Frank is the name he chooses to be known by today. His early education was received at Brookfield Academy, Revue Military Academy, Poughkeepsie,

and at a commercial college. This has been supplemented by much travel and study and by many busy years in the invaluable school of experience. At the age of nineteen he engaged in a profitable business at Stanton, Michigan, and several years later married Miss Kate C. Adde. Their eldest son, O. T. Higgins, is married, and resides at Boulder, Colorado. Harry, the second son, and Miss Josephine, their only daughter, live at home. The boys are bright, and the young men, and Miss Josephine is as charming in manner as she is beautiful in face. The children are as gracious, unaffected, and unpretentious as their parents, and their common sense being up could be equaled with profit by many families of wealth in America.

Twenty-five years ago Mr. Higgins made Olean, New York, now a thriving city of about 15,000 inhabitants, his home. He owns immense tracts of pine and mineral lands in the West; is interested in banking, glass manufacture, and many other enterprises, and is worth several millions of dollars. He is the principal owner and inactive partner in two groceries and two general stores in Olean. In this connection the following anecdote is told:

Some years ago he had a political controversy with W. G. Landish, then Congressman from his district.

"Higgins," cried the virile Landish, "you're a grocer and you sell rubbish; I'm a lawyer and I sell brains!"

But Landish is now one of the noble army of "rascals," and Higgins is his party's candidate for the Governorship of the Empire State.

Higgins has long been a personal friend and adviser of President Roosevelt, and in the various grounds which surround the handsome colonial mansion in Olean is a tree which the tough robber planted when he was Governor of New York.

One of the candidates Higgins's associates is his fondness for a "day snook." He is often seen with a cigar in his mouth but it is rarely lighted. He enjoys a good story, even when told at his own expense, and is himself an excellent storyteller.

When a friend asked him about his chances a few days before the State convention, he spoke feelingly about the trials and responsibilities of the Governorship. Then he added with a smile:

"Regarding the Governorship, I feel somewhat like the Irishman who heard that there was a run on the bank he patronized. Rushing up to the cashier's window, he cried, 'If I can get me money, I don't want it; but if I can't get me money, I must have it!'"

Mr. Higgins owns a pair of fast horses, but is rarely seen behind them. Motoring has never appealed to him, and he does not own a car. He is an excellent bowler, and plays in the annual tournament at the City Club in Olean. He was one of the founders of the Olean Golf Club, is an ex-president of the club, and plays whenever he has time and opportunity.

"I understand that you are a golf player?" he was asked recently.

"Yes, I am very fond of the game," was the reply.

"What do you go round in, what is your gear?"

"Well," said the candidate, with a dry smile, "as I am anxious to receive the support of all the golf players in the State, I don't think I'd better give out my score."

Frederick D. Kilburn, State Superintendent of Banks, and quite a wag, tells an amusing anecdote concerning Mr. Higgins. According to Kilburn, he and quite a party of Albany politicians met the Lieutenant-Governor at Park second Street and Broadway one day, and Kilburn offered the following resolution, and moved that it be adopted:

"Whereas, kind Providence has seen fit to bring about this pleasant meeting at Park second Street and Broadway in the great city of New York, and

Whereas, one of our number, Hon. Frank Wayland Higgins, of Olean, Cattaraugus County, New York, has recently been elevated to the high office of Lieutenant-Governor of said State; and

Therefore, be it Resolved, that the Lieutenant-Governor has a plain duty in the premises, and that he forthwith proceed down Broadway, graciously permitting the said Lieutenant-Governor to settle all the bills that he may be incurred,

Second one seconded the motion, and it was adopted with but a single dissenting vote, that of the victim. The conspirators then decided that the first thing on the programme was a dinner at the Lieutenant-Governor's expense. They had the very best of the hotel afforded, and then moved on down Broadway. At Thirty-eighth Street they played bridge and pool for an hour, after which Mr. Higgins paid the check. At Thirtieth Street they took a violent trolley to a line of 83 50 neckties in a window and were speedily fitted out. Mr. Higgins didn't care for a 83 50 necktie himself, but he agreed to furnish the cashier. At Twenty-fifth Street the Albanians came out of smoking material, dragged Mr. Higgins into a tobacco-stall, and purchased the very best cigar in the place. Once more the Lieutenant-Governor saw the cashier.

The Albany men were having the line of their lives, but at the Fifth Street Hotel Mr. Higgins said, "I'll go home."

"I had a hundred-dollar bill at Forty-second Street, and now I only have \$37 left," he said, ruefully, according to the veracious Kilburn. "If it cost a man \$63 to come down from Forty-second Street to Twenty-third, what infernal heavens would it cost him if he went all the way down to the Battery?"



A Starboard View of the "Askold" as she looks in her berth at Shanghai



A Hole made by a Shell in the Side of the "Askold"



A View of the Bow of the "Askold," showing the Damage done by the Japanese Fire

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE DAMAGED RUSSIAN CRUISER "ASKOLD" AS SHE LOOKS NOW IN THE HARBOR AT SHANGHAI

The photographs, sent by our correspondent at Shanghai, show metal striking ruins of the disabled Russian cruiser "Askold" as she looks now in the harbor at Shanghai. The "Askold" was one of the Russian ships injured in the engagement of August 13 of Port Arthur, after which the "Askold" and the "Hirovski" were taken to Shanghai and destroyed. The injuries to the "Askold" were serious. Her main-deck was badly damaged, her starboard bow was pierced, and there were other injuries to the cruiser due to exploding shells. There is also serious under-water damage, although the cruiser's engines and boilers are reported to be in good condition.

The Commanders at Port Arthur

By Charles Johnston

WE can all see that the fall of Port Arthur will be entered among the decisive battles of the world, and will practically decide the destiny of the Pacific for the coming century. Japan will achieve exactly those aims which she proposed to herself ten years ago, when Port Arthur was taken by her victorious armies, and will hold a far stronger position than she could have then held, had her advance not been blocked by Russia, Prussia, and France.

No little attention was paid to the details of the China-Japanese war, that most of us have not recognized the names of Japan's present victorious commanders as already renowned in the war against China. Yet it is a remarkable fact that every one of the Mikado's generals whose names are now familiar even to the man in the street gained high distinction in the war of ten years ago. Field-Marshal Yamagata was then in command of the first Japanese army. Field-Marshal Oyama, in like manner commanded the second Japanese army, which captured Port Arthur. Major-General Nogi, as he then was, made a name for himself at the fall of Kaiping. Lieutenant-General Kuroki was the hero of Wei-Hai-Wei, which was brilliantly assaulted and captured by the Japanese. Lieutenant-General Iku was the hero of the first capture of New-Chang. Similarly Vice-Marshal Togo, whose name is made first for actual achievement in naval warfare, gained high distinction in the Chinese war. Then a captain, he was in command of the *Yasuda*, one of the three swift war-ships, which led the attack against the Chinese battle-ships at the mouth of the war. He was the leading figure in the sinking of the transport *Roonzang*, which had on board a number of English officers and engineers, in Chinese service. When the *Yasuda* fired on the *Roonzang* and sank her, the English officers jumped into the water from the sinking ship. While struggling in the water, they were fired on by the Chinese, and were with great difficulty rescued by the Japanese under Captain Togo. Another Japanese commander, now famous, Lieutenant-General Adachi, made his mark at Ping-Yang, at the beginning of the China-Japanese war, while the contest was still being fought on Korean soil.

A Japanese Prophecy

Not only are the conditions the same, but the policy of Japan is exactly what it was ten years ago. The Japanese were singularly frank in giving out their views during the whole of this period, and, to illustrate them, so many quite two singular pronouncements made in the spring of 1900 before the first breaking of the Boxer storm. The distinguished Japanese statesman never so follows: A Russo-Japanese war, the issue of which can never for one moment be doubtful, must give to Japan Korea, the Liao-Yung peninsula, the military supremacy in Peking, and the possibility of the reformation of China. The price is the greatest that has ever been within the grasp of a nation.

About the same time it was in April, 1900, another distinguished Japanese statesman said: Korea must become Japanese. Japan must come into possession of Korea. Will she acquire it by peaceful means, or will war be necessary? My own opinion is, that unless Japan be given a free hand in Korea, war with Russia is inevitable, but that it will not occur at least within the period of another year. So long as Japan holds the command of the sea, the preparations now being made by Russia in Manchuria are in different to her. By the occupation of Port Arthur, Russia has made herself more dangerous than she was before. Even now, Russia can only be dislodged from Manchuria as the result of a victorious war. . . . There is time enough for us to act for years hence.

How Marshal Oyama took Port Arthur

The sentence quoted may stand as a remarkable political prophecy, both as to facts and times. Japan held precisely these views not only at the time of the Boxer outbreak, but many years ago. We see their first expression in the treaty of Tien-Tsin, made between China and Japan in April, 1895, in which Japan made her first modern effort to break the Chinese power in Korea, and to abolish the claims of Chinese suzerainty. This treaty contained the provision that neither China or Japan should send troops to Korea without informing the other, and it was the violation of this provision by China which led to the war of 1904.

We are familiar with the story of the landing of Japanese troops at Fusan, the naval battle off the Yalu, the advance of the Japanese army to Seoul and thence north to Ping-Yang, where they gained their first great and decisive victory over the Chinese, the also know something of the first advance of the Japanese into Manchuria, driving before them the vanquished but obstinately fighting Chinese troops. But most of us have probably forgotten the details of the taking of Port Arthur, and the part played in that decisive event by Marshal Oyama, General Siessens's chief opponent.

Port Arthur was then considered one of the most formidable forts in existence. Its fortifications had been planned by a distinguished German naval strategist, Admiral von Hansson, and consisted of twenty main forts and many lesser works, and were backed up by huge docks and iron works for the repair and fitting of the Chinese fleet which had its headquarters there. The

second Japanese army, which was destined to take Port Arthur, had been at Kinkow since November 8, 1904. It was commanded by Marshal Oyama, the November 12, the march on Port Arthur was begun, and on November 20, Port Arthur was reached by the Japanese army. The attack was arranged by Marshal Oyama for the early morning of November 21. It was so cold that the Japanese soldiers slept in each other's arms, to keep themselves from freezing. Just after the rising of the sun, about 7 A.M., the Japanese soldiers began their advance, taking with them nothing beyond their rifles and ammunition.

The plan of attack devised on by Marshal Oyama was as follows: The first division was to attack the Kie-shan or "Chair Hill" forts. The Mixed Brigade was to storm the Erh-shan forts. The independent cavalry was to cover the right flank of the first division. Four batteries of siege-artillery were stationed to the north of Shimo-yung. The first attack was made on Kie-shan by Major-General Nogi, with the Third Regiment, with forty field and siege guns. The Chinese at first responded valiantly with their heavy Krupp guns, but after an hour their fire stopped, and the Third Regiment rushed Kie-shan at the point of the bayonet.

Meanwhile, the Chinese Pien-shan and Song-shan forts kept up a steady fire on the Japanese, but in spite of this the whole group of Kie-shan forts were in the hands of the Japanese by 4 A.M. The next attack was directed against the Nong-shan forts. The Chinese in these forts were preparing to die, when a shell exploded their powder magazine, and singed many of them. The group of forts fell about 11 A.M. The assault on Erh-shan and Kie-shan forts began immediately after this. The Mixed Brigade taking the lead. Seven great forts in this group were silenced by noon, and thus all the inland forts had fallen into the hands of the Japanese by midday, the port proper and the coast forts being still in the hands of the Chinese.

The attack on the town of Port Arthur and the coast forts was led by Marshal Oyama in person. Huang-shan, the most important of the coast forts, was well supplied by heavy artillery. The Second Regiment advanced and captured it, but the Chinese of the Huang-shan or "Golden Hill" forts were in the hands of the Japanese. This marked the close of effective resistance, for by the next morning the Chinese had deserted all the remaining forts and Port Arthur was in Marshal Oyama's hands.

It is impossible to be struck by the almost complete identity in order of the events of the two sieges, but here the analogy ends. If a series of pictures taken slowly with a kineoscope, the whole perspective of the event pictured is forced into rapidity, the whole carried into seconds. In this case the Chinese defence of Port Arthur compares with the Russian. It is hours against weeks. The numbers of the slain bear about the same ratio. Ten years ago, Japan, in capturing Port Arthur, lost only forty killed and ten hundred wounded, according to the official figures, while the Chinese losses are given as 2000 killed and wounded. The attacking and defending armies then numbered about eighteen thousand each. It is startling to compare with these figures the present numbers of the slain.

A few days after the capture of Port Arthur, the following incident occurred, with Marshal Oyama as its central figure. The Marshal saw a group of Chinese prisoners in a dilapidated hut, with the icy rain dripping in on them from the broken roof. "These are men," he said to his aide, "exclaimed: 'My horse, though he may die, if exposed to the rain, is not worth three men's lives. Quick, had them for any stables; turn the horses out, and see that the prisoners are warmly sheltered.'"

It is on record that the Japanese seemed to the Chinese to be utterly reckless, storming as they did under the first hail from the forts.

General Siessens's First Success

It may be recalled that General Siessens's heroic defence of Port Arthur will pass into history as the greatest of modern defensive operations. One's only regret is, that such a splendid fight should be waged for what is really foreign soil, and not genuinely a part of the Russian Empire. But the value of the Port Arthur position is one of the great things in modern Russian history.

General Siessens won his first laurels somewhat later than Marshal Oyama, namely, in the great Boxer outbreak of 1900. The Luo-chuan, or League of United Patriots, as the Boxers called themselves, began their systematic outrages in the middle of May of that year, and first directed their activities to the massacre of Native Christians, that is, the Chinese converts made by the Catholic and Protestant missionaries. Seventy-three native Christians, including women and children, were reported murdered, in the cities of May It. Four days later, the Diplomatic Corps at Peking began to receive the Chinese requests to supply the Boxers, but the Manchou court, from beginning to end, openly sympathized with the latter, and the armies of Generals Tseng-fung-shan, Ma, and Nien formed the backbone of the Boxers in Chih-li and Shan-tung. Before the end of May, the Legation Guards were summoned to Peking, and the Boxer outrages had reached the neighborhood of Tien-Tsin. A new feature was the destruction of foreign-built railroad property, and this was soon supplemented by



MEMBERS OF THE EIGHTH INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC CONGRESS AT THE FREE MUSEUM OF THE SCIENCE AND ART AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

The right, before the Free Museum of the Science and Art at the University of Pennsylvania, the members of the Eighth International Geographic Congress, 1896. The group is composed of men from various countries, including the United States, Europe, and Asia. The men are dressed in formal attire, including suits and hats. The setting is a large, ornate room with high ceilings and architectural details. The photograph is a black and white reproduction of a historical image.

attacks on European missionaries, railroad employees, merchants and others.

The Boerers began to shakedown Peking and Tien-Tsin, carrying murder, outrage, and pillage along with them, and at the same time international forces began to concentrate in the neighborhood of Taku. Then came the storming of the Taku forts, presided over by Admiral Sessell, and the departure of Admiral Sir Edward Seymour to attempt the relief of the Peking Legations. Tien-Tsin was now threatened by a destructive horde, and General Strowell, with a relief force of some two thousand Russians and an equal number of troops of other nations, undertook operations to defend the foreign settlement there. This settlement has been described as "presenting the character of a thriving English or American town," consisted of broad streets, substantial dwellings, banks, counting-houses, warehouses, clubs, churches, and schools, and possessed revenue valued at sixty million dollars yearly.

It was wholly undefended, and was the chief object of the fevered hatred of all foreign institutions and their works. For fully three weeks, this flourishing foreign settlement sustained a siege only to be compared, for its prospective horrors and outrages with the siege of Beth and Lachish, in the Indian Mutiny. On June 19, Colonel Ansheloff, whose name has since become familiar, wrote that Tien-Tsin was surrounded by Chinese hordes, who were forwarding it with heavy artillery, the houses in killed and wounded among the defenders being already very heavy. On June 28, General Strowell went to the help of Ansheloff, with all the men he

could muster, leaving only a small garrison at Taku. He had five battalions of Russian riflemen, eight guns, and four mortars, and was assisted by a hundred and forty Americans, and a hundred Japanese. The distinguished Englishman who commanded the fortress at Taku declared, in a cable to his government, that "had it not been for the Russians, not a man, woman or child would have remained alive in Tien-Tsin."

General Strowell's Russian troops then, entrained Sir Edward Seymour from a position of great danger, into which he had been forced. When his attempt to relieve Peking ended in failure, and then General Strowell marched at the head of the international troops into the heart of opposing Chinese who had the way to the Peking capital and the beleaguered Legations. The Russians, according to the *Times*, had nearly six thousand troops in the international army, the Japanese coming next with under four thousand, the British and Germans having three thousand between them, the French, Americans, Italians, and Austrians together numbering less than a thousand.

The relief of Tien-Tsin and the famous march to Peking are among the most dramatic events in modern history. We all remember the weeks of apprehension during which the road of danger hung over the Legations, with daily rumors of their terrible fate at the hands of the Chinese. But it is not generally known, nor generally remembered, that the hero of both these great exploits, the relief of Tien-Tsin and the march to Peking, was the minor General Strowell, who has made such a name for himself at Port Arthur, against the combined armies and fleet of the Japanese.

John Morley

By Sydney Brooks

London, September 14, 1894.

YOD' are to be visited very shortly—I believe for the first time—by one of the most admirable of Englishmen, Mr. John Morley. Mr. Morley's hold on England, like his position in the public life of England, is peculiar to himself. One separates him instinctively not merely from the ordinary run of politicians, but from all politicians. His "atmosphere," his influence, and the ways in which he uses it, are all different from theirs. It would be hard to illustrate his character by the character of his power. Perhaps the nearest definition of it would be to say that it resembles the power that forty years ago John Stuart Mill wielded over England. Over the intellect of England it is less than Mill's; by the margin of difference that divides the creative mind from the critical, his English politics, on the other hand, it is greater than Mill's. Mr. Morley has been a member of two cabinets, has governed Ireland, has introduced and passed some crucial pieces of legislation. Mill was never in a cabinet, and his success, such as it was, in Parliament was rarely more than the reflex action of his success out of it.

It is rather as personal and moral forces and in their effect on the true of English public life that the two men stand on close together on a single pedestal. That pedestal one can but roughly describe as character. The character of John Morley's power is the power of John Morley's character. He has reached and holds his present great position because of his habit of always telling the truth exactly as he sees it. There are politicians, in England as in America, who hope to live by expediency and flattery, King James and hiding the unpleasant truths that may offend his august ears. That is not Mr. Morley's way nor was it Mill's. There is no reason why it should be anybody's. No position is so secure in politics as that of the man who says only what he means, and means only what he says. It is the source of Bismarck's strength, as it is the source of President Roosevelt's.

Every one remembers how Mill, just before peeling-day, and at a meeting mainly composed of working-men, was asked whether he had ever said that the working classes were given to lying; how he answered straight out, "I did," and how the meeting rose to his courageous frankness with thundering cheers. Mr. Morley has more than once been similarly tested. He was for some years one of the members of Stowe's, and Stowe's is a laboring and taming constituency. Local feeling among the miners was hotly in favor of an eight-hours' day. Mr. Morley with equal firmness was opposed to it. The Labor party accordingly withdrew its support and ran a candidate against him. Mr. Morley remained unshakable, his convictions had been honestly formed after an honesty of first-hand investigation, and to them he would stand, win or lose. He won; it was a narrow victory, but still a victory; and when a few weeks later Mr. Morley accepted office and by the English custom had to lay his constituents again he brought the election out more now on the same principles, abating nothing, compromising on nothing and was rewarded this time by a decisive triumph. "Horror John" was the nickname with which the Newcastle working men paid tribute to his courage and courage. This cold, austere, self-contained man, with some of the accomplishments that Englishmen ask of their leaders, accused of being a doctrinaire, known to be a philosopher, was yet able, through the influence of an upright and unswerving character, to reach and dominate the affections of the people.

That is a fine position to have won; and much may be forgiven

to a man who has been able to win it. Much, I may add, has been forgiven Mr. Morley. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand Englishmen, for instance, believed that Mr. Morley's views on the Boer war were absolutely mistaken and his whole attitude towards the Boers was imperious and unbecomingly. Yet they took from him what they would take from no one else, because they knew that his opinions were his own, were held with apostolic fervor, and had been formed with the sincerest effort to get at the truth. The more imperious are the opinions he advocates the greater grows the national respect for his transparent candor. It is rare to find in one man that union of personal earnestness, powerful intelligence, and a high moral sense that Mr. Morley controls. He came late into politics; he was nearly fifty when he first entered Parliament. He was at once handicapped and aided by the reputation he had built up as a journalist and man of letters. He was a diffident and halting speaker. The average M.P. had as little instinctive sympathy for him as Don Quixote for Saint-Denis. Yet he conquered the House as he conquered Newcastle. I know to-day of no Englishman whose withdrawal from public life would be more widely deplored. Of his writings and the best of his mind this is hardly the place to speak. Mill, Burke, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and the French Revolution are I should judge, the greatest of the influences that have shaped him.

His function in letters has been preciously that of an interpreter and expositor. He has "read everything"; better still, he has turned everything over and over in his mind till it has become fused with all his thought. People call him simple, but I doubt whether that is the right adjective. No man can feel more strongly the duty to do what he can to better things, though at the same time no one is more conscious that improvement, at best, must be humbly slow. If there is preferably in his social and religious creed it is only because he thinks and feels so deeply and so intently. His reason may urge him to despair, but not so insistently as the ardor of his spirit prompts to hope and activity. Not is it merely as a man and a writer that America will interest him and that he will have claims on America. He is also, if not a great statesman, at least a great public force; and he has governed Ireland with the reconciling sympathy and justice that are the fruit of real understanding. Above all, he was the friend and biographer of Gladstone. No one in the latter years of his life stood so close to Gladstone as Mr. Morley; and one perhaps influenced the "Grand Old Man" so strongly. It was always, but wrongly, thought to be owing to Mr. Morley's advocacy that the Liberal leader became a convert to home rule. The two men met on the common ground of character rather than of opinion or temperament. Between Gladstone the leader, and Morley the agnostic, Gladstone the irrepressible optimist, and Morley the painful, unswerving doubter, Gladstone the impulsive, and Morley the self-repressed, Gladstone the free spirit, the sincere, and Morley the ascetic, there was a gift that only each man's recognition of the other's latrine latrine could bridge.

It is not less than a year since the great biography was published, but already it has done its work. The eclipse and the agonies of his life stand so close to Gladstone as Mr. Morley's have been dispensed. Heedlessly passed in his lifetime, he was heedlessly dispensed when he had passed away. It will not be the least of Mr. Morley's claims upon America that, simple-handed, he has placed the name and work of Gladstone upon a just and unassailable basis.



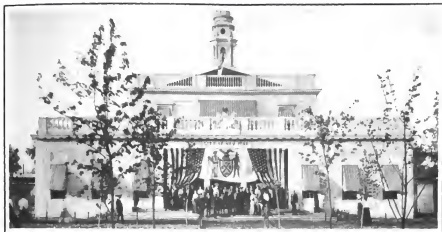
JOHN MORLEY, THE DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH WRITER AND STATESMAN, WHO IS SOON TO VISIT AMERICA

The reader is referred to the article on Mr. John Morley, by Sydney Brooks, on the opposite page of this issue of the "Weekly"



ON THE "PIKE" AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR—SNAP-SHOT OF AN IGORROTE CHIEF SHOOTING THE CHUTES

[illegible]



The New York City Building at the World's Fair, modelled after the City Hall

NEW YORK—THE EMPIRE STATE

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

NEW YORK day at the World's Fair in St. Louis—October 4—will serve to bring to the attention of the thousands who visit the exposition on that day, and of the thousands upon thousands of others throughout the country who take a special interest in the proceedings, the conspicuous position of New York State in the great American commonwealth.

So common has the characterization of New York as the Empire State become that it has a vague or general meaning to most persons, even to the residents of the State itself. Those who examine closely the exhibits at the Fair will understand the commanding position of the State in the arts and sciences, in manufacture, and, to a large extent, in agriculture. Many will recall the important part played by the State in the history of the country. Others will think of the State, and particu-

larly the city of New York, as the chief centre of finance in the Western Hemisphere. The great mass of the people, however, will take the appellation of Empire State to mean that New York leads all the other States in population and in wealth, and, therefore, that it is a sort of an empire in itself.

It is true that in population, wealth, and general intelligence of the people and in the advancement of those things that stand for civilization, New York State will compare favorably with many so-called empires of the Old World. If it were set apart by itself and if monarchial ideas prevailed among its people, it might well do for an empire, and ground would be the ruler who guided its destinies. Most Americans think it one of the largest States in area in the Union. There are twenty-three States greater in size. People generally are surprised to learn that Florida, Alabama, Michigan, Kansas, Nebraska, North Carolina, Utah, Wisconsin, Iowa, Wyoming, to say nothing of great States like Texas, Montana, and California, are larger than New York. So far as size goes, New York, with its 50,000 square miles of territory, has no right to be called the Empire State.

In population, of course, New York leads all the others. The census returns for 1900 showed

a population of 7,263,110. By this time the population is 8,000,000, in round numbers. This means that one-tenth of the people of the United States live in New York. In manufactures the State is first in the Union, the total value of the output being in the neighborhood of \$2,500,000,000 a year. In agriculture it is one of the foremost, the value of its farm property being fully \$1,200,000,000 and the product of this property being about \$750,000,000 a year. In finance New York is rapidly becoming the money centre of the world and, of right, it takes imperial rank.

In the arts and sciences, in education and the publication of various forms of literature, the commonwealth is one of the leaders of the world. In the advancement of its people—the regard for the observance of law and order, the practice of what may be termed the humanities, the cultivation of the mind, the exercise of charity

—the empire of the world can compare with New York State.

Therefore, although it may be vague, it is well to call New York the Empire State. How came it to occupy this rank in the league of States and in what does its supremacy consist? It was the largest in area of the thirteen original States in the North, but not until about 1825 did it have the largest population of all the States. It was always something of a laggard in the expression of patriotic feeling in the old days. It was not the Empire State at the beginning of the nation in commerce, manufactures, population, or wealth. Not until after the completion of the Erie Canal in 1825 did it begin to assume premier rank.

The opening of a water highway to the West and the fact that the harbor of New York city was the best in the country and easiest of access for the commerce of Europe, gave New York State its supremacy in trade and in population. Transportation by water, by means of the extension of its canal system and its many rivers led to a vast development of manufactures. A proof of this lies in the fact that of the sixteen great manufacturing centres of the State at the present time only two, Birmingham and Elkhart, are not situated on water routes of transportation.

The richness of the soil



The Louisiana Purchase Monument at the Fair



Great Britain

Belgium

Luxembourg

Brazil

A BALLOON-VIEW OF THE FAIR OF A HEIGHT OF

This remarkable photograph is one of the most successful balloon pictures ever taken. It was made by Google.



Tomb

Jerusalem

Ferris Wheel

Life-saving station

Forestry, Fish, and Game

OUND S AT ST. LOUIS TAKEN FROM F 1,000 FEET

by Mr. F. P. Stevens from a balloon at the height of 1,000 feet over the Fair Grounds at St. Louis

by J. P. Stevens

led to the development of agriculture in the first half of the nineteenth century such as no other State experienced. Few persons realize that although New York has a vast extent of mountain-land and a large proportion of forests to the entire size of the State, almost exactly seventy-five per cent. of the territory, or about 37,000 square miles, is given up to farming. These farms have an average of 100 acres, and their value, on the average, is \$4000 each.

The improvement of transportation, encouraging such community of pretensions as to develop its own resources and exchange the products of its mills and factories with other centres of trade and manufacture, and the great arable wealth of the soil, composed mainly of the great glacial drift, lying like a sheet of irregular depth, from a few inches to several hundred feet, over the State—these brought wealth and increased population, in a climate favorable for their growth, and these also, in turn, brought in their train the spread of intelligence and the increase of the refinements of life.

Mountain regions, the Catskills and Adirondacks, in the eastern and northwestern parts of the State, mark the highest altitudes, but, fortunately for the State, the only natural break in the mountain chain of the eastern Atlantic coast was through the Mohawk Valley and the Ontario plain. This made the building of the Erie Canal possible. With this canal and its branches connecting Lake Ontario, Lake Champlain, and the group of beautiful smaller lakes in the interior of the State, and with the Hudson, Mohawk, Black, and Genesee rivers, there was a chain of water highways available for trade in agricultural and factory products such as no other State in the forty days possessed. Railroad building followed the course of these natural highways, and long before the first half of the nineteenth century expired New York had assumed the place of supremacy in the sisterhood of States, which it still maintains and probably will long maintain.

One has simply to glance over the record of the cities of the State to realize what this easy stream of access has done for New York. At the outset it is well to recall that there are twenty-one cities with a population of more than 20,000. No State of the Union has any such record or will have for many years.

What the Cities Produce

In manufactures what do these cities produce? One finds in New York city the making of clothing, the refining of sugar, the publication of newspapers and periodicals, the making of malt liquors, the refining of petroleum, the production of foundry and machine-shop outputs as chief of the industries.

Going up the Hudson, one finds at Yonkers that the manufacture of carpets and rugs, of hats, of patent-medicines, of electrical apparatus and photographic material are the leading industries. At Newburgh one finds ship-building, the making of clothing, the line and enamel and the silk industries in a flourishing condition. Poughkeepsie has iron and steel, in the shape of agricultural and machine-shop products, glass, and patent-medicines as her industries. Kingston makes rakes and street-railway supplies, line and cement, and shirts.

Then one comes to Albany. Here one finds the industries of cars and railroad-shop construction, the brewing of malt liquors, the printing business, the making of cigars and cigarettes, the packing of meat in a leading state of development. Still farther up the river is Troy, long the leader in the making of shirts and

collars and cuffs and also in the making of stoves. The city also denotes much of its capital to the production of hosiery and knit goods, paper and wood pulp, and clothing and grist mill products. Passing to the westward along the Mohawk Valley, one comes to Cohoes, whose specialties in manufacture have long been hosiery and knit goods, the city being one of the foremost in the United States in that work. Iron and steel are transformed there into pipe on a large scale, and house-furnishing goods are also made to a large extent. Still farther west we find at Utica that the manufacture of cotton goods in various forms—hosiery, knit goods, clothing—forms a large part of the industries of the place. Lumber and planing-mill products also enter into the business life of the city. Next toward the west comes Syracuse, where foundry and machine products take a leading rank in the industrial output. There one finds typewriter factories, mills for making agricultural machinery, flooring and grist mill establishments, furniture factories, boot-and-shoe factories, and breweries.

Still farther to the west is Rochester, where the line of production is somewhat similar to that of Syracuse, except that Syracuse leads in machine-shop products. One finds in Rochester a highly developed condition of the trade in optical goods and photographic apparatus and materials. At the western end of the State is Buffalo, the second city in rank in manufactures and in population, where slaughtering and meat-packing, the smelting and refining of copper, foundry products, the manufacture of cars and railroad supplies, of malt liquors, soap and candles, flooring and grist mill outputs, iron and steel in various forms, constitute the leading industrial work. A few miles to the south is the wonderful transformed energy of Niagara Falls, where on the American side of the Falls a horse-power of 400,000 is produced, which is about two-thirds of the entire horse-power used from steam and water power in the factories of the State.

There are numerous manufacturing centres of smaller size all along the central part of the State, like Schenectady, with its tremendous electrical plants; Auburn, with its agricultural machinery, cordage, and twine; Iliac, with its gun-making; and on the western slope one finds at Dunkirk great locomotive factories, vying with those of Schenectady in this branch of manufactures.

Along the southern tier of counties we find in Elmira the lumber, bridge-making, tobacco-stemming and handling, hosiery and knit-goods industries. In Binghamton the tobaccos, sewing and grist mill, patent-medicine, planing-mill, and furniture industries are in flourishing condition. On the north we find that in Oswego the making of packing boxes, of starch, malt, and hosiery and knit goods comprises the chief manufacturing energy of the city.

Changes in Industrial Activity

It is interesting to note also how a great State's industrial activity undergoes certain changes in the march of events and with the increase of population. Certain industries grow faster than the increase in the rate of population. Among these industries in the State of New York are the refining of sugar, the making of electrical apparatus, the development of the patent-medicine trade, the paper and wood pulp, cheese, clothing, confectionery, jewelry, printing and publishing, hosiery, lithography, and especially the architectural iron-work trade. Fully a score of leading industries in the last ten years have increased at a faster rate than the population.

On the other hand, about a dozen great industries have fallen



A Bolo Drill by Filipino Scouts at the Reservation on the World's Fair Grounds



PRESIDENT FRANCIS AND NEW YORK'S WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSIONERS ON THE STEPS OF THE NEW YORK STATE BUILDING AT ST. LOUIS AFTER THE DEDICATION CEREMONIES

The New York State Building at the World's Fair is one of New York's chief exhibits. It is simple in design, with a large hall stretching from one end of the building to the other and reaching to the dome. Finishing the dome is the Quadriple, a group of statues by Philip Brulow representing the progress of art and science, and around the entrance of the entrance are statues of the four seasons. The building is a large, ornate hall, and there are various other rooms for exhibits and public functions. Among them, with an view of the building, there are many other rooms for exhibits and public functions. There are many other rooms for exhibits and public functions.

off decidedly in a similar length of time. Among these are the tanning and grinding of coffee and spice, slaughtering, the making of carriages and wagons, flouring and grist-mill products, chemical products, iron and steel making, and various forms of work on leather.

New York is not a State which produces raw material to any large extent for its industries. The State's natural wealth supplies this material for only the newspaper and publishing product, the making of cheese and condensed milk, the making of bricks and other products of clay. Practically all the rest of the raw material used in the great factories comes from the outside. Even the iron-mines, which once played a part of importance in the State's business, have ceased to be a factor of importance in supplying raw material.

Great Manufacturing Interests

The most important manufacturing industry in the State is undoubtedly the manufacture of clothing. More than ten per cent. of the wage-earners of the commonwealth are engaged in this work, and they produce in a year about \$150,000,000 worth of goods. The invention of the sewing-machine and the market created by the needs of the civil war were what developed this industry in New York State. It requires a highly specialized kind of labor, and its needs are best satisfied in large cities, where a great foreign population seeks for this grade of work eagerly. There are few immense factories for this trade, most of the work being done in tenements.

Above of this system of working at home brought about the "sweat-shops." This evil called attention to the unsanitary conditions of the tenements, especially in New York city, and good has followed in the train of evil, for now a tenement house law is in effect which takes cognizance of the fact that these abode live in them are human beings and require, not only, for themselves, but for the good of the community, sunlight, fresh air, and wholesome sanitary conditions.

It may surprise many persons to know that the second industry of importance in New York State is that of foundry and machine-shop products. From the time that Robert Fulton had to send to England to get an engine to propel his steamboat *Clermont* on the Hudson, the manufacture of steam-engines, pumps, boilers, and the like has been most active. Fully 16,000 men are now employed in this machine-shop industry, which includes two great foundry-works.

Then the making of printing-presses soon developed into a great business. In 1822 a New York firm, still one of the leaders in this line of work, made the first iron printing-press, superceding the wooden presses of that era. Then came the revolving cylinder presses in 1847.

From the latter part of the eighteenth century the making of plates for stores, near the iron-mines in the northern part of the State, until the latter part of the nineteenth century, was a great industry, and the city of Troy held all the rest of the country as the centre of this trade. Troy held this primacy for many decades, but with the development of the West the trade followed the Western march, and other cities began to rival the city on the upper Hudson, one of them, Detroit, seizing the leadership. Still New York State ranks among the first in this work.

The output of the foundry and machine-shop industry of the State at the present time is worth fully \$100,000,000 a year.

Practically equalling the value of the foundry and machine-shop output is that of printing and publishing. Here is an industry which surpasses every other in the New World in influence. Printing was established in Massachusetts and in Pennsylvania before it began in New York, but in 1803 the government of the colony induced William Bradford to leave Philadelphia and set up a press in New York, giving him the large sum of fifty pounds annually to set up and publish the "Society of Assembly and Publick Papers." In 1825 Bradford published the first newspaper in New York, the *Weekly Gazette*. The annual system of trades sales of books, begun by the booksellers in 1802, stimulated the printing industry in the city. The improvements of the printing-press and of the stereotyping processes and the setting of type by machinery also served to develop it in the city where capital was easiest to procure, and the result is that New York is now the centre of the periodical and book-publishing business of the country.

Another industry in which the State leads all the others is knitting by machinery. This is of New York origin in this country. Eliott Egberts in 1821 started this work in a dismantled cotton factory at Cohoes, where water power was available. Success was not certain until after twelve years, and it was not until 1860 that the business was really established on a large scale in the State. Now its output is nearly \$40,000,000 a year. Supremacy in the making of hosiery went to Philadelphia, after a few years, but the towns of the Mohawk and upper Hudson valleys specialized in underwear and kept the leadership of the industry in New York State. New York makes two-thirds more knitted goods than any other State.

Probably no industry in recent years has increased to the extent that the refining of sugar has. From 1860 to 1890 the recorded increase in the business was 425 per cent. It is now one of the leading industries of the metropolis. The first sugar-refinery in the New World was Rheinlander's, established in New York city in the latter part of the eighteenth century. It is also interesting to note that the house of Havemeyer was founded in 1865, almost a century ago, with five employees. The products of sugar refining in New York State, including two beet-sugar refineries, amount to more than \$100,000,000 a year.

The Iron and Steel Industry

The famous Sterling iron-mine in Orange County, near the New Jersey border, furnished the raw material for the first steel manufactured in the State. That was in 1776. From that place there was produced much of the iron that went into the cannon of the days of the Revolution. The most famous product of the mills at Sterling was the great chain that was stretched across the Hudson River at West Point in the time of the Revolution to prevent the British ships from ascending the river and getting control of the key to the military situation in the North.

Iron was discovered later in the Adirondacks, and iron-working mills were set up in that region about 1801. Troy, being practically at the head of navigation in the eastern part of the State, soon became the centre of the iron industry, and in that city, in 1865, the second Bessemer steelworks in the country were established. The making of nails had always been a leading industry of Albany.

The production of pig iron declined with the growth of the iron
(Continued on page 1209.)



The Hall of the New York State Building

Interior Views of the New York State Building at the Fair



The Staircase, showing Mutual Decorations



SOMETHING like eighteen years ago the late Colin P. Huntington, then approaching the zenith of his success as builder of railway systems which have made his name famous the world over, concluded to undertake the construction of ships. He chose Newport News, Virginia, as "the best location in the world," to use his own designation, and gave orders to have a ship-building plant of large proportions erected there.

His directions were put into execution, and in 1899 a dry-dock capable of serving the largest vessels afloat at that time was completed. Later on the shipyard proper, containing over 100 acres of land, with a half-mile of water-frontage and ten acres of substantial buildings, was put into operation, and the work of constructing naval and merchant vessels commenced.

While the plant has only been in operation a few years, it has made a very busy place of the lower end of the Virginia peninsula. Newport News, Virginia, from a small hamlet, has grown to a city of 25,000 population.

The reputation of the shipyard has become world-wide, and a very considerable portion of the modern ships of the United States Navy have been turned out from Newport News. A large number of war vessels are now in construction there for Uncle Sam; here is the list of them:

COMPLETED AND IN COMMISSION

		DISPLACEMENT
U. S. Gunboats.....	<i>Nashville</i>	1,371 Tons
	<i>Illahunghou</i>	1,392 Tons
	<i>Heleus</i>	1,392 Tons
U. S. Monitor.....	<i>Arkansas</i>	3,200 Tons
U. S. Battle-ships.....	<i>Kearsarge</i>	11,525 Tons
	<i>Neutunk</i>	11,525 Tons
	<i>Illinois</i>	11,525 Tons
	<i>Missouri</i>	12,500 Tons



NOW IN CONSTRUCTION

		DISPLACEMENT
U. S. Protected Cruiser.....	<i>Charleston</i>	9,700 Tons
U. S. Armored Cruisers.....	<i>West Virginia</i>	13,400 Tons
	<i>Maryland</i>	13,400 Tons
U. S. Battle-ships.....	<i>Virginia</i>	15,000 Tons
	<i>Louisiana</i>	16,000 Tons
	<i>Minnesota</i>	16,000 Tons
	Three Gunboats.....	

FOURTEEN SHIPS IN ALL, VIZ.:

- One Coast-Defense Monitor
- One Protected Cruiser
- Two Armored Cruisers
- Seven Battle-ships

Total Displacement..... 137,930 Tons



The following vessels, purchased by the United States Government during the Spanish War, were built at the Newport News shipyard. It is no uncommon thing for these auxiliary cruisers to make the voyage from New York to the Philippines, 12,000 miles, without stopping the ships' engines.



	DISPLACEMENT
Auxiliary Cruisers.....	<i>Yankee</i> 4,659 Tons
	<i>Dirig</i> 4,664 Tons
	<i>Yosemite</i> 4,659 Tons
	<i>Raffalo</i> 4,665 Tons
Hospital Ship.....	<i>Solace</i> 3,801 Tons

With the exception of the *Yosemite*, which was lost in the Philippine Islands, the above-named vessels are still in service, running, largely, a United States and Philippine ferry.

Many merchant vessels have been constructed at Newport News, viz.:

	DISPLACEMENT	DISPLACEMENT
<i>Korea</i>	11,300 Tons	<i>El Rio No. 2</i> 4,604 Tons
<i>Siberia</i>	11,300 Tons	<i>El Cid No. 2</i> 4,608 Tons
<i>El Sud</i>	4,659 Tons	<i>Conus</i> 4,625 Tons
<i>El Norte</i>	4,659 Tons	<i>Probus</i> 4,625 Tons
<i>El Rio</i>	4,664 Tons	<i>El Valle</i> 4,605 Tons
<i>El Cid</i>	4,665 Tons	<i>El Dia</i> 4,605 Tons

<i>Newport News</i>	1,535 Tons	<i>El Siglo</i>	4,605 Tons
<i>LaGrande Duchesse</i>	5,017 Tons	<i>El Alba</i>	4,605 Tons
<i>Creole</i>	3,801 Tons	<i>Mourne</i>	4,300 Tons
<i>El Sud No. 2</i>	4,572 Tons	<i>Francis H. Leg-</i>	
<i>El Norte No. 2</i>	4,605 Tons	<i>gett</i>	4,606 Tons

At times the aggregate value of ships under construction at the Newport News yard has exceeded \$25,000,000.

A specialty is made of repair work, which comes from all parts of the world, merchant and war vessels as well. Of late the German Government has been repairing the vessels of its West India fleet at Newport News. So well pleased is the German Admiralty with the character of the work done at Newport News that it has repeatedly sent vessels there for thorough overhauling.

Recently, steamship *Deutschland*, of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company, on arrival at the port of New York was found to be needing paint on her underwater body. She sailed for Newport News shipyard on Friday, was put in the mammoth drydock on Saturday, was thoroughly scraped and painted, and arrived in New York for reception of cargo early the following Monday, much to the delight of owners.

Good work, promptly done, reasonable charges, and a spirit of fair dealing are the controlling motives. Write for our illustrated pamphlet; it will be found interesting.

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New York—the Empire State

(Continued from page 1564.)

industry elsewhere, especially in Pennsylvania, but still as late as 1900 New York led Pennsylvania in the production of iron ore.

All roads lead to Rome, so do all business currents ultimately sweep around to New York. One may pick out almost any industry of the country and find that its seat of power is in New York. Take the iron and steel or coal industries. Financially, all recognize that the steel business is centered in New York. The buying and selling of steel as a commodity also centers there. Then, too, there is an enormous demand for iron and steel right in New York city itself. So much iron and steel are used for making machinery in various forms—electrical companies, tools, engines, gears for construction, building supplies, and so on of all kinds—that the demand from a city like New York for its own needs alone here the business throughout the country is trending.

Just now, after nearly twenty months of depression, the iron and steel men are beginning to look cheerful. It seems to be the opinion that the upward lift has come in the trade. Since 1902 the city has been to cut down, and that policy has had its run. It is now the belief that it must stop, because it has been overdone. Go among the men devoted to the iron and coal trade in New York, and the prediction is made that the year 1905 will be prosperous in that line of business. Agriculture may be the basis of prosperity generally, but iron and steel seem to have a basic relation to prosperity in New York city.

A belief in the revival of this trade would seem to be reasonable when one considers what a State and a city like New York must demand in iron and coal in various forms. Consider the transformation that has gone on in recent years in the building trade in New York city. The labor troubles have checked it, but all that will pass away, and the rebuilding of New York will continue. That undertaking of itself makes a large demand in the iron market. The steel beams, the electrical supplies, the engine and boiler needs—all these are involved in the rebuilding of a city.

What is going on up New York in time must come to pass in all of our great cities. The day of wooden buildings is over. Those now standing in the crowded parts of our big cities must come down. An enormous demand for steel will result to assist in the work of transforming American cities. Then the railroad-improving must continue as the population grows; the output in tools

cannot decrease—in fact, there must continue to be a constantly growing demand for iron products, and it is only natural to expect that the pendulum will swing that way soon. One of the leaders in the trade has this to say:

"Stocks have been used up, scrap piles have been used up, construction projects of every kind have been postponed, railroads have put off purchases of needed equipment, and the waiting spirit has prevailed everywhere. We all know perfectly well that some morning the American people will wake up and will want to go to doing business. There are signs that they are yawning now. When the election is over they will be wide awake, and New York city will hem again with business life."

An Important Branch of the Industry

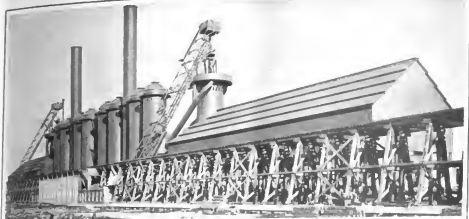
So intimately is the iron and steel business related to the great commercial activity of New York, State and city, that it is worth while to dwell upon one branch of it that flourishes in this country to an extent not known elsewhere in the world. That branch is the architectural iron working, especially in the matter of decoration. It is only about thirty years ago that a young foreman in Brooklyn, named Paulsen, started out in this line of work, having obtained his ideas from Europe. He was an architect, and could develop the art idea in iron-working. He was practically the father of the industry in this country. It is now of vast proportions. The decorative use of iron is enormous.

The use of iron in building came from the desire to make the building fire-proof. The ornamentation was a secondary idea. The iron is now used in elevator-work, staircases, lamps, steel awnings, and in scores of ways familiar to all those who know something of the modern buildings of a great city. Indeed, in a great factory devoted to this kind of decorative work no less than thirty separate trades are employed.

The great improvement in architectural designs of buildings has led its influence upon the decorative work in iron, and on the other hand, this influence has had a reflex action, and the improvements in the working of iron and the constantly advancing artistic side of the matter have brought about higher ideals in architecture. The result is bound to be a greater approach to the city beautiful in the transformation of our cities that is bound to come within the next twenty or thirty years, and keep our house-builders and iron men and architects and all the others of those who have to do with the building of edifices extremely busy and advancing an idea of the beautiful as



A View of the Reading Room in the New York State Building



Battleship Oregon—Buffalo, New York

will as the world. There are more than two hundred architectural iron-works in New York State, and the value of their output is fully \$14,000,000 a year.

Ships and Ship-building

One would think that in the harbor of the great metropolis of the Western world, whose life is dependent, it might be said, upon its harbor and shipping interests, there would be vast ship-building plants in or near by. It is a curious state of affairs that there are no great shipyards either in or near New York city, and that the State, with its excellent system of rivers, and bordering on two great lakes on the west and the Atlantic on the east, has to go to other States to have its great American-made ships built. One reason for the absence of great shipyards in New York State undeniably is that in the early days, when ship-building was done entirely of wood, the yards were established where it was easiest to get the raw material, oak and pine. When the iron stage of ship-building came in the old yards were simply transformed. Many new shipyards have been established since the era of iron and steel ships arrived, but none in New York. In the first place, land fronting on deep water in New York city is so valuable for commercial purposes that the new yards have been established where cheap land fronting deep water could be secured.

There is a good deal of ship-repairing in New York city, and a good deal of ship-building on a small scale in the State, but the absence of the industry on a large scale simply serves to call special attention to its importance. One finds down on Long Island, at Greenvale and Port Jefferson, shipyards where wooden vessels of all kinds are built. On the Harlem, at Morris, the most pretentious ship-building establishment in the State. This concern builds fast for American vessels as one of its trophies. It is also building two gunboats for the navy, the *Duquesne* and *Pedestal*. There is another establishment on the Harlem where turbines and engines are made.

Going up the Hudson River, one finds at Newburgh a yard where steel and wooden boats are made. These include some of the some of the largest river boats in the State. Up at Poughkeepsie is another ship-building plant, but its work is confined chiefly to the hulls of tug-boats and canal-boats. Down at Staten Island, and over on Barren ship-building plants where tug-boats, ferry-boats, lighthouse tenders, barges, lighters, sailing vessels, sailing yachts are con-

structed. Every one recalls that it was on Shooter's Island that the German Emperor's yacht *Meteor* was constructed. The most important ship-building contract in the State of New York for the current year has been that providing for the construction of five large ferryboats for the city, to ply upon the city line between the Battery and Staten Island. The contract for these boats went to a Maryland firm, but it sublet one of the contracts to a Staten Island concern that has built ocean-going tugs and light-house tenders, and has made a specialty of ferry-boat construction.

Big as the shipping interests of New York city and State are, the commerce of the ports is such that those who use home-made vessels generally go to other commonwealths to have them constructed. That of itself tells a significant story of the commercial interests of the State's rivers and ports.

To sum up in a few figures what the manufacturers of New York mean in the State's development it may be said that there are about 80,000 separate establishments engaged in manufactures of various kinds; that the capital employed in this work is about \$1,700,000,000; that the wage-earners number in round numbers 900,000, and their wages amount to about \$425,000,000 a year.

Flourishing Condition of Agriculture

On the agricultural side of what the State has to show in the way of resources there has been a remarkable growth in recent years. In the last ten years the total value of the farm output in New York State increased fully fifty per cent. As a result one hears very little about the poor conditions of farming in New York State. The average value of the farms is a little over \$4,000, and the average size almost exactly 100 acres. The number of farms in the State is, in round numbers, 227,000.

It is a curious fact that about 70,000 of the 227,000 farms of the State, or nearly one-third, are devoted to the dairy industries. That shows the great demand for other dairy products in the great city population, especially in the metropolis. Farms are devoted to the production of live stock number nearly 40,000, and those known as hay and grain farms number about 27,000.

The most valuable farms in New York are those devoted to nursery products. There are only about 250 of these, but they are worth, on the average, \$100,000. Farms used for the cultivation of flowers rank next in value. They are worth \$45,000 on the average. Those used for growing vegetables, chiefly for city consumption, are worth about \$37,000 each, while those that specialize in sugar beets are valued at \$34,000 each. Tobacco farms are worth, on

(Continued on page 1510.)

ROGERS, BROWN & CO

The iron industry naturally classifies itself into two great divisions. The purging of the way comes when the iron ore is changed into the blast furnace. One division of ores, and one form of treatment, produces the product for a later conversion into steel, the other division is for the multi-branch furnaces through which cast and wrought iron pass to make the machinery, the stoves, the car wheels, and the many articles which form the backbone of modern civilization.

It is in the latter field of foundry and mill iron that the firm of Rogers, Brown & Co. have been specialists for the past twenty-five years, during which time they have become the largest discharging firm in the great trade, handling at the rate of one-third of all that is consumed in the United States and exporting to all the principal countries of the world.

The firm and its individual members operate many of the best-known furnace plants in the country none so familiar to every foundryman, as, for instance,



Manner of Casting Pig-Iron on a Sand Floor

the Crane and Niagara in the East, the Hanging Rock and Cleveland in the Central West, the Ingersoll at Chicago and the Cherokee in the South. The two Susquehanna furnaces not completed at Buffalo (illustrated above) represent the most advanced step in blast-furnace construction. So completely have invention and advanced engineering skill been combined here that from the time the iron ore and fuel have the honors of *Willesco* and *Prometium* until the pig-iron is dropped below to convenient men, into cars for shipment, the touch of man's hand is not left except through the medium of electric bellows or steam lever.

Owing to its direct, practically inexhaustible deposits in the Lake Superior district and large coal fields, and coke-ore plants within half a day's ride of Buffalo, this enterprise is destined to become a prominent factor in the iron and possible steel world.

The firm was among the pioneers in and have been the most active co-operators of Southern coke iron, which they have sent to every continent. They have offices in New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Birmingham.

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in two or three years. The total cost of a standard paint is less than one per cent of the cost of the iron. Inset on the use of Acheson Graphite Paint and thereby assure the permanency of the \$50,000,000.00 invested.

Acheson Graphite is manufactured in the Electric Furnace. It is pure, uniform, inert, and fully guaranteed.

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INTERNATIONAL ACHESON GRAPHITE CO.
MADISON PARK, N. Y., U. S. A.

(Continued from page 459.)

an average, \$2,500 each; hay and grain farms, \$1,000; fruit farms, \$2,500; live-stock farms, \$1,000.

In examining the returns of the dairy industry we find that more than 500,000,000 gallons of milk are sold annually in the State and about 60,000 gallons of cream. The sale of milk has increased faster than the proportionate number of cows, which number in the State about 1,300,000. This shows that there has been a decided improvement in the rate and the grade of milk producing cattle.

One may go over the entire State and find practically every kind of farming that is profitable anywhere in the country in successful operation in New York State, except the staples like cotton and rice and certain fruits that require a warm climate. Tobacco, hops, vegetables, flowers, nursery trees, hay and grain, dairy products—all the varied branches of farming that are practiced in the northern part of the United States flourish in New York State. The farmer of New York, as a rule, is a most prosperous person.

A Growing Industry

In considering the agricultural side of the State's yearly products we find that some interests have so developed that it is difficult to classify them as agricultural or as manufacturing. One of these is the canning and preserving business. This is on the border line between agriculture and manufacturing, and also has to do with fisheries, inasmuch as a great quantity of shell fish is preserved for future use. The money investments in preparing preserves, pickles, and soups have enlarged the business enormously in recent years, and has made it one of the State's notable industries.

There are more than 1,000 establishments engaged in this line of work in New York State, and they employ nearly 7,000 persons, paying almost \$2,000,000 a year in wages. The value of the product of these factories is nearly \$13,000,000 a year.

The canning of fruits and vegetables is really a comparatively new industry in the United States. In 1870 there were only sixty-seven such establishments in the entire country and none in New York State. In thirty years New York had practically one third of the 1,000 establishments in the United States. It is worth noting that New York State can every year 10,000,000 pounds of corn, 30,000,000 pounds of peas, 10,000,000 pounds of tomatoes, in the vegetable line; and 25,000,000 pounds of apples, 4,000,000 pounds of pears, 2,000,000 pounds of peaches, 3,500,000 pounds of plums,

3,000,000 pounds of strawberries, and 4,000,000 pounds of raspberries in the fruit line. The whole output in vegetables and fruits is worth about \$9,000,000 a year.

With the growth in canning fruits and vegetables there came a development in putting up pickles, preserves, and soups. This branch of the general canning industry has now reached in New York State a total value in output of nearly \$4,000,000 a year. Some of the most notable establishments in the United States are to be found in this State. There are fully 100 of these factories, large and small, and they employ a capital of nearly \$2,000,000.

The excellence of their product is proved by the great growth of the business. In this topic the official report of the State Department of Labor throws significant light. It says:

"If the two industries (canning and preserving fruits and vegetables; pickles, preserves, and soups) be considered together, New York leads all the States except California, which ranked 53.7 per cent. of all the fruit canned in the United States. New York's park of canned vegetables (as well as fruits) is smaller than Maryland's, but with the inclusion of canned soups, stews, and preserves, New York's total production, as noted, slightly exceeds that of Maryland. New York leads all States in the canning of pumpkins, peas, and apples; ranks second in the canning of beans and pears, and third in small fruits (berries)."

Far more than manufacturers and agricultural interests are the forces that go to make up the activities of a great commonwealth. The element of commerce—the buying and selling of goods—encompasses the making and the growing of things that can be sold. No one knows and no estimate can be made, with any degree of accuracy, as to the amount of trade done in New York State. The great financial reports throw some light on the matter, but they are only indicative. What they mean and what the financial interests of New York mean are treated elsewhere.

An Instance of Development

In one branch of manufacture, that of optical goods and instruments, New York has shown a remarkable growth during recent years, and a large part of the output of the country now comes from this State. According to the government census reports and the reports of the State Department of Labor, there were in 1901 eight hundred establishments in New York State devoted to the manufacture of optical goods. The combined capital of these plants was \$2,392,243; fourteen hundred and nine



The New York School Exhibit in the Education Building

secured within two or three years as large deposits as old established banks have taken half a century to accumulate. The larger ones are generally operated in the interests of some life insurance company, profiting enormously by the connection. In New York city the trust companies carry almost as heavy deposits as the banks, and for that reason wield an enormous influence in the loan market. They are also invading rural territory, and through others to pay high rates of interest for deposits are taking from the banks much profitable business. This has led to sharp competition, but the recovery, for the most part, is friendly and without disagreeable features.

Most of the trust companies maintain safe deposit centers, which have become an important feature of banking development at centers throughout the State. The vaults are protected by every known contrivance for the safeguarding of valuable property, and in point of security, convenience, and absolute protection Wall Street's underground treasure-houses are the most superb steel fortresses in the world.

The State Mineral Exhibit of New York

By Frederick J. H. Merrill

THOUGH New York does not sink as a mining State and is not prominent in the production of metals, it is still rich in mineral resources and has a high place in the production of materials of construction.

ADVERTISEMENTS

The Monotype



It is exactly four centuries and a half since Johan Gutsburger arranged laboriously and by hand the clumsy characters which served to impress the first page known to be printed from movable type. For close upon four hundred and fifty years following all subsequent printers have, perforce, set up or "composed" this type in the same toilsome fashion. Now, however, one of the most noteworthy outcomes of modern mechanical ingenuity has come to the printer's aid, and the Monotype has forever relegated the hand composition of type to the limbo of the superseded arts.

Unlike the generality of labor-saving devices used in the crafts, the Monotype does not attain its celerity and economy at the expense of technical quality. Its product, indeed, is superior, from an expert's point of view, to that of the hand compositor. Indeed, it does not only set the type with mathematical accuracy and regularity, but it also automatically casts the individual types, separate one by one, from an expert's point of view, to that of the hand compositor. Indeed, it does not only set the type with mathematical accuracy and regularity, but it also automatically casts the individual types, separate one by one, from an expert's point of view, to that of the hand compositor.

The Monotype is now in general use in the printing-offices of those publishers who insist that any mechanical substitute for the hand compositor must equal if not surpass the quality of the hand product. It is, for instance, employed every week on the composition of the type from which *Harper's Weekly* is printed.



The Exhibit of the New York Forensic House Department in the Education Building

struction. Building stone, clay products, lime and cement, gypsum for wall plaster, and many other non-metallic materials much used in building and manufacturing tend to swell the annual aggregate value of the natural resources of the Empire State.

In small ratio of importance from area, petroleum, natural gas and salt have for many years been a source of commercial revenue.

Potential among the materials of reconstruction must be mentioned the building stones. Probably no State in the Union possesses so many of these as New York, owing to the variety of its geologic formations. They are illustrated by a series of large cubes, ten inches on each edge, dressed in each of the different kinds of finish. The dressing-stones are especially well shown in the various possibilities of their application, both for roads and for interior finish.

Clay products in the form of brick and roofing-tile are shown in an ornamental pavilion, and there is an extensive suite of porcelain insulators for electrical work.

The manufacture of Portland cement is shown by a very complete series of raw materials and samples illustrating the various stages of the process. Gypsum products, such as used for stucco and wall plaster, as well as in Portland cement, in relation to the setting, are shown in a detailed exhibit.

Besides the above are shown tale for paper, garnet for sandpaper, graphite for pencils, crucibles, tubulents and other uses, sulfures, glass sand and other minor articles.

Iron is represented by magnetic ores, red fossil ore, brown hematite from Dutchess and Catskill counties, and carbonate ore or siderite.

A large magnetic separator of the type used at Port Henry for removing phosphate of lime from magnetic iron ore is shown in operation.

Mineral paint made from the red and brown iron ores and iron slates of various colors is also exhibited.

Potassium of various kinds and its many-faceted products is well shown in a series of tall bottles, while natural gas can only be noted by marking on a map the localities where it is found.

Salt is shown in all its varieties from the solar salt-fields at Syracuse, the brine wells of western New York, and the mines at Bettsford and Livonia. There is an illustration of the processes and numerous chemical products made from brine in a large and instructive exhibit.

The geology of New York in its various branches is illustrated by maps and pub-

lications, and the distribution of its minerals, commercially important, is graphically shown by a series of maps prepared for the purpose.

The division of paleontology of the State Museum shows its large and famous series of reports, a collection of original drawings, and a large slab thirty feet by ten feet of Potsdam sandstone, bearing the trails of a prehistoric animal which made the old sea beach its haunt.

A large part of the material exhibited has been previously shown at Chicago and Baltimore, and a number of diplomas and medals were awarded at those exhibitions to the New York mineral exhibits.

The Graphite Industry

THE manufacture of graphite is one of the surprising and wonderful processes of Niagara Falls. The furnace is of brick construction, with a very refractory lining, outside of which are refractory fire-brick loosely placed. The raw material used is anthracite coal. When a furnace has been charged with the raw material the electric current is thrown on, and 1000 electrical horse-power is applied to the operation of the furnace. For many hours this large amount of power is gradually converted into heat energy, the heat being retained in the furnace without radiation. Thus it gradually accumulates until the temperature of the furnace reaches an almost unknown value. At this point the anthracite coal is converted into graphite. It is probable that in the graphite-furnace the highest temperature known to man is to be found, even going beyond 7500 degrees Fahrenheit.

Beyond question, the process is a duplication of the method Nature employed to make the natural graphite of the earth, for many natural graphites closely resemble coal in general appearance. The temperature attained in the furnace in which this graphite is made is such that all substances other than carbon are volatilized and are driven from the furnace like so much moisture or vapor. It is thus evident that graphite formed in this manner, and in such remarkable temperature, is very pure. The uniform quality of the product has commanded attention. It could hardly be otherwise, for the raw material used is always uniform, and the process of manufacture is under absolute control from the moment the electric current is turned on until it is cut off. This graphite is ex-

Some of New York's Exhibits
at the Fair

ly inert, being unaffected by any acids or alkalies, proof of combustion, and of abrasion, or other destructive elements in the atmosphere, and for this reason it is an ideal pigment.

Paint has been used for ages to protect steel pigments. The original wood interiors and exterior were painted with oil to protect it, and a drier was applied to hasten drying, time being an important factor in hardening. This was the important factor. With the modern wood, iron and steel plates of largely replaced wood and other materials, and with the coming of what might be termed the iron age, engineers and architects looked about for an inert body that would act as a pigment in the protection of steel. Finally they came to the conclusion that natural graphite was the material they sought. It would reduce to powder, and could be spread when mixed with oil. However, their enthusiasm caused them to overlook the impurities contained in natural graphite. This is especially true of the sulphur, and where natural graphite was used in paint, the sulphur developed sulphuric acid, and in this form it attacked the steel. The use of this inert material that electrolysis came in the rescue, and provided an artificially manufactured graphite that is pure. All paint manufacturers of what might be termed a perfect pigment should be inert, unalterable, and acid-resisting. Carbon is the only elementary substance that possesses such quality, and in the face of the fact that it meets these requirements. It should be remembered that any hardening agent used, such as oxide of lead, for instance, only serves to shorten the life of a paint by pointing iron and steel the main point to study is the protective qualities of the paint used. It is not a question of haste in drying it, it is the exposure and protection afforded. Up to the time of the discovery of pure graphite, the engineers and architects were between two evils. They either had to paint their work with a paint containing an artificial drier that would powder and peel, or they had to use a natural graphite and producing pigment. It is estimated that there are 300,000 tons of pigment used in paint annually, and of this amount 4000 tons are graphite.

Until the power of Niagara was available it was impossible to make a standard paint pigment, because pure carbon was not obtainable. The natural graphite found in the earth today might have been pure when originally formed, but they have since been attacked with sulphur, minerals, etc., and it is quite impossible to remove the impurities without incurring an expense the body is ground up, and enters into the manufacture of paint. Natural graphite is found in all countries.

Every year the annual expenditure in the erection of structural iron and steel, and the use of steel, it costs about \$300,000,000 in paint required repainting from time to time. Wherever and wherever a paint of iron or steel is erected it should have the best possible protective coating, and this is a point made of graphite. Where natural graphite is used, the paint is necessarily of unknown quality. It is possible, of course, to get iron of known quality, and also a standard of drier, but where natural graphite is used as pigment it is not of known quality. This one of the elements that makes trouble is the sulphur in the paint. Wherever, would be converted into acid, and iron, or other metal surface on which it was applied. Where a standard oil and drier and known, giving a paint of standard quality and of definite and lasting results.

However, the value of graphite is not confined to the paint industry. It is proving to be of great value in the manufacture of dry lubricants, motor brushes, lubricating waxes, pencils, lead pencils, etc., and in the use of graphite may be used in which natural graphite has heretofore been used.

It is indeed strange that the same factor that puts the world in a better position to know where to go, should also supply a lubricant in place of oil.

NEW YORK State's participation in the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is intended to give an idea of the wonderful resources of the State, as well as to set forth what the Empire State is accomplishing in the various lines of humanitarian work. The New York State Convention started out with the idea of making exhibits only along the lines in which New York is preeminently the leader, but this account and for the reason that the opportunities were relatively limited, exhibits were planned to cover every distinct department. It was intended to make these exhibits representative in every detail.

The commission was of the unanimous opinion that the most conspicuous feature of New York's participation in the Exposition, especially so far as the impression which would be made upon visitors is concerned, would be her State Building. An excellent site was chosen for this structure, and an able architect was engaged to draw the plans. The building was erected in a conspicuous place on the Plaza of the State. While two other States, Missouri and Pennsylvania, have larger structures upon which a greater outlay of money has been made, the New York building is particularly worthy of attention for its beauty of architecture and the splendor and appropriateness of its appointments.

The New York Building

THE building is simple and dignified in design. Every detail has been carefully studied. In sculpture there are two notable pieces of work in Martiny's Quadriga flanking the dome, representing the progress of art and commerce, and in lead's soaring groups around the columns of the entrance. One enters a large hall running through to the dome. An interesting feature in the hall is the organ, which is designed for the building. The hall is flanked on the northern side by a large assembly hall, with a ceiling running up to the second story. In the building are four rooms for banquets, public functions, and so on.

The mural decorations of the large hall were done by Florio Piccolotto, and represent De Soto discovering the Mississippi, our showing the French and Indian occupation of the land, and others showing New York in 1603 and New York in 1803. The pendulums which support the dome have four emblematic pictures representing the four States most benefited by this purchase, the Mississippi in the background of each. Dining-rooms, with an electric kitchen and cuisine, have been provided. Altogether, everything possible has been done to make the building convenient for visitors and attractive in design.

Education and Social Economy

Education

THE education exhibit is composite in nature, and has been subdivided as follows:

- 1.—Administration.
- 2.—Kindergartens.
- 3.—Elementary Grades.
- 4.—High Schools.
- 5.—Normal Schools, Training Schools and Classes.
- 6.—Higher Education.
- 7.—Industrial and Trade Schools.
- 8.—Special Schools.
- 9.—Business Colleges.
- 10.—Indian Schools.
- 11.—Schools for Defectives.
- 12.—Summer Schools and Extension Schools.

There are elaborate exhibits from both the State Department of Public Instruction and the University of the State of New York. In the public school exhibit contributions have been received from twenty-four cities and various villages. There is also a comprehensive exhibit from the rural

schools of the State. In the normal-school exhibit contributions have been received from every normal school, each school exhibiting the part of the curriculum assigned to it by a committee of normal-school principals, appointed to prepare the exhibit. The training schools and classes of the State are very generally represented. Exhibits are in place from Hobart College, Geneva; Manhattan College, New York city; Tulane University, Hamilton, and Syracuse University. Many interesting features are shown in the department devoted to technical and trade schools and also special schools. In the schools for defectives, the exhibits are in place from the New York State School for the Blind, Batavia; New York Institution for the Blind, New York city; Western New York Institution for the Deaf, Buffalo; New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, New York city. The exhibit from the Indian schools contains work from all of the seven reservations in the State, and was arranged by the State Inspector of Indian Schools.

Among the features of the exhibit may be mentioned a handsome collection of poetry from the New York State School of Clay-Working and Ceramics at Alfred University; an exhibit of house-made apparatus containing contributions from various institutions; a model of the New York State Normal and Training School at Fredonia constructed by the students in the school; doll house constructed and furnished by the children of the grammar school of the State Normal School at New Paltz; a series of charts bearing upon the educational activities of the State, prepared by the New York State Teachers' Association; and a large mural map of the State, showing and showing the grade of each institution of learning within the State.

Social Economy

Due to the plan of installation adopted by the Exposition authorities, the State exhibit in the Department of Social Economy is shown on several different places on the grounds. The State Commission in Lunacy makes an interesting exhibit in which are shown the ancient and modern methods of caring for insane patients, the history of the whirling chair and the perp-dore, shackles, etc., shows the torture to which they were formerly subjected, whereas a light, airy, pleasant room, containing an exhibit of furniture and appliances of every description, is in marked contrast, and shows the present method. This is supplemented by a complete exhibit of photographs of the various institutions, both exterior and interior, also a model showing the best system for the treatment of tuberculosis. The State Board of Charities makes a very complete exhibit.

(Continued on page 1515.)

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Correspondence

ENGLAND IN THE CIVIL WAR

BOSTON, MASS., September 21, 1904

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—The position of England in regard to the civil war is an interesting one, and the letter in your issue of August 27 gives the impression that Mr. Gladstone's influence was against any action prejudicial to the North. How can Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. Cleve be reconciled with the following statements from *Norley's Gladstone*, vol. 2, pages 70-77:

Lord Palmerston on September 24, 1862, wrote Mr. Gladstone that he himself and Lord Russell thought that the time was fast approaching when an offer of mediation ought to be made by England, France, and Russia, and that, if he was not mistaken, Mr. Gladstone would have approved such a measure. The proposal would be made to both North and South. If both should decline, then Lord Palmerston intended that they would declare the independence of the South. Mr. Gladstone replied that he was glad to learn what the Prime Minister had told him, and that he desired that the proceedings should be prompt.

This was only a few days before the Lincoln address, in which he said: "We know quite well that the people of the Northern States have not yet drunk of the cup . . . which all the rest of the world see they nevertheless must drink of. . . There is no doubt that Jefferson Davis and the other leaders of the South have made an army: they are making, it appears, a navy; and they have made what is more than either, they have made a nation."

I am, sir,

EDGAR F. BILLINGS.

ENDOWED ATHLETICS IN COLLEGES

THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA,
IOWA CITY, IOWA, September 4, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—In the issue of the WEEKLY for August 3 is an article by President Harper on the above subject that suggests thought, much of it along different lines than that followed by the learned gentleman. As a matter of fact the question today is not so much *for* shall college athletics be continued, as whether it is not best to discontinue it altogether. The subject is too large a one to discuss in the space limits the editor might permit, and can be approached from so many points of view that a volume would exhaust it. Still, I think I can and should be said that would be helpful to those engaged in college work who are vaguely dissatisfied with the status quo.

The doctor considers that the present situation is little short of scandalous, and that if reform is not possible it would be better to drop athletic contests. This is an interesting view. There is probably not a college in the country, in which athletics is practiced to any considerable extent, that is not scandalized by the dishonesty and low moral sense now and then discernable. We can not deny that the management of athletic affairs is a matter some of us are proud of, and the whole college world is now practically arrayed in two bodies, one for reform and one for abolition entirely. I believe the conditions surrounding so-called athletics make it impossible to reform: the "sporting" spirit that seems to be essential almost entirely negates the moral degradation of these who are connected with it. This view of the question, the moral one—is large enough for an essay, but far for the present must be passed. So, likewise, that which is related to individual considerations. It is not difficult to show—any of us in college life have an abundance of data—that a professional coach, gate receipts, association with "sporting" characters, to any extent of the carelessness of speech, dress, and manners that seem to be inseparable from athletic pursuits, must, it would seem, inevitably lead to moral degradation, if not on the part of the active participants, surely on their superiors.

No, also, as to the intellectual deterioration. It looks like "utter badness" to claim that good work can possibly be done in the classroom and laboratory by those whose whole waking moments seem to be given up to thought and work on athletics, who spend hours of their waking hours practicing the various games; who are absent from their classes days at a time on tours from field to field. So all these questions, while of the first importance, are for the present to be passed by, yielding place to one of even greater moment.

In the outset of the discussion, let us define terms. Physical culture and athletics are not synonymous. Not only are they two distinct things, but they are antagonistic. The systematic, scientific, intelligent cultivation of bodily health and balance, by systematic work or otherwise, is desirable, yes, even necessary for those who wish to do the best work possible. But the training for athletic events—and much of our *physical culture* is for an higher purpose—damages the body and weakens the intellectual faculties. Even were this not literally true, and I challenge you to contradict it, it is still true that such "training" is detrimental to any one who is not a professional athlete, why is it that the vast majority of the student body are denied it? Why should a couple of thousand students be denied such training in any single college, and from ten thousand to one hundred thousand dollars be spent in training fifteen or twenty?

Time and space, as well as other considerations, forbid attempting a thorough discussion of the subject; the statement must stand for a fact that athletic "training" is physical suicide: it is ruin to the individual, and it is ruin to the nation. It is a waste of time, and even then he must, in all probability, recognize himself to a short life, with a mere or less painful or tragical ending, and nothing left behind it all that has been of the slightest value to his kind, unless it be to establish a warning. So, with moral

degradation, intellectual infirmity, and physical damage as the outcome of it all, is it not better to drop athletics out of our college life?

Some years ago—and not many either—the situation became so serious that colleges combined, in contiguous territory, and formed leagues of associations, of one kind or another, to eliminate the evils that had grown up, and we heard much of "clean athletics," and "amateurism," and "gentleman's games," and the like. But *amateurs* and *gentlemen* do not play games for money, and so it has been no surprise, to those who have watched the thing from the inside, to find that after a brief period of apparent decency, our college after another has been shocked by revelations of dishonesty, race-baiting, and fraud in connection with their athletics, until it seemed to many the thing itself is, in the nature of things, demoralizing and debasing. The outsider would be shocked if some of the things which are now being published. Those on the inside know the situation without being cited to instances. Therefore the question would seem to be, not *are* athletics to be "purified," should it be to "endowed," or any other question as to amateurism, but rather should it not be abolished entirely. But, let it be remembered, this discussion has nothing whatever to do with physical culture; that is a matter of an entirely different nature.

I am, sir,

JAMES G. GIERHART.

COEDUCATION AND MARRIAGE

NEW YORK AUGUST 21, 1904

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Dr. Van de Water's article on "coeducation" is interesting, but, according to my own experience, neither new nor just. I know, to be sure, the life of only two coeducational universities, both in California. During the years in which I was a student or in touch with these institutions, I found among the young women probably some of the most sincere and intelligent I have ever seen. Granted they were not fashionable, that their imaginations and senses were not heated by that continual immersion in excitement, which is certainly the massive influence of society's life of the childhood and theatre—nevertheless, I found that their occupations of both body and mind had kept them from knowing that there even was a "sex problem." Their friendships with young men were not the aim and end, but merely incidents of their college life. At home with their mothers (in the Western way) they had already been allowed similar friendships. At college I distinctly remember that my conversations with young men friends were on a distinctly better basis than those possible in the parlors or drawing rooms during vacations, where the young or easy men (who largely composed my abster's circle) hardly interested me with their continual hunt for flirtation and the varied excitements offered by the "sex relation."

I married a man who went to my college (though not at the same time), and later persuaded a very student manager (married after graduation), where the wife is in every way an intelligent and sensible helpmate to her husband. Perhaps culture does come later, but surely these colleges are as good a beginning as are a few words spoken at a distant's tea or dinner behind a conservatory pane. Fortunately, whether they are coeducational, young men and girls will be up to marry. A short time ago attacks were made on higher education for women on the plea that it made old maids of them, even statistics being adduced. Now that we marry too much! Ah, well, some of us are glad we read the same kinds as our husbands.

I am, sir,

A COHEN.

220 West 107th Street.

PURE-BLOODED AMERICANS

St. LOUIS, Mo., September 12, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Your remarks about "pure-blooded American" in September 10 issue much to be gratifying to great majority of the people of our country, since the most of them do not happen to be descendants of the Anglo-Saxon, and with all this recent talk about our being an Anglo-Saxon country we begin to feel ourselves crowded out and wonder whether we really are a part of this glorious country and whether we are included under our neighbor of English descent speaks of "our country." To judge from the newspapers, our position is doubtful, but when HARPER'S WEEKLY speaks out that way we feel encouraged that we may still pride ourselves on being Americans.

I am, sir,

H. B.

POETRY AND THE DOGSTAR

Worcester, Mass., September 20, 1904

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—The poem in a recent issue of the WEEKLY, entitled "1861 Glee," by Clinton Scollard, is all right in sentiment, but all wrong in its astronomy. He speaks of the dog-star blazing at night in August. I thought the dog-star rose and set with the sun in August, thus giving us dog-days, the superstition being that the heat of the great sun Sirius assisted our sun during the day in his scorching. Sir, the dog-star is a great star, but it is a red light, as Mr. Scollard puts it. Poets have undoubtedly license in many things, but it is questionable if they are privileged to interfere in the affairs of the sun, moon and stars.

I am, sir,

MILFORD KETTER.

(Continued from page 1512.)

plete exhibit of the several State institutions under its jurisdiction, first by means of photographs of exteriors and interiors, and, second, by specimens of work carried on in the industrial departments of the various institutions. They also make an elaborate photographic exhibit of the industries in the State, and also of the personalities. The State Labor Bureau sends a series of twenty-eight graphic charts bearing on labor conditions in the State, which give comparisons between New York and other States and countries. This is supplemented by a series of the reports of the Bureau. The State Department of Health furnishes an exhibit showing graphically the work under their jurisdiction. The State Excise Department furnishes a series of graphic charts upon the receipt and disbursalment of the various receipts of the State.

Under the Department of Social Economy are also exhibits from the Women's Institute of Yonkers, the National Consumers' League of New York city, the Bank of New York, and others of less importance.

The Agricultural Exhibit

THE New York agricultural exhibit differs from the other exhibits in the Agricultural Building in that the object sought is educational rather than spectacular. New York has a greater number of varieties and sample exhibits than any other State in the building.

In wheat, there are over five hundred varieties and about one thousand samples. In corn, New York has about one hundred varieties and three hundred samples. There are similar exhibits of the different varieties of the other agricultural products of the State, such as beans, peas, oats, barley, buckwheat, etc., in addition to exhibits of mineral waters and wines, including every variety made in the State; tobacco, salt, named fruits of every variety; named meats and fish, hops, flour, maple sugar, and vegetables.

There are on exhibit and in cold storage over three hundred varieties of potatoes and other vegetables in a smaller number of varieties, each sample of which, as of all the exhibits, is carefully labelled. While this exhibit required a long time for installation and a great amount of detail work, it has been found that the time and labor have been fully justified, in the fact that many farmers and those interested in the different exhibits have made numerous finds from the different exhibits for future use.

In these exhibits, including the large dairy exhibit, it is considered that, apart from its educational value, the resources of the State is graphically are completely represented.

The State Exhibit in Art

THE art exhibit of New York State includes the work not only of most of the best-known painters and illustrators of the State, but of many well-known architects, sculptors, and mural decorators. Following are the subjects covered by the exhibit. Oil and mural paintings, water-colors and posters, miniatures, illustrations, etchings, engravings and lithographs, wood engravings, sculpture, architecture, and applied art. While on account of the extent of this exhibit it is impossible in a short summary to enter into a critical discussion of the artistic value of the work here shown, it may be noted that nearly one-third of the total art exhibit from America at the Fair comes from New York State.

Exhibit of Horticulture

ON the opening day of the Fair, April 30, New York's exhibit of fruit was complete in almost every particular. In fact, New York was the only State of the thirty represented to have its exhibit installed and ready for inspection when the doors of the Horticulture Building were thrown open to the public.

The chief exhibits are of various varieties of apples, pears, and grapes.

New York has the largest exhibit in Horticulture Palace by several hundred plates, and also more than twice the number of varieties of any other State. New York is also the only State showing pears and grapes. At present the general exhibit consists of one hundred and fifty varieties of apples, pears, and grapes, covering a space of about four thousand square feet. Three hundred and fifty barrels of apples were placed in cold storage, sufficient to keep the exhibit complete until the ripening of summer and fall fruit. Consignments of fresh fruits were sent as the crops ripened from growers in different sections of the State. One special feature is a collection of a thousand plates of grapes, consisting of a hundred varieties, continuing from the beginning of the grape season until the close of the Fair, December 1.

Forest, Fish, and Game Exhibit

IN exhibiting the timber indigenous to the State, two specimens of each species are shown in panelled framework, showing both sides of the specimens. Only such species are represented in this manner as grow to a size permitting the cutting of boards five inches wide. One piece of each species is highly varnished on one side and planed but not polished on the other side. The other specimen of each species is shown rough, directly from the saw, on one side; the other side is hand-planed. Ninety species are shown in this manner, and, in comparison, nine species of introduced woods are exhibited in the same system of paneling.

This collection of specimens, not quite so (Continued on page 1517.)

AVENUE TO MORGAN.—Mrs. WILSON'S SHIRAZ, SHIRAZ should always be used for children feeding. It soothes the child, it tones the system, it is a good wind reliever, and it is the best remedy for diarrhoea. (Adv.)

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THE TRIUMPHS

BY A. E. W. MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Marlowe is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Late one night Pamela met Alan Warriden, who is in love with her, sneaking a peep into the room of the opposite house. They are Tony and Millicent Stretton, who live in a gloomy house provided over by the rich but absent father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. But finally they both weary of their monotonous life, and Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune. In the absence Millicent becomes infatuated with Lionel Callon, a gentlemanly adventurer. Pamela wishes to help her. She sends Warriden on a mission to find Tony and bring him home.

Warriden finds that Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea on a trawler. Warriden goes every argument to prevail upon him to come back, but he refuses. Tony reaches on the trawler with the crew of his cruise is over seasickness having learned of his father's death, and then decides to sail in the *Fewer's Foreign Letter*, as no other career seems open to him. John Madge, a friend of Pamela's, hears from her of the peril little is in from Callon. He lays up all Callon's debts and places them in the hands of a single firm of solicitors, who insist on a settlement within twenty-four hours. Callon receives a proposition from Madge to superintend an important expedition of the *Letter's* to Madagascar, which his friends will difficulties compel him to accept. Callon returns from Callon and persuades Millicent to go south with him. They are seen drifting together late at night in Regent's Park by Mr. Madge, who tells Pamela that he was in danger for himself. Pamela, the second time, compels Warriden to go in search of Tony, and he gladly accepts. Pamela goes to Regent's Park, where she had visited as a young girl, and while there learns of the presence of the *Letter's* at Regent's Park, where she was with a troop of soldiers on an expedition across the Desert of Sahara, and on his return to Morocco is given the commission of lieutenant. At that moment Warriden arrives with a letter from Pamela. Tony reads the letter, and decides to desert the army, with which he has enlisted for five years, and they return to Europe together. Tony leaves Warriden at Monte Carlo, and goes on to Regent's Park, arriving there in time to meet Pamela, who informs him that Millicent has also just arrived. Tony suspects that Lionel Callon is there too, and goes there. Pamela, the confidante, and he leaves her at nine to find Callon. Pamela then hastily writes a note to Callon, and starts for the village with it. She calls on M. Almond, an old schoolmaster whom she had known during her first visit to Regent's Park, and requests him to deliver her note to Callon.

CHAPTER XXXI

AT THE RESERVE

TONY STRETTON walked quickly down from the Villa Panigiano to the station. There he learned that on your next departure before a train in five hours' time. In action was at this moment intolerable to him. Even though he should get to Eve not a minute the sooner, he must hurry upon his way. He could not wait upon this platform for an hour, however so hurried he was. He went out upon the road and began to run. He ran very quickly. The road turned sharply round the shoulder of a hill, and Stretton saw in front of him the lights of Monte Carlo. They were lined in great white clusters, they were strung in festoons about the square and the streets. They made a golden crescent about the dark quiet waters of the lake. Looking down from his shoulder out of the hill upon the town at such an hour one seems to be looking upon a town of fairyland: one expects a sweet and delicate music to float upwards from its houses and charm the ears. Tony's one thought was that beyond that glare of lights lay Eve. He came to an electric tram which was on the point of starting. He entered it, and it rattled him quickly down the hill.

At Monte Carlo he sprang into the first carriage which he saw waiting for a fare, and bade the coachman drive him quickly out to Eve. The night had come; above his head the stars shone very brightly from a dark sky of velvet. The carriage passed out of the town; the villas grew more scarce; the open road glimmered ahead of him a ribbon of white; the sea murmured languidly upon the shore.

At this moment, in a lonely restaurant towards which Tony was driving in such haste, Lionel Callon and Millicent Stretton were

sitting down to dinner. The table was laid in the small, dimly-furnished room which opened on to the terrace. The windows stood wide, and the lazy murmur of the water entered in. The white cloth alone with silver, a great bowl of roses stood in the center and delicately perfumed the air. Thither Millicent had come in fulfillment of that promise made on a midnight of early spring in Regent's Park. The color turned prettily on her cheeks, she had dressed herself in a pink gown of lace, jewels shone on her arms and at her neck. She was, perhaps, a little feverish in her gait, her laughter was perhaps a little overbold. Indeed, every now and then her heart sank in fear within her, and she wished herself far away. But here Lionel Callon was at his ease. He knew the methods by which victory was to be won. There was no suggestion of timidity in his manner. He was considerate, and most deferential, and with no more than a hint of passion in the defence.

"You have reason," he said. His eyes rested upon hers, and he led them to observe his gratitude. He raised her hand to his lips and gently took the clasp from her shoulders. "You have had a long journey. But you are not tired." He placed her chair for her at the table and sat opposite. He saw that she was uneasy. He spoke no word which might alarm her.

Meanwhile Tony was driving home. He reached the hotel at Eve, and drove in at the gate at the door.

"Is Lady Stretton in the hotel?" he asked.

"No, sir. Her ladyship went out to dinner nearly an hour ago."

"Thank you," said Tony. "She arrived this afternoon, I think."

"Yes, sir. What name shall I give when she returns?"

"No name," said Tony. And he ordered his coachman to drive back to the road.

When he had reached it he directed the man again.

"Towards Beaulieu," he said; and in a little while, on his left hand, below the level of the road, he saw the lights of the Esplanade. He stopped at the gate, dismissed his carriage, and walked down the winding drive to the door. He walked into the restaurant. It was empty. A waiter came forward to him.

"I wish you to take me at once to Mr. Callon," he said. He spoke in a calm, matter-of-fact voice. But the waiter, nevertheless, hesitated. Tony wore the clothes in which he had travelled to Regent's Park. He was covered with dust, his face was haggard and stern. He had nothing in common with the dainty little room of lights and flowers and shining silver, and the smartly-dressed couple who were dining there. The waiter guessed that his intrusion would be altogether inconvenient.

"Mr. Callon!" he stammered. "He has gone out."

Tony heard the rattle of a metal cover upon a dish. He looked in the direction whence the sound came—he looked to the right-hand side of the restaurant. A door stood open there, and in the passage beyond the door he saw a waiter pass carrying the dish. However, the man who had spoken to him made yet another mistake. He noticed the direction of Tony's glance, and he made a quick movement as though to bar that passage.

"He is here," said Tony; and he thrust the waiter aside. He crossed the restaurant quickly and entered the passage. The passage ran parallel to the restaurant; and, at the end towards the terrace, there was another door upon the opposite side. The waiter with the dish had his hand upon the door-handle, but he turned at the sound of Tony's step. He too, noticed the disorder of Tony's dress. At the same moment the man in the restaurant shouted in a warning voice:

"Jules!"

Jules stood in front of the door.

"Monsieur, this room is private," said he.

"Yet I will take the liberty to intrude," said Tony, quietly.

From behind the door came the sound of a man's voice which Tony did not know. He had, indeed, never heard it before. Thus a woman's laugh rang out, and the sound of it as

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(Continued from page 1515.)

fall as in this representation, was exhibited at the Universal Exposition at Paris in 1900, where it was awarded a gold medal.

In connection with the specimens of timber are exhibited a series of photographs of trees of New York, eighty in number. Each tree is shown in leaf, and also as it appears in winter. A life-size photograph of the bark of each tree is shown, and, in most instances, specimens of the leaves, flowers, and fruit of the same are also attached.

In connection there are exhibited, in small glass jars, seeds of all the important forest trees of New York; also by-products of the forest, such as masts, sugar, pulp, wood-alcohol, and many other commodities.

Sections of trees, indicating the limit of growth of some important species, are shown, and with them are exhibited sections of spruce and pine.

A collection is shown of all the insects injurious to the trees of New York, prepared by the State entomologist.

The outside exhibit of New York consists of a nursery and plantation of forest trees. Here it is shown how tree seeds are planted, germinated, and protected; and many species of both conifers and hard woods of various ages, up to the size for transplantation, are displayed. An actual plantation of several species is also shown, to demonstrate how a forest is started.

In a part of the inside exhibit, in cabinets of special design, are shown specimens of substantially all the food and game fishes of New York. In preparing this exhibit of fish no attempt is made to show abnormally large specimens. The collection includes both fresh and salt water specimens of the fishes of New York. Some interesting specimens of oyster growth and of the varieties of the oyster are also shown.

A part of the inside exhibit is a typical hunter's camp under the name of "Camp Adirondack." It is constructed of square logs and roofed with spruce barks from the Adirondack forest by Adirondack guides, who are also hunters. The furnishings are of the most approved design for summer life in the forest. The "Camp" was first erected in the Adirondacks during the winter, then taken down and shipped to the Fair. Blasting and fishing implements of approved pattern are shown, and grouped at the side of the "Camp" are exhibited trophies of the chase in the form of a winter forest scene, which includes all of the animals, game birds, and other feathered life of the Adirondacks in winter. In front of the place is a tree carrying specimens of the prevailing and song birds of New York in the spring season.

In front of the "Camp," in cabinets, are displayed specimens of all the game-birds of the State, in number as follows: Forty-five wild ducks, six acid geese, thirty-three shore birds, and six quail, grouse, and ptarmigan. There are also exhibited, in connection with the water game birds, forty specimens of marsh and sea birds, making in the whole exhibit two hundred and eighty-five birds.

In this manner are exhibited specimens of substantially all the fur, fin, and feather life of the State.

Special Forestry Exhibit

An outside exhibit is located at the north-west corner of the Forestry. Fish, and game building. It consists of a nursery and plantation of forest trees, showing the method by which the Forest, Fish, and game Commission of New York is re-foresting the denuded, non-agricultural lands of the State. The plot, which is surrounded by a most rustic fence, is 120 feet long by 60 feet wide, and contains 80,000 trees. There are thirteen beds of seedlings—one showing how the seeds of evergreens are sown and germinated; four showing how the seedlings are protected, until they are two years old, from the intense heat of the sun; and eight showing how seedling trees from two to four years old are transplanted and cared for till ready to be placed in the forest. Running across the plot are ten rows of hardened trees suitable for the farmer's wood lot or for planting as shade trees.

(Continued on page 1519.)



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(Continued from page 1518.)

geered Tony beyond endurance. He recognized it beyond the possibility of mistake. It was his wife who was laughing so freely there behind the closed door. He thought of the years he had spent in the determination to regain his wife's esteem, to live himself from her contempt. For the moment he could have laughed bitterly at his persistence as at some egregious folly. It seemed all waste—waste of time, waste of endeavor, waste of suffering. She was laughing at him, at his foolishness, at his weakness. The cold, black nights of the North Sea and its gales, the arid sands of the Sahara, all his long service for her ending in that crowning act of desertion—the story was clear in his mind from beginning to end, detailed and complete. And she was laughing in there with Lady Arden! Her laughter was like some biting epigram epitaphizing the way in which she had spent the years of his obscurity. This anger got the better of his self-control.

"Stand away," he cried, in a low, strange voice, to the waiter. And since the man was not instantly gone, he seized him by the shoulders and dragged him from the door.

"Monseur!" the man cried aloud, in a frightened voice, and the dish which he was carrying fell with a clatter on to the floor. Inside the room the laughter suddenly ceased. Tony listened for a second. He could not hear even a whisper. There was complete silence. He smiled rather grimly to himself; he was thinking that this, at all events, was not the silence of contempt.

Could he have seen through the door into the room he would have been yet more convinced. All the society vanished in an instant from Miller's face. She was sitting opposite the door, she sat and stared at it in terror. The blood rushed from the cheeks, leaving them as white as paper.

"Monseur!" she repeated, in so low a whisper that even Callon on the other side of the table hardly heard the words. Her lips were dry and she moistened them. "Monseur!" she whispered again, and the whisper was a question. She had no definite suspicion who "Monseur" was; she did not define him as her husband. She only understood that somehow she was trapped. The sudden clatter of the dish upon the floor, the loudness of the waiter's cry, which was not an acute protest, but also a cry of fear, terrified her; they implied violence. She was trapped. She sat paralyzed upon her chair, staring across the table over Callon's shoulder at the door. Callon meanwhile said not a word. He had been sitting with his back to the door, and he twisted round in his chair. To both of them it seemed ages before the handle was turned. Yet so short was the interval of time that they could hardly have reached the terrace through the open window had they sprung up at the first sound of disturbance.

Thus they were sitting, silent and motionless, when the door was pushed open, and Tony stood in the doorway. At the sight of him Miller uttered one loud scream, and clapped her hands over her face. Callon, on the other hand, started up on to his feet. As he did so he upset his wine-glass over the table-cloth; it fell and splattered on the polished floor. He turned towards the intruder who so roughly forced his way into the room. The eyes of that intruder took no account of him; they were fixed upon Miller Stretton, as she sat cowering at the table with her hands before her face.

"What do you want?" cried Callon; "you have no right here!" "I have every right here!" said Tony; "that is my wife!" It was still his wife at whom he stared, and he was fixed. Callon, who had started out of his seat, detection he had always feared; he had sought in grand avowed, by the use of every precaution known to his device strategy. But it was detection by Pamela Marvale and her friends, who had once already laid him by the heels; the husband had never retired into his calculations. He had accepted without question Miller's version of the husband—he was the man who did not care. In some part of the world he wandered, but where no one knew, cut off from all his friends—indifferent, neglectful, and a fool. Even now he could not believe. This might be some new trick of Pamela Marvale's.

"Your wife?" he exclaimed. "That is not true."

"Not true?" cried Tony, in a terrible voice. He stretched out his arm and pointed towards Miller. "Look!" Miller flinched as he looked at the living. She dropped her head and hid her face. He held her finger over her eyelids, closing them tightly. She had looked once at Tony's face, she dared not look again. She sat in darkness, trembling. One question was in her mind: "Would he kill her?" Callon looked at her as he was looking at Tony. He was not speaking to her husband, in difference, and a suggestion of scorn. Yet he was her manhood terror which now remained Callon that the husband was indeed before him. Here the man was, spring suddenly out of the dark upon him, not forgetful, for he had the look of one who has suffered from after very quickly, and slept but little on the way; not indifferent, for he was white with anger and his eyes were aflame. Callon raised the luck which had for a second time brought him into such ill straits. He reassured himself with Tony, and knew, in the instant he was no match for him. There was a rush, a dash, no doubt, and worn, but hard as iron, a couple of muscle and limb, and finely trained to the last superfluous ounce of flesh; while he himself was soft with luxury and good living. He sought to trip him.

"That is no proof," said he. "Any woman might be started—"

And Tony broke fiercely in upon his stammered argument: "Go out," he cried, "and wait for me!" The door was still open. Outside it in the passage the waiters were clustered, listening. Inside the room Miller was listening. The order, roughly given, was to leave the room, which Callon for very shame could not obey. He would have liked to obey it, for comforting husbands was never to his liking; all his art lay in eluding them.

"Go out," Tony repeated, and took a step forward. Callon could not get so poor a figure as to shrink from the room like a whipped whinny. Yet it would have gone better with him had he eaten his look and gone. It could not be safe to leave him, he hissed, And suddenly Tony caught him by the throat, drew him forward, and then flung him violently away.

Callon reeled back through the open windows, slipped, and fell his full length upon the terrace. His head struck the stone flag with a horrible sound. He lay quite still in the strong light which poured from the room; his eyes were closed, his face quite bloodless. It was his business, as Bludge had said, to fight against the troops.

Tony made no further movement towards him. The waiters went out on to the terrace and lifted him up and carried him within. Then Tony turned towards his wife. She had risen up from her chair and overturned it when Tony had flung the intruder from the room. She now crouched shuddering against the wall, her face fixed in terror upon her husband. As he turned towards her she uttered a sob and dragged upon her knees before him. That was the end of all her scorn. She knelt in deadly fear, adoring him in the very frenzy of her fear. She had no memory for the contemptuous letters which she had written and which he had read under his pillow on the North Sea. Her little devoirs and plots and trickeries to bewitch her friends, her little pastime of passion for Lionel Callon—she knew at this moment that it never had been more than a pretence—these were the matters which now she remembered, and her cheeks she dreamed of punishment. She was waiting, quick that night—jewels which Tony had given her in the past just days when they lived together in the house in Deane's Street. They shone and glittered upon her hair, about her neck, upon her bosom, and her arms. She knelt in her delicate finery of lace and satin in this room of luxury and bright flowers. There was no need for Tony now to work to reestablish himself in her thoughts. She reeled out her hands in him in supplication.

"I am not guilty," she moaned. "Tony! Tony!"

To be Continued.

A Story of Cleveland's First Defeat

By Frank H. Brooks

A PECULIAR mission fell in no in Cleveland's second run for the Presidency. As the publication which sent me out is no longer in existence, and as the proprietor and editor are dead, there is no propriety in stating the facts.

The paper had assumed the high attitude of independence, although the editor was a Cleveland Democrat, while the proprietor was on the fence, without bias, sane, or insane.

I was sent to New York State to find out the "truth," regardless, etc. I started in at Washington. I had no difficulty in finding Democrats who were bitter against the party's candidate. It was not a part of my instructions to quote them even under the thin guise of "an anonymous Democrat," and so I was not named. I only asked that they give me the names of influential Democrats in New York State who would, conditionally, give me the information I sought. I jumped from Washington to Albany. I was instructed to skip New York City. I visited the political centres of the State and called upon those whose names had been furnished in Washington. In some instances the men whom I visited upon the State were appointees of Mr. Cleveland, but each had some grievance against the President.

From each of these individuals information that was gratifying to the correspondent and surprising to the individual was received. My instructions were to compile my information, without reference to any person, drawing my conclusions as to how the State would vote, and file the same by wire from Buffalo.

This I did. The forecast, the defeat of Cleveland upon the State, was correct. The editor of the paper I represented on this mission was sent of town when the dispatch was laid down in the home office. The proprietor, however, was not so easily frightened, and the special was made the feature of the paper the next day.

I reached the home office twenty-four hours later. The editor, enveloped in a cloud of fury, thundered at me as I entered his room. He said that every member of his club, and every Democrat in the State, had believed him, and he threatened him. He said it reminded him of my instructions.

When his wrath was exhausted I told him my story. I gave him the names of the men from whom I had received information. He was much less unsympathetic than I had expected. He said his face felt its color. He walked miles, and to his room. He dismissed me with the injunction to go out of town and rest for three days, and then report for further duty. When I returned the frontier front had lost its terror. He was as placid as the surface of an unruffled lake. He informed me that my information had prompted him and many of his friends to hedge on their bets.

When the election was over the editor told me that the dispatch sent from Buffalo had enabled him and his friends to save \$50,000. Four years later, when Cleveland was elected to his second term, he appointed the editor to the most lucrative office in the editor's State, and soon after I was appointed to a good place, the only office I ever held, without any solicitation upon my part.

(Continued from page 1317.)
along the highways of the State. An actual
plantation of several species is also shown,
demonstrating the method of making and
taking care of a planted forest.

Mines and Metallurgy

In this section are important exhibits
from the New York State Museum and
from individual exhibitors showing the
complete mineral resources of the State. One
exhibition has been erected by the State of
New York in order to display the clay
products of the State. The collection of the
products was undertaken by the director of
the New York State School of Clay-working
and Ceramics, who sought to secure type
specimens rather than a great mass of similar
products. New York State produces roofing
tiles of excellent quality, and several styles
have been wrought into the roof of the
pavilion. The bricks are of several styles,
and colors, from the classic Roman red pressed
to the rough Rockfleece clinker which
forms the base course of the structure.

The large cities of the Eastern States
naturally demand a quantity of fireproof
technically termed hollowware, and for
the manufacture of this commodity the
clays of New York are well adapted. A
further industry has been developed by local
conditions, comprising the enormous avail-
able water-power and the demand for elec-
trical energy. This is the manufacture of
high grade electrical porcelain, consisting of
insulators for high-pressure transmission,
and the numerous porcelain fittings required
for incandescent wiring.

More than one manufactory is engaged in
producing hotel china of a superior quality,
and the State School of Ceramics exhibits
specimens of fine vases made by the students.

How Sherman Put the "Lid On"

A new Sherman anecdote which instantly
revivifies the general's much-quoted dictum,
"War is hell," was sprung upon the visit-
ing thousands at a regimental reunion during
the recent U. S. A. R. encampment at Boston.
The raconteur, Captain Robert Flaherty, of
the Second Massachusetts, was himself at
Antietam in the war.

During the siege of Atlanta some of the
Confederate batteries opposing Sherman on
the west front of the city were sheltered
from attack by a mountain which could
not readily be scaled by Federal artillery.
After long delay and tedious labor the light
field pieces of the Eleventh Indiana Battery
were hauled in the crests of the mountain,
where the men of the Second Massachusetts
had cut a roadway and constructed earth
and log pits to shield the guns. A day was
the least feasible, to open fire upon
R. Thomas the "Rock of Chickamauga,"
"Fighting Joe" Hooker, and General J. M.
Bresnan, Thomas's chief of artillery, were
on the ground to witness the effect of the
fire, which was expected to open the way for
a successful attack upon Confederate posi-
tions which baffled the advance of Thomas's
troops.

The Crisis on the Mountain-top
The time was August, and the heat, or
fading atmosphere inclined the men of both
armies to suspended activity. The stillness of
death reigned everywhere except around the
isolated battery on the mountain top. There
soldiers moved with the grim energy of
men facing a crisis, those were trained
upon the most conspicuous and vulnerable
targets; Sherman and his lieutenants stood
apart, scanning with dead-glances the ranges
where the shots were to strike.

At last the signal was given: battery
men went forward to pull the howitzers and
send the shots home when attention was di-
verted by the soft pealing tones of a bell
travelling on the heavy air across the valley.
Loud and still louder the measured
clones sounded over the city, over the camps,
up to the mountain crest. Sherman raised
a warning finger to guessers, who looked into

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the eyes of their officers for explanation of this strange posture. The officers, equally mystified, looked to the generals, and Sherman spoke out calmly, but in tones for all to hear, "Gentlemen, we will not open fire to-day." Then, turning to the chief of artillery, he said, in the same quiet tone, "General Sherman, you will open fire to-morrow."

"To-day" was the Sabbath, a day, according to Sherman's orders, not to be interrupted by the infernal din of guns and shells.

Good News

MR. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, leader of the minority in the House, tells the following as illustrative of the honors of the spoils system in office.

"Years ago, before the passage of the Civil Service Act, when every Congressman's life was made a burden by the importunities of constituents seeking office, a friend of mine, then representing an Alabama district in the House, was approached by an old acquaintance who desired a clerkship in the Treasury Department.

"The Congressman informed the man that but a day or two before the head of that Department had advised the statesman that there were no vacancies. Nevertheless the constituent persisted in his efforts to obtain the coveted clerkship and for weeks haunted the quarters of the Congressman.

"One evening, just as the member was sitting down to dinner he was a little tired, to say the least, by the annoyance of his servant that the persistent applicant for preferment at the hands of the Treasury Department desired to see him.

"On entering the drawing-room the Congressman said:

"Well, what's up, now?"

"Good news, sir!" exclaimed the office-seeker, in great excitement, "I think you can get that place! A clerk in the Treasury Department died this afternoon!"

Salvation with Food

FOR SEVEN YEARS OLD Emma, who had come home from her first day's schooling in elementary physiology, was questioned by her parents as to what she had learned.

"Papa," she complained, "I don't think I like physiology."

"Well, teacher was explaining digestion to us to-day, and she said we had to mix salvation with every mouthful of food."

A New Way to Preserve Food

AN ingenious method of preserving food has recently been devised which is based on the fact that powdered gelatin, or this shriveled bit of material, not only does not rot, but are capable of protecting incorporated substances from bacteria, moisture, and other agencies which bring about decomposition. Thus to make a concentrated beef extract, tea or coffee extract, soup, etc., the liquid is mixed with one per cent. of primary gelatin, which differs from the commercial article in not having the glue-like taste of the latter.

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COMMENT

PLATFORM: NO HUMPH!

Although we have searched Judge PINKER's letter of acceptance for a positive statement that he does accept the Democratic nomination for President in vain, we assume from what he says that he is willing to serve if elected. In fact, he plainly intimates in the last paragraph that, in that event, he would greatly appreciate the help of the Almighty in an attempt to do his best. This expression is appropriately designated by unflinching Democratic organs as a solemn consecration and there is, of course, no question of the Judge's earnestness and sincerity. In view of the fact, however, that the phrase has been overworked by DANA, HILL, CUCKERAN and even, if our memory serves us, by ARNOLD himself, it has a tiresome ring, despite the belief that, in this instance, like WAGNER's music, it is really better than it sounds. Mr. ROOSEVELT anticipates, although he seems to feel less strongly the need for, like assistance, so doubtless all will be well, whatever happens.

In point of diction, the Judge's letter is not comparable to the Colonel's. But this is not surprising. Mr. ROOSEVELT is an old hand at writing for the public and possesses a really extraordinary capacity for concise, stinging, epigrammatic expression. The Judge, if we may say so without imputation of being trapped and kidnapped by some faithful FANFAN, is more thoughtful and less certain that everything he says is so, whether it is or not. And yet there is much more ginger in this document than in the wet blanket that preceded it, and the fighting journalists are correspondingly pleased. On the whole, we cannot see how the Judge could have done much better. He comes out good and strong for the traditional fundamentals of his party, gets in several judiciously worded digs at his aggressive antagonist and winds up with a summary of points at issue that makes supporters of the MARSH HENRY type dizzy with enthusiasm. This is it:

Shall economy of administration be demanded or shall extravagance be encouraged?

Shall the wrong-doer be brought to bay by the people, or must justice wait upon political expediency?

Shall our government stand for equal opportunity or for special privilege?

Shall it remain a government of law or become one of individual caprice?

Shall we cling to the rule of the people, or shall we embrace beneficent despotism?

The NEW YORKER long enough in its consideration of the grocery business as applied to affairs of the State—not of the nation—in pronouncing these questions pointless. So indeed they might seem if considered academically, but taken in connection with and as logical deductions from the arguments previously advanced, they present very fairly and with unexpected concision, the Judge's idea of the issues involved. Having demonstrated extravagance on the part of the present administration, he proposes to substitute "economy of administration." The typical "wrong-doer" is undoubtedly the thief—standing for many thieves—concerned in the post-office scandals. "Equal opportunity" as opposed to "special privilege" involves favoritism through the tariff. A "government of law" contrasted with "individual caprice" suggests pickled sheepskins. The "rule of the people" as against "beneficent despotism" (the probably meant to say "benevolent") despotism" calls to mind intervention in strikes, executive management of so-called colonies, pension legislation by relief instead of by the vote of chosen representatives, and so on. It might be better—more specific and at the same time more comprehensive—and

it might be worse—less sharply defined and less concise. But it is not bad. In any case, it is an accurate reflection of the Judge's thought and expression. That, after all, is what was wanted and neither extravagant praise nor unwarranted criticism can affect the public's judgment of its quality.

The section of Judge PINKER's letter which has attracted most attention is that relating to President ROOSEVELT's famous pension order, to the effect that the age of sixty-two be regarded as presumptive evidence of disability. His acceptance of this one of Mr. ROOSEVELT's many pointed "challenges"—coupled with his declaration in favor of the passage by Congress of an age-limit pension law, has been so variously construed that it is well to examine his exact words. Here they are:

On the assumption that the order as stated by the administration is revocable at the pleasure of the Executive, if having been an attempted though perhaps unexecuted encroachment upon the legislative power, and therefore unwarranted by the Constitution, I accept the challenge and declare that if elected I will revoke that order. But I go further and say that that being done, I will contribute my effort toward the enactment of a law to be passed by both Houses of Congress and approved by the Executive that will give an age pension without reference to disability to the surviving widows of the civil war; and under the provisions of which a pension may be accepted with dignity because of the recognition that it comes as a just due from the people through their chosen representatives, and not as largess distributed by the Civil Executive.

The Judge had previously expressed a "suspicion" that President ROOSEVELT issued this order for the purpose of winning votes. Republican defenders of the act of their candidate naturally, and perhaps necessarily, repudiate this suspicion with scorn. If one were to believe all they find to say in exculpation of the officer—for that is what it was—such a motive is in no way actuated Mr. ROOSEVELT; in fact, it never really occurred to him that an election was approaching. This nonsense may be brushed aside without argument. Mr. ROOSEVELT, we have no doubt, considered that this order given to the old soldiers only what they were fairly entitled to, but he also was quite well aware that his party might need all the votes it could get this autumn. That certainty had lain imprudently upon his mind for some time and undoubtedly influenced his action, consciously or unconsciously, to a greater or less degree.

With the excuses hurriedly put forward by the President's apologists to meet the unexpected attack our readers are, of course, familiar. Secretary TART's brother, the chief defender, states them as clearly as one can while dodging round an untenable position, substantially as follows: 1. He had a technical right to do it. 2. CLEVELAND and McKINLEY advised precedents for doing it. 3. Congress confirmed the action by appropriating money for its execution. 4. PINKER is another. That the President did have the technical legal right we dare say the Supreme Court would admit, although of course it never has. Could he have made the age forty-two and thus taken in everybody who rendered a day's service in the war with equal verities of approval? And if he had, would he not virtually have enacted the service-pension law which Congress has persistently refused to place upon the statute-books? That CLEVELAND authorized the recognition of seventy-five as the age of presumed total disability and McKINLEY sixty-five as the age of presumed half disability is indisputable. But, disregarding the far cry from seventy-five in sixty-two, the difference in expenditure between two or three hundred thousand dollars and goodness knows how many millions, neither CLEVELAND nor McKINLEY was called upon to meet the situation that confronted Mr. ROOSEVELT.

and no sane person can believe that either ever would have met it with the audacious disregard of, at least, the intent of the Constitution, displayed by President ROOSEVELT. They did no more nor less than authorize reasonable assumptions on the part of the Pension Commissioner; there was no question of prerogatives at issue, no necessity or thought of reversing the will of the people as voiced by their representatives in Congress.

President ROOSEVELT, on the other hand, definitely requested Congress to enact legislation to the effect subsequently wrought by his order, and Congress as definitely refused to do so. Thereupon the President, availing himself of an indirect method of doubtful legality and flimsy precedence, did it himself. The fact that the House subsequently appropriated a sum of money, grossly inadequate, of course, for effectuating the order, is of no consequence whatever. A Republican majority could not fail to do so without discrediting the official head of their party beyond recall. They were in a corner and had to act accordingly, as the President very well knew. Now, then, disregarding the question of constitutionality or unconstitutionality—any number of people, from Secretary TAYLOR's brother to J. STUART FOSBETT, can answer that offhand—did President ROOSEVELT have a moral right to thus inflict this additional burden upon the people without their consent? We fail to see how any candid mind can regard his action as other than a flagrant perversion of Executive authority.

We come now to consideration of Judge PARKER's attitude. Two able, antagonistic minds—the *Suo*, which supports ROOSEVELT, and the *Springfield Republican*, which supports PARKER—reach the same conclusion, viz. that in declaring for the enactment of a straight-out non-pension law, Judge PARKER not only vindicates his previous intimation, but goes even further than his antagonist in bidding for votes. We can endorse this view only in part. The Judge makes two promises: first, that he will revoke the order, thereby putting the whole matter back to the House of Representatives, where it belongs, and, second, that in so doing he will recommend the enactment of such a law as would afford adequate relief to veterans not now sufficiently provided for. The precise terms of an act so designed he does not define. The age limit might, in his judgment, be fixed at sixty-two or sixty-five or seventy, but at whatever figure, it would be fixed, in conformity with the constitutional provisions, by Congress, and not by the Executive. It would be wholly consistent with his general position, in case the situation should arise, to make no suggestion respecting the precise age to be recognized, but to leave that determination to Congress, reserving his own opinion for expression in the regularly prescribed way in approving or vetoing the bill. Thus far Judge PARKER's declaration merits no just criticism. That his pronouncement in favor of a service pension at all is at least a step to our jampered veterans, even though a less flagrant bid for their votes than the unwarranted act of his rival, seems too evident to admit of doubt.

The truth, as we perceive it, is that both candidates have thrown up their hands before the well-known fetish of the "old soldiers' vote." That being our belief, we are more than pleased to record the impression that, from a political viewpoint, both blood-red. Mr. ROOSEVELT sacrificed an small portion of the respect which he had won by straightforwardness, and enhanced the apprehension of danger in his apparent disregard of restraint of any kind. Judge PARKER deprived himself of the advantage which he might have reaped from an unqualified intimation. And neither gains a vote. Any veteran who has so long survived the temptation of largess as to still remain a Democrat would vote the Democratic ticket though the heavens fell in jagged chunks all about him. There may be a few such left, but not enough to justify a sacrifice by Mr. ROOSEVELT to win or by Judge PARKER to keep.

On the other hand, there is a much larger proportion of the people of this country opposed to and disgusted with the multiplying of pensions for political effect than most statesmen suppose. Just twenty-five years ago, JAMES A. GARFIELD declared in the House of Representatives that high-water mark in expenditure for pensions had been reached, and that

thereafter there would be a steady diminution in the amount required. The total sum expended in that year—1879—was \$33,780,526. The disbursement last year was \$138,800,000, more than four times the "high-water mark." When we look at these astounding figures, accompanied by a growing deficit in the Treasury, and yet see a President arbitrarily giving the output another boost of unknown proportions, we begin to realize what is going on, and what sort of political issue could be made if the line could be plainly drawn. It cannot be so drawn this year, of course. The Judge and the Colonel are on the same side of the fence, shivering at the sight of the same old scorpions. But, brethren, the day will come!

What on earth has become of Secretary PATTER?

The Colonel was hardly happy in his selection of a first pupil in his new school of jurisprudence. He might be able to pass a few useful hints to the Judge respecting special edicts applying to other nations, but when it comes to plain, old-fashioned common law for every-day use by the entire community, he should tread softly. The Judge has been working at that a good many years and has cultivated a habit of thoroughness which is likely to prove disquieting to a beginner. His original assertion that "the common law, as developed, affords a complete legal remedy against monopolies," was new and broad, but the unlikelihood of its having been gravely set down without due consideration would have deterred a cautious person from venturing an unqualified denial. In the delight of controversy, however, the Colonel forgot how he should tread, took down the big stick, and smashed the declaration to bits with a single blow. His rule "There is no common law of the United States. Its rules can be enforced only by the State courts and officers. No Federal court or officer could take any action whatever under them." Whereupon the Judge put on his spectacles, took down Vol. 181 of the United States Supreme Court, and, turning to page 92, read the decision in the case of the Western Union Telegraph Company vs. The Call Publishing Company, to the effect that, in the absence of United States statutes specifically covering a case, common-law principles should be applied in cases involving interstate commerce. There were other grounds aplenty upon which he could have justified his opinion, but this was so specific, simple, and conclusive that he contented himself by citing it, only adding, with a gravity of humor approaching grimness, that "The determination of this question was left by the people in framing the Constitution, to the judiciary and not to the Executive," and that the question of enforcement and application must be decided by the Federal courts and not by a President or even "a candidate for the Presidency." We think it was in New Hampshire, in the days of RUFUS CHASE, that a contemptuous epithet was first applied to a man who insisted upon being his own lawyer. But why is MORRIS? Is he, like PERROW, so busy campaigning that he has to neglect his regular business altogether?

A people cannot withhold freedom from another people and themselves be free.

This is not a CROCKERianism. It is from the Democratic candidate's letter of assumed acceptance. Why can't they, Judge!

Among the good men who do most of their thinking aloud, General O. O. HOWARD has been conspicuous ever since he retired from active service. Only the other evening we were thinking that it was about time the General seized upon his quinquennial opportunity to put a few thoughts into print, when along came a report of his address to the Commercial Travellers' League, composed chiefly, we suppose, of drummers, at No. 201 Broadway, this city. The General had just returned from the West, where he had found so much enthusiasm that it couldn't be measured, and "it all centered on the best President we ever had, THEODORE ROOSEVELT." (Cheers.) WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, the ADAMSSES, MADISON, JACKSON, LINCOLN, GRANT, et al., were, of course, well enough in their way, but when it comes to serious consideration of true greatness—let let the General continue: "It is wonderful to see the two men, President ROOSEVELT and JOHN HAY, at the head of things." . . . Well, mybow, go on, and be gone

thus: "We know that ROOSEVELT has the executive ability; he has found out what the law is and then he has enforced it." Maybe so; maybe so. Some think that in a few instances he has found out what the law isn't and enforced that. However, ROOSEVELT did the same thing that McKinley did and that GROVER CLEVELAND did, God bless him! It was over the good General's habit to speak somewhat authoritatively on behalf of the Deity, and we dare say his assurances will be confirmed in this case, but if so it won't be because he did what McKinley and CLEVELAND did, for he didn't. Nevertheless, finishing, with tearful emphasis, "In life, in death, he will be where McKinley was—on the side of right and justice." It is only fair to our readers to say that we publish these excerpts from the General's powerful argument by request of many voters.

Mr. PARKER thinks broken-down soldiers of the civil war ought to work until they are at least seventy-five years old.—*The Press*. We have about reached the conclusion that the case of this particular precarior is absolutely hopeless.

Indignantly repudiating the charge that Mr. ROOSEVELT does not lie awake nights trying to preserve peace and good-will throughout the world, the *Evening Mail* triumphantly quotes from the speech of THOMAS LORCH, M.P., of England, member of the Peace Congress, as follows:

We who are visitors here regard your President as the ruler of one of the mightiest powers of the earth, who has taken a more distinct part in the interests of peace than that which has been taken by any other ruler. He is not only a great ruler himself, but is a worthy representative of a great line of rulers who have done much for the liberties of mankind.

Mr. LORCH probably meant to say "founder" instead of "representative" of a great line of "rulers," and then there are Congress and the Supreme Court; but being a stranger and an M.P., Mr. LORCH should not be blamed for seeing only what was in sight.

Now that SENATOR GORMAN has consented to play a supervisory part, we may expect to see more cord and energy displayed at the Democratic national headquarters. One of the things which he is likely to suggest is that, while the efforts of that committee should be mainly concentrated on the election of its party's nominee for the Presidency, some attention should also be given to the House of Representatives. To that end, he need only direct notice to an admission lately made by Representative JOSEPH W. BARNETT, chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee. Mr. BARNETT dwells with emphasis on a fact that we lately pointed out, the fact, namely, that a loss of fifteen Congress districts by the Republicans will throw the next House of Representatives to the Democrats. Moreover, Mr. BARNETT in a published statement concedes that, "if an election were held right now," the Republicans would probably lose the House. He acknowledges that there are at least twenty-five districts scattered over the country from one ocean to the other which the Republicans will forfeit, if they allow the election to go by default. Mr. BARNETT feels deeply on the subject, for the LA FOLLETTE Republicans are opposing him fiercely in his own district, and he is by no means certain to go back to the House. It would be a curious state of things if the Republicans should retain ROOSEVELT in the White House, while the Democrats carried the House of Representatives. At the hour when we write it seems quite possible, if not probable, that the Republican majority of twenty-nine in the present Chamber will be cut in half.

All our advices from New York State indicate that PARKER and HAYS will carry it by a majority not less than fifty thousand, and it may go to a hundred thousand.—*Leavenworth Courier-Journal*.

Why not two hundred? But remember HOMER BROWN!

Democratic stump speakers may find it difficult to reconcile their assertion that ROOSEVELT's election will lead to our entanglement in foreign wars with the promise made by the President to the Inter-Parliamentary Union that he will presently call a second peace conference to continue the work begun at The Hague. A man who is depicted as going about

with a chip on his shoulder would scarcely be anxious to minimize the chances of warfare, which is, of course, the purpose of the Inter-Parliamentary Union. It is true that the CAR NICHOLAS II., who, out of a professed devotion to peace, brought about the Hague Conference, evinced soon afterwards no great eagerness to avoid a contest with Japan. By those who know him, however, the Car is not credited with persistence of purpose or stability of character, whereas the possession of those qualities by THOMAS ROOSEVELT is disputed by nobody. The Inter-Parliamentary Union can hardly have had any wish to play a part in an American political campaign, yet the request addressed by it to the President could not have been better timed or calculated had it been prompted by a desire to give him a chance of proving that his intentions are by no means bellicose.

Did General COMUS confer with his boss before prescribing race suicide in the army?

LAWYER MARCUS T. HEN, of Albany, Supreme Court reporter for New York State, has given Judge HENRICK a notice that ought to be of value to him. Recalling that Judge HENRICK succeeded DANIEL MANSUET as recognized leader of the Albany Democracy, and remained in control until he became a Supreme Court justice in 1892, Mr. HEN says:

Since that time there has been, by the opponents of the former HENRICK supporters, vehement and continuous clamor and complaint at Justice HENRICK's alleged activity and interest in party politics. I cannot recall, in the entire period of Mr. Justice HENRICK's judicial career, any instance of his appearing in an attitude of partisan prejudice or activity, and I cannot but believe that it has been the persistence, rather than any substantial foundation in fact, of this criticism which has led many people to believe that Mr. Justice HENRICK has conducted himself in this respect with unwisely or unsuitable ardor.

Furthermore, Mr. HEN avers that while Mr. HENRICK continued in control of the legal machine (before his election as judge), his influence was "in favor of a policy which best subserved the public as well as his party's interests." How far his former associates in political management may have appealed to him for advice after he became judge Mr. HEN does not know, but he says that "if his advice to them partook of the quality of his aid to the Committee of Thirteen in its struggle to introduce a clean administration of affairs in this city, the public has certainly not been the loser if that advice has been followed."

Mr. HEN, who is very well known throughout the State as a lawyer and court reporter, was counsel for two committees of the Citizens' Association of Albany, which labored with efficiency, and not without success, to improve the government of the city. There is probably no man in Albany better qualified than he to give an expert opinion as to the conduct of Albany politicians during the last twenty years. He describes himself as a member of no party.

The New Jersey Democrats have some hope of electing the Governor on the issue of equal taxation, but they admit that Mr. ROOSEVELT is likely to carry the State. The situation in Delaware is similar. It looks as if the Democratic nominee for Governor there might be elected, while the State's electoral votes will almost certainly be captured by the Republicans. About carrying Connecticut Republicans are less confident than they were some weeks ago, and they are almost ready to concede the loss of Colorado. If it be true that General JOHN S. CLARKSON, Surveyor of the Port of New York, has entered into an agreement at Salt Lake City by which the influence of the Mormon Church is secured to the Republican party, the States of Utah, Idaho, and Wyoming should be no longer in doubt. We find it hard to believe, however, that General CLARKSON has been authorized to promise that Senator SMOOT, in the contest for his seat, shall have the support of the Federal administration. In Wisconsin the bitterness of the federalism quarrel between Governor LA FOLLETTE and the so-called "Stalwarts" shows no sign of abatement, and, accordingly, the Democratic managers still regard the electoral votes of that State as worth fighting for. That Indiana is reasonably safe for the Republicans seems to be taken for granted by Senator FARMAN, as

who, instead of confining his efforts to his own State, is making campaign speeches all over the country.

As aggravating, but, it is hoped, not permanent, indisposition has prevented the Honorable BUSSA COWLEY from addressing the populace on behalf of Judge PARKER since the report was printed that Mr. AUGER BARNUM had \$100,000 on deposit in Mr. THOMAS F. RYAN's trust company for use in the campaign.

It would be a mistake to underestimate the possible effect upon Judge PARKER's prospects in certain close States of the diversion which is being made with considerable showmanship and energy by Mr. THOMAS F. RYAN, the Populist nominee for the Presidency. While it is true enough that Mr. WHARTON PARKER, the nominee of the Populists for the Presidency in 1900, obtained only 20,000 votes, the fact should not be overlooked that Mr. RYAN, who is a well-informed and eloquent man, could do much better if he were provided with funds enough to create the semblance of a party organization in such States as New York, New Jersey, Indiana, and Kentucky. There are signs that the funds will be forthcoming. We understand, for instance, that in the State of New York the Populists propose to put forward as a nominee for Governor Mr. A. J. BARTON, who, as a candidate on the Fusion ticket a year ago for County Clerk of Kings County, polled nearly 100,000 votes. Of course, he cannot hope to obtain more than a fraction of that number next November, but if he could secure even a few thousands, he might effect seriously some political calculations. Suppose, again, that Mr. RYAN should be able to get some thousands of votes in New Jersey; might he not be able to turn the scale against Judge PARKER, whose most sanguine supporters only hope for a small plurality, if any, in that State. In Indiana, also, it is by no means certain that the genial TOM TACKETT will be able to persuade all of the Bryanite Democrats to vote for PARKER and DYER. His task would be rendered more difficult, if not impossible, should Mr. RYAN induce from five to ten thousand of Mr. RYAN's friends to support the Populist nominee. There, too, is Kentucky, which Mr. RYAN has invaded. He purposes, it is said, to make a thorough canvass, not only of the First Congress district, where he has already made a speech, but also of the Third and Fifth districts. There are those who predict that Mr. RYAN may draw from the Democrats in Kentucky more than 20,000 votes. The prediction seems ominous when one considers that Mr. RYAN's plurality in the State four years ago was only about 3000, and that the aggregate plurality for the Democrats in the Congress election of 1902 exceeded 25,000 but slightly.

The appearance of the Populist nominee in the field with the aim of weakening as far as possible the Democratic nominee is not the only side taken also in the Republican campaign. Measures have been taken also to make the negro vote play an important part in the campaign. It is true, as the Democratic nominee for the Vice-Presidency pointed out at the West Virginia Democratic Convention, that, if the State elections of 1902 and the official figures of the returns of 1900 are to be accepted as a trustworthy basis for calculation, the negroes hold a balance of power in the pivotal States of New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Indiana, and California. In the seven States named, there are, in the aggregate, 135,000 negro voters, whereas in those States the Republicans had two years ago a total plurality of less than 44,000 votes. Some of the data are striking. For example, in New York, where the Republican plurality for Governor in 1902 was but 8865, there are, or were in 1900, no fewer than 215,649 negroes of voting age. In New Jersey, which, two years ago, gave a Republican plurality of 6621, there are 21,240 negro voters. In Delaware, the negro vote is 8254, and the Republican plurality in 1902 was only 3249. In Maryland the Republicans had a plurality of 2541 in 1902, but the negroes of voting age number upwards of 60,000. In West Virginia there are 11,774 negro voters, whereas the Republican plurality in 1902 was only 11,753. The state of things in Indiana also deserves careful attention. There the Republican plurality in 1902 was only 7282, while there were 18,149 negro voters. Even in California, the Republican plurality was smaller than the whole number of male negroes of voting age. Such are the facts, and as no one will deny that,

so far as they go, they make for Mr. ROOSEVELT's success. On the other hand, we hear much less than was expected about the Prohibitionists in this campaign. If their nominee, Dr. SWALLOW, were to make a vigorous canvass, he could probably divert from the Republican ticket in the doubtful States almost enough votes to neutralize those cast for the Populist nominee and those polled by negroes. But for one reason or another, the Prohibitionists seem indisposed to make an earnest effort at this time.

There are those who believe that Dr. McKELWAY at heart prefers Mr. ROOSEVELT's election, and that his support of PARKER is a mere beating of the drums and a flaunting of war umbrellas. But that is an injustice to Dr. McKELWAY.—*Springfield Republican.*

It has occurred to us once or twice, in the progress of journalistic events, that the Doctor's "fairness" was a trifle ostentatious, but, in all us, gentle men, if you consider the suspicion unjust, upon what ethical ground do you justify this shocking publicity?

Senator STEVENSON finds himself unable to credit all the statements made by Mr. LINDLEY STEPHENS in a recent magazine article. Mr. STEVENSON is quoted as saying that Mr. STEPHENS's piece is "absolutely false and filled with malicious slanders and base fabrications." The article tells of the rise of LA FOLLETTE in Wisconsin politics, and represents LA STEVENSON as mentioning to Senator SWAYNE that Mr. STEVENSON's election to the Senate in 1894 cost him (STEPHENSON) \$22,000. "I have never been called upon to buy my way into any kind of office," Senator STEVENSON says, and swears as he says it. But Mr. STEPHENS does not say that Mr. STEVENSON spent money to be Senator. He says that Mr. STEVENSON spent the money. If every twenty-two thousand dollars expended to promote the selection of members of the United States Senate had secured to the country the services of a man of the quality and usefulness of Senator STEVENSON, what a galaxy the Senate would be! If Mr. STEVENSON spent the money, at least, for once, the country got good value.

The *Evening Post* would rather be wrong than be President.

When Mr. HENRY BROOKS, now of Montgomery, Alabama, formerly of Washington, read in the papers that ROBERT TAYLOR PINE, Jr., the descendant of a signer, etc., whom we touched gently last week, had come out against PARKER because the Judge might not ask BENJAMIN WASHINGTON to dinner, he snickered. He also informed the Baltimore *Sun* that, a while ago, ROBERT "bought a piece of land in Virginia near Fort Myer and Arlington, laid it off into town lots, named it Chardon, and sold to people with a hindling contract that said lots should never be sold to a negro." Mr. BROOKS added that he acquired three of these lots, and has the contracts and deeds ready for anybody to look at. From which it would seem that ROBERT's blue blood boils more quickly in politics than in business.

Will the Quakers and other non-combatants constitute a factor of any importance in the coming political campaign? Some light upon the question may be thrown by the following incident. Rockingham County, Virginia, contains about one thousand voters who are Quakers and Dunkards. It is well known that both sects preach and obey the Scriptural injunction that, if thine enemy smite thee upon the one cheek, thou shalt turn to him the other. Now in 1896 Rockingham County gave Mr. KINKLEY a majority of 526, but in 1900, when Mr. ROOSEVELT was a candidate for Vice-President, some of the Democratic leaders in the Shenandoah Valley took pains to make his views about non-combatants known to the Quaker and Dunkard voters. The result was that the county, normally Republican, gave a Democratic majority of 486. The views that proved so offensive to the Quakers of Rockingham County were set forth by Mr. ROOSEVELT in his *Life of Thomas H. Benton*, which was published some years ago in the "American Statesmen Series." In the course of the biography, he took occasion to say, "A class of professional non-combatants is as harmful to the healthy growth of a nation as is a class of fire-eaters, for a weakness or folly is nationally as bad as a vice, or worse; and, in the long run, a Quaker may be quite as undesirable a citizen as a duellist." Mr. ROOSEVELT

ailed, "No man who is not willing to bear arms and to fight for his rights can give a good reason why he should be entitled to live in a free country." It has occurred to Mr. THOMAS TASCART, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, that the experience of Rockingham County, Virginia, might be turned to account in Indiana, and that it would do the Democratic ticket no harm to place the words we have just quoted under the eyes of every one of the ten thousand Quaker, Dunkard, and Mennonite voters that are known to exist in that State alone. In Illinois and Ohio those peace-loving sects are also largely represented. They are numerous, too, in Pennsylvania, but there, of course, under any circumstances, the Republicans are certain of securing a large majority in a Presidential year. In Indiana, on the other hand, or even in Illinois, the change of many thousands of non-combatant votes from the Republican to the Democratic side might possibly have a decisive effect.

Professor HENRY LOUIS NELSON has finally reached the fairly obvious conclusion that "what the Democrats need now is a four years' course of education, and such a course is likely, in the end, to give the country an intelligent opposition to the Republican party." Some people think that is what they have needed for some time. Whether they will profit from their opportunity during the next four years may depend upon the kind of teaching they get. If the present master be continued in the Washington schoolhouse, they need only keep awake to acquire a vast fund of knowledge. He'll "learn 'em!"

Up to this time the World has neither retracted its story nor professed any proof or attempted proof whatsoever tending to confirm its truth and discredit the President's comprehensive denial. In discussing this remarkable publication, HARRIS WEEKLY takes the view that the World has been imposed upon and that it is screening the identity of the impostor. But if this be true, should not the World manfully retract and confess its fault? Can it afford to remain silent with the brand upon it placed there by the President of the United States in declaring its assertion "a lie from beginning to end"? To be imposed upon is not an uncommon misfortune of newspapers, but to decline to withdraw a false statement made as a result of such imposition is dishonorable in any case and notably so when the person chosen as the target is the highest official in the land and when the misstatement accuses him of an act of perfidy. Mr. FELTZER has the best—*Confession Tribune*.

He has had it for some time. But let us be patient! Maybe he is writing an open letter on the subject.

GEORGE MEXICOTT, the English moralist, a thoughtful man of mature years, who has long been a student of human relations, has been discussing the marriage question with a representative of the *London Mail*. As reported by cable, he predicts a change in the legal conditions of marriage, and a time to come when marriages for limited periods will be allowed under State regulations as to provision of money for the care and education of children. Mr. MEXICOTT recognizes that his forecast will be highly disturbing to the notions of many of his contemporaries. "There will be a devil of an uproar," he says, "before such a change can be made. It will be a great shock; but look back and see what shocks there have been and what changes have nevertheless occurred in the marriage business in the past." If by "the past" he means the long, long past in the earth's history, there have indeed been changes, but in Christian countries for the last thousand years or so marriage has held its form and quality pretty well. It is true, though, that in the United States divorce has grown so prevalent in the last generation as almost to constitute a condition of limited marriage for those who want it. We notice that in the State of Ohio 4316 decrees of divorce were granted during the six months ending July 1, 1904, leaving 11,368 applications pending. That looks as though unwilling couples were under no very hard compulsion in that State to continue in their bonds. Yet Ohio is not especially notorious as a State in which divorce is easy. It is certainly the rule in this country at present that the lawmakers, reflecting the sentiment of the general public, show little solicitude to constrain married folk to continue in the married state when they want to get out of it. Theoretically, marriage in the United States is still for life. What its actual average duration is is a matter of statistics. The period is still far more than ten years, but it must be considerably less than the average period over which the lives of both parties to marriages continue. The

great defense of permanent marriage lies not in the law nor even in the churches, but in the enormous inconvenience of changing partners, and in the fact that the permanent marriages are so much the best.

On September 26 Justice PIERCES of Lenox, fined the Third Secretary of the British Embassy \$25 for driving his automobile too fast, and \$25 more for contempt of court because he refused to plead to the charge. The Secretary, Mr. GERNY, refused to plead because he was a member of a foreign embassy, and as such not subject to the jurisdiction of Justice PIERCES's court. Justice PIERCES has since said that he found nothing in the Massachusetts common law which exempted any one from breaking the laws of the State. It is to smile, and smiling to conclude with Justice PIERCES as with a brother in affliction. At this writing information is on the way to him from the State Department, by way of Boston, to the effect that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts long since ratified a Federal Constitution which provides that the Supreme Court of the United States shall have original jurisdiction "in all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls." Mr. PIERCES's court will have to give up Mr. GERNY's money, and throw in an apology, but there is nothing in the Constitution to hinder Justice PIERCES from going out behind the barn and giving relief to his feelings. The timely moral of it all is that no American officer of government can afford to forget or to ignore the Constitution. No, not one!

General LUIS E. WAGNER, Governor of the Philippines, testifies in a letter dated August 15 to the ill effect on the Filipinos of the renewed discussion in this country of their capacity for self-government and ultimate independence. What is said and written in this country is printed, General WAGNER says, in the Filipino newspapers with injurious effects, its tendency being to restore the influence of the old intervention leaders and quicken their activity, and to demoralize and weaken the more conservative Filipinos, who fear to speak out what they think for fear of being considered enemies of their people. All this, General WAGNER says, "makes our task more difficult than it otherwise would be."

No doubt that is all true. No doubt, furthermore, General WAGNER is an officer fit for his task, and deserves all the help and consideration in his work that we at home can give him. But republican government cannot be carried on without free discussion. The government of the Philippines is republican in the sense that it is government by a republic. It is bound to be discussed by the voters responsible for it just as much as though it were the government of their own republic. There are great objections to such discussion, but there is no help for it. The fact that the status and administration and future of the Philippines must always be publicly discussed in the United States, and must become a political issue at least once every four years, is one of the great drawbacks to the administration of such a dependency by the United States. Ever since the Philippine burden was laid upon our backs it has been urged upon us at short intervals, not only that we must carry it, but that we must carry it with our mouths shut. It has never been acknowledged that the time was ripe for full discussion of the problem. Discussion has always been held to be injurious to our control of the islands, and highly inconsiderate of the labors of our agents. And so it has been. Yet discussion has always gone on more or less, unobtruding for a time and then breaking out again, and it always will go on, until the Philippines are either turned loose to shift for themselves, or admitted to Territorial rights with a prospect of Statehood.

The general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, which will be called to order on October 5 in Boston, will have to discuss, if not decide, some interesting questions. Before marking what these questions are, we should point out that the decision of the approaching assembly cannot easily be foreseen, owing to the material change in the composition of that body. Even in the House of Bishops there are many new members, while the long familiar figure of Bishop HENRY CHURCHILL of central New York, Bishop CROSBY of Rhode Island, and Bishop DUNSTON of Ken-

tucky will be missed. It is, however, the radical transformation of the House of Deputies which renders the attitude of the convention problematical. The whole number of delegates will be 496, of whom only 123 will be old clerical deputies, and 122 old lay deputies. On the other hand, there will be 125 clerical deputies and 126 lay deputies, not one of whom has ever before taken part in a general convention of the Church. One of the first questions which will come up at Boston is the proposed change of name. A good many American Episcopalians maintain that the Church of England, of which their own Church is an offshoot, cannot properly be described as "Protestant." The adjective, they say, is inapplicable, on either historical or theological grounds. They contend, therefore, that their religious organization should no longer be denominated "Protestant Episcopal," but be officially known by one or the other of the five following names: The American Catholic Church, the American Catholic Church in the United States, the American Catholic Church in the United States of America, the Church in the United States of America, and the American Branch of the Catholic Church in the United States. Any one of these names is open to obvious objections. The committee appointed by the last general convention to consider the subject will report, it is said, that any change of the name of the Church at this time is inexpedient. It will be observed that the report, as outlined, does not undertake to enter into the merits of the question. As to the mere inexpediency of the proposed move, that seems to have been demonstrated when conventions in the various dioceses and missionary districts of the United States were consulted. The vote was 696 for a change of title, and 1101 against it.

Another committee will report on a question affecting the organization of the Episcopal Church in the United States. It is well known that, at present, there is no archbishop in the American Episcopal Church—no hierarchical authority immediate between a bishop and the general convention. Owing to the vast expanse and complexity of the United States, the utility of dividing the Episcopal Church into provinces has long been patent. It is proposed to create seven provinces, each of which would have its metropolis, to be chosen by the provincial bishops; its synod to legislate for the clergy of the province, and its courts for the trial and punishment of transgressors of the canon law. Of course appeals would lie from provincial synods and from provincial courts to a general convention. It has been suggested that one province should consist of the whole of New England, and a second of the States of New York and New Jersey. Five other provinces, each of which would be made up of contiguous States, could be established within the Union.

Another question certain to be raised is concerned with the position which should be taken by the Protestant Episcopal Church with reference to the marriage of divorced persons. It is well known that at present clergymen are allowed by the canon of the Church to perform the marriage ceremony in the case of two persons, one or both of whom may have been divorced, provided he or she, or both, shall not have been adjudged guilty of adultery. If, on the other hand, a man or woman has been adjudged guilty of adultery in a decree of divorce, he or she cannot be married under the existing canon by an Episcopal clergyman. A new canon is now proposed to the effect that no clergyman shall solemnize a marriage between any two persons unless he shall have satisfied himself that neither person has been, or is, the husband or wife of any other person then living; unless, indeed, the former marriage was annulled for a cause existing before such former marriage. It will be observed that, even under the more rigorous canon proposed, a clergyman would be at liberty to marry a man and a woman who had been divorced for the misconduct of one or the other. The attempt to place the canon law of the Protestant Episcopal Church with regard to divorce on a footing substantially identical with that occupied by the canon law of Rome might, perhaps, have succeeded had the House of Deputies remained virtually intact, for the movement in favor of the change seemed to be gaining ground in that body. Now, however, that more than half of the deputies are new men, the action of the convention cannot be predicted. For still another reason this year's general conven-

tion of the American Episcopal Church is fraught with unusual interest. One of the questions fixed for discussion is, "What shall be done with the negro at the South?" The views of Bishop HAYES of Arkansas, who will submit a report upon the subject, are well known. He is a convinced and outspoken defender of the course which the Southern whites have adopted with relation to the colored race. From what we have here said it is manifest that the proceedings of the Episcopal general convention will be watched attentively on grounds more relevant and important than the attendance of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the capacity of an onlooker. We observe that some of our newspapers describe Dr. Davidson as "Primate of England." That is the title of another hierarch. Officially and legally, the Archbishop of York is "Primate of England"; the Archbishop of Canterbury is "Primate of all England."

There was a kind of blizzard of railroad accidents last month. The average daily allowance of victims conceded to the railroads of the United States may be computed from the Statistical Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for 1902. For every day in that year the American railroads killed one passenger, eight employees, and fourteen other persons, and injured eighteen passengers, one hundred and forty employees, and twenty other persons. That makes a daily average of about twenty-three homicides and one hundred and seventy-seven injuries. Of course such an average as this would not be maintained except by very unobtrusive methods. If we had one railroad accident a day in which twenty-three persons were killed and one hundred and seventy-seven injured, it could not go on a month without creating a strong impression that our railroads were extravagant in their consumption of human life. Last month this impression began to be felt because the railroads did a good deal of killing and maiming by wholesale. Sixty passengers were killed in one accident on the Southern Railway, which was two months' allowance of passengers for all the roads in the country. That was appalling, but the same number of fatalities spread out over two months do not appall any one except the statisticians.

Another thing that impressed our minds last month was that the President, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. J. P. Morgan were all in railroad accidents within twenty-four hours. That demonstrated, at least, that the railroads are no respecters of persons. Not all the care that is taken in transporting the President was able to prevent the tire from bursting off his locomotive wheel, but happily the machine that hauled Cæsar's fortunes was just then going very slowly. In the case of Mr. Morgan's special that smashed into a freight locomotive, somebody was to blame, but the heavy Pullman cars protected their passengers, and luck saved ruffian-men. Stand on a small station platform and watch a fast train rush by, and you will wonder that any fast train gets anywhere unsmashed. They go by like projectiles. They will always be railroad accidents, but we have too many—far too many—in this country. There is something amiss; something notional, and possibly temperamental. Our railroads ought not to kill or injure 75,000 persons a year, even though they carry annually (as they do) 750,000,000 passengers.

Clay County in Mississippi seems to have been teut to the labor of making votes for Colonel ROOSEVELT. The *Evening Post* (New York) reports that the Rev. C. G. BUCHANAN, colored, preacher and editor at West Point in that county, has been driven out of the county with his family by a mob. According to the *Post's* informant, the chief complaint of the mob against the BUCHANANS was that they lived too well for negroes. It seems that they had a decent house with a piano in it, and kept a horse. The mob held, as reported, that the possession and use of these luxuries by the BUCHANANS had a bad effect on the other negroes. So they drove BUCHANAN out, and he is trying to arrange with the sheriff of Clay County for a chance to return to West Point, to wind up his business and remove his effects. We commend this story to the attention of those of our Southern white brethren who are fighting hard now in every State to put down mobs and mob-violence, and to secure for all citizens the protection of the law.

labor at seventy-five, nearly all men are at sixty-two. The CLEVELAND order was based upon a fact attested by experience, the ROOSEVELT order on an assumption which, as a general rule, is not well founded. Judge PARKER, however, evidently thinks that the CLEVELAND order, though relatively defensible and harmless, was wrong in principle, for he holds that our people need more tolerate the citation of one act of usurpation of power as an excuse for another. The first act may possibly have been due to mistake; the second, being based on the first, cannot be thus excused.

We have left ourselves space to note only in the most cursory fashion what Judge PARKER has to say about the immediate expenditures of the Federal government since the last Democratic administration, and about the new and economic version of the Monroe Doctrine presented by Mr. ROOSEVELT in his Cuban letter. He points out that there is not a sentence in the Republican platform recommending a reduction in the disbursements of the government; not a line suggesting that an increase in the cost of the War Department from \$240,000,000 in 1890 to \$155,000,000 in 1901 should be made the subject of inquiry; not a paragraph calling for a thorough investigation of those departments of the government in which dishonesty has been recently disclosed. Judge PARKER, on his part, suggests that the people, by their votes, can, if they desire it, cause such an investigation, and inaugurate a policy of economy and retrenchment. So far as his personal convictions go, he holds that the liberality, patriotism, and national pride of the American people should not be made an excuse for waste of the public funds. In a word, official extravagance is pronounced official crime. Turning the extraordinary expenditure of the Monroe Doctrine advocated in Mr. ROOSEVELT's Cuban letter, Judge PARKER says that the Democratic party, of which he is the nominee, repudiates the rôle of policeman for the American Continent, and refuses to act as a collector for foreign states or their citizens. He closes his letter of acceptance with the solemn declaration that, if called to the office of President, he will consider himself the Chief Magistrate of all the people, and not of any faction, and shall ever be mindful of the fact that no many questions of national policy are mere differences of opinion.

A Setback for Mr. Chamberlain

THE English Trades-Union Congress has paid King EDWARD a high compliment and has dealt Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the severest blow he has received since the ill-starred fiscal ship was launched. In general such extremely democratic notions as the English Trades-Union Congress "have no use for" kings and queens, and in theory at least treat them as commoners as do their continental brethren, the socialists and doctrinaire anarchists. In Hyde Park and Regent's Park they are to be met protesting and venting their newly acquired feeling both on the wrongs of the British workman, and pointing the finger of scorn at kings, princes, and aristocrats, inabilities in general. But not so the English Trades-Union Congress. It is true that body has a high contempt for many high placed persons and institutions, and holds even Mr. Balfour in light esteem. But it is quite a different matter when it comes to his Majesty. One of the members of the congress, Mr. JOHN WARR, of the Navvies' Union, who is, therefore, presumably one of the hardy band, arose to address the assembled brethren, and seconded Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER, most unobtrusively. He sneered at the Premier as a vainglorious nonentity, and denounced both Houses of Parliament as rich man's assemblies. Then he went on to say that the King was not a vainglorious nonentity, not the summit of the rich man's pyramid, not the representative of militarism, but the only state-man that England possessed. And when he said this, Mr. JOHN WARR was applauded to the echo. He further declared that the King was the real fount of peace, and then the whole congress rose and cheered, and cheered again. It was the most remarkable demonstration of the present reign. Hardly less noteworthy was the open condemnation of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his protective tariff. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has directed his most glowing tropes at the British workman; he has tried to persuade him that dear bread will make a cheaper breakfast; that costly meals will bring high wages. He has done some of the most wonderful arithmetic seen in modern days, to support his thesis, but the British workman heathen not the value of the character, whom he never so wisely, Joseph is denounced in the very men he relied on to pull his policy through. As a comment on his pessimistic predictions, it is interesting to note the testimony which that un-constitutional institution, the income tax, bears to the present prosperity of England. The latest returns show that while just ten years ago every penny in the pound of the income tax yielded about ten million dollars, every penny in the pound now yielded not ten million and three-quarter million dollars. In other words, taxable incomes have increased almost one-third, a very hopeful showing, since small incomes are not taxed at all. The total increase in taxable incomes, as compared with ten years ago, is over a billion dollars, not so bad for a country which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN declares to be at the last gasp.

Pension Order Number Seventy-Eight

We by no means say that it will be generally accepted as conclusive, but we do regard as by far the most effective defence of Pension Order No. 78 yet offered, that which is embodied in the reply made by Mr. HENRY W. TAFT, a brother of the present Secretary of War, to a report of the PARKER Constitution Club on the subject. Mr. TAFT begins by pointing out that, by the Pension Law of 1890, Congress approved of a permanent service pension system, under which any person, who had served in the army or navy during the rebellion for a specified period, would become entitled to a pension of not less than \$40, nor more than \$12, per month, provided he could prove that he was suffering from permanent disability. Incorporating him from performing manual labor in such a degree as to render him unable to earn his support. The amount to be paid was graduated by the law according to the degree of disability, and it will be observed that the kind of disability was defined only as that which "impairs the capacity for manual labor." The Commissioner of Pensions was designated as the officer who, in his judicial discretion (subject to review by the Secretary of the Interior), should determine whether disability to perform manual labor had or had not been proved to exist in the case of a given applicant for a pension, and if so, to what extent. What Mr. TAFT wants to bring out with sufficient emphasis is the fact that, under the Pension Law of 1890, the burden of proof of the existence of total or partial inability to perform manual labor rested on the applicant for a pension. There was no presumption in his favor, and the rules and regulations which the Commissioner of Pensions was authorized to issue for the making of proof related solely to the kind and effect of the evidence to be submitted by the applicant upon whom the burden of proof rested. It may be true, as Mr. TAFT asserts, that if every individual case were to be considered upon its particular facts, administration under the Pension Law of 1890 would have become, if not impossible, at least most cumbersome. It should be obvious, however, though Mr. TAFT does not admit it, that, if experience had shown the existing law to be entirely or nearly unworkable, a remedy should have been sought from Congress, which alone was competent to shift the burden of proof from the applicant for a pension to the Commissioner of Pensions, by establishing a presumption in favor of the former. In case he should have reached a given age. As a matter of fact, a bill was introduced in Congress, mandatory in form, and making age the sole qualification for the several grades of pension. But Congress did not deem it wise to withdraw from the Pension Commissioner the right to introduce rebutting evidence to show that, in a particular case, age alone did not create the disability contemplated by the act of 1890. It does not follow that Congress might not have sanctioned a rebuttable presumption of disability in favor of an applicant for Pension Order No. 78. On the contrary, there is reason to believe that Congress would have sanctioned the substance of the order, because, after it was made, an item was inserted in an appropriation bill for the specific purpose of meeting the expense incidental to the execution of that order. As regards the question of principle involved, it is quite immaterial whether, as the Constitution Club alleges, no less than fifteen million dollars will be added to the Pension bill by Order No. 78, or whether the Pension Commissioner is right in putting the additional amount as low as \$3,400,000. The point is whether the shifting of the burden of proof from the applicant for a pension to the Commissioner of Pensions did not, as a matter of constitutional law, require the sanction of an act of Congress, instead of depending exclusively upon an Executive fiat. It is true, as Mr. TAFT reminds us that, during Mr. CLEVELAND's second administration, an order was made that, in the case of a man who should have attained the age of seventy-five, "a disability" should be regarded as conclusive evidence of total disability to perform manual labor, within the meaning of the Pension Act of 1890. It is also true that, during the McKINLEY administration, an order was made that an applicant for a pension, who should be sixty-five years of age, should be conclusively entitled to at least the minimum amount prescribed by the Pension Act of 1890—that is to say, the amount prescribed for one-half total disability. Mr. TAFT is justified in saying that, from one point of view, Pension Order No. 78 is less objectionable than the CLEVELAND and McKINLEY orders, because the two latter created conclusive presumptions of fact, whereas the former established only a rebuttable presumption. Mr. TAFT has no warrant, however, for assuming that the PARKER Constitution Club has undertaken to defend, or is bound to defend, the CLEVELAND and McKINLEY precedents. On the contrary, the club would doubtless condemn both precedents as violations of the constitutional principle that Congress alone has power to establish a presumption, either conclusive or rebuttable, in favor of the proponent of a claim upon the Federal Treasury. In the absence of a law establishing such presumption, the burden of proof must rest upon the applicant. Mr. TAFT's defence of Pension Order No. 78 is the most skillful yet presented, but we do not believe that it would meet with the approval of the United States Supreme Court.



**D. CADY HERRICK, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR
OF NEW YORK**

Judge D. Cadz Herrick, of Albany, who was nominated for Governor by the Democratic convention at Saratoga on September 21, has been a Justice of the Supreme Court for the Third Judicial District since 1891, and an Associate Justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court for the Third Department since 1883. Judge Herrick was born at Exeter, Schoharie County, New York, in 1846. He took a course in the Albany Law School, during which he was a roommate of William McKim, and was admitted to the bar in 1867. He has been prominent in politics for many years, serving from 1880 to 1885 as District Attorney of Albany County, and from 1885 to 1891 as Corporation Counsel of the city of Albany.



This "Freeholders"—Riding from Left to Right, the Players are Messrs. Devereux Milham, R. L. Agnew, Foxhall Keene, and Joshua Couse, Jr.



Miss Alice Roosevelt (in the White Automobile) watching the Match



The Winning Team, the "Wanderers"; the Players, riding from Left to Right, are Messrs. C. R. Snowden, J. E. Cusdin, J. M. Waterbury, Jr., and Laurence Waterbury

THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP POLO MATCH AT VAN CORTLANDT PARK

The first championship polo match that has been held in the neighborhood of New York since 1860 took place on September 20 at Van Cortlandt Park before 7,500 spectators. The match was open, the teams being composed of players chosen irrespective of their home clubs. The championship was won by the "Wanderers," who defeated the "Freeholders" by a score of 4 1-2 goals to 3. The make-up of the contrasting teams, comprising some of the best-known players in the country, is given above

Photographs by Foxhall



The Rapid-fire Gun on the Deck of the "Lena"



The Russian Auxiliary Cruiser "Lena" in San Francisco Bay



Crew of the "Lena" at Target Practice

SNAP-SHOT OF THE RUSSIAN AUXILIARY CRUISER "LENA," WHICH HAS BEEN DISMANTLED IN SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR

The photographs show some interesting views of the Russian auxiliary cruiser "Lena," when arrival in the harbor at San Francisco raised the question of neutrality between Russia and the United States government. The "Lena," which arrived at San Francisco from Vladivostok, was not allowed to remain in the harbor of San Francisco for extended repairs before sailing out again for service in the Russian army, but, by order of the Russian government, has been dismantled. She will be detained at San Francisco until the close of the war.

The Campaign in Maryland

By Senator L. E. McComas

THE Republican campaign in Maryland was opened in Baltimore on September 20 by a meeting at which Senator Fairbanks was the attraction. At that date the Democrats had not yet held public meetings.

In this State, as elsewhere, the campaign has been quiet. The party workers on both sides have been diligent in the routine work. Judge Parker's telegram created enthusiasm for him. After his speech of acceptance a feeling of disappointment took the place of enthusiasm. Judge Parker was stronger the first ten days after the convention than he has been since.

The Democratic attack upon President Roosevelt personally, on the contrary, has spent its force. It is presently growing stronger in Maryland. Many Democrats and independents are inclined to Roosevelt now who leaned toward Parker six days ago. All Republicans will vote for Roosevelt and Fairbanks.

A very considerable vote which Mr. Kinsley added to the Republican total still doubts whether the Democratic party is safe. The percentage of business men, ordinarily Democrats, who will vote for Roosevelt because they fear to risk a change, is considerable, though less than four years ago.

In Baltimore the people are busy in rebuilding the burned district. The city has not lost, but has lost the trade. The recent calamity has postponed political discussion. The Reform business men of Baltimore are a large and influential body. Some of them, ordinarily Democrats, are literally to the President because of his intervention in behalf of their constituents in Kinsley and in Kinsley. Many of them are unwilling to risk a change of administration, and will therefore vote for Roosevelt.

The main effort of the Democrats is to arouse race prejudice. Maryland is a white State, nearly four and one-half white to one black person. Annually the Democrats raise the negro cry. Republicans do not expect much injury from it this year. This is a national campaign for President and Congress. There are no candidates for State or local offices. In Maryland, and especially in Baltimore, are thousands of voters who are Republicans only in a Presidential year. If they vote they are numerous enough to carry the State for Roosevelt and Fairbanks.

President Roosevelt is very popular with the young voters. They admire his courage, sincerity, and great ability. His personality and his Americanism attract them. I am informed that among the conservatives of Maryland, and among the Republicans of many countries, many Democrats will vote for Roosevelt, and that many ardent Bryan men will vote for him. He is very popular

among the railway men, and skilled labor is very friendly to him. The assault upon protection as robbery will give our ticket a strong vote among the working men. The farmers are the most prosperous people in this State as a whole. They have been hurt here and will get high prices. The majority of the farmers are Republicans.

Maryland has been growing more and more Republican. Each year the Republicans receive a smaller advantage from the black vote and an increasing percentage of the white vote. Election has contributed to regress or nullify the Republican increase have only partially succeeded. During the last thirty-seven years there has been a steady gain for Republicans in Congressional years and on even greater gains in Presidential years. All State and local offices are elected in the odd-numbered years, and the even-numbered years are Presidential and Congressional years. The average Democratic majority at State elections during this period is sixteen thousand. The average Democratic majority during the same period at Congressional elections is eight thousand, and the average Democratic Presidential majority during these years is seven thousand. If the Republicans receive this average increase of nine thousand votes in the Presidential year, we ought to carry the State again, as we carried it in 1900 and 1908.

The Republicans have always been united in a Presidential year, and are united now. Democratic divisions are most noticeable this year in the first and second Congressional districts. It is a fact that in each of the six Congressional districts Republicans are in the lead of winning the fight. This indicates an average Republican belief that the State can be carried for Roosevelt and Fairbanks. If we were left alone we would win the State. What the Democratic National Committee may do to change conditions and what it can do is discussed hopefully by Democrats.

To sum it up, conservative Republicans expect to carry the State for the national ticket and elect four or more of the six Congressmen. In Maryland during the past ten years we have learned to endure the outside superficial observer, who always begins with the belief that Maryland is a Democratic State and always ends with that. During the past ten years the Republicans have carried Maryland seven times, the Democrats twice, and the truth time each party elected one of its State candidates. During the same period at every national and Congressional election, Maryland has been carried by the Republicans. Our State and our national ticket is very strong with the people. Our hopefulness is justified.

Progress in the Use of Electricity

By Louis Bell, Ph.D.

THE deliberations of the International Electrical Congress at St. Louis were for the most part of rather less technical character than in the case of general interest, but now and then they disclosed a laudable use of electrical progress than in usual in scientific discussions. In particular, the enormous advances which have been made in the electrical transmission of power based upon contemporary, not only in achievements recorded, but in the very topics left unmentioned. At the time of the last international congress in Chicago there was no art of power transmission, and therefore no section set apart for its consideration. Even in the brief discussion there occupied the topic a note of skepticism was predominant.

Within two weeks of the close of that congress, however, the first modern transmission plant in America was put in operation, and from that time on progress has been immensely rapid. The figures quoted at St. Louis showed that the great manufacturing companies have already put a million and a half horse power in capacity of electric supply for industrial purposes. The very magnitude of the work demands instant attention, but even more striking has been the swift improvement in apparatus and in method. The key to success in the larger work of power transmission is the employment of very great electrical pressures to force the energy economically over the long lines which span the distance between the power station, perhaps in a mountain valley, and the far away cities that utilize the power. The few hundred volts of pressure used in ordinary lighting or railway plants are hopelessly ineffective when the distances covered must be scores of miles.

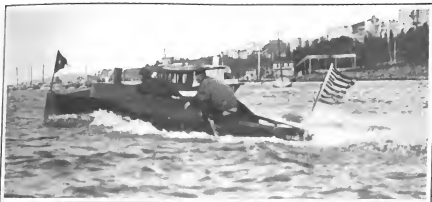
In the very beginning of power transmission the pressures were put up to two or three thousand volts, and thence advanced by leaps to five, ten, fifteen, and twenty thousand. At the last named figure there was a brief pause. Up to this point it is comparatively easy to insulate the wires at every point of support either by insulators so that the electric current will not escape to any insulator. But at increased pressure the very air about the lines begins to play the electrician false. A faint blue glow surrounds the wires at night, rising at every point of support into pale, shimmering halos. To control this little brother of the lightning now and intricate forms of insulating supports had

to be devised. Ingenious structures of porcelain sometimes nearly a foot and a half in diameter and weighing twenty-five or thirty pounds.

Strand with these the engineer could hold the current, scattering and protecting as it would, down to business, and his services in no wise more forcefully attested than in the following bland announcement which opened one of the papers read at St. Louis: "In discussing the conditions which affect and limit the constant and operation of high-tension lines, pressure of over 20,000 volts and lines of over fifty miles in length only will be considered." At the present moment there are ten or a dozen plants working regularly at 20,000 volts or more, three or four of them at more than 50,000 volts. And in discussing this topic one of the most experienced engineers at the congress then in Louisville laid the cards of the more conservative by stating that he considered operation at 30,000 volts actually easier than at half that pressure. The vicious fact was then elicited that when adequate insulation has been provided for these very high pressures, with a proper margin for safety, the system is actually more safely insulated against a large proportion of the minor lightning discharges that might work havoc where less precautions had been taken.

The distances covered have kept pace with the voltage employed. The fifty-mile limit was passed half a dozen years ago in a line plant near Fresno, California, which operates its water wheels, by the way, under a vertical head of something over a quarter of a mile. Since then line after line has stretched out to similar distances, until at present two great plants are delivering power to the vicinity of San Francisco from stations in the mountains 150 miles away. The farthest regular customers on branch lines are nearly 200 miles from their source of power. There, indeed, owing to an accident in one power-house, power was supplied for some days down a main line and backed over another to customers separated from the working station by no less than 250 miles of circuit. Power transmission today is not cut short by the physical limitations of distance, but only by the competition of other power when the cost of lines becomes too great.

Quite apart from all questions of capacity, working pressure



Mr. H. E. Borden's "Mercedes," N.Y.



Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. in his "Mercedes VI."



Mr. C. L. Seaborg's "Speedway"

MOTOR-BOAT RACING ON THE HUDSON—THE MATCH FOR THE AMERICAN POWER-BOAT ASSOCIATION'S CHALLENGE CUP

The three-day motor-boat contest for the gold challenge cup offered by the American Power-boat Association began on September 22 with a thirty-foot course on the Hudson. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.'s "Mercedes VI," was the winner of the first day's contest, covering the course in 14.25m. The best time was made by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's "Violet of the H," 14.12m, 52s, which would have won her the cup but for the breakdown she was repaired to give the "Mercedes VI" and other contestants, on the second and third days of the contest the "Violet of the H" was the winner, covering the course in 14.25m, 1s, on the second day, and in 14.30m, 25s, on the third day—thus winning two out of the three races.

and length of lines are the great advances which have been made in operative conditions. Power transmission circuits are now built and safeguarded are, in spite of their great voltages and lengths, singularly reliable. It is rarely that they fail through lack of care in construction and inspection. Were one to make a list of the causes of the casual interruption of service which occur it would read like a chapter from the annals of Anatolia. A load of wire tossed into the fire by a juvenile whiffwind, an owl perching winged upon one of the wires, a predatory cat discharging a paw and stretching amiably near an insulator, a flock of pelicans suddenly rising and knocking a telephone circuit over the power wires, these some of the recorded examples of the mischiefs of Fate. Many of the larger systems have from tag or three to half a dozen generating stations, all operated in unison, and insuring a complete shut-down of the system highly improbable. This cooperation of stations less, too, a very important bearing upon the economies of the transmission. A river here which runs low in July and August may be linked with an-

other a hundred miles away which falls only when freshets in April or May flood the available head of water, and both may be joined to an auxiliary steamplant, which can be put into service to meet unusual demands or to take up the load if accident has crippled a line. The desire of necessary apparatus has gone forward to meet the increasing requirements of service. A few years ago power switching apparatus to the extent on an off circuit at 50,000 volts if need be was unheard of, and devices to protect new high-tension circuits from lightning were hopelessly ineffective. To-day the former is regularly manufactured, and the latter, while still far from perfect, are in process of rapid evolution. And now the use of power lines has changed so much that the old lines have become commonplace and the impossible every-day routine. Much still, of course, remains to be done; engineers are looking forward to still higher pressures and to the commercial practicability of greater distances. It has taken but a single decade to bring the art to its present state—what may one not dare to hope for the future?

A Cowboy Carnival in Wyoming Celebrating Frontier Day in Cheyenne

By John Dicks Howe

ON August 30 the city of Cheyenne, Wyoming, donned its holiday attire, both the business and residence portions of the town being joyfully decorated with flags, lanterns, and flaming pyrotechnics. Early in the morning the streets were crowded with cowboys attired in red and yellow shirt-waists, chaps and moccasins, handkerchiefs tied loosely around the neck, their spins, talking to the rhythm of their prancing horses, as they dashed here and there on various errands connected with Cheyenne's "Frontier Day" celebration. At night the scene on the streets changed. Vast crowds thronged the thoroughfares, throwing confetti, tossing tin horns, and yelling like wild Indians, while the staid Stockade laid aside his savage frown, point, and leathers, and came into town to join the festive procession.

The events took place at the fair grounds, a mile north of Cheyenne. Near the west end of the arena were constructed huge, semi-circular, or stockade, in which were imprisoned the wild horses and steers that were to take part in the contests. Reaching south from the corals a strongly built fence extended towards the centre of the oval, so that running steers or wild horses would take the proper course when their two came. Back of this fence were gathered hundreds of cowboys and cowgirls, who acted as aids and assistants in carrying out the various features of the programme. In the stand reserved for guests were noticed the faces of many prominent men of the West, leading railroad officials, the proprietors of the great Denver saloons, and scores of other notables.

To the man from New York or Boston who has never followed the round-up or seen a steer roped, the riding contests were treats of a high order. In contests of this kind the success of the winner depends as much upon the horse he rides as upon the skill of the hand that throws the rope, for a trained cowboy that knows what is expected of it will do as much for the rider as he can do for himself. When all is ready the central gate is opened and out dashes a wild steer. He runs straight for the arena, and the moment he crosses the boundary line the flag is waved—the signal for the cowboy to begin operations. Like a shot out of a cannon the man and with a snarl he dashes after the animal, slowly circling his lariat around his head. The moment he can get the steer in position the lariat shoots out and settles around the neck or over the head of the stubborn animal. The instant the lariat is around the horse stops and spreads its four feet wide apart, bracing itself for the pull that long experience has taught it is soon to come. A second later the rope becomes taut, and the steer is thrown high in the air, coming down with a thud plainly heard in the grand stand. As the rider hurriedly dismounts and runs to the steer to "hogtie" it, the pony stands like a statue, every muscle drawn taut and with its weight against the rope, to keep the steer from rising to its feet. A steer goes up from the spectators as the rider throws both hands in the air, the signal that his task is finished.

The maverick branding contest was a novelty, as it had never been attempted in the arena, and attracted a great deal of attention. Five rearings were turned loose of one and were pursued by ten cowboys, the condition being that the last cowboy who first roped a maverick, dragged it to the fire and branded it, should win. The animal was caught 150 yards from the fire, his captor succeeding in driving it almost to the traps before it balked. He dragged it the remainder of the distance, his assistant applying the iron to one minute and twenty-three seconds after the first drop. As the red-hot iron sank into the maverick's side and a wreath of smoke, coupled with the smell of burning hair and flesh, ascended, many of the spectators turned their heads away in horror, but the great majority were too much interested to feel at all squeamish. The animal did not appear to mind the operation, nor did those that followed.

When the last steer was turned out, roped and tied, and the

echoes of the storm of cheers that greeted the contestants had died away, the mounted assistants rode to the corral to rope the remaining lot of "cut-outs." For the next ten minutes there was war in the corral, for it became a confused mass of kicking, plunging, plunging horseflesh. The dust arose in clouds from the hoofs of the "cut-outs," and for a time the cowboys who had roped their horses rested with loose ropes. When the lariat finally reached the horse, the rope was tightened and the horses dragged to the gate, which was quickly swung open. This comes the first round, plunging and rearing, contending for every foot of the ground. If he is a horse that has been ridden before and has gained a reputation, the cowboys from his old friends seem to recall former scenes, and he appears to remember the events of a year ago, when he was last sold. It is a whole year since a man has put a rope around his neck, and he fights like a tiger until the cowboy and his helper tie his feet, blindfold him, and leave the buckskin over his head. The instant the rider puts the saddle on his back, he rears on his hind legs and strikes at the two men with both feet. When he is finally saddled and the blindfold is removed, he gathers himself for a final effort, and goes straight up in the air like a rocket, coming down with his legs like stilts, stiff and boundedly unrelaxed, but the men do not leave the saddle, being so firm and so slowly as though tied there. For five minutes they fight, and when they stop in front of the grand stand and the rider bows in response to a storm of applause, the horse realizes that he has been subdued. Rider after rider performs his feat in these exciting events, and at the same time the spectators catch their breath, thinking the man has surely been crushed to death under the rolling buckskin. Again and again when the plungers rise on their hind feet and fall backwards, the embankers are hurled into confusion, expecting to see a mangled body where the horse lay; but those who fear for the cowboy are those unacquainted with his skill.

The great event of the celebration this year was the remarkable feat of Will Pickett, a negro hailing from Taylor, Texas, who gave his exhibition with 20,000 people watched with wonder and admiration. Pickett was a negro man, narrow of build, a severe appearance of any kind, attack a fiery, wild-eyed, and powerful steer and throw it by his teeth. With the aid of a helper, Pickett chased the steer until he was in front of the grand stand. Then he jumped from the saddle and landed on the ground, grasped the grazed horse's horns, and held it tight to stop within a dozen feet. By a remarkable display of strength he twisted the steer's head until its nose pointed straight into the air, the animal braced with pain and its tongue protruding in its effort to secure air. Again and again the negro was jerked from his feet and tossed into the air, but his grip on the horns never once loosened, and the steer failed in its efforts to gore him. Cowboys with their lariat's rushed to Pickett's assistance, but the action of the combat was too rapid for them. Before help could be given, Pickett had forced the steer's nose into the ground and about of its wind, slipped, and was tossed aside like a piece of paper. There was a scattering of cowboys as he jumped to his feet and ran for his horse. Taking the saddle without touching the stirrup, he ran the steer a short opposite the judges' stand, again jumped on to its back, and threw it. Twice more he negro lifted from his feet, but he held on with the tenacity of a bulldog. Suddenly Pickett dropped the steer's head and grasped the upper lip of the animal with his teeth, threw his arms wide apart, in show that he was not using his hands, and sent slowly upon its back. The steer lost its footing and rolled upon its back, completely cutting the negro's body with its own. The crowd was speechless with horror, many believing that the negro had been crushed; but a second later the steer rolled to its other side, and Pickett rose unharmed, bowing and smiling. So great was the applause that the darkey again attacked the steer, which had staggered to its feet, and again threw it after a desperate struggle.



Cowgirls and Cowboys at the Carnival at Cheyenne



Cowboys throwing an unruly Steer



Putting a Saddle on an unruly Steer



A Street Scene at Cheyenne on Frontier Day

SNAP-SHOTS OF EVENTS AT THE RECENT "COWBOY CARNIVAL" AT CHEYENNE, WYOMING

An interesting phase of Western life is the "Cowboy Carnival," known as "Frontier Day," recently held at Cheyenne, Wyoming. The event is a field carnival lasting three or four days, in which the cowboys and cattlemen take part, giving exhibitions of rough-riding, and taking part in open-air sports and contests. The reader is referred to an article on the opposite page of this issue of the "Weekly" for an account of the recent "Frontier Day" celebration.



Czar Parker. "Be steadfast, faithful,
Kuropatkin Taggart. "Don't hurry,"

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"I am hastening to the front,"
Judge, we are backing up."



A Valley from the Japanese Mountain Gun—the end Gun has been upset by a return shell

With the Japanese "First" Army in Manchuria

The Story by an Eye-witness of the Battle of Kwan-Sui-Ten, on the Western Side of the Manchurian Divide

By William Dinwiddie

Toward from Liao-Yang, Manchuria, August 1, 1904.

GENERAL KUROKI'S army fought the battle yesterday which put his forces fairly within striking distance of Liao-Yang and over the Manchurian divide, well on their way to the open plains of the Liao Valley.

It was important as a struggle for possession of strategic position, for news reaches us today that Mukden has been occupied by General Kato's army without any resistance, and that a fourth army is nearly in position, so that an arc of Japanese soldiers, many divisions strong, now striches from the railroad on the east in the Mukden road on the north.

The battle of July 31, at Kwan-sui-ten, has an additional interest in that the Russians fought better and with greater skill than in any previous combat, and that, though flanked from both sides, they were able to retire with few losses in men, and with the loss of only two guns, both of which were disabled.

General Kurapatkin is said to have been present in person, and General Keller was killed by a Japanese shrapnel during the desperate artillery duel.

For twenty-six days we had held Moutien-ling Pass in the centre with a division. Bi-hwei and Pa-pin-wei passes on the left with another division, while a third held the extreme right, near the great divide.

We were within two days' forced march of Liao-Yang, where one day Kurapatkin was said to have a great army waiting for us; the next we heard that he had evacuated and was retiring south to Mukden, and on the third that he was moving still greater masses of men southward of Liao-Yang. The other occasions the rumors came that, in our immediate front, a great Russian force was gathering, or that it had completely disappeared, and, finally, near the very last of July, the story ran that there were at least four divisions confronting us and a great attack was imminent.

True, the Russians did attack the centre in force on July 17, and on the 18th the right wing made an advance to secure more favorable positions, both of which actions almost reached the dignity of battles, so fast and furious was the fighting, with losses aggregating nearly a thousand for the Japanese, but, outside of this, the Japanese army on the east simply held its position, waiting patiently—as only Japanese troops can do—for the advance of General Kato's army and other forces from the south, to shorten the combined striking distance of the arc of the great body of soldiers who are creeping toward Liao-Yang and the Russian prey with all the stealthiness and cunning of a poacher.

On July 30, following, within an hour, the official report that the Russians were holding a very strongly entrenched position in our front, at Tusan and Kwan-sui-ten, came the order that the military attacks and war correspondents must be prepared to move lag and baggage at 3 A.M. the next morning.

Not an atom of information, beyond the fact that we would make a short advance, could be extracted from Japanese sources, and two correspondents, John F. Bass and the writer, who were visiting the centre division, were sorely troubled because they were assigned to the left wing, which had not yet had a fight, and they were desirous of knowing whether or not they should stay with the centre, or return over twelve miles of road back to their own division.

However, the tip came in the friendly advice that we must at once return to our division, and that it was too late to secure permission from the main headquarters to remain with the centre. As a matter of fact, there was sufficient time to get back, and this decided us.

On we pushed, as the long summer twilight faded into darkness and the stars brightened in the skies, a trifle fearful lest



The Battle of Kwan-sui-ten, from the Front of the Japanese Mountain Battery

snorters might fire upon us in the night. A Korean messenger met us, on the way, with an urgent note informing us how to connect with our baggage and servants if we should not return. At ten o'clock we were at home. At eleven we had received permission to move forward at 2 A.M. One hour's sleep was all we had that night.

General Hasegawa and his staff began the advance at 1 A.M., shortly after the decadent and mist-covered moon had raised itself above the mountain crests of the narrow valley. With a battalion as his guard, he was to move around the left-hand road over Pu-pin-ri Pass.

An hour later, leading our horses over the fitfully moonlit road, we pressed ahead. The night was silent and damply chill, for the larger transportation of the army had not commenced to move, and the ammunition pack-trains, the artillery, and telegraph cars must have gone forward at midnight.

The clusters of Chinese houses, crowded with soldiers the day before, were now deserted by all except a lonely sentinel, guarding great piles of soldiers' shoulder-packs. This indicated plainly that a battle was to be fought off of no great distance away.

We studied the road to Pu-pin-ri, and saw the empty Japanese trenches, breaching away for several miles to the right, like lines braided into the high hillsides. Here not even a sentry had been left behind.

At this point the well-made highway of the Japanese gave place to the native roadway, a narrow, rock-filled ditch, down which you and your horse stumbled together in the deceptive half-darkness as we slowly approached, and the purplish light of the east was blending overhead with the yellow rays of the morning moon to give the sky a greenish tinge. Half an hour yet before the gunners could see the enemy's position.

Almost on the dot at six o'clock a piece of Japanese artillery boomed in the valley to our right, and the air was filled with the shriek of its impact, as the shell moved away toward the distant hill-tops, and sent its hateful cloud of shrapnel upon the ground, while a tiny circle of white smoke curled upward, ever expanding and fading away, to show where it had struck. The battle was on. The writer will give a personal narrative of what he saw, though before doing so the general plan of the battle, given on officially, must first be briefly told, that the reader may gain an intelligent idea of the whole.

The left-wing division was to force the fighting and execute a big flanking movement around the Russian right. The center division was to follow, a little later, along the main road to Liao-Yang, through Mo-tien-tung Pass, and strike the enemy's position nearly at right angles to the left-wing division, but not until the latter had well forwarded its flanking movement. The right-wing division, farther to the north and east, was to begin a general attack along its front, and drive the enemy backward toward Liao-Yang or toward Mukden on the northern road.

As the sun came up, one battery after another got into action, and, on our right, several Japanese field-batteries could be heard booming away, while to the front and right we caught the duller crash of the little mountain guns, and away and beyond all these seemed to be noisy Russian guns replying.

The rippling puff-puff of the Japanese thirty-four-year rifle grew stronger and stronger as we approached the front, and was answered by Russian volleys, like the rumbling, jarring sound of a string of loaded, loose-wheeled carts.

General Hasegawa and his staff, including an imperial palace, were at the foot of Pu-pin-ri Valley, and, as they watched developments, Russian shrapnel burst fast behind them in the little valley, doing slight harm, but filling the narrow, rock-walled ditches with deafening echoes, which multiplied and reverberated until it seemed that the Russians had turned loose a dozen batteries,

instead of the half-battery of four guns which was really playing upon us.

From a perch-hole on the rocky ridge we could see the little Japanese soldier engaged in his usual game of climbing; swiftly and silently, up the back side of hills, or scuttling upward along tortuous ravines, to gain a vantage-point where he could enfilade his enemy.

Three clumsy companies of Russians had been placed at the extreme left, as a mobile force to hold the hills against their athletic and cunning foe. They were hopelessly out-placed in the game of trying to place themselves between the coming foe and their main positions, because they must move in bodies and about in valleys, there seeming to be no individual initiative whatever.

Here, there, everywhere about them—literally from every hammock to their right, left, front, and, I was about to say, rear, came the steady roar of the Japanese rifles; not many from any given direction, but all shooting with deliberate accuracy.

The fear was being passed to death by hand-to-hand, and he groined, rubbed his nose, rolled on the ground, and ran away. The lers were swarming up the hollows, and soon appeared just under the crests of half a dozen sugar-loaf hills. Here the swarms gathered, rolling itself up in numbers until it became a company, then a battalion, in strength, actually lying in the same ridge of hills occupied by the Russians, in the trenches farther to the right.

White fogs—given to the soldiers by the Emperor, each decorated with the red sun of Japan and a cherry blossom—broke out in hundreds, and, perched high above us, we saw the spectacle of hundreds of hot and perspiring warriors fanning themselves with perfect unconcern.

It was a matter of less than half an hour before the Japanese held the main ridge to the left, or west, of the village of Not team, and the great flanking movement over the hills was ready to begin, from the point gained, about nine o'clock.

It was heading but at this hour, and the sunless air and the glaring sun seemed to make the land a veritable furnace below midnight. The dirty khaki uniforms of the stockily-built soldiers were shining with sweat, but they marched forward briskly and with no display of exhaustion, though they had been up all night and had already worked three hours in a similar of heat.

The fourteen hours' march made by that regiment of the Guards, in the flanking movement, would have killed off half the men in any European or American force long before the Japanese had finished it and were still keen to fight, and, notwithstanding this, the official report says that the left-wing division did not do so well as was expected! Only volunteers could have survived the heat and toil.

Thirty-five hundred fighting-men, with their guns and heavy knapsacks (for they did not know where they would camp at night), a battery of mountain-artillery, and all the necessary ammunition thereon in a hundred led pack-horses, with sixty more led animals carrying small-arm ammunition for the soldiers, marched into the high-walled hills, away from all roads, and away, even from foot-paths.

It was a marvelous performance, and one which, at first blush, seems impossible, for it necessitated travelling beneath the crests of the mountains, in order to be screened from the enemy. They moved ahead on mountain slopes whose angle was often sixty degrees. They toiled through thick underbrush and around the bases of rocky plungers five or eight hundred feet above the valley. One would have believed the feat impossible for loaded men, let alone heavily laden pack-horses. The left-wing regiment marched six miles in this fashion, and threatened Yo-shi-ri



Kuroki's Mountain Battery in action during the Battle of Kuan-shan-tai

(Yangtze), in the rear of the main position, at five o'clock in the afternoon.

A few horses crossed narrow-shoulder down hill, and now and again a soldier, with his pack and gun, would turn turtle and take a headlong flight downward until he hung up somewhere on the stiff, scrubby brushwood, but there were few such accidents, and the advance was fairly constant.

By the time the flanking column had moved a mile along the hills to the left, a pandemonium of war had broken loose in the valleys behind. Japanese batteries were pounding the entrenched hillside back of Sui-tuan-zu and Chu-jia-pu-tzu, and were being pounded in return by Russian batteries far in the rear.

While the Japanese were not yet ready to push the attack, they had, to their surprise, met a resistance which could not be overcome. In either small-arms or artillery fire, indeed, their own guns were being silenced under a storm of shrapnel, and the weight of the aerial which was being thrown with such accuracy was certainly twice that which they could return.

All the Russian gun positions were built for four guns each, while there were places prepared over the field for forty-eight pieces of artillery, but twenty-two guns were ever actually in position and firing. The left wing division had, including the mountain-artillery, several dozen guns, or seven batteries, of which at least five were in action, while later in the day the entire division brought several additional batteries into play.

There was a most marked difference in the speed of serving the artillery of the combatants, as the Russians began the work of rapid-fire, delivering at its full capacity, several shells a minute. The Japanese gun has about half this effective firing speed. As a matter of fact, then, the Japanese, with twice the number of guns, were only on an equal terms with their antagonists.

To go back to our mountain guns, they crept around the backward curve of a jutting spur, to a point almost facing the nearest Russian battery, and, on a ridge whose crest measured not more than ten feet across, the gunners began the work of secretly building gun pits. It was with fascinated thrills that one watched the Japanese soldiers carefully plant a few green branches in the ground, to screen them from view, and with every movement one expected them to be discovered, for the mountain battery was shelling the very ridge we were on, at its highest point, a few hundred yards away, in a futile effort to fill an attack on the Russian infantrymen lying in the trenches on the same divide, but shut off by a rocky plateau which rose between.

The Russians saw nothing. The Japanese worked like Trojans with pick and shovel, until level ground, six feet high and a little wider than the track of the gun, were laid, and a deep hole for the ammunition boxes had been finished on either side of the gun position. Then, placing green branches upright over the front of the guns, they slipped them gently into position one by one.

A gunner, on his stomach, crawled ahead of each gun and ran a narrow pathway close before the muzzles. They were ready, and so were the gunners, as they sat down behind the hill and faced themselves, waiting for the ammunition trains to take position in safe places, and then on the steep hillside, warning was sent to the men and pack-train leaders who stood on a hill to the rear, that, in a few minutes, their position might be alive with the enemy's shrapnel.

Every gun and a man showed home behind the breech-block, every gunner, had carefully sighted for his given range. The captain of the battery, stood on the highest point to the right, and the little lieutenant held on tight behind a small rocky ledge which jutted up between two of the guns. He almost danced with excitement, and his face was wreathed in smiles. In ten minutes he had told us, half a dozen times, in broken English, that it was "a very hot day," but his joy at the prospect of a fight hid his statement, so far as any discrimination to himself was concerned: it had been twice as hot as he would not have cared a rap.

Every gunner stood with upraised hand—the signal that his gun was ready to fire—the lieutenant stood with upraised hand and head just peering over the edge of his stock screen. The captain slowly raised his arm and shouted "Fire!" when, with one roar and some smoke, the guns came kicking back into the arms of

the men, who tacked them as a football-player down a man, and the shells went screaming into the enemy's earthworks. Five seconds, ten seconds, fifteen seconds, and the repeated guns belched away at the Russian battery, but before the second and smoke and dust and kicking guns had subsided a second time a screamer came back, just clearing the top of the hill and bursting in the air with a ringing crack, at the same time scattering a ring of shrapnel on the backward hillside.

Now things grew fast and furious: mountain battery against mountain battery—for it was afterward learned that the Russians had here four small guns. It was difficult to say which side had the best of it for the first ten minutes, but, again, the four guns of the Russians fired twice as rapidly as did ours, and the wicked big guns, four hundred yards to the eastward of the Russian small-gun position, took a few cracks at us, when they could spare a moment from the business in their front, on the other side of the big spur. One dragnet from the enemy burst fairly in the face of the plucky Japanese gunners and went down; another man a short distance away picked up a fragment of shell in his back. It was time to take a few minutes' rest and let the Russians forget the accuracy of their aim. Time passed in all these activities, but hours seem like minutes to those engaged, and it was now 11:15 a.m.

The flanking column was pushing ahead. We could see it from behind the ridge, filing away in a long sinuous line, passing a crazy peak here and there, disappearing behind the curve of a hidden hillside, and coming out again on the other side. A company had been detached, and slid downward over the crest of the ridge, and climbed a small sugar-bush eight hundred yards nearer the enemy than the mountain battery's position. There they sat, and waited and fanned, watching for the Russians, who hung doggedly to the forward trenches, to return along the road which they were blocked.

Part of the Third and Fourth regiments were trying to cross the river between Sui-tuan-zu and Chu-jia-pu-tzu, and for two hours the fighting was very severe. The volleys of fire of the Russians seemed to be entirely directed at this point, and a perfect fusillade of individual shooting broke loose. First it would be the Japanese, growing in volume steadily, and then, in a new and more continual note, the Russian rifles would take up the song of death, increasing to a roll which seemed to smother the fire of the Japanese and cause it to die away to a few solitary pie-pans, pie-pans.

The silence of the Japanese small arms provoked a reopening of the Japanese artillery fire against the position, but this, too, would die down under the stream of shells and shrapnel from the rearward Russian batteries. Plainly the Russians were holding their own fairly well in the center.

At noon, as if provoked by the horrible sweltering heat, both combatants seemed to struggle, and almost perfect silence reigned, broken only by the cawing of magpies in the alder and the low-balling his fellow. The Japanese men, tucked under the lee of hillsides, among their little baskets of cooked rice, and, with chopsticks working, ate their lunch. They had come into the field with one day's ration of freshly cooked rice and two days' rations of dry rice.

At two o'clock the flanking part of the left-wing division broke loose two or three miles away, almost in our front, and was answered by the swelling roar of the Russian volleys. A Russian mountain battery was plainly seen to jump on top of the equipments and frantically wave his arms. He ran past way down the front slope of the hill and back again, and then the heads of infantrymen could be seen moving along the line of trenches which led toward the point from which the Japanese fire was coming, and over the crest of a very ragged hill.

After a few minutes' hard small-arm firing, there was silence again, and then the sound broke forth anew, with redoubled fury. The Japanese fire ceased first. They were out, this day, to take the main Russian trenches in flank, but while certain Japanese detachments fought here, there were larger bodies pushing steadily onward, to positions in the rear far.

Before we came that the Russians had withdrawn their mountain battery, and the Japanese shelled the position for several



Japanese Soldiers with Pans resting after the Battle of Kwan-sui-tzu

minutes without receiving a reply, when the various little Russian guns woke up suddenly, and sent shells so fast and accurately over the edge of the Japanese battery's position on the hill that the men were glad to lie down out of harm's way for a few minutes, and carry their wounded to points of safety. I saw one gun sputter, but whether it was hit by a shell or kicked over from its own recoil, it is difficult to say positively.

At 2:15 p.m. a Russian four-gun battery and all the gunners came creeping down the steep, zigzagging roadway, from the top of the roof-shaped hill, where they had been firing steadily most of the day on the Japanese infantry and artillery in the center. We thought they were retiring for a few moments, but, instead, they swung around the edge of the hill and made straight for the enemy.

They took a fresh battery position, on a very low ridge which we had not seen before, and five minutes from the time they disappeared, four flashes of fire and one column of dust came out of four embrasures, and they were pouring shrapnel into a Japanese battery in the plain to our right.

From 2:30 until five o'clock the battle waged fever and ferver. Every battery of both sides seemed to be in action at the same time, about three o'clock, and the air buzzed and moaned and screamed in the pain of it.

The Japanese shrapnel covered the Russian batteries with white puffs of smoke, while solid shells rumbled the landscape along the trench-lines until a dozen odd pieces of red and yellow earth were suspended in the air at the same moment. Curiously enough, we could never see the Russian soldiers in these trenches; either they were not there, or they have learned the importance of protecting themselves.

Our little battery could not keep in action. The Russians had scored its range accurately, and, while the Japanese gunners showed their equipments with their shrapnel, the Russians fired the faster. Our mountain battery lost sixteen men during the afternoon.

The left-wing division advanced to the attack several times after three o'clock, but they were driven back or held in check by the Russian individual fire from the high-placed trenches. The Japanese artillery could apparently make no impression on these trenches, and a few minutes devoted for them to shelling the trenches was sure to result in their being overwhelmed with Russian shrapnel well placed on their guns.



Japanese Troops on a Flanking Movement during the Battle of Kwan-sui-tsu

The soldiers are said to have begged their officers to permit them to charge the trenches with bayonets—they could at least die, they exclaimed—but General Hasegawa sent word that they were to wait. It was best, for the spirit of these particular Russians was such, and their position so good, that hardly a third part of the Japanese would have arrived.

Looking up the valley for miles, one saw, both to the right and left, clusters of shrapnel smoke-rings hovering in the air, and from the valley rose fountains of earth and dust, indicating how severe was the artillery duel.

At four o'clock the main body of the center division began advancing on Kwan-sui-tsu, and a little earlier, to their left, the right wing of the tinards was pushing in to the attack.

The center division met a terrific fire from a coastal hill held by one company of Russians, who would not retreat, though pelted with artillery and small-arm fire until the hill was a haze of dust. An hour passed before this hill was taken, by the almost complete annihilation of the Russian company.

The right wing of the left-wing division played their first battery along-side of the Hsueh-tai road in a corn field, where they could see the main positions of the Russians, and opened fire. They occurred here the most sanguinary duel of the day, between two batteries. The Russians had four guns on the mountain ridge, five hundred feet above the plain and overlooking the large valley, and from this vantage of vantage they

peppered the battery of the Japanese from the westward it went into action. Our Japanese gun was smothered by a shell, which struck it fairly, and several men were killed. The brave lieutenant of the battery had his head completely covered from his body by another shell, as he stood, with upraised hand, ready to give the signal to fire.

But the Japanese battery, in turn, played havoc with the Russians, bursting shrapnel after shrapnel squarely in their faces, killing and wounding a large number among their gun crews. Their star performance was when a well-aimed shell just skinned the embrasure, smashed the gun wheel, and sent the entire gun spinning out of the pit, down hill. It turned over a dozen times in its flight, and sent fire a shriek, three hundred feet below the gun position, with an unspun shell still in its breast. The Russians took away the firing pin and sights.

The battle of the Russians' left wing was nearly over. Not that

(Continued on page 157.)



A Russian Gun upset by a Japanese Shell in the Battle of Kwan-sui-tsu

Mr. Henry James at Home

By Sydney Brooks

SEVENTY miles from London, on the southeast of Sussex, stands the ancient town of Rye, "Ancient" by royal prescription, for Rye is one of the Cinque Ports whose bounden duty it was to keep the narrow seas clear of pirates, French and Dutch. I know an quarter townlet in old England. It has a history that goes back with scarcely a break for nearly nine hundred years, and no spiritless history either, but vibrant with handsome deeds by land and sea, great victories, and great disasters. Even now, for all its antique peacefulness, there is a whiff of old battles about the place and something more than a whiff in towers and bastion and huge battlemented gateway. A topsyturvy place, of narrow climbing streets and uncarpeted alleys, all rich in spell for the antiquarian explorer, crowded with the sheer charm and delights of immemorial quietude. It is here, in this "past of stranded pride," which the sea has ungraciously abandoned, that Mr. Henry James has made his home, far enough away from the distractions and multitudinous harrows of London life. Here he can work and Rye is peace and peace himself. The last spot, on the whole, where one could expect to find an American entrenched; perhaps, therefore, the first where one would look for Mr. Henry James. No more an American townlet, at any rate, exists in Great Britain. To go from it, as Mr. James has done, to America, most, one would think, he like laying down Matthew Arnold's poems to enter a power-house. There is no higher word to be spoken for Rye than this—that it is all a Jamesite would have it. And this, but with even more emphasis, is all that one can say of his more immediate surroundings. At the top of a twisting cobble street and within a stone's throw of a six-hundred-year-old church, stands Lamb House, a



Mr. Henry James in the Garden of his Home at Rye

tawny-bricked early Georgian mansion, with the Flemish simplicity and spaciousness of its admirable period. It, too, like all things else in Rye, has its little bit of history. George I., returning from one of his too frequent visits to Hanover, and compelled by a gale to put in at Rye, stayed there for a night—the very night that the Mrs. Lamb of the day chose to give birth to a son. The royal christening head that followed is still an heirloom in the Lamb family. The Jamesite may best conceive the interior of the house by imagining it a combination of Staleybridge and Poynton, with all the virtues that make a house—workings, doors, panels, balustrades, and so on—perfect in form and appearance, and all the appointments, pictures, rugs, and furniture chosen and arranged with the assured instinct of an artist. "My humble possessions," says Mr. James of his Sheraton chairs, bookcases, tables, settees, and buffets, while the eye of the furniture-hunter grows curious, taking in the cool, calm exquisiteness of it all.

Nor is the outside less pleasing and refreshing—the mint-sauce lawn and flower-beds, the ivied garden wall, the conservatory and the copper-covered house. But it is to a little outbuilding on the right of the house and joined to it by a wall that, from the garden, one's eye turns oftenest. It is the same building that topped the vista as one climbed up the stone street to the house. "The Banqueting Hall," says Mr. James, with a twinkle, apologizing for the

name by a reference to the Georgian past. Put now, at any rate, to finer uses, for this one-roomed annex, white-paneled inside, is where Mr. James weaves and dictates his meticulous, incomparable tales. Altogether it will be odd if he finds anything in America during his present visit to remind him of his English home.



The Library at Lamb House, Mr. James's English Home



The Dining-room of Lamb House



The Author's Writing-room of Lamb House



Lamb House from the East—the Building to the Right is the Author's Writing-room



The Author seated on the Porch-step of his House in Rye

VIEWS OF "LAMB HOUSE," THE HOME OF HENRY JAMES, AT RYE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

The center is referred to the article in *Reveries* on the opposite page of this issue of the "West-ly" describing the English residence of Henry James. The distinguished author makes his house of Rye, a little town on the sea coast, and, as noted in the "West-ly" at the time of his arrival, it was waiting for him for the past time to a number of years.

Correspondence

COEDUCATION

BRISTOL, N. Y., August 26, 1914.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me a little space for two or three comments on the article entitled "The Education of Women with Men a Failure" that appeared in the *Weekly* of this date?

First, I desire to correct a misstatement of the author. After telling us that coeducation of the sexes first began at Oberlin College in 1833 he declares that "forty years elapsed before the idea was adopted elsewhere." *Colgate College* began its coeducation in 1843, and *Yale University* in 1845. It was open to men and women on equal terms, and graduated a fair proportion of women in the years of its existence, before its removal to Syracuse, it became Syracuse University. The author's foundation of facts is quite defective if this uncorrected necessary to a sample.

As a fellow townsman of the author and one who holds him in kindly esteem, I am surprised that he signs himself "Commissioner of Education at Syracuse, New York." As every one in SYRACUSE knows, Dr. Van de Water is not a Commissioner of Education, and has not been for some years. I presume the idea was that the incumbent of such an office would be popularly thought especially well qualified to speak with authority on college education. But is this quite honest? As a matter of fact, the Commissioner of Education at Syracuse has charge of primary and secondary schools only, and are in no way related to collegiate education. His former commissioners had not in any way whatsoever put him in touch with higher education nor in the slightest degree qualify him to treat of it.

No but as I have the author knows nothing by personal experience or observation of education in colleges. He is a pure theorist. It is true he gave a few lectures on artistic anatomy in the College of Fine Arts of Syracuse University in its early days, but this afforded him no opportunity to study coeducation in an academic college. Of this he knows no more by contact of experience than a four-year-old knows of chess and algebra. It is quite noticeable that the men who attack coeducation with a great show of wisdom and display of so-called facts are almost, without exception, men with no practical knowledge of the subject. I could name several—honorable men—able men, but simply theorists. But this is an age of science, and one fact outweighs any amount of speculative theory.

The writer has been thirty years a teacher in a coeducational college, with excellent results, and an observation. He has carefully studied the problem while actually engaged in the work, and engaged every feature of it, and ought to be able to speak with some authority on how it works in practice in one college at least. His sincere and honest conviction is that nothing is more natural than coeducation of the sexes in college. Nothing out of the ordinary happens in the process. The sexes associate in family life, they associate in primary school and in high school, they associate in business and in society—in fact, everywhere, except in college. There is no good reason for this exception. Why separate them the next year in college more than in the preceding year, the last in the high school?

It would not be at all difficult to meet and refute in detail every point made in the article under consideration, but it would be labor lost, and I call attention to two or three only. The author remarks that women have been made to believe "that if she were educated after the manner of men she could do man's work after the way that men do it." It is very certain that no woman in ten thousand has such a thought or purpose in her mind when she seeks a college education. And, further, it is an entire misconception of the scope and object of a college education. That education is not professional, but cultural, and differs little from the high school course, except that it is more advanced. All men who take the same course do not do the same work nor in the same way. One subsequently desires himself to one profession, another to another, some to business of various kinds. The argument has no validity; in fact, no application at all.

Again, the author objects to coeducation because it stimulates this untoward sentimentality. It is true that young men and women—the last in the world for it is the choicest of every community that go to college—become acquainted in college, and now and then, after graduation a marriage results. Well, why not? Is it not entirely natural? Young people thrown together in families also marry. In my thirty years' experience I have seen a number of such matches, and am happy to say that I have never yet known a mismatch or an unhappy marriage between such college men and women. They know no other way proper for life.

Dr. Van de Water is very fond of picturing the terrible social relations of the sexes during a college course. His imagination runs wild. He assumes that there must be great social disorders, and then, as though that were ground, he goes on to talk about such as well-known facts. But they are not facts. The assumption is unproved, and so far as SYRACUSE is concerned, is, in my knowledge, false. One of the most remarkable facts in education's history is that for the thirty years this university opened its doors in this city there has been no scandal, no serious disorder that have called for serious treatment at the hands of the faculty. It is able to say that in almost any boarding school for girls alone there have been in that time more instances that have called for firmer handling than have occurred here. At times sensational reports appear in the papers—and of immorality, but they are in fact—excesses—but these are simply the efforts of the reporters to print a stirring story. But our author accepts as gospel truth all such fabrications. A little honest investigation on his part

would in every case show the absurdity of his gullibility. The usual harmless and simple incident can be written up in such a way as to create a sensation, and that is just what the average reporter is always eager to do. The sensational stories in the Chicago papers about men and doings at the University of Chicago and the Northwestern University, every one now understands are not solely in sensational reporting that does not hesitate to invent facts.

Finally, the college world is challenged to produce a fair body of young men and women, one more orderly, more honorable, or more devoted to high ideals than the 250 students that graduate the undergraduate body of Syracuse University. Nothing has occurred in the history of the institution to which we do not enter the most searching scrutiny of every parent.

Coeducation is here to stay, and for the simple reason that no man can bring any valid indictment against it.

I am, sir,

FRANK SNAPEL,

Dean of College of Liberal Arts, Syracuse University.

FORTYNATE MR. POTTER

New York, September 12, 1914

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—I enjoyed your witty comments on my New York Herald article, "Round the Mind of Judge Parker," and the letter of Frances Safford in the last issue of the *Weekly* on "Paul Potter's Fall in Chevreuse."

Since the original article and your own comments were printed I have received many letters expressing surprise that Paul Potter should be a painter as well as a writer of plays. The writers state that while they have seen his version of "Trilby," and his "Conquerors," the latter produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire and have enjoyed his libretto to "The Schoolgirl," none running at Daly's, the *Herald's* and your own reproduction of "The Young Bull" was their first intimation that he could paint. Furthermore, they express indignation that one of his pictures has been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but attribute this to that institution's notorious neglect of American genres.

However, I met Potter the other day, and he tells us the museum has been won by the fame which has come to his "Young Bull" through yours and the *Herald's* efforts, to order a painting of him, and he now is at work on a large canvas. Needless to say it is one of those unusual subjects, in which even he excels, and I understood him to say that it will be entitled "The Democratic Donkey." He added that it would show a scene at Democratic national headquarters, but he did not go into details.

Potter also informed me that Charles Frohman has commissioned him to paint all the scenery for his next dramatic production. Thanks to us, this talented man now has his hands full of work.

I am, sir,

GUYTON KORM.

RAISING A FAMILY—WHY NOT ADOPT A CHILD?

San Diego, Cal., September 8, 1914

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—In a recent issue of *Harper's* I noticed a letter from "a modern mother" in which she justifies American parents for having so few children—in most cases on the ground that they "can't afford."

She, however, makes the following allusion to people who yearn for children and apparently could afford:

"The world never knows how many childless couples long for a little one."

"The world never knows of the misery who, having one or two, have for more, but are denied it."

Now, sir, these cases are deserving of no sympathy whatever. They are thousands of childless couples who are abandoned by human parents, or maybe left on the hands of a mother who can't attend to them. Why, then, don't more couples adopt children? Any one who really loves children could never become so much attached to an adopted child as if it were their own, and I am satisfied that the risk of hereditary evil traits can easily be counteracted by the influence of good environment upon children taken young enough—in fact, any child under ten can be moulded into a good man or woman.

I am, sir,

F. A. BINSKY.

AN APPRECIATIVE READER

BRATTLEBORO, September 22, 1914

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—Enclosed find one dollar for which please send me the *Weekly* for a period for which that will pay. I have been reading the paper at a public library this summer, and have become convinced that your articles relative to the exposure of the *Weekly* are not out of reach of the library I wish to get the paper till next election. My interest in these editorials is not due to any regard with the editor. I am a Roswellton of the Roswellton. My admiration for Theodore Roosevelt has transcended any respect that I may have for a mere party. Yet understanding any possible difference from the editor I like what he writes.

I am, sir,

ALBERT E. WHITE.

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you, as many a man has done for his wife, only where they had succeeded I had failed. If I thought anything at all—" he said, with an air of hesitation.

"Well!" said Millie.

"I thought you might have expressed your contempt with a little less of unkindness, or perhaps have hidden it altogether. You see, I was not having an easy time in New York, and your letters made it very much harder."

"Oh, Tony," she said, in a low voice of self-reproach. She was sitting with her hands clasped in front of her upon the table-cloth, her forehead puckered, and in her eyes a look of great pain.

"Never mind that," he replied; and he resumed his story. "I saw then quite distinctly that with each letter which you received from me, each new instalment of my record of failure—for each letter was just that, wasn't it?—your contempt grew. I was determined that if I could help it your contempt should not enshrine all our two lives. So I ceased to write. For the same reason I stayed away, even after my father had died. Had I come back then I should have come back a failure, proved and self-confessed. And your scorn would have stayed with you. My business hereof was a destiny in, in spite to you that, after all, I was some good—if not at money-making, at something else. I resolved that we should not live together again until I could come to you and say: 'You have no right to despise me. Here's the proof.'"

Millie was burning now, even so Tony had learned a minute ago. All that he said in her was utterly surprising and strange. He had been thinking of her, then, all the time while he was away! Indifference was in no way the reason of his absence.

"Oh, why did you not write this to me?" she said. "It need not have been a long letter, since you were unwilling to write. But just this you might have written. It would have been better, kinder"—and she passed upon the word, uttering it with hesitation and a shy deprecating smile, as though aware that she had no claim upon his kindness. "It would have been kinder than just to leave here, not knowing where you were, and thinking what I did."

"It is true," said Tony. "I might have written. But would you have believed me if I had? No."

"Then you might have come to me," she urged. "Three—just for five minutes—to tell me what you meant to do."

"I might," Tony agreed; "in fact, I very nearly did. I was under the windows of the house in Berkeley Square one night." And Millie started.

"Yes, you were," she said, slowly.

"Yes, I knew it the next day." And she added, "I wish now, I think, that you had come in that night."

"Suppose that I had," said Tony; "suppose that I had told you of my fine plan, you would have had me faith in it. You would merely have thought: 'Here's another folly to be added to the rest.' Your contempt would have been increased, that's all."

It was quite strange to Millie Stretton that there ever could have been a time when she had despised him. She saw him sitting now in front of her, quiet and stern; she remembered her own terror when he burst into the room, when he flung Colburn howling through the windows, when he turned at last towards her.

"We have been strangers to one another."

"Yes," he replied; "I did not know you. I should never have left you—now I understand that. I trusted you very blindly, but I did not know you."

Millie lowered her eyes from his face. "Not if you," she answered. "What did you do when you went away that night from Berkeley Square?"

"I enlisted in the Foreign Legion in Algeria."

Millie raised her head again with a start of surprise.

"Serving was my trade, you see. It was the one profession of which I had a little of that expert knowledge which is necessary nowadays if you are to make your living."

Something of his life in the Foreign Legion Tony now told her. He spoke deliberately, since a light was beginning dimly to

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41 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

shine through the darkness of his perplexities. Of a set purpose he described to her the arduous perils of active service and the monotony of the entrenchments. He was proud that she should understand in the spirit and in the letter the life which for her sake he had led. He related his expedition to the Fingy ones, his march into the Sahara under Tavernay. He took from his pocket the medals which he had won, and laid them upon the table—each before her.

"Look at them," he said; "I earned them. These are mine. I earned them for you; and while I was earning them what were you doing?"

Millie listened and looked. Wonder gave upon her. It was for her that he had labored and endured and succeeded! His story was a revelation to her. Never had she dreamed that a man would so strive for any woman. She had lived so long among the little things of the world—the little emotions, the little passions, the little prejudices and rivalries, the little aims, the little methods of attaining them, that only with great difficulty could she realize a simpler and a wider life. She was overwhelmed now. Pride and humiliation fought within her—pride that Tony had so striven for her in silence and obscurity, his mission because she had fallen so short of his example. It was her way to feel in superlatives at any crisis of her destiny, but surely she had a justification now.

"I never knew—I never thought! Oh, Tony!" she exclaimed, twisting her hands together as she sat before him.

"I became a sergeant," he said. "Then I brought back the remnants of the geographical expedition to the Sahara." He taxed his memory for the vivid details of that terrible retreat. He compelled her to realize something of the dumb, implacable hostility of the Sahara, to see, in the evening against the setting sun, the mounted figures of the Touaregs, and to understand that the day's march had not shaken them off. She seemed to be on the march herself, wondering whether she would live out the day, or, if she survived that, whether she would live out the night.

"But you succeeded!" she cried, clinging to the fact that they were both here in France, with the murmur of the Mediterranean in their ears. "You came back."

"Yes, I came back. One morning I marched my men through the gate of Ouzgla—and what were you doing upon that day?"

Talking, perhaps, with Lionel Calton, in one of those unfrequented public places with which London abounds! Millie could not tell. She sat there and compared Lionel Calton with the man who was before her. Showers of the kind of talk she was wont to hold with Lionel Calton occurred to her. Riling her with shame, she was glad to think that when Tony led his broken weary force through the gate of Ouzgla Lionel Calton had not been with her—had indeed been far away in Chile. She studiously placed her hands before her face and burst into tears.

"Oh, Tony," she whispered, in an abatement of humiliation, "Oh, Tony."

"By that humdrum march," he went on, "I gained my commission. That was what I aimed at all the while, and I had earned it at the last. Look!"

He took from his pocket the letter which his colonel had handed to him at Ain-Sefra. He had carefully treasured it all this while. He held it out to her and made her read.

"You see?" he said. "A commission won from the ranks in the hardest service known to soldiers, won without advantage of name, or friends, or money. Won just by merit. That is what I strive for. If I could, even that I could come back to you with a great pride. I should be no longer the man who was no good. You yourself might even be proud of me. I used to dream of that—to dream of something else."

His voice softened a little, and the smile for a moment relaxed the severity of his face.

"Of what?" she asked.

"Of that there among the sand hills, under the stars at night. I used to dream that we might perhaps get hold again of the little house in Deveney Street, where we were so happy together once. We might pretend almost that we had lived there all the time."

He spoke in a voice of great longing, and Millie was touched to the heart. She looked at Tony through her tears. There was a great longing still within her at this moment. Was that little house in Deveney Street still a possibility? She did not presume to hope so much; but she wished that she could have hoped. She pressed the letter which she held against her breast; she would have loved to hold it to her lips, but that again she did not dare to do.

"At all events you did succeed," she said. "I shall be glad to know that. I shall always be glad—whatever happens now."

"But I did not succeed," Tony replied. "I earned the commission, yes—I never held it. That letter was given to me one Monday by my colonel at Ain-Sefra. You mentioned a song a minute ago, do you remember? I had lost the associations of that song. I laughed when you mentioned it, and you were surprised. I laughed because when I received that letter I took it away with me, and that song, with all that it had ever meant, came back to my mind. I lay beneath the palm-trees, and I looked across the water past the islands and I saw the lights of the yachts in the bay. I was on the deck, again, high above the sea, the lighted windows of the house were behind me. I heard your voice. Oh, I had got you altogether back that day," he exclaimed, with a cry. "It was as though I held your hands and looked into your eyes. I went back to the barracks to write to you, and as I went some one brought me news of you to wake me out of my dreams."

Just for a moment Millie wondered who it was who had brought the news; but the next words which Tony spoke drove the question from her mind.

A few more weeks and I should have held that commission, I might have left the Legion, leaving behind me many friends and an honored name. As it was I had to desert—I deserted that night."

He spoke quite simply; but, nevertheless, the words fell with a shock upon Millie. She uttered a low cry:—"Oh, Tony!" she said.

"Yes," he said, with a nod of the head. "I incurred that disgrace. I shall be ashamed of it all my life. Had I been caught it might have meant an ignominious death; in any case, it would have meant years of prison—and I should have deserved those years of prison."

Millie shut her eyes in horror. Everything else that he had told her—his sufferings, his perils—all seemed of little account



He had his triumph then. . . . His triumph was not in his thoughts

Drawn by William Charles Lawrence

inside this crowning risk, this crowning act of sacrifice. It was not merely that he had risked a shameful death or a shameful imprisonment. Millie was well aware that his whole nature and character must be in revolt against the act itself. Desecration! It implied dishonesty, untruth, deceit, cowardice—just those qualities, indeed, which she knew Tony most to hate, which perhaps she had rather despised him for lacking. No man would have been more severe in the punishment of a deserter than Tony himself. Yet he had deserted, and upon her account. And he sat there telling her of it quietly, as though it were the most insignificant action in the world. He might have escaped the consequences—he would certainly not have escaped the shame.

But Millie's cup of remorse was not yet full.

"Yet I cannot see that I could do anything else. Tonight proves to me that I was right, I think. I have come very quickly, yet I am only just in time." There was a long stain of wine upon the table-cloth beneath his eyes. There Callon had upset his glass upon Tony's entrance.

"Yes, it was time that I returned," he rejoined. "One way or another a burden of distress led to be borne—if I stayed, just as certain as if I came away; I saw that quite clearly. So I came away." He forebore to say that now the disaster fell only upon his shoulders that she was saved from it. But Millie understood, and in her heart she thanked him for his forbearance. "But it was laid on me, I think," he said. "You see, even now I am on French soil, and subject to French laws."

And Millie, upon that, started up in alarm.

"What do you mean?" she asked, breathless.

"There has been a disturbance here tonight, has there not? Suppose that the manager of this restaurant has sent for a policeman!"

With a swift movement Millie gathered up the medals and held them close in her clenched hands.

"Oh, it does not need those to convict me; my name would be enough. Let my name appear and there's a deserter from the Foreign Legion laid by the heels in France. All the time we have been talking here I have sat expecting that door to open behind me."

Millie caught up a lace wrap which lay open on a sofa. She had the look of a hunted creature. She spoke quickly and feverishly, in a whisper.

"Oh, why did not you say this at once! Let us go!"

"No," said he, with his eyes fixed upon her. "I have given you an account of how I have been apart. The years during which we have been apart."

"He waited for her answer in suspense. To this question all his words had been steadily leading: for this reason he had dwelt upon memory, by memory alone truthfully and without reverse the story of her years."

"If she did, why, that dim light which shone amid the darkness of his perplexities might perhaps shine a little brighter. He uttered his question. Millie bowed her head, not answered."

"I will."

"Oh, don't, then, and tell me now."

"Oh, no," she exclaimed. "Not here! It is not safe. As we go back to Ess I will tell you everything."

A look of relief came upon Tony's face. He rose and touched the bell.

A waiter appeared.

"I will pay the bill," he said.

The waiter brought the bill and Tony discharged it.

"The problem," M. Callon, the waiter said, "A doctor has been. He has a considerable time before he is

able to be moved."

"Indeed?" said Tony, with indifference.

He walked with his side out of the little

vestibule. A single light faintly illuminated it. They crossed it to the door and went up the winding drive on to the road. The night was dry and clear and warm. There was no moon. They walked in the pure twilight of the stars round the gorge towards Ess.

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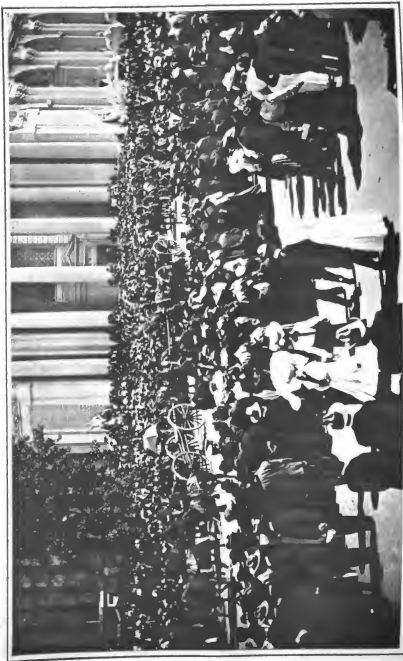
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



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THE LION-TAMER

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COMMENT

PLATFORM: NO HARM!

However the election goes, the campaign will have been useful to the country. It is serving pretty well the important purpose of political education, which is the great compensation for the trouble and expense of electing a President every four years. If President ROOSEVELT be elected he will have a country which knows his record better than it did before, and which contains thousands of informed observers, on the lookout for manifestations of the tendencies they have learned to look for in an administration of which he is the head. No President can continue long to act counter to an aroused public opinion. This campaign has at least afforded to intelligent voters the means by which opinions may be formed. There have been some excellent speeches and some excellent letters on the Democratic side. Whether the points that they have made have been brought home to the mass of the people we do not yet know. But the attentive readers all over the land have taken note of them and pondered them.

If the Democrats are again to be the Opposition, they will certainly constitute a stronger, more intelligent, more attentive, and definite Opposition because of the work of the campaign. Such letters as that of Mr. SCHURZ to the Parker Independent Club, such speeches as Mr. STREETER's, such deliberances as those of the Lawyers' Constitution Club, and of Mr. CURTIS to the Parker College Men's Club, have a great deal of merit in them, and we believe that much of it is being digested. If the campaign could be kept going hard—harder than it has gone yet—for another six months, it might be possible to make a vital issue of tariff revision. For there is an issue there, and it has got to be tackled out, unless the surgery of its friends can save the drooping patient. Whoever wins, the very important concern of economy in governmental expenditures is bound to get more attention. More votes than before will insist upon knowing why the annual cost of administering our government should exceed half a billion dollars. Even tariff taxation can be felt if the victim knows enough to trace his pains to their true source.

Commenting upon the probable political effect of Mr. ROOSEVELT's "important and defiant letter" three weeks ago, we expressed the admiration evoked by his daring, but questioned the wisdom of his tone, and ventured a prediction that, when the first outburst-on should have subsided, the prodium would "swing back quite a little way." This has happened. When the letter was written Republican certainty was at top notch. The movement of the opposition was timid and the ammunition was so scattered as to produce no effect. One element was making tariff reform the issue, another the Philippines, a third the Constitution, one even the race problem, and so on. But Mr. ROOSEVELT, in his

letter, invited a direct personal attack, and got it. The leading journals opposing his candidacy, along with the writers and orators from SCHURZ to STANLEY, promptly dropped the minor issues upon which they had been wasting so much energy and concentrated a savage response to the defiant invitation. Mr. ROOSEVELT made himself the issue in his letter, and it will be his personality, not his party nor his party's policy, that will be passed upon at the polls. Frankly, although doubting, as we did, the wisdom of departure from the line marked out by Mr. ROSS in Chicago, we are glad to see this. Mr. ROOSEVELT is bigger than his party because he has completely subjugated it, and he is better than the Senatorial clique which formerly dominated it. Indeed, as we have observed many times during the past year, he is its chief asset. He has ideals, even though at times in his zealous pursuit of big game he lets them rest temporarily on the party shelf. And what he does, he does in the open. There is no concealment or attempt at concealment of purpose or method. Contrasted with the guilefulness of the secretive, selfish oligarchy under the direction of Senator ALDRICH, the ingenuities of ROOSEVELT are refreshing and healthful. Moreover, it is fitting that he should be recognized as the issue, because he is. The party and the oligarchy are in the hollow of his hand. Never having been committed of the former as an aggregation of special interests and always having detested the latter as representatives thereof, we consider it a happy circumstance that at last they have not only met their match, but found a master.

The chief accusation made in response to Mr. ROOSEVELT's invitation is of insincerity in that he proclaims a determination to check and, if need be, antagonize the trusts, while, at the same time, his representative, Mr. CORTLEYON, makes terms with them. Mr. JOSEPH PLETZER makes the first charge in eight columns of infantry. It is impressive, although chiefly deductive, and can have but little effect while the Wald's (Clyde) Bay tale to the same end remains disavowed. His chief point is that nearly six hundred days have elapsed since the President got from Congress an appropriation of \$500,000 for use in determining the legal status of the big corporations, and nothing has been done. The deduction is that the appropriation was obtained to be utilized as a menace by Mr. CORTLEYON, then Secretary of Commerce and Labor and now chairman of the National Committee, but not to be touched in case the corporations should make suitable responses to requests for campaign subscriptions. In any case, the fund lies idle. To that extent, Mr. PLETZER stands upon an indubitable fact. Anybody is at liberty to draw whatever inference he finds most satisfying.

The *Times* is more explicit. On Saturday, October 1, it published a two-column, double-headed editorial under the head-line, "Baying a President." After denouncing the President's transference of Mr. CORTLEYON from the Department of Commerce to the chairmanship of the National Committee as "a public scandal, a national disgrace," it proceeds as follows:

Concrete instances are more impressive than statements of general principle. Here is one: Chairman CORTLEYON goes to one of the officers of a large corporation, and informs him that the Republican National Committee expects a substantial contribution from his company. The officer in question is surprised; he is not of Mr. ROOSEVELT's party; neither he nor his corporation have been mentioned to public with politics; he asks for time to think it over. In the solitude of his office his thoughts run in this wise: "I do not want to give money to the Republican National Committee. But I am trustee of the interests of the stockholders of this corporation. I may soon have to appear before this man as a representative of my corporation in a matter affecting its business, as to which he will have, if not official discretion, at least very great personal and official influence, which I would dislike to have used against me. I cannot let my personal disinclinations stand in the way of the company's interests. I will make this forced contribution to Mr. CORTLEYON's fund."

The *Times* then definitely declares that "Chairman CORTLEYON will readily recall many concrete instances of this nature; it is typical."

In most cases, the *Times* says, the demand is met gladly upon the belief that the President will not attack a trust that

has landed his former private secretary "a great check" to further his own ambition. It continues:

One of the chief corporation men in this city who is now gathering in money for Mr. Roosevelt was his letter for ten months ago. It was the death of HANNA that wrought the change. After that they could not beat Mr. ROOSEVELT. They resolved to buy him. They thank now that they are buying him with the great sums they fling into his campaign chest.

It closes with a declaration that Mr. CORTLANDT's "pressure in the office of a corporation amenable to Federal discipline is a scandal, an implied invitation to bribe the Executive, an offer of immunity from prosecution for pay, a degradation of the Presidential office through its accredited agents, a humiliation put upon a sensitive people, a stain upon the honor of THOMAS ROOSEVELT."

The *Tribune*, recognizing the seriousness of the accusation, which it describes as "an attack upon the morality and integrity of President ROOSEVELT," insists that the *Times* should not stop half-way, but "urges it to the public to make a complete exposure of any such transaction." It pointedly adds:

Who is the man who in this "concrete instance" was so exposed and victimized? What are some of the many other "concrete instances" of extortion of which this is said to be typical? If the President and Mr. Cortlandt are guilty as charged, the people should know it specifically and have an opportunity to pass intelligent judgment upon the evidence. If this is mere reckless insinuation, shamelessly uttered without any proof, the people should likewise have the opportunity to pass appropriate judgment upon the malicious insinuation. What concrete evidence of any "concrete instances" has the *Times* to offer? Has it any, or is it simply talking at random?

We heartily endorse the position of the *Tribune*. The *Times* has no moral right to induce its readers to believe that the President is a public criminal unless it has the evidence to substantiate its assertion, and is prepared to produce it. To-day and until it does so its reputation for truthfulness must rest under a cloud. It will not suffice to invite Mr. Cortlandt to "deny it if he dare," or to defy him to prove that it is not so. The burden of proof rests upon the *Times* when it accuses the President of a crime as heinous, brazenly speaking, as the *World* charged him with when it declared that he had definitely and personally betrayed his party and his country. The *World* still permits its readers to believe that it considers President ROOSEVELT a traitor and a liar. Can the *Times* afford to do likewise? Its own, not the President's, use Mr. Cortlandt's character is in question, and must there remain until it confirms or repudiates its accusation.

Needless to say, to those of us who had hoped that this campaign might be conducted upon high lines, even with good nature and an occasional splash of humor, such occurrences are most disheartening. But Mr. ROOSEVELT would be taken at his word and be held strictly accountable for everything done after he uttered his defiance was, as we have said, to be expected. That, at some stage of the proceedings, the appointment of Mr. CORTLANDT to be chairman of the National Committee would evoke severe criticism he doubtless anticipated, but probably felt that he could rely upon the previous good repute of both himself and his friend to break the force of the blow. That it was a mistake he must now clearly perceive. It could not have been otherwise. The situation was too delicate. The reputation of the Angel Gabriel would have suffered under such stress. It is true that the *World* made a pitiable exhibition of itself, and quite likely the *Times* will lift its head. But the fact is that the aroused suspicion will not down. The public is bewildered, uncertain. While requiring positive evidence of the truth of the reports, it cannot and does not ignore that which is circumstantial. Every mail brings in our table letters of personal inquiry from honestly troubled readers of this journal who think we ought to be able to find and willing to tell the truth. But we cannot. All we do know positively is that the first charge of this nature, brought by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, to the effect that Mr. Cortlandt had visited the leading manufacturers of that city and demanded a heavy contribution, had absolutely no foundation in fact.

Whether or not Mr. CORTLANDT personally has sought contributions, with, of course, the approval of President ROOSEVELT, we cannot say. There seems to be little necessity for his doing so. It is a fact, we believe, that the corporations as a whole are contributing freely and voluntarily, although not in great amounts, to the Republican campaign fund, and are carefully refraining from lending aid to the opposition. We also believe it to be true that a large proportion of them are doing this, not because they want to, but because they dare not do otherwise.

Nobody, so far as we have observed, has ventured to accuse either the President or Mr. CORTLANDT of having promised immunity to any one. They simply are convinced that Mr. ROOSEVELT is sure to be elected anyhow, that they could not beat him if they tried, and that he is likely to feel more kindly disposed towards them if they help along the good work. So they send their good money to Mr. CORTLANDT or Mr. BLISS or Mr. ALDEN, and send word to Mr. BLUMONT and Mr. RYAN that they needn't come around. The money is accepted, of course, gratefully, just as it would be by the Democratic managers, and we dare say somebody enters up the names and amounts in a book for future reference. That, according to such information as we have at hand, is about what is going on. Maybe some of the contributors require a little urging; it would be surprising if they didn't. Whether Mr. CORTLANDT does any of the urging we do not know. If he does, he will be sorry some day that he did. But when asked whether we believe that GEORGE B. CORTLANDT, with the connivance of THOMAS ROOSEVELT, has engaged in a great blackmailing crusade to satisfy the latter's lust of power, we declare with all the emphasis at our command that we do not. If they have, those who have been making these charges will experience difficulty in finding some one who will tell. This they have not done as yet—and they deserve no further consideration until they do. By "they" we wish it understood—we mean more particularly the *New York Times*, the *New York World*, and the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

There isn't he two ROOSEVELTS, as Mr. CARL SCHURER declares, because if there were, the other one would have been nominated for Vice-President.

Secretary PERCIVAL finally came back to Washington and registered the desire of the great and good father in the case of Clear Importer vs. Clear Importation. This differed from the pickled sheepskins affair in that the pockets of two parties, instead of the political prospects of the faithful LORRE, were concerned. The circumstances were these: It has been the custom of the Treasury Department to paste upon the cover of each box containing imported cigars a light-reddish stamp which evidenced primarily that the import duty had been paid and incidentally that the cigars had really been imported. Manufacturers of domestic cigars protested against this custom of long standing and demanded an immediate ending, for the reason, as their spokesman brusquely declared, that "if we don't get it changed before election, we never will." The importers opposed a change naturally. Thereupon, this being a political year, the President took the matter in hand himself in order to see that perfect justice be recorded all parties, irrespective of the views of presumably incompetent subordinates. The domesticists insisted that this stamp really constituted an advertisement, which served a discriminatory purpose against their Connecticut product, and should be changed to a less glaring color and stuck on the bottom of the box. Moreover, the importer was a Trust, anyway, and a clutch in the nostrils of the people. The great and good father—blessings of Allah, etc.—mindful of the mandate contained in the Constitution of the realm that the imperative duty of deciding where the stamp should be stuck devolved upon him and him alone, struck a balance and declared that it should go on the bottom, out of sight, though the color should not be changed. Both parties to the controversy seem to have acquiesced politely in this sagacious determination—the one because it had profited by striking while the iron seethed, the other because, although a Trust continued by men, it was permitted to breathe a while longer.

Whereupon we who occasionally smoke imported cigars murmured greatly. Why should the domestic manufacturers have

insisted upon hiding the stamp exact for the purpose of enhancing the sale of their own goods by deceiving the purchaser! And why, if the importer, even though a Trust, has really paid the absurdly large duty upon his product, should he be deprived of whatever advantage might accrue from the conveyance of that information to the consumer in the manner established by usage? And why, in reconditioning a custom which has maintained so many years, should not the interests of those who do the smoking and pay the piper and get deceived or not, in proportion to their willingness to get out their glasses and scrutinize the bottom of a box, have been considered? And why hurry Secretary PIERCE back to Washington to register the decree forthwith? Was there vital necessity for so great haste in the determination of a matter of real importance to various millions of men who are willing to pay for what they get, but would like to feel reasonably certain, without being compelled to do detective service, that they get what they pay for? Is this Protection or Rascality? But, brethren, ticklish times are upon us. Let us, therefore, forbear!

Cheer up! The pullback is off the lips of the official herald of the Treasury Department. He can see three dollars in the goal for September.

We are haunted by pickled sheepskins. The Boston Commercial Bulletin also has them on the brain, and rudely takes us to task for having made the following assertion:

The pickled sheepskins all cut down. The Boston Commercial Bulletin has run in earth the thoughtless official who made a ruling in conformity with his judgment without regard for political exigencies. Assistant Secretary C. H. KERR is the scapegoat person, and, speaking for the Massachusetts manufacturers who know from past experience what a tariff is between "friends," the Bulletin demands his instant dismissal on the broad ground of incompetency.

The Bulletin finds this statement not only "erroneous in fact," but "extraordinary in expression," which pains us, and is surprised that "such a highly respectable paper" should have made it. It then goes on in the course of a rambling column to say that the ruling was "in defiance of the evidence," and "its correction is not a matter of politics, but simply a return to established law." That may be; we don't know. What we do know is that HENRY CUNY wanted it changed, and the President acted accordingly. The Bulletin naively continues:

The order arbitrarily transferring sheepskins to the dutiable list was signed L. H. KERR, Assistant Secretary. Mr. KERR being thus responsible for this arbitrary defiance of law, the Bulletin demanded his removal. . . .

It is well that justice is restored, and that the permanent interpretation of the law has been made known before election. After election, when personal matters can be discussed with a greater measure of judicial calmness, we expect, as we expected a return to the law, a serious investigation of the Customs Division, with some unpleasant consequences to the offenders. There is not the slightest suggestion of graft in the Treasury Department, but even incompetency should not exist there.

It beats all how people wanting tariff rulings changed are hurrying up to get them made right away instead of waiting until after election, "when personal matters can be discussed with a greater measure of judicial calmness." Incidentally, accepting the Bulletin's revised version as correct, we confess our utter inability to find anything "erroneous in fact" in our original statement. We guess it was only "extraordinary in expression."

That was a fine certificate as a peace-maker that Mr. Secretary HAY gave to Mr. ROOSEVELT in his speech of welcome to the delegates to the International Peace Congress. "President ROOSEVELT," he declared, "has the same tireless energy in the work of concord that he displayed when he sought peace and ensured it in the field of battle." That is nice language, but it is not accurate. On the field of battle he sought various objects, all particularly set forth with maps and diagrams in an autobiographical work to that end devoted. We have not freshly consulted the work in question, but if Mr. HAY can find concord enumerated among the objects pursued, we will send him a new hat if he will communicate the proper size. And between fields of battle the Colonel pursued canned beef, and got it, and was much disappointed in it. He also pursued

the War Department with a round-robin. He pursued something every minute and usually caught up with it, but his "tireless energy in pursuit of concord" was, and presumably is, of exactly the same quality as that of Scotty Briggs in Mr. TRUMAN's story, who got a spanner and personally dispatched the roughs who were stoning the Methodist meeting-house. Scotty insisted upon having peace just as the Colonel does; and when there was a sudden demand for peace, he cried ha, ha, like the war-horse of Scripture, and got out his weapon and sailed in. In expounding temperaments, Mr. Secretary, it is necessary to distinguish between persons who like to harvest their peace with impassioned physical exertion, and those who promote it by diplomacy, forbearance, self-restraint, and other forms of head-work. "Tireless energy in the work of concord!" Well! well!

The Republican candidate got a little excited the other day over a letter on labor-unions and strikes, signed THOMAS ROOSEVELT, and printed in the *Mines Magazine* out West. He pronounced it a forgery by telegraph, and called for the detection and punishment of the perpetrator. Then it came out that the offender was none other than the old *Evening Post* of this city, which had composed the letter itself and printed it as one which "might well have been sent." Which fulfills the reflection that our esteemed contemporary will do well to return to the mines and stop trying to crack jokes at the toothless age of one hundred and three.

The Tribune thinks it's smart. It set a trap for the Judge by submitting a snap question in writing as follows:

In view of the activity of the Parker Constitution Club, do you believe that colored voters should be allowed to enjoy the voting privileges which the Federal Constitution guarantees them?

The Judge with his usual courtesy told the reporter that the fact that he was not giving interviews was well known, and referred those desiring to acquaint themselves with his opinions to his letter of acceptance. Whereupon the Tribune shouts Hallo! Its conduct is on a par with that of the World when Mr. ROOSEVELT pronounced as a forgery the *Evening Post's* imaginary letter containing this phrase:

Your implication that I would do for you as a Presidential year what I would not do at another time is an insult. If I cannot be elected without getting down on my knees to labor-unions, then, in the spirit of my distinguished opponent, let the election go.

Now then, triumphantly shouts the World, "Does Mr. ROOSEVELT's heated denial mean that he will 'get down on his knees to labor-unions' if necessary to his election? By his disclaimer does President ROOSEVELT mean to say that in similar circumstances he would not do what President CLEVELAND did in 1894?" No, hanger of to-morrow, he doesn't mean to say that; he doesn't mean to say anything. Neither did Judge PARKER, in reply to the Tribune. And they don't have to. Although candidates and gentlemen, they are not obliged to answer every snap fool question that comes along.

The "D" before CUNY HERRICK stands for nothing; it is just D. To Mr. HILL, it now signifies Dear; it once stood for another word more graphic. Let us hope it will never spell DAVU.

MRS. HENRY continues to be cross because the New York papers did not print his underdone speech to a lot of editors in full, and seizes upon any pretext for a fresh dig at them.

We wholly agree [he writes] with HARPER'S WEEKLY as to the editorial page of the *Springfield Republican*. But why discriminate? What have the New York leading writers done, or left to do, that they should be thus denied their primacy? Do they not sufficiently proclaim it? Do they not constantly advertise their own wares? "It is truly interesting," says the WEEKLY, "to learn from the series of military orders that now pervade metropolitan journalism," which is equivalent to saying that brass buttons, not inspiration or integrity, is the rule in the New York newspaper offices, which is equivalent to saying that they get their opinions from where they get their grub, which is equivalent to saying that they lack independent judgment and representative character.

Which is equivalent, nevertheless, to saying nothing of the sort. We do not know a single New York newspaper whose nominal editor does not control its policy. The silly Press brought similar charges against its contemporaries some weeks

ago, and the bill of particulars we asked for at the time has not yet been filed. No; what the editorial pages of New York newspapers lack is pith. They seem to be overwhelmed by a tone realization of their traditional defects. The *Sun* has to be excepted. The *Evening Post* crumples, the *Times* plucks, the *American* dictatorial, the *Tribune* bigoted, the *World* primitive, the *Herald* vacuous, the *Mail* and *Globe* inconsequential, the *Expter* verbose, the *Press* insipid. Each is kept so busy maintaining its peculiarity that it has no time for the exercise of either the sweet reasonableness which permeates the columns of the *Republican* or the abundant knowledge and exquisite logic which characterize the other journal—not the *Century*—to which we referred. Each is honest; none suffers; that is all.

GRANDPA GARNER'S figures are more phibetically than his wies.

The good, old-fashioned partisan papers ought to save the wear and tear of original thinking by getting together and swapping editorials. Here is a sample leader from the *Evening Mail*:

FACTS TO KEEP IN MIND

Does any one deny that HILL controls the Democratic party of this State? Does any one deny that if he could elect his State ticket and a Democratic Legislature he would be more than ever the supreme influence in Democratic councils?

Would he or would he not steal another Senate seat if the result in November should make such a thing possible?

Would he or would he not have another willing "tool" like MAYNARD to help along the conspiracy?

Would he or would he not doubtless the Legislature rather than present an investigation of his canal administration?

These are questions that can be answered by recalling HILL's career in politics. If the people want a restoration of that kind of government, they will vote for HILL's State ticket. Otherwise not.

All a true-blue Democratic editor need do to produce an equally cogent and convincing argument is to change "Democrat" to "Republican" and "Hill" to "Orrin."

Last week presidents of two great Western railroads, said to a man of prominence, also identified with railroads, and which presidents had not contemplated making any contribution to political funds, that they saw no escape from yielding to the British, for the reason they could not afford to antagonize CANTON. If he were to be Postmaster-General, for they could not, in the interests of the corporations in their care, afford to see the mail-carrying contracts go to their competitors over the way, and so would make their contributions.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Who were the presidents? Who was the man? No humbug!

For broken face comment us invariably to old Doctor Sanctionism. The Reverend SILAS CANNON SWALLOW, Prohibition candidate for President, asks Judge PARKER to accompany him "on a joint stumping tour up Salt River," and adds:

Though I have not had the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, yet, in view of our being travellers toward the same goal, which at the best but one of the numerous candidates can reach this year, and in view, further, of the possibility that both you and I may miss the mark and that "misery loves company," I am sure you will pardon the seeming intimacy of this communication.

If somebody should slap Doctor SWALLOW's face, he, too, would have an excellent opportunity to pardon a "seeming intimacy."

When Senator HOAN died the Senate lost its most interesting figure. He had been a Senator from Massachusetts for twenty-seven years, and had come to rank as a national institution. No considerations of party restrained him in his later years from speaking his mind freely on all great subjects that interested him. His answer to Professor NEWTON's lament at the time of the Spanish war was a great solace to persons who were doubtful of the righteousness of our course at that time. Still more lately his eloquent opposition to the course of his own party in acquiring the Philippines and governing them as a colonial dependency gained a degree of attention and respect which could scarcely have been accorded to any other speaker. His age, his character, his abil-

ities, the length and distinction of his public service, his descent from old New England families that had bred famous thinkers, and his position as the leading representative of Massachusetts, combined to make him finally the most authoritative representative of American traditions of the generations that are gone.

He was also our foremost example of the educated man in political life. His education, begun at Concord Academy, and continued at Harvard, where he graduated in 1846, went on as long as he lived. Dr. EDWIN EXAMPT HILL, who spoke at his funeral, quoted some one's remark that Senator HOAN seemed to have read everything. Dr. HILL spoke of his familiarity with the best English religious writers, especially of the time between the Puritan emigration and now, and he added: "If you caught him when he was not at work . . . you found him strolling at his desk, perhaps writing his careful translation of Thucydides." He was a scholar, and a scholar of a very broadly intellectual type. Professor BARNETT WENDALL, in writing recently (in the *North American Review*) about modern educational methods, said that the old-fashioned classical system of education found its justification in the extraordinary mental abilities of the American lawyers whose minds were trained by it, and who were leaders and masters in public affairs in the earlier days of the republic. Senator HOAN belonged to the class of leaders that Professor WENDALL had in mind, and the quality and vigor of his mental powers must be held to bear testimony to the efficiency of the system that trained them. He began to practice law in Worcester in the late forties, as soon as he got out of the Harvard Law School, and was immediately successful as a lawyer, and promptly acquired a valuable practice, but his political career began so early (1851) and continued so steadily that his reputation as a lawyer is almost forgotten in his wider fame as a Senator and publicist.

In his later years he was the Old Man Eloquent of the country. We have not left—at least, not in sight—a conscience so obstinate, proved to a mind so resourceful, so unyielding a purpose, and a voice of such grace and authority. Perhaps he was behind the times. Certainly he was at odds with some tendencies of the times that find their foremost champions in the high places of the party with which he acted so long. Justice BURMAN, another man of Puritan derivation, has obstinate opinions and is ready to speak them, but he has neither the oratorical opportunities of Senator HOAN, nor his oratorical gifts.

Mr. ROBERT CURRIE is still adding to his reputation as being the monumental political provocateur of the present quadrennium, at least.—*Danvers Herald*.

Isn't he still for PARKER?

Everybody has read the story of ADAM BUCK, the Englishman who served long terms of imprisonment for felonies committed by another man. In his case juries were careless and overbearing, witnesses were careless and mistaken. Only by luck was the mistake found out after an innocent man had spent years in jail. Our courts do little make occasional mistakes, but they are more likely to err in discharging the guilty than in convicting the innocent. Nevertheless, they are not proof against being misled by prejudiced witnesses. Last week the papers told of the confession of a child twelve years old, on whose testimony a young man, LUKE GLENN, of Jersey City, has been in jail since last July. She accused him at that time of criminal assault. Three weeks ago he was indicted. He pleaded not guilty to the indictment. When his case came up for trial the court assigned him a lawyer who advised him to plead guilty and get a lighter sentence. But when the prisoner came to plead again he said to the judge: "I am pleading guilty because my lawyer says that is best, but I tell you I never did it." Judge BLAKE was not satisfied and asked Miss DAY of the State Board of Children's Guardians to investigate the case. To her the child confessed that she had lied about GLENN. Of the witness Miss DAY said: "I don't think the poor child is capable of telling the truth about anything. She is a degenerate, as any one can see, and she appears to be destitute of moral sense. She ought to be committed to an institution to protect the community and to protect her from herself." The child said to Miss DAY, when questioned: "I just

couldn't help being bad. I am bad whenever I want to be bad, and I can't help telling lies."

In this case an awful miscarriage of justice was avoided because a judge was vigilant and took pains, but the accused youth suffered seriously as it was. Two months ago we heard in detail the story of an analogous case, in which a man accused by a girl of misconduct was sentenced to spend six months on one of the penal islands in the East River. The case was like *Thouless's* case in that an incompetent lawyer advised the accused to plead guilty to get a light sentence, although he denied the crime. There were complications in the case that made it hard for the accused to establish his character as a reputable man, but there were other circumstances that made it extremely probable that he was a victim of blackmail, and innocent of the offence charged. The man was a teacher. Of course he lost his place and all the income which maintained his family, and when he is discharged his character will be hopelessly damaged. A friend of his, a lawyer, put an inquiry about and had the girl's character investigated. She promptly disapproved. The desire to protect girls, and especially young girls, against scoundrels has resulted in strict laws, raising the age of consent, and facilitating convictions. For the sort of scoundrel who debauches youth no one has any sympathy. But some young female children are exhaustively bad, and capable at a tender age of various forms of misconduct, including highly imaginative forms of perjury. Such a girl as the one in the *Gottus* case, as described by Miss Day, is really a terrible menace to any community. Proportionate to the desire to convict and shut up the scoundrel who corrupt young girls should be the zeal of the courts and prosecuting authorities to protect decent—and even half-decent—men against perjured witnesses.

Attorney-General CANNON seems to embody most of the stunk in the Democratic party in New York.

Sir WILLIAM RAMSAY, K.C.B., F.R.S., Professor in Chemistry at the University College, London, was entertained at dinner last week by some of his scientific brethren in Brooklyn. He had spent six weeks in these States and was about going home. He told his entertainers as the result of his observations that men employed in this country in a scientific capacity—especially those engaged in teaching the sciences, as well as law and medicine—were underpaid. He found them earning "less than they would if they were engaged in commercial pursuits," which impressed him as a condition that needed to be remedied, and remedied soon. If not, he thought it would react on the training of professional and scientific men in this country, "for if trained by third-rate teachers—as they must be—it is unlikely," he said, "that they will take the rank which they would have taken if their teachers had been men of first-rate ability." He took it for granted that third-rate salaries would not attract first-rate men. It was necessary, he held, that those professors who fill the most important positions in the leading universities of the country should be well paid. About the others it made less difference. He urged that rich Americans who give so generously to educational uses should—instead of erecting buildings and founding new institutions—increase the endowments of existing professorships. His remarks were received with hearty approval by his scientific brethren who were present.

They were interesting remarks. It is the habit in Great Britain to offer considerable prizes to public servants in various callings, and in that way to attract first-rate men. There are many places of great dignity and emolument in the English Church; some British schoolmasters have incomes of substantial respectability, and British judges, law officers, and high officers of government are paid salaries on which they can live comfortably without scripping. What is the salary of Sir WILLIAM's professorship in the University of London, and whether it helps him much to support the dignity of knighthood, he did not say. What is the salary of the Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford—a post lately accepted by the foremost American medical man—we do not know. But the salaries of American professorships range from two or three thousand dollars up to six or seven, reaching the higher figures only in great cities like Chicago and New York. Sir WILLIAM must have in mind salaries as large as ten or fifteen thou-

sand dollars. Even the latter sum is not regarded in New York as an income so blasted as to be immodest, except for a teacher. In great cities the medical and law schools, and doubtless the schools of science, enjoy the services of first-rate professors, who supplement their salaries by professional labors. Nevertheless, Sir WILLIAM's point seems very well taken. If we are to develop first-rate scientific men, we must make it worth the while, peculiarly, of first-rate men to follow scientific pursuits; and if we expect to have first-rate men become teachers and professors, there must be professorships with attractive incomes to which they can be called.

The *World* in its issue of October 4 accepted responsibility for inventing the Subway, and submitted documents to prove that it did it on April 8, 1883. Responsibility for discovering the North River remains, as yet, with HENNING HUPPO.

President ROOSEVELT is the only man we ever happened to know who really enjoys talking over the telephone. Whenever the bell rings his fingers seem to itch for the transmitter. There was nobody quick enough to answer the other day when JAMES JEFFERY ROUSE was calling at the White House, and the President—as Mr. HENRY JAMES would say—delightedly went. This conversation ensued:

"Well, what is it?"
"Hello! Is Archie there?"
"No, he's not."
"Who's this I'm talking to?"
"The President."
"Well, you'll do. Tell Archie to come over and play ball."
"Right away!"
"Yep!"
"All right!"

And the chat perforce was discontinued until Archie could be found.

Police Commissioner McANIS need feel no hesitation in administering a severe rebuke to the burglars who broke into a South Brooklyn police station and stole a typewriting machine. It was an uneventful act.

The college girls began the year with excellent advice from their preceptors. Dean BOWEN charged the Radcliffe girls, "Stand up straight, don't look at the boys, and keep your shoes tied"—a counsel full of path and inspiration. President THOMAS told the Bryn Mawr girls of seeing British Tommy Atkins sitting with his arm around 'Arrie in London's parks, and warned her young women to do otherwise and to be continually watchful. President ELIOT told his Harvard Freshmen to be democratic zealotmen, and gave them some of his views on the kind of deportment that befits that status. Our schools, great and small, public and private, are among other things, schools of manners. We believe that they are increasingly effective in that important department, and are making us a more polite and considerate people. A London cable said last week that the American "jockies" from the *Olympia* and other war-ships who were on shore leave in London were "winning golden opinions for themselves by their handsome appearance and correct demeanor." They were reported as "going about the city with their Radebreds, visiting points of interest." Think of that. Men-of-war's men going about with guide-books, visiting points of interest! Carry the news to Mr. KLOXON and his Mr. Precoft. It is astonishing—if true.

Now the *World* is an important paper, and interesting, politically, especially in this campaign, yet we can't but think that HARPER'S WEEKLY overrates the delicacy of its reputation in supposing that to be caught in a single lie would do it so much harm. Surely the *World* is a great deal harder than HARPER'S WEEKLY thinks—*Life*.

We hope not. Yet we must admit that Mr. PUTTICK's earnest silence indicates a like suspicion on his part. And he ought to know.

Now that Tammany has finally, though reluctantly, nominated Mr. HICKER for Congress, certain unquestioned—but unmentionable—papers are becoming very active in support of the Democratic ticket.

Ex-Archbishop-General Knox Defends the President

THE most effective speech made in the campaign on the Republican side, since Mr. Roosevelt's opening address at the Chicago convention, was delivered in the Philadelphia Academy of Music on Tuesday 14 by United States Senator Knox, lately United States Attorney-General. The principal purpose of the speech was to refute the charge that President Roosevelt has exceeded his constitutional authority. Mr. KNOX proceeded upon lines different from those which have been followed by many Republican speakers and writers. Far from maintaining that the Republican party "stands upon its record," he began by assuming that the great mass of thinking Americans are not to be deluded into the belief that it is safe to entrust the administration of national affairs into the hands of a party solely upon a record, or solely upon a prospect. He met undilutingly the issue of Mr. Roosevelt's personality. He purposed, he said, to solicit support for the Republican candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency on the score of their loyalty to their party's principles, as attested by their characters and their performances; on the score of the capacity exhibited by them for administering national affairs so as to promote the common weal at home and respect for our people and their flag abroad. He declared roundly that THOMAS ROOSEVELT ought to be supported by the country for what he has done and for what he is. The Senator went on to consider two of the grounds on which the President is accused of transgressing his constitutional authority. He said, candidly enough, not a word about Mr. ROOSEVELT's intervention in the antitrust-coal strike, except to ask his auditors whether they believed that, under the Constitution, the Federal government could have acted and regarded the antitrust-sinners of Pennsylvania, as was proposed in the New York Democratic platform of 1902. This was clearly an evasion of the issue, which is not whether the author of the New York Democratic platform in 1902 committed an act of lunacy, but whether Mr. ROOSEVELT had any constitutional warrant for appointing the Anthracite-Coal Strike Commission. But, while Mr. KNOX passed over that one of Mr. ROOSEVELT's deeds which a constitutional lawyer would naturally find it difficult to explain away, he boldly undertook to justify the course pursued by the President in the matter of the Panama Canal and in the issuance of Executive Order No. 78 relating to the payment of pensions. He stated fully and fairly the charge that Mr. ROOSEVELT violated the Constitution when he constituted an act of war against Colombia by forbidding that state to assert its authority on the Isthmus of Panama; and that he violated the law of nations when, in the face of the treaty of 1846 between the United States and New Granada, he recognized the independence of Panama, and negotiated a treaty with the new-born republic. To both allegations Mr. KNOX replied that it is an Executive function to recognize the existence of foreign powers and to negotiate treaties, and he denied that any rule of international law was infringed in the President's exercise of either of those Executive powers. He failed to explain, however, how the refusal to permit Colombian troops to proceed to Panama could be reconciled with the treaty of 1846 just mentioned. He contended that the President might be regarded by some persons as impetuous and unwise in executing the law of Congress requiring him to take steps specified by Congress for securing the junction of the two canals, but the Senator insisted that Mr. ROOSEVELT was safely within his constitutional powers when he adopted those methods. As to the policy and wisdom of the act, what, asks Mr. KNOX, would have been the verdict of the American people if the President had defied his hands and closed his eyes, and have executed the law, had waited until some economic disaster as in his constitutional powers should have resulted in the minds of his well-constituted citizens?

The ex-Attorney-General next examined the accusation that Mr. ROOSEVELT appointed a power which did not belong to him constitutionally when he issued Pension Order No. 78. Mr. KNOX held, on the contrary, that the President lawfully exercised his right to obey the Constitution. In order to carry out a new law which he was sworn to execute, he used his discretion in order that, in consequence with common sense and human experience, it should be a rebuttable presumption that a soldier at sixty-two had deteriorated by fifty per cent. in his ability to perform physical labor, and, at seventy, had become wholly incapable. It is pointed out that the order did not appropriate to soldiers their pensions. The appropriation was made in Congress after the order, and for the sole purpose of covering its own requirements. It was not the President who directed that disabled soldiers should receive a monthly stipend. Congress did that by a law duly enacted, and the Constitution put upon the President the duty of carrying out the law by seeing to it that the government's bounty reached the intended beneficiary. Mr. KNOX found it easy to refute the theory of the Constitutionists (that Mr. CLEVELAND's order of 1903, making the age of seventy the conclusive proof of incapacity, was constitutional, while Mr. ROOSEVELT's order, that the age of seventy should be taken as an evi-

dential fact in determining disability, is unconstitutional). The risk discriminates between the two orders, on the ground that Mr. CLEVELAND's was unimportant, and, moreover, was in accord with common knowledge, whereas Mr. ROOSEVELT's is not. The Pennsylvania Senator dismissed with the epithet "curious" the hypothesis that the question of the existence of a constitutional power is to be determined by the discretion with which the power is exercised. He also pointed out the absurdity to see how the act that Congress once saw fit to give a service pension to Mexican veterans when they should reach the age of sixty-two throws any illumination on the President's power to use the rights of experience to help him ascertain the fact of total or partial disability under a law which does not give a service pension at any age, but a disability pension, regardless of age. We opine that this defense of Pension Order No. 78 will be looked upon by many independent as more satisfactory than the attempt to justify the course pursued by the ROOSEVELT administration on the Isthmus of Panama.

It will be remembered that in his letter of acceptance, Judge PARKER replied to Mr. ROOSEVELT's challenge to say what he would do about Pension Order No. 78 by declaring that, if elected, he (PARKER) would revoke it. Concerning this reply, Mr. KNOX admitted that it is within the power of any succeeding President to revoke an order made by a predecessor if he is not in sympathy with it. The Pennsylvania Senator contended that the President's order was legal, and that the wisdom of President ROOSEVELT's exercise of discretion was conclusively attested by Congress when it appropriated the money needed to meet its exigencies. It could, therefore, be only on the ground of want of sympathy with the purpose that the order could be revoked. Mr. KNOX submitted that it would be an extraordinary and high-handed performance on the part of a successor to President ROOSEVELT to revoke an order approved by the people's representatives, and to thus lack the subject matter of the order upon Congress to take his chances of being reproduced in legislation. He insisted that such a policy, carried to its logical end, would make chaos throughout the land, and that laws would remain unexecuted, or be delayed in the execution, because Executive inability failed to proceed with further legislative direction. This, he added, would inevitably be the result, unless the Democratic drive of Executive usurpation only extends to cases where aged soldiers are the beneficiaries. This defense of the President's pension order may not be decisive to the eye of a constitutional lawyer, but there can be, we think, no doubt about its effect upon a popular audience.

One of the charges brought against Mr. ROOSEVELT is that, while he unquestionably used the power of the Federal government to enforce the antitrust act in the case of the Northern Securities Company, he failed to pursue a vigorous and effective interference to the "Beef Trust." According to the ex-Attorney-General, the facts are these: As early as May 10, 1902, the United States filed a petition in equity against seven corporations, one partnership, and twenty-three persons constituting what was commonly called the "Beef Trust," engaged in the business of purchasing live stock, converting the same into fresh and cured meats, and selling the products throughout the United States. The Federal government charged the defendants with being engaged in a combination to restrain trade in the articles mentioned among the several States, and to monopolize, or attempt to monopolize, the same in divers ways. The defendants filed a demurrer, but the court decided against them, and by a decree enjoined them from entering into or taking part in any combination the effect of which would be to restrain the trade in fresh meats between the several States. The defendants, however, appealed from this decree, and their appeal is now pending in the United States Supreme Court. Mr. KNOX adds that, since this injunction was obtained up to the present time, the Federal government has done what it could to see that the decree was not violated. It has employed skilled men to watch the defendants continually, but it has thus far failed to obtain proof that the injunction has been disregarded. Those who have published assertions to the contrary have replied, when requested in furnish evidence, that they had none, but hoped to hear when the Federal government should that the government would act promptly when evidence was forthcoming. So much for the charge repeatedly brought by the *Herald* newspapers. Still another point in Mr. KNOX's speech merits notice. It will be remembered that Judge PARKER, when speaking of the trusts to the notification committee, expressed the opinion that "the common law, when developed, affords a complete remedy against monopoly." It will also be recalled that President ROOSEVELT, in his letter of acceptance, said, "There is no common law of the United States." To this assertion Judge PARKER, in his recent letter of acceptance, rejoins that the United States Supreme Court had decided in a case called that common-law principle could be applied by Federal tribunals in cases involving interstate commerce whenever an United States statute specifically covered the case. Mr. KNOX, referring to these three propositions, said, "The first two sound, but denied the soundness of the first. He maintained that the common law does not afford a 'complete' legal remedy for trusts, but that supplies

mentary legislation is needed for the purpose. He contends, also, that President HERRICK's declaration that "there is no common law of the United States," when read in connection with its context, simply means that no common law of the United States furnishes a complete legal remedy against monopolies and restraints of trade. As for the decision rendered in the case cited by Judge PARKER, viz., *Mr. KNOTT*, does not mean what the traders of Judge PARKER's letter of acceptance would naturally think it meant, namely, that the common law can prevent persons from making combinations in restraint of interstate commerce, and that the United States could proceed against them at common law. According to the Pennsylvania Senator an agreement in restraint of trade is not, and never was, unlawful at common law in any such sense as that the agreement could be nullified by public authority, or that persons not parties to it could maintain an action against it for damages. State law is needed to confer such remedy, and, consequently, Mr. KNOTT contends, the President was right in saying "there is no common law of the United States for any such purpose." Where lawyers disagree—especially such lawyers as an ex-Chief Judge of the New York Court of Appeals and an ex-Attorney General of the United States—a layman will scarcely venture to decide. We would not take leave of Mr. KNOTT's speech, however, without remarking that we do not understand what he means when he says that "everybody knows" that "the underlying principle is the equality of all men." DISCREPANCY are a few men who refuse to bend to their country's laws." We must confess that what "everybody knows" is to us entirely unknown.

Judge Herrick's Speech of Acceptance

EDWARD JUDGE HERRICK, the Democratic nominee for Governor of New York, does not believe in long speeches, yet it would be difficult for his intentions to be expounded more distinctly and effectively than they were expressed by the few words in which, at Albany on October 1, he accepted the nomination. That is evidently the Judge's own opinion, for he announced that, in the future, he should devote no time or labor to the preparation of any formal letter of acceptance. What he might have to say in the campaign would be said on the platform, where the people and the speaker can look each other in the eyes. He declined, of course, from referring to the present Republican Governor, THURMAN, but there was no mistaking the allusion to the impopularity of a Chief Magistrate of the Empire commonwealth figuring as the chairman of the State Campaign Committee of a political party. Judge HERRICK declared that, for his part, should he be elected, he would recognize that his first duty was to the people and not to the Democratic party. In that event he should expect to receive advice and assistance from party leaders, and should gladly listen to them, but they must not look forward to controlling his official actions for party purposes. On the other hand, Judge HERRICK pledged himself not to attempt to control the Democratic party or its actions, but to content himself with being one of its advisers. By the promise to be the thorough, not of the Democratic party, but of the whole people of the State, Judge HERRICK paved the way for an appeal for the support of, concessions and wise Republicans. He reminded them that it is a natural tendency of a party long in power to become extravagant and corrupt, and of the conductors of a long successful political machine to become arbitrary and dictatorial. It is not in such cases, he asks, the greatest service that even a party owes, to help to bring about its party's temporary overthrow, in order that the existing leaders may be displaced and the party organization be purified and strengthened. He commends to Republicans and Independents, as well as Democrats, the anxious consideration of the indisputable fact that there is today a widespread feeling in the State of New York that many of its highest officials are unworthy to their trusts, and that the leaders of the party in power treat the government of the State as a commercial asset, and politics as a pursuit to be followed for private gain. Judge HERRICK points out, what also is undeniable, that the pervasive feeling of distrust cannot be dispelled, neither can the truth or lack of charges injurious to the fair name of the Empire commonwealth be determined until the books are opened and examined before the public, not by the men who have made and kept them, but by new accountants appointed by the people for that purpose. Neither does Judge HERRICK omit to note the disastrous consequences of the blunder made by Governor CUGLER, when he challenged Mr. CLEVELAND, the Democratic Attorney-General of the State, to say why, if there had been wrong-doing in the State administration, he had not taken official cognizance of it. The testimony given by the witness, thus audaciously summoned to the stand, indicates, as Judge HERRICK suggests, that there is something graver than mere serious wastefulness in the expenditure of the people's money. No law is he personally concerned, the Democratic nominee for Governor declares that, if elected, he will endeavor to confer the officers of the State to their

lawful salaries and legitimate audited expenses, and not to permit such salaries to be swelled by gross allowances for expenses which are never incurred, and the amount of which is never audited. Moreover, if entrusted with power, the fate of the HERRICK administration will be set against constant efforts to discover new sources of revenue, as well as new methods of disposing it. Instead, therefore, the constant endeavor will be to decrease the expenses of the State, and to resume the losses piled upon the savings of widows, mechanics, and farmers deposited in the savings-banks of the State. It will be his duty, lastly, to superintend with watchful care the outlay for rural improvements, so that on repetition may be witnessed of the corruption and scandal that characterized the last attempt to improve the State's highways. We repeat that there is nothing diffuse, vague, or evasive in the speech. Those who have read the few and brief sentences in which Judge HERRICK outlines his programme, and who know the character of the man, are disposed to think that, if elected, he would make a better Governor than Mr. HORTON.

Sir William Harcourt

WITH SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT passed away the last of the old Whigs, a statesman who, with every grace and talent, left almost of supreme greatness. He was regarded as the ablest debater in the House, with, perhaps, the exception of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, as a consummate lawyer, as a master of finance, he stood next in succession to Mr. GLADSTONE, and came within reach of the Premiership. Yet, with all this, Sir William failed to realize his countrymen that he was entirely in earnest; he lacked the note of pure moral power which distinguished GLADSTONE and HARCOURT, and that lack kept him always in the second place, almost attaining greatness, yet never gloriously great.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT in many things resembled that great archetype, the ideal John Bull. In every point of his career he fulfilled the large and normal English ideal of what a British statesman ought to be and do. He united by birth the two strongest powers in the realm—the landed aristocracy and the Church of England. His royal pedigree, traced from the house of PLANTAGENET, was as much a part of trade with the aristocracy as was his double title, and his descent from an archbishop guaranteed his orthodoxy as a sound Churchman, loyally supporting the establishment, just as he supported the crown, because both were part and parcel of England's life. A gentleman by birth and caste, prejudices and privileges, SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT ever more fulfilled the English ideal by greatly distinguishing himself at his university as an excellent classical scholar, one of the best that ever entered the House of Commons. RECKEN well described the great English universities as designed to make such students "gentlemen and scholars," as he felt that he had in the making, "either," and Hased his university training early by followed this ideal. Socially, he was one of the most brilliant and polished men of a brilliant and scholarly speech, whose conversation was a fine art, almost as perfectly developed as under LOUIS XIV. of France.

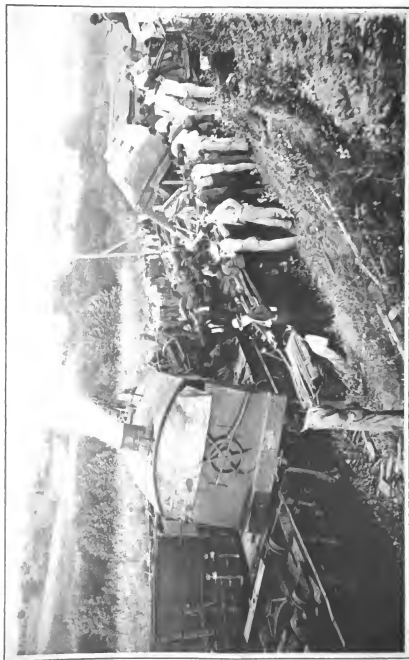
There was one weak point in the jolly "Squire of Malvern," as the Parliamentary cartoonists loved to call him. He had very little real creative power, very little genius; only talent of a high order, and standard physical energy and vitality. In the thirty years which followed his first appointment to office, he has hardly be said to have had a single great original idea of the creative kind, comparable, let us say, to the Irish land policy, or the Balkan campaign, or the noble power after Majuba, or the home-rule bill of Mr. GLADSTONE; or, to take the opposite party, the Irish policy of the BALFOURS and WYNDHAM, the Indian policy of CURZEN, the reconciliation with France inaugurated by LAMOURIN. Of creative ideas like these, SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT produced none, nor did his consummate legal knowledge and label avail to solve the one great legal difficulty which lay in the way of GLADSTONE's home-rule bill, the knotty question of the presence or absence of the Irish members at Westminster. Had he been able to suggest an acceptable solution of this crisis, HARCOURT would unquestionably have saved the Liberal party, and succeeded GLADSTONE in the Premiership; but while overflowing with fine debating power, making brilliant cuts and thrusts, dazzling and charming his audiences within and without the House of Commons, he was really barren of sound content, a good party gladiator, but in no sense a general or a leader.

His finest public achievement was probably his budget of 1904, which lifted a burden of taxation from the shoulders of the poor and set it on the rich, first by equalizing the death duties on real and personal property, and, second, by exempting moderate incomes from taxation, thus removing a galling burden from the poorer business and professional classes, and adding joy to the lives of a mass of small-salary holders. HARCOURT was remembered as a fine and robust social figure, the financial descendant of some of the jolly personages in the Canterbury Tales, rather than as a man of genius and inspiration, a bringer of light and new ideals.



PAUL MORTON, THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Mr. Morton, recently appointed Secretary of the Navy by President Roosevelt, is the eldest son of the late J. Sterling Morton, who was Secretary of Agriculture during President Cleveland's second term. Mr. Morton has been in the railroad business since his youth, and before his appointment to the cabinet was vice-president of the Atchafalpa, Tropic, and Santa Fe. He assumed his duties as Secretary of the Navy on July 1, succeeding Mr. Moody, the present Attorney-General.



THE RAILROAD DISASTER AT KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, IN WHICH MORE THAN FIFTY LIVES WERE LOST

Fifty-four persons were killed and more than one hundred and twenty injured in a collision which occurred between two passenger trains on the Southern Railway several miles from Knoxville, a town near Knoxville, Tennessee, on September 23. The trains were ordered to pass each other at a point near Knoxville, but the order was disregarded by the west-bound train, and a head-on collision at high speed took place. The wreckage of the two trains, and the bodies of many of the passengers, were scattered all over the scene of the accident, showing the appalling loss of life. The photograph is a general view of the scene of the accident, showing the wreckage of the two trains, and the bodies of many of the passengers, were scattered all over the scene of the accident, showing the appalling loss of life.



The "Connecticut" as she entered the Water from the Hoys



The "Connecticut" being hoisted Back to the Navy Yard after the Launching

LAUNCHING THE "CONNECTICUT," THE LARGEST BATTLE-SHIP IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY

The battle-ship "Connecticut," the most powerful vessel in the United States navy, was successfully launched September 25 at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The "Connecticut" has a maximum displacement of 17,200 tons, is 161 feet over all, with a draught of 24½ feet, and an estimated speed of eighteen knots. She will have two main and four secondary turrets and a central battery. Her armament will consist of four 12 inch turret loading guns, eight 8 inch guns, twelve 7 inch rapid fire guns, twelve 2 pounders, six 1 pound anti-aircraft guns, two 1 pound anti-submarine, and eight 2½ inch machine guns.

Photographs by Fred A. Foley

Two Kinds of Tenderfeet

By Stewart Edward White

Author of "The Blasted Trail," etc.

FROM time to time you meet in social circles a youth who is introduced to you as a great runner. In due course, if you are sufficiently humble and adverting and happen to frequent his haunts, you will learn, both from his admirers and from himself, that he is leared to hardships. "Born on an umbrella!" No, indeed, old man. I never pay any attention to that. "Born with a laugh!" I smile. "I never led the cold." No, not hungry. "I've often gone a whole day with nothing but a piece of hardtack." This sort of talk wins a great deal of admiration from girls, and is harmless. Sooner or later you will attend a gathering where the Tough Youth and a former camping companion are present. Then you will assist at a very longhose scene.

The Tough Youth is gently clucking in unison. He mentions a rubber pillow carried in his companion. That rubber pillow under his entirely amiable gaiting becomes a symbol of effeminacy. The poor companion is overwhelmed with implied ridicule, his status as a tenderfoot is irreversibly fixed, the doors of true woodcraft-manship are firmly and forever closed against any man who would enjoy such a thing. By implication, of course, he who indulges in such luxuries is excluded to a plane of superiority.

Perhaps in this manner you get an idea that the Tough Youth is all wind and brag, and that his worn is launched from no solid support of achievement. That is where you are fooled. I have been out with many of the species, and as far as senseless physical endurance goes they are the real thing.

The Tough Youth always throws his blankets down on the hardest, roughest bit of ground within reach, and then snails a few little miles at your efforts to make through enough pine-needles for a good foundation. He loads his tongue with a staggering burden rather than make such trips. He runs through the forest at an exhausting speed with all that before him. When it rains he remains motionless and superciliously waits where it happens to catch him. The water drops from his hat and soaks down his body, but he is unconscious of anything except the comfortable fact that the others have not their backs to slanting tree trunks, or craved under logs. At meal-times he insists on eating the roughest cooking of the coarsest foods, because so civilized an effort as a good meal is beneath the notice of a true woodsman as he understands that individual. When he encounters a river he plunges in waist-deep without even trying to find a log, or a riffle,--that would save to him like a concession. One thin blanket does him at all times, even when he is travelling with horses. And actually, as a matter of preference, time and again I have seen him boldly go into camp on a bleak side-hill when other travellers offered a scant quarter of a mile ahead.

"Oh, you tenderfoot make me tired!" he laughs. "Why don't you bring a leather bed? This is good enough for anybody."

And markedly that deluded effort, scrubbed, unshaved of being considered tenderfoot by the largest tenderfoot of them all.

For this youth is a tenderfoot in the sense that he is playing the game unskillfully. I say this in full appreciation of those who argue that such excesses of brute force are valuable in the development of the mental qualities, that they serve as antidotes to overcivilization. In a certain sense it is desirable to state our own problems for the mere sake of solving them, to set up obstacles for the sole purpose of knocking them over. Probably a true perception of this fact is just what bullies the companions of the Tough Youth into submitting in his point of view.

But in the last analysis such an argument does not count. If a man wants to go out simply for the sake of exercise, for the sake merely of proving to himself what he can or cannot stand, very good, truly, wilderness travel and what it means in the bringing out of a man's quality are a broader matter than that. The problem of the skilled woodsman is not simply how to get through a difficult country, but how best to get through with the means at his disposal.

These means may have in it very simple: so simple that their deficiencies will entail a certain amount of hardship. No woodsman, travelling as light as he should on a long hike, would dream of taking a mattress with him; and the possession of a mattress on such a hike would actually mean "softness," and pretty the Tough Youth's scorn. Again, often the nature of the country

is such that he must sleep on stones, and when such an occasion arises he will proceed to do so as cheerfully as the Tough Youth himself. But that is absolutely no reason why he should ignore the advantages of pine or balsam, moss or whatever other expedient his trained woodcraft may yield him. Also he may have to tread in the rain.--I've done it, many a day and many a mile.--but that does not excuse him for the ignorance or laziness that leaves him shelterless when not on the march. So with poor food, poor camps, poor anything.

No, look at it from any point of view you will, the Tough Youth is not quite the real thing, because he is indulging in a pose. Here, he is shrinking the very thing he believes himself accepting. The wilderness opposes him. This is the obligation, by strength, experience, and the *virtus in its art*, to maintain not only her dangers, but her discomforts as well. The toll of a good camp when good camping facilities offer is not to prove yourself tough, but ignorant or lazy. For the posing of a problem offered equally to your intelligence is the rankest laziness.

No need you fear but the attention to the comfort of your body will deprive it of due toughness of fibre. If you are in reality running the forest, opportunities will not lack for the testing of your mind and the exercise of all your vital forces. For never, never, never must you lose sight of the fact that to this question, as to all others, there are two extremes, and that the very ethics of the game demand not only that you shirk no problems, but also that you reduce your equipment to the bare necessities. Only, we have much you can get out of these necessities.

It seems strange that so simple a principle should require explanation at all. Certainly any one who would take the trouble to get acquainted with the professional travellers of the wilderness--such as, for instance, the hunter and pack-trail men--would find this hypothesis fairly doubted before his eyes. In the moment of necessity each of these men travels as light as may be. As to the single question of warmth, the cowboy has his slicker, the land-lubber his half-blanket, the voyager his woollen shawl, to wrap about his shoulders, while his feet stretch exposed toward the fire. Yet on the round-up, when the chuck-wagon is used to transport the outfit, the cowboy takes a "roll" composed of a huge canvas tarpaulin, two washed undercoats, and a pair of blankets. Similarly, in his permanent camp, the land-lubber, become a sealer, has his mattress ticking and his three or four pairs of blankets; while your voyager, when relieved of the necessity of transportation, fairly wallows in bare-kick and four-point coverings. If you or I should do such things the Tough Youth would never let up on us, and yet, even that engaging person could hardly escape the irony and his kin of "softness."

There seems to me to have been an excess of glorification of the merely physical. The best part of woods life and camping is, of course, the fact that it rests on a broad basis of the physical. But it does not stop at the physical. Its challenge is one that demands strength and endurance, to be sure, but not strength and endurance alone. The skillful application of them constitutes the real test, the real value to a man, brings about his true development. To ignore one element is to qualify the test. He who knows the physical--by the hiring of many packers, the transportation of many "conveniences"--is no more of a tenderfoot than he who wades the challenge to his wits and breaks through by main force.

A man need not whine when he runs against hardships; he may even encounter and overcome them with a certain joy; but he need not run to meet them and put his head down and butt into them. What would you think of a man who would sail his boat smack into every counter? You'd be likely to conclude he did so for some reason to last, wouldn't you? How about the chap who yanks his trout out with a "pole"? You don't imagine for a moment that he does it because he considers a silence red indicative of self-efficacy, do you? To get through a difficult country is a triumph; but to get through a difficult country with but a light equipment and without serious discomfort is an intellectual as well as a physical triumph.

As for the Tough Youth, in spite of the cackling admiration his scorn of comfort evokes, he seems to belong to the engaging category of those who do not know enough to come in when it rains.

Oxon versus Cantab

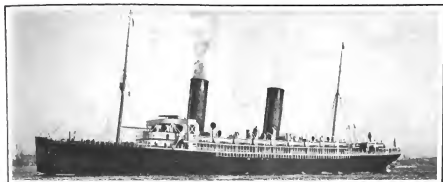
By Louise Imogen Guiney

OXFORD, ENGLAND, September 21, 1914

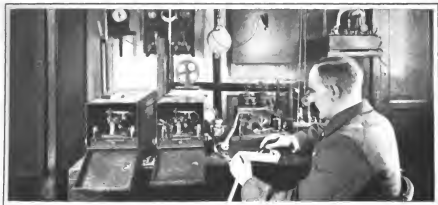
COMPARISONS between the two English universities must be at least as old as the disputes between Nominalists and Realists; that is, as old as the foundation of themselves. The Middle Ages have left behind in the detected in them, as if in some sublimated gene of Hunt the Skipper, in Oxford the Word, and in Cambridge the Thing. While merely complements and opposites they have stood so long crying each other that they have come to look somewhat alike, and in the finish, to see them alike at heart. Their points of difference, too, are so perfectly subtle that one dare forget to notice them; and the two strange subtle antipodal processes, in the non-res-

dent millions, are merely two of a kind. The all-intelligent Bachelor, on whom our tourists batter, actually adorns you, if you cannot see both universities, to visit Oxford; and the inference is that you become thereby complete master of the situation, and are fitted, as Mr. Long would say, to write a book on Cambridge. This pillar is about as illuminating as a candle to talk back in variety. If you cannot see the works of Sir Walter Raleigh: both being smokers, the mental result of them is you, therefore, must be pretty much the same. But a large ended one, sure with Oxford first, then with Cambridge, does indeed set me unalizing.

It may safely be said that the second of these, at first sight,



The Canadian steamer "Lucania," showing the Arrangement of the Receiving Wires on the Masts.



Receiving a Wireless Message on Board the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Gross."



The Wireless Station on Board the Holland American Steamer "Rhynan."

RECEIVING WIRELESS MESSAGES ON SHIP-BOARD 2000 MILES FROM LAND

The Marconi wireless telegraph system is now in general use on many of the large transatlantic steamers. The system is used in conjunction with passing ships, and with the various shore stations and the inland telegraph and international cable systems all over the world. It is now possible to send messages from shore to ships over 2000 miles at sea. On the Canadian liner "Campania" a newspaper is published daily containing important news of the world received by wireless telegraph.

Photographs by Peter A. Foley

has the aspect of a contented market-town rather than of a metropolis, yet to the impatient traveler: fresh from Oxford it presents many of the features of the finest Western World; so much is announced by the electric cars which whirl up to the station, and distill the senses accustomed to late to the noise and glare of the train, which ply up and down meditatively, and with heroic infrequency. You are conscious, then, of exchanging your gray environment of yesterday, with its motionless air, and its sky ranging through all shirs, mauve, and yellow tints, and never beyond them, for an environment of molten red, with a certain brokenness and freedom in the light winds coming in from the fen-country, and a certain compassiveness of good blue in the loveliest sky. There is an insistent note of splendor about the colleges which whips up the spirits, or does not do so, according to your measure of response to the kingdoms of this world and the glory thereof. These great Tudor gateways, with their wide openings and massive walls, belittled, give vistas of prodigious space; rising gravelly grounds, or fireless lava broken by square-walled walls, and porticoes and clusters of the Renaissance, round-arched, and totally watered. As all the world knows, the face of Oxford is other than this: darker shades, simpler fronts, with small quads, and ivy-covered gardens for the entrance to which the eye has a momentary halt. Corpus, Peterhouse, Jesus, Halls, certainly have their beautiful touches of sweet quietness; the interior of St. Mary's is lovely by far more subtly excessive than that of St. Mary the Virgin; and yet, on the whole, the "note" even of something consciously intellectual, something regulated, systematic, and almost manchester, beside the æsthetic tenderness and tenderness of the sacred stones of Oxford.

Each foundation at Cambridge stands up proudly alone: there is no useful building together of towers or cloisters, looked down upon from rising ground laid by, they seem but a cluster of historic hills on some one giant stair. The "drawing spires," you remember, were wonderfully gregarious. One could not wander into All Souls's but the tall church and the domed library over the gate rose up together in half-learned friendliness to question one's purpose there; one could not pass good measure on some ghostly morning with the cataplectic of New College gardens without becoming aware how Magdalen tower had crept up, white as Egeria, before her questioning hour, on the farther grass. Always and everywhere these mystical conspirators in air informed after, in two and threes. But in Cambridge architecture the unit asserts itself. Woe in her generation, she has put her long strain in the picture; structure everlastingly are the green hills, the leafy canopies of the bridges and their reflection below; and the leafy buildings successively solacing the passing boat from their vast reviewing-stand. So far as continuous effort goes, the winding waters of Isis and Chert have been wondrously thrown away on scullers and punts.

The demarcation of kings, and of women of kindly blood, is over all the magnificence of Cambridge; Trinity, the incomparable

chapel to the south of it, the viciated completeness of St. John's, are aptly, almost aptly, royal. They speak of the later medieval days when monarchies began to be foundations. But in Oxford the head of "pious formers" were nearly inconspicuous in well-being, and shirk individual in motive. Little red gables sprang up and were endowed, not for learning's and glory's sake, but for learning and love's. This one stands for a pleasure, and that for a hope; but in vain; here is a memorial of a dead husband's cherished dream, and under a moving plea that the English saint at Agincourt should have their request at home forever. The wise chancellors, the forgotten monastic lands, the seditions by scholars, live on like an enclosed fragrance at the heart of British alterity. The more potent element is, by contrast, almost purely Oxonian. There the human past is inseparable. Modern tablets along the cloisters show young men on name, chiefly *filii decesserunt*; priestly brasses in the ante-chapels are thick as forget-me-nots in spring; Irish masonry, bounding over graves, marks out at every turn of the street; one walks everywhere beside, or alone, the carved dates of the dead. In this bright laster still community, nothing is so singular and significant as their absence. Spraking relatively, and speaking roughly, an epitaph must be sought for, in her products, as if it were a casual and the circumstance helps to derive from her the overpowering pathetic charm of antiquity, the inspiring spirit of place by means of which Oxford captivates every sensitive heart. Cambridge, however, cannot be touched with neglect of the medieval past; the monuments deposited there, indeed they are: in one day's round, what with manuscripts and aureoles, portraits and statues, it is possible even to weary a little of Milton, Gray, Wordsworth, Byron, and Tennyson. The impression left is that Cambridge loves her celebrities and Oxford her children. The latter has been the mother of many a genius, purposeless and unsuccessful, as also of matrons of all schools, and of statesmen who had more often than not their Cartesian spirit of detachment and of preferred solitude. The broad imperial of English literature was born here, but her rival: Cambridge has the poets, perhaps because she needs them and paradoxically evokes them; their poetry is like a rebellion against her, for all of her stately loneliness. But romantic Oxford is herself a Platonist and a poet and being such, has ever been, and is, only too likely to kill itself in the satisfaction of her own in her romantic idiosyncrasy of look and speech, the energy of artistic expression in themselves. She is most truly obsessed to this day, with "lost causes and impossible ideals"; no belated dreamer who comes to her knee, searching for letters, the philosophy of history, the cure for cynicism, or for cynicism, need from an echo and blast of the ancient faith, shall go away quite disappointed. But the other university is the beautiful mistress of sciences, and the given of things practicable: does she not say so, year by year, in her triumphant Protestant protest? May they both be preserved in peace and domestic harmony, and hang as England has long enough in her to her fatter both of the brain and of the spirit!

Training Horses for War Service

By H. G. Roberts

THERE are very few of the great powers of the world—our own is a notable exception—who possess within the confines of their own territory a sufficient number of horses suitable for the requirements and constant re-requirements of the cavalry arm. Accordingly the various War Offices of the world have recourse to various known markets in foreign countries, and the result of the usual mass of animals which it is so much task to train and educate so that they may act together with some degree of uniformity.

Cavalry horses have first and foremost to be accustomed to the sound of rifle and artillery fire; and while many possess the first of these examinations, the few really the finest of the best of the world are a supreme and severe test for equine nerves.

Then, again, the recently acquired mounts must overcome their aversion to water; for it is obvious that an enemy will blow up and burn bridges wherever possible; thus the mounted forces have to be forced, frequently enough—in the case of the Russians retreating before the Japanese—in great disorder and extreme haste.

For this reason the military powers of the world establish regular training schools for cavalry horses, and in the system of very much the same in all nations, we will consider the equine training school at Aldershot, in England, as typical of all.

For Great Britain is a power that has to go ahead for her cavalry horses, and it is well known that when the magnitude of the first war was fully revealed, British officers of the veterinary branch were despatched in urgent haste, and with practically unlimbed credit, to buy up tens of thousands of suitable animals wherever they could procure them, from Nijni-Novgorod to the Argentine provinces.

It is pretty well known, too, that many of these buyers betrayed their country; and though they were allowed an all-round fifteen pounds (seventy-five dollars) for each horse, they bought a vast number of old "cows," which on more than one occasion brought disaster to the British cause.

Aldershot is, of course, the great military centre of England, just as Portsmouth is the naval headquarters. This great rolling expanse of the Hampshire Downs, however, has of late years grown somewhat too small for great operations, mainly by reason of the

great range of modern small-arm fire, as well as that of artillery. The British War Office has now acquired very extensive manœuvring grounds on Salisbury Plain.

Many and varied, and extraordinarily even, from a civilian point of view, are the sights to be seen at Aldershot, these ranging from moving targets, in short-necked soldiers, to extensive factory chimneys, where the well-known military command, "Charge! Charge! Charge!" is given, and the result of aerial observation, and the use of a camera may be mapped and photographed and his movements observed.

But the most interesting and amusing of all the sights of Aldershot is the big review, or take, where cavalry horses from all parts of the world are trained in the most thoroughness that exists even the Italian system of horse-training.

It is well known, by the way, that cavalry horses in the Italian army go through almost as much training as though they were intended for a circus; and the prize has often been aimed to see which of the officers can bring their fine charges down the flights of stone stairs, and down especially constructed precipices which look as though they were especially invented to encompass the destruction of both horse and rider.

Again, the writer has witnessed the outstanding army maneuvers of the Italian troops in the River Arno at Florence, and also at Spezia, the great naval arsenal of Italy, where H. R. H. the Count of Turin may often be seen leading his regiment "out to sea"; the prince often dismounting and himself swimming with one arm above his head, and the other a mark.

The newly received horses at Aldershot, however, coming as they do mostly from inland regions, have a deep-water baptism to the water, and as their riders may be seen from the accompanying photographs) are for the most part very much alarmed at the strange behavior of the "pools" are ludicrous in the extreme. If it is found absolutely impossible to coax the animals into water deeper than their knees or thighs, collapsible boats are used, and the refractory animal dragged by main force beneath the depth, when he has to be taken out.

As might be supposed, after this experience, his objection to the water is stronger than ever, but he is conquered by being kept in a somewhat slender diet, and then covered out by a man in a

(Continued on page 1292.)



Forcing Cavalry Horses through the Water by Boat



Overboard riding near shore



Forcing an unruly Horse into the Water



Rescuing an entrained Horse in the River at Aldershot

PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING THE METHOD OF TRAINING HORSES FOR WAR SERVICE.
The reader is referred to the article on the opposite page describing the method by which English cavalry horses are accustomed to the water and taught to swim to prepare them for some of the most arduous duties demanded in the article in addition to the training of the horse in the water. The method of training is described by some of the best authority persons of the world.



JAPANESE MOUNTAIN GUNS IN ACTION

The battle of Kwan-Sui-Tan, fought on July 31, was fully described in the "Weekly" of October 3 by the fighting. It was this battle which put General Kuroki's forces fairly within striking distance of 1



AT THE BATTLE OF KWAN-SUI-TEN

Mr. William Dinwiddie, one of the "Weekly's" correspondents in the Far East, and an eye-witness of the battle at Kwan-Sui-Ten, and made possible the Japanese victory at that place in their advance toward Mukden

Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

WHEN Mr. Barrie wrote *Old Lady Topsy* and before he had written *A Window in Thorne*, it was doubtful whether he would ever be more than a picturesque observer and general coxswain. He had fancy and wit, sentiment and humor, freshness and originality of manner, but so far he had pictured Scots life merely as a spectator, without the kindling spark of sympathy that cheers and ennobles the heart, and claims kinship for one little parish with the whole world. With *A Window in Thorne* this was all changed, though, with the exception of *Margaret Thorne*, no other work of Barrie's has been so deeply charged with human feeling and sincerity. It is, first of all, always the playful humorist, sporting whimsically with the imiles and sentimental tendencies of his characters; in *Topsy* and *Lucy* the whimsical humorist is soon at his worst, in *The Little White Bird* at his best. No such charge can be brought against Mr. J. J. Bell, the latest Scots humorist to occupy the field. From the first he has understood and loved his characters with a new affection and an artistic conscience. He has made himself and his creations one with his kind. Not only Woe Macgregor, but his "paw" and "maw," his "grampaw" and his Aunt Purdie are, despite their local environment, characters that thrills wherever human affection and simplicity of life abound, and the appeal is consequently world-wide. *Edith*, which followed *Woe Macgregor*, is not to be taken less seriously; it was the clever work of a young journalist with a gift for amusing dialogue. Mrs. McFie again showed him in his best vein, but it was not more than a series of humorous sketches, severely handicapped by the monotony level of its commonplace study and the difficult Scots dialect in which it was narrated. But with *Jess & Co.*, Mr. Bell has made a distinct advance, and has given us a book that is even better than *Woe Macgregor*. While evincing no levity, wit and fertility of resource, and striking a fresh note in fiction, there is nothing of the improbable or fantastic about his story as in so many of Barrie's tales. Quaint and fond in its simplicity and freshness, original in conception, entertaining in its delightful humor, and touching in its pathos, *Jess & Co.* appeals by its very truth and sincerity, and by its fidelity to human nature. Its genuineness stamps the picture with reality. There is no conscious effort to cause laughter or tears; there is no attempt at fine writing, no brilliant passages that arrest the progress of the story and halt its natural development. But when you close the book, you feel that you have been refreshed and uplifted, and that it has been good to know Jess and David and Aunt Wallace and the grocer and even Miss Perik.

It is a very unpretentious tale, and you wonder that it took three hundred pages to tell it; yet it is with respect you reach the last page, and you will find yourself turning back the leaves and rereading some of the chapters for the sheer delight of their humor and wholesome sentiment. In a word, the story tells how Jess, newly married, finds that her husband has been neglecting his trade because of his passion for gardening, and through carelessness and inefficiency leads him back to competency and prosperity. But it is the way in which he accomplishes this, unknown to him, that constitutes the originality and charm of the story. Jess, with her ambition for her goodness, her hopes and fears, is in very real touch with the daily occupation, and therefore with sympathy. David Houston, her husband, joiner and plumber by trade, gardener by nature, is an excellent study of a good-natured, affectionate, unimaginative type of man whose passion for his garden runs counter to his daily occupation, and threatens to make havoc of his future prospects and happiness. Mr. Bell's humor is inherent in his characters, and finds play in their kin-

doms and in the dialogue rather than in any comic contrivances, though his story does not lack telling and sometimes dramatic situations. It is the most amusing and lifelike character in the book is Aunt Wallace, who, as a widow, is, but for a kind heart, her watchful interest in the domestic progress of her niece affects many a laughable scene. One day she picked up a pair of David's socks that Jess had been darning.

"I'm afraid I've got a very neat darning," said Jess, partly irritated and partly amused.
"I would be willing to let it if I said so," returned her aunt. "Maybe you've heard tell of the sons—I mean said a better he was a snail of a son, that said as he had as it that, Mrs. Houston laughed good-naturedly. "I've heard that he said the same first."
"My! my! I suppose you're intruding for his little new socks!" she said, "This, indeed, is not so much as to say for her's. Mrs. Houston looked at her as if she was a snail of a son, that said as he had as it that, Mrs. Houston laughed good-naturedly. "I've heard that he said the same first."
"I don't know how you do it, Aunt Wallace," cried Jess, at last, her slight resentment giving place to honest admiration. "You could hardly tell it was a darning."
"Havers," muttered Mrs. Wallace, trying not to look pleased. "But you see how it's done?"

The young woman nodded.
"My goodness, used to say he performed the darning in the pot of the sock. He was as good as a brother, was my goodness, when he was living," said Mrs. Wallace, smiling at her niece's coldly received remark.

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J. J. Bell
Author of *Jess & Co.*

Another amusing personage is Mr. Ogilvy, the village grocer, whose long and laugh-inducing courtship of Mrs. Wallace, tempered with bar and meekness, is a constant source of merriment.

"I think a man's the spiciest thing in the kale of creation," said Mrs. Wallace. "I've heard a hump while now, an—"
"I've heard that said," put in Mr. Ogilvy, quickly. "I've heard it said, 'I've heard a hump while now, an—'"

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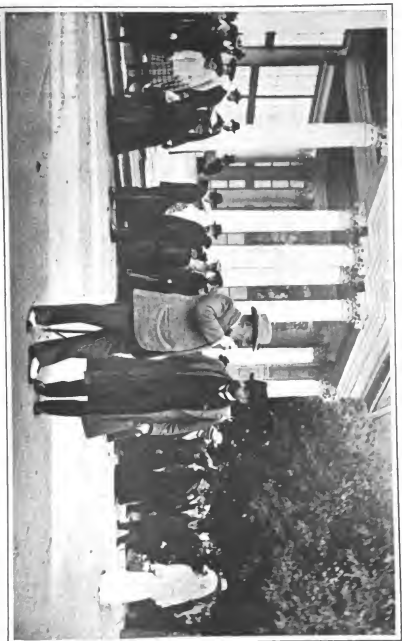
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AN INTERESTING SNAP-SHOT OF KING EDWARD VII. AND SIR GILBERT PARKER TAKEN DURING A RECENT VISIT AT MARIENBAD

The photograph is a snapshot showing King Edward and Sir Gilbert Parker, author of "A Land of Angels," standing together at a recent meeting of the King and the distinguished scientist during a visit to Marienbad. The well-known knight seems very cheerful. (Lewin)



The "Lebaudy I," just before its destruction at Châteaubleau, in November, 1901

A Year's Progress in Flying

By Wilfred de Fonvielle

Author of "Paris Vu et Vol d'Oiseau pendant la Siège," "Aventures Célèbres des Grands Aéroplanes," etc.

IN spite of the public interest of late in the question of aerial navigation, and of the many experiments in this line, little has been said to date of the present state of that sector at the present time. Since 1903 nothing new has, indeed, been introduced, save for the attempts of the Comte de La Vaulx with his balloon *Medicæna II*, and the recent experiments of the *Lebaudy II*. Time has been allowed, nevertheless, for a comparison of facts in the previous history of aerial navigation, modifying certain theories as now applied, and conveying some idea of the principles on which the conquest of the air may eventually be attained.

At the Academy of Sciences numerous reports have been read, emanating principally from Colonel Renard who was for nearly twenty years head of the French military balloon park at Châteaubleau. His latest report was to show that the theory of machines heavier than air is possible on the one condition that the weight shall not exceed two grams, or three-hundredths, per horse power. These conclusions were, however, vigorously contested by M. Paul Pacher in the *Annuaire Journal* of Vienna. Colonel Renard retorted that speed, in which Santos-Dumont devoted himself entirely, is not the only question, but that stability, which Santos-Dumont neglected, is an important factor. Consequently, in a second report, Renard advised adding stability to elongated balloons by providing them with plane surfaces, generally horizontal, intended to decrease the extent of the oscillations. The method seems excellent; though the Colonel forgets that this principle was applied by M. Julliot in building the *Lebaudy I*, which Renard saw at Meudon, and the wreck of which he, Renard, unwittingly caused. Colonel Renard also dwells upon abstract experiments made by means of cat's-paw measuring instruments. Yet it is known that such experiments signify nothing, since, to be useful, they must be made in the bosom of the aerial ocean itself, and not on the ground.

The successes of the *Medicæna II*, this year had unhappy results, as might have been foreseen. The Comte de La Vaulx, who directed the expedition, is a daring, intelligent, and clever aviator. But for four years he has been pursuing experiments whose object cannot easily be made clear. Inspired by M. Hérif, de La Vaulx has constructed what he terms a "striated balloon." The experiments made with so much success by M. Béch, the leased director of the Blue Hill Observatory at Boston, proved that the only possible comparison for steamers is the meteorological kite. The Comte de La Vaulx's experiments at Frouin Bay, in the south of Finistère, have unintentionally served further to demonstrate this truth. A spherical balloon provided with a motor and an abnormally large screw, seven centimeters in diameter, was fastened to a torpedo-destroyer. Owing to some unknown circumstance the motor would not work. Consequently, the inner compensating balloon could not operate. The spherical balloon, emptying, offered such energetic resistance to the wind that the destroyer had to release it. Once above terra firma,

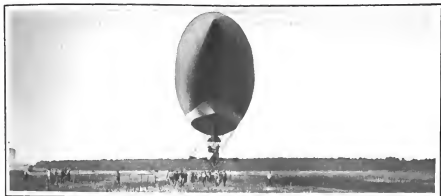
de La Vaulx opened the valve. As it happened, this was done in a spot difficult of access, surrounded as it was by salt marshes, so that refilling the balloons offered serious difficulties. It appears that de La Vaulx will profit by this costly lesson, for it is said that he intends to build a moderately elongated balloon which he will provide with a screw. If he resumes his former hybrid combination he may reach useful results. It is probable, at all events, that the Minister of Marine, having been bitten once, will not lend official assistance to a second attempt.

Spherical balloons have been regarded to an unwarranted degree by inventors in the line of aerial navigation. Well rigged, they can render great services, and will not spin round if provided with a sufficient rudder. Privately stable, and with none of the drawbacks of elongated balloons, they have against them only the fact that they are exceedingly resistant to the atmosphere, and can therefore attain only a slight degree of velocity. But if, to begin with, one were content with a small speed, say two or three miles per second, a long voyage could be undertaken, permitting the balloon to rise or fall without any great loss of fuel for the motor. These balloons allow for appreciable deviations in the path of the wind, affording opportunities for observing the currents. They resist solar action, enabling the aeronauts to study cataracts. They can also furnish means for resisting the action of rain, fog, snow, etc., and thus the action of all meteorological agents can be ascertained. Moreover, a landing place can more readily be chosen with this model, but as a slow velocity is inevitable, it is unnecessary to load down these balloons with powerful machines, as Hérif did. As the atmospheric resistance is almost nil for a speed of four or five miles per hour, there is a sufficiently wide margin left to operate it without seeking an alliance with torpedobombs.

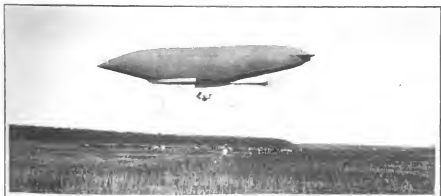
Many designs for dirigibles are made annually, although few are ever completed, and fewer yet deserve even passing mention. The inventors are prone to forget the fundamental rule for building any automobile balloon—the principle, proven by experience, that the motor must be attached with absolute firmness to a rigid pipe in which the balloon itself is definitely bound. Nor does this essential condition suffice. The shape of the balloon itself must be rendered rigid so as to offer the same resistance it would offer if it were portable. This requisite preoccupied the first engineers who dreamed of realizing mechanical aerial navigation. By the aid of sheet-iron, brass, or steel, they had attempted to solve the great problem. But the absolute impossibility of making appliances of this nature was soon seen, because the envelope would bend and break in all directions. To prevent this result of the considerable dimensions of the balloon, an extreme thickness would have been required for the envelope, and the weight would have prevented the airship from ever leaving the ground. The true and practical solution was indicated in 1793 by General Meunier in a project for dirigibles, and consists in adding to the balloon an inner



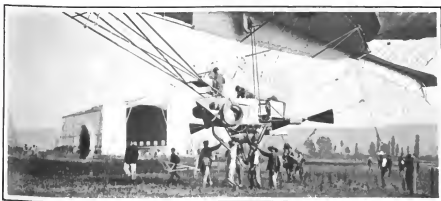
Santos-Dumont sitting on *Terminus* in an Aero Club Balloon, the smallest which ever carried a Passenger



The "Lebaudy II." leaving the Ground.



The "Lebaudy II." in full flight



The "Lebaudy II." coming to Earth with the Aid of the Landing Crew

SNAP-SHOTS OF THE FRENCH FLYING-MACHINE "LEBAUDY II." SHOWING THE MACHINE AT THE START, FINISH, AND DURING THE COURSE OF A TRIAL TRIP

The reader is referred to the article beginning on the opposite page of this number of the "Weekly" for a description of several progress in flying

balloon into which air is blown so as to give the envelope sufficient pressure to resist the effects of the atmosphere against which it is driven. But the pressure which can thus be attained without causing the envelope to burst, is limited by the resistance of the smaller envelope. The consequence is that the dirigible balloon driven by a powerful motor can never exceed a certain velocity which depends not only on the motive power and the shape and weight of the propellers, but also on the resistance of the material forming the envelope. These conditions must be fulfilled absolutely. In 1871 they were attempted unsuccessfully. Incredibly, by J. de la Motte. The same arrangements enabled J. de la Motte and Kiech to execute with relative success their experiments at Châteaumeun in 1882 and in 1884-85. But several essential elements were lacking in their balloon, *La France*, which was not in any respect practical, in spite of the allegations of its authors and of certain members of the Academy of Sciences. To begin with, the propeller was driven by an electric motor too heavy in itself and provided with an electric battery incapable of working for more than a quarter, or, at best, half an hour. Second, having obtained permission to put the model of this battery on the market, could not sell it, and the company which he had organized disappeared after a few years.

The principal advance made by Santos Dumont consisted in replacing the impractical electric motor by a petroleum motor. The experiments made by General Zeppelin over Lake Bodensee, and the accident to Dr. Wellfleet, who was burned to death at Berlin, had shown the dangers of this method. The official arguments at Meudon had not attempted it, and Santos Dumont gave evidence of praiseworthy daring and perseverance in applying it. As he himself has said, he had been an aeronaut, then an automobilist, and finally combined as best he could the two specialties in which he had served his apprenticeship.

But Santos Dumont, like his predecessors, ignored the conditions of aerial stability, and followed the form of the Benard balloon. Instead of a car, he substituted a car in which the balloon of *La France* was fastened and in which the motor was situated. Santos Dumont merely substituted an armored beam, as he called it—that is to say, a device of several wooden or steel struts joined by cross-pieces of the same material. He thus obtained the remarkable machine which enabled him to win the Deutsch prize, only since that memorable day—October 12, 1902—has the possibility of directing balloons with a velocity of at least eight or ten miles per hour towards a given point been definitely established. The experiments made by the Meudon aeronauts did not occur under such strictly verified conditions, and consequently cannot be accepted as absolutely. The services rendered by Santos Dumont are considerable, and assure for him a lasting reputation, whatever may happen in the future.

Yet while replacing the car by an armored beam very superior in build, the South American aeronaut carried away by the spirit of imitation, and thought fit to use a large screw, situated sometimes before and sometimes behind the balloon, without assuring sufficient stability for it. He endeavored also to attain an increased stability by making two screws, one fore and the other aft; but it is probable that this combination would have proved defective, and that the two distant propellers could not have been synchronized or the rapidity of their rotation suitably modified. The difficulties are quite all the greater by the fact that Santos Dumont insists upon navigating alone, and the number of different things requiring his attention have made it awkward to manage even the small model with which he won the Deutsch prize. He had to survey the position of the guiding-rope which maintained his equilibrium; to watch the inflation of air for the balloon to retain its form; to attend to the cooling obtained by means of a special stream of water; and to see that his motor did not stop, which might have meant death. The presence of a second motor in his machine would have insurmountable obstacles, in that which were already insurmountable. Whatever may have been the origin of the misfortune which occurred to his balloon in the shed at St. Louis, it may be attributed to the special protection of St. Francis, whose death Santos Dumont always weeps, and who may have sent angels in the night to prevent his protégé from running to his death. Apart from this supernatural explanation, another far simpler may be advanced, and that is that the salt air encountered in crossing the sea destroyed the elasticity of the silk and caused it to cut when subjected to the slightest strain. The similarity of the two accidents—whereas Santos Dumont took a dirigible out of France across salt water, first in the Crystal Palace in London and then at St. Louis, would lend some plausibility to this hypothesis. At present it is not known with any certainty whether or not Santos Dumont crossed in Paris his interrupted experiment; but if he does begin again, he should seriously consider assuring the equilibrium of his airship. It is doubtful if he can



The "Lebadey II" at the Ballonshed at Meudon

making an opening in the building and introducing the airship without accident, gas having been lost because the ship ran too or three hundred metres in the air, the necessary appliances for refilling were brought to the *Garage des Machines*, an admirable balloon house and a week later the *Lebadey II* came triumphantly out and sailed towards Châteaumeun, as had been decided. The Benard brothers had supplied the necessary gas at cost price from their reservoirs, and the directors of the balloon shed gave the pilot a complimentary visit only day. The wind was blowing from the side, but neither the pilot, M. Juchacz, nor the engineer, M. Julliot, felt any apprehension, the *Lebadey* having successfully faced such conditions before.

The principal difficulties of dirigible ballooning are, as may easily be understood, starting and alighting. The airship must have its head or tail to the wind so long as it is held in the ground, and it must be released under favorable conditions, as the rigging can work only when the balloon is free. Consequently, the *Lebadey* had sent to Meudon a group of men in an automobile to receive the balloon according to rules. Since airships cannot yet compete with automobiles, the men naturally arrived first on the ground, and stood so as to catch the ropes thrown from the car.

Soon after the airship drew near, battling bravely against a wind whose direction was contrary to that of the Meudon aerodrome. This tailwind, he said in passing, could not have been more unavailingly battled. The inequalities of the soil create a series of air channels which render any maneuvers difficult. No other official aerodrome is similarly placed. In Russia, England, Germany, Spain, Switzerland, and Italy balloon parks all lie in plains. When Juchacz, the pilot, reached the appointed spot, near the forehead of the military balloons, he saw the ropes waiting to the men to catch them. At this critical moment, acting on some inexplicable impulse, Benard, who was in no way concerned in the evolutions, ordered the men to do nothing. Discouraged by this interference, the men shut their eyes, Juchacz had left the engineer to sing, as mine workers do, but when the balloon, left to itself, drifted off and was dashed against a clump of trees.

This accident was very instructive technically, for it shows how great are the precautions necessary in handling dirigibles. Since the wind was of considerable velocity, the tension of the air in the inner balloon, and consequently that of the gas, had notable value. Without this precaution a pocket might have been produced. It is this pressure of air against the balloon which most regulates the progress of the airship. But when the air is exposed to any great internal pressure it becomes fragile as glass, and the least shock causes it to explode. As it struck, the *Lebadey II* ripped open from one end to the other, and the two men aboard were thrown to the ground, sustaining only slight bruises, since the engine, which fell with them, was extremely heavy. The envelope being destroyed, a new one had to be made, which figures in the 1904 model. The inventors have profited sufficiently by their experience to increase the capacity, so that the *Lebadey II* may have some 1200 pounds of net aerostatical power. The Benard brothers believe that, with the equipment they have assembled, continuous voyages of six hours. The speed of eleven metres per second seems sufficient, and no effort has been made to increase it.

All the attention of the running aerial campaigns will be concentrated on facilitating the manoeuvres of starting and alighting; and adding further stability by the aid of plane sur-

lines as already described. Moreover, the facts of the *Leboudy I* are noted last year only approximately on maps. M. Julliot has had constructed a photographic and planimetric apparatus so as to decide the position of the air-ship at different determined periods.

The trajectory, with all its variations, will thus be known, according as the propellers are at rest or in movement. By the parallelogram of the power, the absolute value of the mechanical propulsion will be geometrically established. As the number of rotations of the screws can also be registered, the law of efficiency resulting from the resistance of the air can also be determined.

Between the end of July and the middle of August, 1904, the *Leboudy II* executed seven flights without having a single accident. No particular result was sought, only numerous evolutions being made in the domain selected by the Leboudy brothers for their experiments, who wisely contented themselves with studying all the details of management. In this way M. Julliot may ascertain what improvements could be introduced into the model itself or its handling. Save for the ascension of August 16, in which the ship rose to 120 metres, all the ascensions have been limited to 70 metres, preserving at that altitude a perfect stabil-

ity. If frightful accidents started the world in 1905, it must be admitted that the victims had neglected all the measures indispensable to assume some degree of security in aerial voyages, which are always filled with difficulties. For it must not be forgotten that gas, with which the balloon is filled, is extremely inflammable.

Sailing the most approved dirigible is like smoking a pipe on a heap of powder. But the ill-starred Severo had built his air-ship so as inexorably to approach the envelope and the engine; the motor occupying a tunnel into which gas poured from all sides. Furthermore, he was totally incompetent in aeronautics. As for Bradsky, his armored hull was defective, his tires were carelessly constructed, and neither he nor his companion, Morin, were aeronauts.

What characterizes in an absolute manner the Leboudy's flights is that they were not calculated according to abstruse analytical reasonings of the Academy of Sciences, but on the practical considerations of an experienced engineer. Julliot separates the different problems one from another. In 1903 he was several times compelled to change his level and rise some hundreds of yards before falling to the earth again. Instead of accomplishing this by the vertical movement, he simply used ballast and his valve.



Messrs. Jachnina and Julliot, the Pilot and Engineer of the "Leboudy I," ready to make a trial trip

ity in spite of an ardent sun. On August 16 the *Leboudy II* sailed round the peninsula in which Mouzon is situated, and covered sixteen kilometres in forty minutes. The screws, it must be said, were not at their maximum speed, making only 1000 revolutions in the straight portions of the trajectory and 800 in the curves, whereas they are capable of 1200 or 1500. On August 17 the ascension also lasted forty minutes, and M. Leboudy, following in an automobile all the movements of the air-ship, preliminarily determined the precise speed and the influence of the winds.

What constitutes the success of the Leboudy models is that the builders have not been contented with placing a screw at the extremity of the long ear, but have adopted a system of two propellers turning in the main plane of the balloon and separated by a considerable distance. The propulsion thus has a basis of operation, the two centres of movement separated one from another giving the balloon two parallel directions. Messrs. Leboudy did not allow themselves to be influenced by the calculations of mathematicians, who condemn, *a priori*, all models which can be handled.

Their air-ship has, moreover, remarkable intrinsic stability, and is fastened to a circle like a tube of hollow steel to which the material of the envelope is firmly bound. To lend yet greater strength the ear itself is fastened by a system of metallic threads. The air-ship is in this way a uniform whole.

as with an ordinary balloon. In 1904 he will try to replace this costly mode of rising and falling by a more refined and inexpensive method, which can, however, only be used when the horizontal movement has been assured.

If the horizontal movement were overlaid to the vertical, and if a screw were applied to a spherical balloon, the problem would be approached otherwise than by Julliot, and interesting conclusions might be reached. When the vertical has been mastered, it will be time enough to think of the horizontal. Of two methods, one would be to use a screw similar to that of ordinary dirigibles.

The second, still using the old spherical balloon, would be to combine the horizontal and the vertical by rising and falling on inclined planes. All these ways, if slow and tedious, would be sure, no step being taken before the results of the last were realized.

Methodical, systematic, and successive trials, in which the best circumstances are noted, are all that can bring success. It must never be forgotten that in experiments of this nature any error may cause death. This is not a reason to draw back before the conquest of the air. A nobler object is in view—that of competing with air-ships against trains or steamers or automobiles. We must study at close range the phenomenon of the atmosphere, whose laws we are, whose causes we ignore, and which we shall know only when we have solved more fully the problems of aerial flight.

Correspondence

A DISMAL OUTLOOK

NORTON ARABIAN, CHICAGO, ILL., 1904

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—It is a glorious reflection that every State of this Union contains Presidential and Senatorial timber; that every district holds able, conscientious men fit for Congressional honors; that every county has men outside by education and morals to become legislators, magistrates, economists, etc.; men who are modest, devoted to a sense of duty, and incorruptible.

It would seem that after should always seek such men, but it is not so. That such men are so often overlooked or rejected, while the thoughtless majority of voters shows a preference for sharp scheming adventurers; for men who ponder to their vices; who are in the market for votes and ready to sell their influence to the highest bidder. Thus we find in legislative chambers and in executive positions men who have bought or sneaked their way into office, and continue to hold them, not by obedience of duty, but by polling influence where it will do most good—for themselves. The election of this class does not dispirit from the part of the highest office of the government, an applicant is expected to make positions of future payment for present service.

Another shameful condition is that of our jury system, which excludes men of intelligence from the jury box. A crime is committed and evidence is given by witnesses, which is weighed by people read, and from which they form opinions more or less correct. Such people are ready and willing to change their opinions upon satisfactory evidence, but the law and practice of the courts say no. An opinion once formed cannot be altered, hence juries must be composed of illiterate men who do not read, or who, having once formed an opinion, cannot possibly be induced to change it; men who have no skill in analyzing evidence and who naturally side with the advocate of their preference. Unfortunately our lawmakers, generally of this class, deprive themselves the opportunities for fame and fortune depend on eloquent elucubrations of intricate statutes, and the more intricate and perplexing these are the more room for glory and profit.

We can foresee no cure for this unfortunate condition except in the moral and intellectual elevation of the people and in the restriction of unit voters; either of which remedies is a long way off in the distant future. I am, sir,

JAMES R. CRADDOCK.

PRaise for MR. ROOSEVELT FROM TEXAS

MEMPHIS, TEXAS, October 3, 1904

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—I have been mainly interested, and to some extent benefited by your very able summary of Mr. Pulitzer's arraignment of the present administration, but I cannot but feel that a certain injustice is accomplished therein to Mr. McKinley's administration. I honor constitute themselves the supporters of Mr. Roosevelt for a second term, by a tacit approval of Mr. Pulitzer's deductions. If not the major premise, upon which he bases his arguments. We are too prone to overlook the basic principle that the "other side" is not entirely untrue.

Now without oversteering the superiority or inferiority of either candidate, without asserting the existence or the value of a permanent issue, I should like to have your opinion as to the ultimate value of any production in one either candidate is elected. Do you think the actions of the present chief have been such that actions almost diametrically opposed would have been more beneficial? Or do you believe that the Democratic nominee can possibly fully satisfy the wishes of his party without becoming even more revolutionary in character than his predecessor?

Referring to Mr. Pulitzer's charges, could any sane man expect a man of Mr. Roosevelt's personality and record to descend or even exert forceably to such subjects as "Economic Retrenchment, and Reform" without giving equivalent? Mr. Roosevelt is indeed certainly a man with the courage of his convictions. If this is a trait to be deplored in a Chief Magistrate, then I think that Mr. Roosevelt erred in omitting the word "reform." Granting the excess of national expenditures over those of Mr. McKinley's administration, we must not overlook that Mr. McKinley's administration was uniformly red. It does not go without saying that the expenditures would not have occurred had Mr. McKinley lived. It is not at all unlikely that deepened complex economic causes effected certain conditions, favoring the rise of the present administration. It might be well to explain what portion of the national expenditures during Mr. Roosevelt's administration might be properly termed pure extravagance; such expenditures by which the nation at large is in no particular benefited, and never can be, and against which the vast majority would have voted had the question been proposed to them, or would now vote to relegate the results to complete oblivion.

It may be that the President is personally responsible for the actions of his cabinet, which constitutional responsibility is now being hurled upon exclusively by those who at the same time accuse him of most flagrant disregard of constitutional limitations, but I see no just reasons for laying at his door the actions of certain employees towards employees, or vice versa, as the case may be. If I understand aright, our free-trade advocates attribute labor dissensions, reduction in wage schedule and similar economic conditions which are unfavorable, to protection, as the resultant evil. I believe that Mr. Roosevelt entered upon his administration under the misapprehension of a party advocating such protection, and would actually have been in entirely like view, which he can be expected to renege at the will diametrically opposed. Whether Secretary Morton may not have done some entering the cabinet, or Secretary Metcalf, or Postmaster-General Payne, it is

of little consequence what business they were engaged in previously, for what body of men capable of occupying such important positions, have not corruptly yielded to high political influences, the attitude of which luxuriously regards in an optimistic light any legislative government favorable to themselves. Also why not weigh Mr. Moody's inaction against Mr. Knox's very cynical activity, while he held the position of Attorney-General during the tenure of Mr. Roosevelt's administration?

I have not read the letter of the Cuban dinner, but if I am to infer that the letter extracts which you quote may serve as a fair example of the whole, then I would say that the power of the Executive is being steadily and to the extent Mr. Roosevelt never dreamed of stretching the Monroe Doctrine.

Now I believe that Mr. Roosevelt is as much more as politician, and such a being, who, as I said before, has the courage of his convictions, can be expected at times to allow his humanity to submit to transcendent law better judged than his policy. If ever persistence his policy in the race question may seem to me, as a Southerner, I admit that he must have acted as he thought best, and as every President of these United States must think as long as "Equal rights to all, and special privileges to none" is embodied in our Constitution. The same virtue are held, and the same indiscretions are being committed by some of our greatest statesmen, and educators, who might be supposed to be in position to exercise greater freedom of action. This is all admitting to the Southern, but not the Northern, side of the question, on ill-considered policy. You would find very few of the South's younger generation who would be willing to go into a reunion of Confederate veterans and express a candid view of their opinions as to the late civil war. It would be bad policy. Also a certain feeling which it might be in good taste for our Northern friends to misimulate.

Believing that, in any event, there can be no radical reforms that will perpetuate peace and good-will as a rule,

I am, sir,

S.

THE "COMMON LAW" REMEDY

WILLIAM A. BROWN, CHICAGO, ILL., 1904

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—Judge Parker, in his speech of acceptance, said: "The decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Court of Appeals of this State, and the courts of last resort in many other States, warrant the assertion that the common law has developed a complete legal remedy against monopolies."

President McKinley, in his speech of acceptance, said: "There is no common law of the United States. Its rules can be enforced only by the State courts and officers. No Federal court or officers could take any action whatever under them."

The Supreme Court of the United States differs from President McKinley and agrees with Judge Parker.

The case of *Western Union Telegraph Company v. Call Publishing Company*, 181 United States, page 92; the plaintiff sued the telegraph company for unjust discrimination against it, and in favor of the State Journal Company. The telegraph company, among other things, contended "that there is no national common law." The Supreme Court, in answering this contention, used this language: "There is no body of Federal common law separate and distinct from the common law existing in several States, in the sense that there is a body of statute law enacted by Congress separate and distinct from the body of statute law enacted by several States. But it is an entirely different thing to hold that there is no common law in force generally throughout the United States, and that the countless multitude of interstate commercial transactions are subject to no rules, and bounded by no restrictions, other than those expressed by the statutes of Congress."

In this same case the court referred, with marked approval, the decision of Judge Shiras, in the case of *Murray v. Chicago and Northwestern Railway*, 22 Federal, page 34. Judge Shiras, in questioning *doctrines* of 1 Peters, 441; 1 Howard, 314; 100 United States, 219; 102 United States, 14; 21 Howard, 481; 17 Wallace, 357; 22 United States, 367 and 270; 110 United States, 167; 149 United States, 368, showing that there is a common law existing in the Federal courts and officers, used this language:

"Citations of this character, from the decisions of the Supreme Court might be continued almost without limit. From them it appears, beyond question, that the Constitution, the judiciary act of 1789, and all subsequent statutes upon the same subject are based upon the general principle of the common law, and act to a large extent the legislative and judicial action of the government would be without support, and without meaning, if they were not interpreted in the light of the common law. When the Constitution was adopted, it was not the design of the framers thereby, but to create a system of government, and the system of rights already in existence. At that time there were in existence, and in force in the colonies, or States, and among the people thereof, the law of nations, the law of admiralty and maritime commerce, the law, including the law, including the law, and the system of rights. Upon these foundations the Constitution was erected."

Further along, in the same opinion, Judge Shiras says: "The Constitution does not place under national control the law of nations, and of admiralty, and under State control, common law, and equity, which are the subject of government control, and each subject carries with it the law or system appropriate thereto."

Possibly the President had in mind the well-known doctrine "that there are no common-law offenses against the United States."

See actually *Shiras v. Call Publishing Co.*, 184 United States, 167. It is certain that he is in error when he says "there is no common law of the United States."

I am, sir,

WILLIAM A. BROWN.

THE TRIANGLE

BY A. E. W. MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Marple is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Later one night Pamela and Alan Warburton, who is in love with her, observe a young couple, waiting the spouse alone. They are Tony and Millie Keston, his life is a always have preceded over by the rich but unjust father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the wishes of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by taking flight and going out by stealth into the night that they are able to share in all bits the life of the outside world. But finally they learn of their momentous life, and Tony determines to go in America to make his fortune. In his absence, Millie becomes infatuated with Lionel Colton, a gentlemanly misadventurer. Pamela takes to help her. She sends Warburton on a mission to find Tony and bring him home. Warburton finds that Tony, hidden but all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea on a steamer. Warburton now every attempt to prevail upon him to come back but he refuses. Tony remains on the steamer until the term of his cruise is over, immovable having learned of his father's death, and then decides to return to the French Foreign Legion, his only other career open to him. John Madge, a friend of Pamela's, learns from her of the peril Millie is in from Colton, the large son of Colton's debt and gives them in the hands of a group of his soldiers, who include on a settlement within twenty-four hours. Colton receives a proposition from Madge to participate in a business enterprise of the latter's in Cuba, which his financial difficulties compel him to accept. Colton returns from a visit and persuades Millie to go with him, with the understanding that she will have an official to report to her. Tony, who is in the North Sea, learns of this and decides to go in search of Tony, and he gladly accepts. Pamela goes to Bournemouth, which she had visited as a young girl, and with these letters of the press, she returns to Bournemouth, where she is met with a group of soldiers on an expedition across the forest of Bournemouth, and on the evening of the same day she is taken to a room at the hotel. At that moment Warburton arrives with a letter from Pamela. Tony reads the letter, and decides to desert the legion, with which he has enlisted for five years, and he returns to Bournemouth. Tony leaves Warburton at Madge's house, and goes on to Bournemouth, arriving there in time to meet Pamela, who informs him that Millie has also just arrived. Tony suspects that Lionel Colton is there too, and he goes to see Pamela. She confesses, and he leaves her at once to find Colton. Pamela then herself writes a note to Colton, and starts for the village with it. She calls on it, and finds an old woman who she had known during her first visit to Bournemouth, and requests him to deliver her note to Colton. Meanwhile, Tony goes to see in search of his wife and Lionel Colton. He surprises them dining together in a private room at the hotel and orders Colton out, telling him that he is Millie's husband. Colton refuses to leave, and Tony knocks him down. Millie protests that she is guilty, Colton is an assassin, and is removed by the soldiers, while Tony, left alone with his wife, tells her of the events of his life since they have been separated. He then asks her for an account of her own life during the same period. She says she will tell him everything on their way back to Eton, and they leave the restaurant together.

CHAPTER XXIII

MILLIE'S STORY

THEY walked for a while in silence, side by side, yet not so close but that there was an interval between them. Millie every now and then glanced at Tony's face, but she saw only his profile, and with only the glimmer of the starlight in white hair for a reading lamp she could guess nothing of his expression. But he walked like a man under a heavy burden, and his steps were slow and heavy. The hopes, so stoutly cherished during the last few years, had all crumbled away to nothing. Perpetually his thoughts returned to that question, which now never could be answered—did he really go into the French Foreign Legion at that distant evening, when he had been contented to pass for a little while beneath the windows, would he have averted the trouble which had reached its crisis tonight at the Bournemouth? He thought not—he was not sure; only he was certain that he should have gone in the street, and turned back, looking into the eyes of the man who was looking steadily into his eyes. The story will sound very trivial, very contemptible, after what you have told me. It fills me utterly with shame. But I should have told you it none the less had you not asked for it—I rather wish that

you had not asked for it, for I think I must have told you of my own accord."

She spoke in a quick, troubled voice, but it did not waver; nor did her eyes once fall from his. The change in her was small, no doubt, but that down there in the Bournemouth, where the lights were out, and the sea echoed through empty rooms, she had had stern and savage thoughts. Terror, humiliation, and the spectacle of violence had torn away a veil from before her eyes. She saw her own life in its true perspective. And that she might see it the more clearly and understand, she had the story of another life, wherewith to compare it. It was a quality of her performance, whether in art or life, that while they surprise when first apprehended, they appear upon thought to be so simple that it is astonishing surprise was very little. Something of that quality Tony's career possessed. It had come upon Millie as a revelation, yet, after all, she was thinking: "Yes, that is what Tony would do. How is it I never guessed?" She put him side by side with that other man, the warrior of the drawing-rooms, and she was filled with shame that she could ever have preferred the latter even for a moment of madness.

They walked slowly on again. Millie drew her face more closely about her throat.

"Are you cold?" asked Tony. "You are lightly clothed in talking here. We had better perhaps walk on, and keep what you have to tell me to yourself." "I am not cold. And I must tell you what I have to tell you tonight. I want all this bad, foolish part of my life to end tonight, to be extinguished just as these lights were extinguished a minute since. Only there is something I should like to say to you first." Millie's voice wavered now and broke. "If we do not walk along the road together any more," she went on, timidly, "I will still be glad that you came back tonight. I do not know that you will believe that I do not, indeed, see why you should; but I should very much like you to believe it for it is the truth. I have learned a good deal. I think, during the last three hours. I would rather go on alone if it is to be so—in this dim clean starlight, than over her back again in the little room with its lights and flowers. Do you see devoted me?"

"I think so," said Tony. "At all events, the road is visible ahead," she went on, "the sea is glimmering, one can keep between the banks; while in the little lighted room it is easy to get lost."

And thus in Millie's way, as in Pamela when she rode back from her last interview with Warburton at the village of the three poplars, the rhododendron of white road stretching away in the dusk became a parable.

"Yes," said Tony, "perhaps my path was really the easier one to follow. It was direct and plain."

"Ah," said Millie, "it only seems so because you have traversed it, and are looking back. I do not think it was so simple and direct while you walked upon it." And Tony, remembering the denials and perplexities which had besieged him, could not but assent.

"I do not think, too, that it was so easy to discover at the beginning."

"These two before Tony's eyes the picture of a ketch-rigged boat sailing at night over a calm sea. A man leaned over the bulwarks, and the bright glare from a lightship ran across the waves and flashed upon his face. Tony remembered the moment very clearly when he had first hit upon his plan; he remembered the weeks of anxiety of which it was the outcome. No, the road had not been easy to find at the beginning. He was silent for a minute, and then he said, quietly:

"I am sorry that I asked you to tell your story—I am sorry that I did not leave the decision to you. But it shall be as though you told it of your own accord."

The sentence was a reassurance, so less in the manner of its utterance than in the words themselves. Millie took heart, and told him the whole story of her dealings with Lionel Colton, with all excuses and without conclusions.

"I seemed to mean so much to him, so little to you," she said.

"You see, I did not understand you at all. You were away, too, and he was near. I do not defend myself."

She did not spare herself, she taxed her memory for the details of her days; and as she spoke the story seemed more utterly complete and small than even she in her absence had imagined it would be. But she struggled through with it to the end.

"That night when you stood beneath the awning in Berkeley Square," she said, "he was with me. He ran in from Lady Millingham's party and talked with me for half an hour. Yes, at the very time when you were standing on the pavement he was within the house. I know, for you were seen, and on the next day I was told of your presence. I was afraid then. The news was a shock to me. I thought, 'Suppose you had come in!'"

"But, look there, in the room," Tony interrupted, "you told me that you wished I had come in."

"Yes," she answered, "and it is quite true. I wish now that you had come in."

She told him of the drive round Regent's Park, and of the consent she gave that night to Laurel Callan.

"I think you know everything now," she said. "I have tried to forget nothing. I want you, whatever you decide to do, to decide knowing everything."

"Thank you," said Tony, simply. And she added:

"I am not the first woman I know who has thrown away the substance for the shadow."

Upon the rest of that walk little was said. They went forward beneath the stars. A great rain lay upon sea and land. The hills were dark and high upon their left hand, the sea murmured and whispered to them upon the right. Millie walked even more slowly as they neared the hotel at last, and Tony turned to her with a question.

"You are tired?"

"No," she answered.

She was thinking that very likely she would never walk again on any road with Tony at her side, and she was minded to prolong this last walk to the last possible moment. For in this one night Tony had transformed her. It was not merely that his story had filled her with amazement and pride; but she had seen him that night strong and dominant, as she had never dreamed of seeing him. She loved his very firmness towards herself. Not once had he spoken her name and called her "Millie." She had watched for that and longed for it, and yet because he had not used it she was the more to worship. Once she said to him with a start of anxiety:

"You are not staying here under your own name?"

"No," he replied. "A friend has taken rooms in Monte Carlo for both of us. Only his name has been given."

"And you will leave France to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Promised?" she cried.

Tony promised, with a look of curiosity at his wife. Why should she be so eager for his safety? He did not understand. He was wondering what he must do in this crisis of their lives. Was he to come, in spite of all his efforts, to that ordinary compromise which it had been his object to avoid?

They reached the door of the hotel and there Tony halted.

"Good night!" he said; he did not hold out his hand. He stood confronting Millie with the light from the hall lamp falling full upon his face. Millie hoped that he would say something more—just a little word of kindness or forgiveness—if only she waited long enough without answering him; and she was willing to wait until the morning came. He did indeed speak again, and then Millie was sorry that she had waited. For he said the one really cruel thing among all the words he had said that night. He was not aware of its cruelty; he was only conscious of its truth.

"Do you know," he said—and upon his tired face there came a momentary smile—"to-night I miss the Legion very much."

"Good night," he said.

This time Millie answered him; and in an instant he was gone. She could have cried out; she could hardly restrain her voice from calling him back to her. "Was this

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the end!" she asked. "That one cruel sentence and then the commonplace good night, without as much as a touch of the hand. Was that the very end?" A sharp fear stilled her. For a few moments she heard Tony's footsteps upon the flags in front of the hotel, and then for a few moments upon the gravel of the garden path; and after that she heard only the murmur of the sea. And all at once for her the world was empty. "Was this the end?" she asked herself again most pitiously: "this, which might have been the beginning." Slowly she went up to her room. Sleep did not visit her that night.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE NEXT MORNING

THERE was another she kept a vigil all the night. In the Villa Pontgarden Pamela Maridale saw from her window the morning break, and wondered in dread what had happened upon that lonely terrace by the sea. She drew and went down into the garden. As yet the world was gray and cool, and something of its quietude entered into her and gave her peace. A light mist hung over the sea, lands sang sweetly in the trees, and from the chimneys of Roquebrune the blue smoke began to curl. In the lonely song, genuine of that blue smoke Pamela found a comfort. She watched it for a while, and then there came a flash of rose upon the crests of the hills. The mist was swept away from the face of the sea, shadows and light suddenly ran down the hillside, and the waves gleamed with a sparkle of gold. The sun had risen. Pamela saw a man coming up the open slope from Roquebrune to the villa. It was M. Girard. She ran to the gate and met him there.

"Well?" she asked. And he answered, sadly:

"I arrived too late."

The color went from Pamela's cheeks. She set a hand upon the gate to steady herself. There was an expression of utter consternation on her face.

"Too late, I mean," the schoolmaster explained hurriedly, "to help you, to be of any real service to you. But the harm done is perhaps not as great as you fear."

He described to her what he had seen—

Lionel Colton lying outstretched and insensible upon the pavement, Tony and Missie Station within the room.

"We removed M. Colton to his bedroom," he said. "Then I fetched a doctor. He will be ill for a little time, but he will get well."

"And the man and the woman?" Pamela asked, eagerly. "The two within the room? What of them?"

"They were standing opposite to one another." The schoolmaster had not seen Missie on her knees. "A chair was overturned, the chair in which she had sat. She was in great distress, and, I think, afraid; but she spoke quietly." He described how he had offered Tony the letter, and how Tony had closed the door of the room upon the waiters.

"The manager did not know what to do, whether to send for help or not. But I did not think that there was any danger to the woman in the room, and I urged him to do nothing."

"Thank you," said Pamela, gratefully. "Indeed, you were in time to help me."

But even then she did not know how much she was indebted

to the schoolmaster's advice. She was thinking of the scandal which must have arisen had the police been called in, of the pale face of Missie's folly to the world of her neighborhood. That was prevented now. If Tony took back his wife—as with all her heart she hoped he would—she would not, at all events, take back one of whom gossip would be speaking with a slighting tongue. She was not aware that Tony had desisted from his efforts to keep his trust upon the thirty-first of the month. Afterwards, when she did learn this, she was glad that she had not looked warmly when she had expressed her gratitude to M. Girard. A look of pleasure came into the schoolmaster's face.

"I am very glad," he said. "When I brought the doctor back the two within the room were talking quietly together; we could hear their voices through the door. So I came away. I walked up to the villa here, but it was already late, and the lights were not—except in our room on an upper floor looking over the sea—that room," and he pointed to a window.

"Yes, that is my room," said Pamela. "I thought it was likely to be yours, and I hesitated whether I should ring up a stone; but I was not sure that it was your room. So I determined to wait until the morning. I am sorry, for you have been very anxious and have not slept—I can see that. I could have saved you some hours of anxiety."

Pamela laughed, and the laugh told her surely that his distress had gone from her.

"That does matter," she said. "You have brought me very good news. I could well afford to wait for it."

The schoolmaster remained in an awkward hesitation at the gate; it was clear he had something more to say. It was no less clear that he found the utterance of it very difficult. Pamela guessed what was in his mind, and, after her own fashion, she helped him to speak it. She opened the gate, which up till now had stood closed between them.

"Come in for a little while, won't you?" she said; and she led the way through the garden to that narrow passage in the bluff of the hill which had so many associations for them both. If M. Girard seemed to say what she thought he did here was the one place where utterance would be easy. It here they had interchanged, in other times, their innermost thoughts, their most sacred confidences. The stone parapet, the bench, the plot of grass, the cedar in the angle of the corner—among these familiar things memories and throbs for him even as they did for her. Pamela sat down upon the parapet and, leaning over, gazed into the torrent far below. She wished him to take his time. She had a thought that even if he had not in his mind that utterance which she hoped to hear, the recollection of those other days, richly renewed, might suggest it. And in a moment or two he spoke.

"It is true, mademoiselle, that I was of service to you last night."

"Yes," replied Pamela, gravely: "that is quite true."

"I am glad," he continued. "I shall have that to remember. I do not suppose that I shall see you often any more. Very likely you will not come back to Roquebrune—very likely I shall never see you again. And if I do not, I should like you to know that last night will make a difference to me."

He was now speaking with a simple directness. Pamela raised her face towards his. He could see that his words greatly rejoiced her; a very tender smile was upon her lips.



She rose from the Parapet, and went forward to meet him.

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gotten that lesson learned on the North Sea.
 I had a fear this morning (that he had).
 "And yet?" said Warriden, putting his
 question at last.
 Pamela moved away from the door until
 they were out of ear-shot. Then she said:
 "I will take my risks too." Her eyes
 dwelt quietly upon her companion, and she
 added: "And I think the risks are very
 small."

To be Continued.

Training Horses for War Service

(Continued from page 1576.)

reeding test holding out to him a tempting
 loaf of corn.

But although judicious force is used, it
 need not be supposed that the horses are
 terrified or frightened, unless this is abso-
 lutely necessary. On the contrary, they are
 taught to overcome their natural dread of
 deep water by quite close degrees. Some of
 them are so terrified at the prospect that
 they will not even wet their fetlocks at first,
 but plant their trembling legs resolutely a
 few feet away from the water.

They are then ridden gently up and down
 the edge, and constantly kept within sight of
 the big sheet of water. Gradually they are
 ridden a little way into it, and soon are
 quite comfortable when wading along up as
 far as their knees. A few days later the
 "pupil" finds that it is not so terrible, after
 all, as he was at first, and he looks with just
 his head above the water, and his asked
 teacher swimming at his side with one arm
 about his neck.

From this stage to that in which the animal
 is taken beyond his depth and swims a
 little way automatically is but short. The
 horse is never swum until tired, however,
 but taken away and rested to be brought
 back next day. One raw "pupil" is as much
 as one man can look after at a time, but
 when the animals are a little advanced in
 their training, several of them are put under
 the instruction of one man. As they find
 themselves able to swim longer and longer
 distances, the collapsible canvas boats are
 again brought into requisition.

And this time the teachers themselves get
 into the boats and tether therein the swim-
 ming horses, of which there may be quite a
 dozen, swimming strongly for quite a long
 distance. The result of this training is that
 during military maneuvers on a large scale,
 the cavalry, on arriving at a broad and deep
 river, plunges in with confidence, caring little
 about the depth of the stream, and wading
 or swimming to the opposite bank without
 the least suspicion of panic or disorder.

If a stream is very broad the rider
 usually dismounts and swims at the side of
 his horse, with one arm resting on his neck.
 Arriving at the opposite bank, the animal
 usually displays great intelligence in select-
 ing a landing-place, where he clambers up
 and out, there to shake himself and wait
 until his dripping rider is ready to mount.

Quite as important as the swimming in-
 struction of the cavalry-horse "pupil" is
 that of the commissariat animals and those
 of the hospital department. For it would be
 a serious thing if these animals, during the
 passage of a flooded stream lost their heads
 and drowned, or were thrown into such a
 panic as seriously to interfere with the
 movements of the other animals and men.

It need hardly be said that the men at
 Aldershot entrusted with the education of
 these horses belong exclusively to the veteri-
 nary department, and are thoroughly well ac-
 customed to handling every kind of horse, no
 matter what his temper or from what coun-
 try he has come. They are also expert swim-
 mers, and the whole operation is conducted
 under the immediate supervision of the cap-
 tain or major of the veterinary department.

Of course it very frequently happens that
 a "pupil" more capriciously than a human
 turns out a discolored disease and a total failure,
 being absolutely unable to conquer his aver-
 sion to the water. When this is demonstrated
 to the "professor," the animal is given up
 as hopeless, and relegated to other Aldershot
 duties, such as the hauling of captive lim-
 bade, or the wagons containing tubs of gas
 whereby they are filled on the field of
 nimble battle.

George Frisbie Hoar

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, senior U. S. Senator
 from Massachusetts, died at his home in
 Worcester on September 20. Senator Hoar
 served in the Senate for twenty-seven years.
 He was born at Uxbridge, Massachusetts, on
 August 23, 1826. He received his educa-
 tion at the local academy, and at Harvard
 University, from which he was graduated
 in 1846. After a course in the Harvard Law
 School he took up the practice of his pro-
 fession in Worcester. He was elected to the
 Massachusetts House of Representatives in
 1851, and six years later was elected a mem-
 ber of the State Senate. He became at



George Frisbie Hoar.

lawyer for the city of Worcester in 1849,
 and in 1860 was chosen to represent his dis-
 trict in the national House of Representa-
 tives. He was elected a United States
 Senator in 1870, and took his seat in March
 of the following year. Senator Hoar had
 been president of the Harvard Alumni As-
 sociation from 1900 until the time of his
 death. He was also an overseer of the
 university and a member of the Southwestern
 Institution, his ideas being a number of
 numerous historical and scientific associations.
 He held the degree of Doctor of Laws from
 Yale, Harvard, Amherst, and William and
 Mary universities.

Do the N-Rays Exist?

At a recent meeting of the British Asso-
 ciation for the Advancement of Science a
 discussion of the so-called N-rays took place
 which was remarkable in that their exist-
 ence was practically denied by the German
 and British physicists present. The N-rays,
 it will be remembered, are a form of radia-
 tion first noticed and described by Blondlot
 in 1903, and produced in many and various
 ways, such as by the nerves of the human
 body, by plants, by inanimate bodies, and
 are detected by an increase in the luminescence of a fluorescent screen on which
 they fall. The experiments of Blondlot were
 repeated and extended by a number of
 French scientists, and have been officially
 noticed by the French Academy. On the
 other hand, British and German investi-
 gators have uniformly failed in their at-
 tempts to detect the new radiation, and be-
 lieve that the phenomenon are for the greater
 part subjective and depend entirely on the
 observer. This brings about a most curious
 state of affairs, as we find the scientists of
 one nation denying a certain group of in-
 vestigations which are disputed by those of
 other nations. Nevertheless, the French
 physicists are persisting in their work, and
 with further experiments they may be able
 to convince even the foreign doubters.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT—PRESIDENT

At One with the People

"OUR President has taken the whole people into his confidence. Inexplicable of direction, he has put, cool, candidly, frankly and without reserve, he has told them what their government was doing, and the reasons. It is no campaign of appearances upon which he enters, for the people know the good and the bad, the success and failure, to be credited and charged to our account. It is no campaign of sounding words and specious promises. Our President has told the people with frankness what he believed and what he intended. He has said every word he said, and the people have believed every word he said, and with him this conversation agrees because every word has been sound Republican doctrine. No people can maintain free government who do not in their hearts value the qualities which have made the present President of the United States competent among the men of his time as a type of noble manhood. None what may have cause that once in November, find good that those qualities of brave, true manhood shall have been throughout America, shall be held for an example in every hour, and that the youth of our nation to come may grow up to feel that it is better than wealth, or office, or power, to have the honesty, the purity, and the courage of Theodore Roosevelt."—*Elton Root.*

President Roosevelt and the Canal

"THE work of Canal construction will be speedily inaugurated and pushed with the energy and resources of the Government to the earliest practicable completion, no construction long dreamed of by statesmen and long prayed for by citizens. It is not to be expected that the harsh voice of criticism will be heard until next November. That need not and will not disturb the President. He may take to himself with exultant pride the role assurance that this triumph is an executive achievement which he has wrought for his country, for the South American Republics, and for the enduring foundation of his name; and it will not be forgotten by history in praise of him that out of his prompt and wise action there has also come, without breach of national tradition, violation of national or international law, a new Republic, adding to a long suffering people on the Isthmus opportunities of life, liberty, and prosperity. For it all he deserves and will receive and only the plaudits of thoughtful men of our own day, but the grateful remembrance of posterity."—*John C. Spooner.*

In the Philippines

"IN dealing with the Philippine people we must show both patience and strength, forbearance and steadfast resolution. Their aim is high. We do not desire to do for the islanders merely what has elsewhere been done for foreign peoples by the old foreign governments. We hope to do for them what is more before than for any people of the Tropics—to make them fit for self-government. To fulfill the really free nations."—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Guarding the Gold Standard

"IT is idle to say that the monetary Standard of the Nation is irreversibly fixed so long as the party which in the last election had approximately forty-six per cent. of the total vote refuses to put in its platform any statement that the question is settled. A determination to remain silent cannot be accepted as equivalent to a renunciation. Until our opponents as a party explicitly admit the views which we hold and upon which we have acted and are acting, in the matter of a sound money, the only way to keep the question from becoming unsettled is to keep the Republican party in power."—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

In the Financial World

"EX-Secretary ROOT in his address as temporary chairman in no wise overdraw the great qualities of President Roosevelt: if anything, he rather undervalued the services rendered to this country by the Roosevelt administration. When, at the instance of President Roosevelt, the litigation against the Northern Securities Company was begun, I thought an error of judgment had been committed, but the course of events has borne out his wisdom and gives justification to the President's course in this important instance. I feel very certain that there is a strong feeling in conservative financial circles that in any case of emergency President Roosevelt will be found on the safe side."—*From an interview with Jacob H. Schiff, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.*

A Welcome Issue

"WE could desire no better fortune, in the campaign upon which we are entering, than that the other side should persist in their announced intention to make the issue upon President Roosevelt. What a godsend to our nation! It takes some study, some research, to talk about the tariff, or the currency, or foreign policy. But to talk about Roosevelt! It is as easy as to sing 'the glory of the Gracians.' Of gentle him and loving, yet a champion of the people in the best sense; with the training of a scholar and the breezy accessibility of a ranchman; a man of the library and a man of the world; an athlete and a scholar; a soldier and a statesman; a reader, a writer, and a maker of history; with the sensibility of a poet and the steel nerve of a rough rider; one who never did, and never could, turn his back on a friend or an enemy. A man whose merits are so great that he could win on his merits alone, whose personality is so engaging that you lose sight of his merits. Make their fight on a man like that! What irrelevant rantism was it that called them the Stupid party!"—*John Jay.*

As Europe Sees Him

"A MAN in many ways after Carlyle's own heart, who has 'swallowed formulas,' is transparently incapable of anything mean, underhand, or equivocal, pretence and pretence the gospel of work, and finishes before nothing."—*Woolf & Co., London.*

"HERE is a man whose whole career has been a protest against trimming and compromise. Ever a man for to evil, ever ready to make for the right, he has yet, despite all, reached the highest level of action can give."—*Daily News, London.*

"HE possesses the elements that make a great man, and he will leave a strong impress for good or for ill on the history of his country. His advantages are his transparent honesty and justness. His merits are his frankness, his keen insight into the heart of things, his inquisitiveness of irrelevant and insignificant details, and his generosity in acknowledging mistakes. . . . Since he became President not a rash nor provocative word has fallen from his lips."—*London Times.*

"THE American President is by far the most interesting personage in all the world of the present day."—*The Boston Times Herald, Boston.*

"HIS intelligence is as true as a mathematical theorem, and as straight as a moral truth. To this may be added—something which is never useless or superfluous in political life—the resolution in himself the courage, and the wisdom of his country. He is American in every impulse of his blood, in every fibre of his brain. He is American by nature, and not by legend. Everything is also pure, like the heart of the earth, which no one has ever touched. Vigor, honesty, and common sense are the leaders of his principles."—*The Tribune, New York.*

"AS President, he has remained true to his first beliefs and convictions. In everything he has done, and as straight as a moral truth, to this may be added—something which is never useless or superfluous in political life—the resolution in himself the courage, and the wisdom of his country. He is American in every impulse of his blood, in every fibre of his brain. He is American by nature, and not by legend. Everything is also pure, like the heart of the earth, which no one has ever touched. Vigor, honesty, and common sense are the leaders of his principles."—*The Tribune, New York.*



THE PRESIDENT.

Taxation Reduced

"THIS deficit is imaginary, and is obtained by including in the ordinary current expenses the sum of fifty millions, which was paid for the right of way of the Panama Canal out of the accumulated surplus in the Treasury. Comparing the current or ordinary expenditures for the two years, there was a surplus of nearly eighty millions for the year 1901, and only a little more than eight millions for the year that has just closed. But this diminution of the annual surplus was brought about designedly by the abolition of the war taxes in the interval between the two dates. The acts of March 2, 1901, and April 12, 1902, cut down the internal revenue taxes to an amount estimated at about hundred and five millions a year. In other words the reduction of taxation has been considerably greater than the reduction in the annual surplus. Since the close of the war with Spain there has been no substantial change in the rate of annual expenditures. As compared with the fiscal year ending in June, 1901, for example, the fiscal year that has just closed showed a relatively small increase in expenditures (excluding the canal payment already referred to), while the year previous showed a relatively small decrease."—*From Theodore Roosevelt's letter accepting the Republican nomination for President.*

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UNCLE SAM. "ENOUGH HEAD-LINES—PRODUCE THE EVIDENCE!"

Illustrated by L. A. Rogers

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COMMENT

PLATFORM: NO HUBBARD

Commenting upon the political outlook in the issue of this journal dated December 26, 1903, we expressed a belief that "already, nearly a year before election day, New York must be placed in the Democratic column." The responsibility for that unprecedented condition we fixed upon Governor OGDEN, who had "humiliated Senator PLATT, for thirty years the undisputed leader of his party," who had brought upon himself "a bitter personal quarrel with the Sen. the ablest, most persistent, most unforgiving, and most deadly of newspaper antagonists," and who, as "a commercialized boss," had, "by brutal methods," brought "obliquely upon the splendid life bestowed upon him by the people." In view of this condition of affairs, directly following President ROOSEVELT's futile attempt to harmonize differences, we ventured the opinion that "in this case there seems to be no cure except in the extermination of one or the other of the parties to the controversy." We can see no reason now for reversal or modification of that judgment.

The OGDEN blight is upon the party and the candidate. Some experienced observers profess to think that Mr. ROOSEVELT's personal popularity will win New York, even though Mr. HUBBARD be defeated. Frankly, we doubt it. The blight is so big and so black that it spreads over the whole ticket. And it accentuates itself daily. The supposition at first was that Mr. HUBBARD was a reputable, though commonplace and intellectually inept individual, for whom one might vote without compunctions of conscience, though with a very face. But events have failed to justify the hope. His halting and apologetic assertion—obviously for political effect—that he was not wholly under OGDEN's thumb was far from convincing in itself, and what little force it did possess was dissipated like a flash by Attorney-General CUNNEEN. Mr. EDWARD H. HUBBARD is the distinguished financier whose coat Governor OGDEN carries when the two gentlemen visit a county fair, and it was Mr. HUBBARD's Furnessville Iron Company which received \$18,018 for cutting rock, in excavating for the canal, when there was no rock to cut. The Attorney-General, a member of the Canal Board, was aware of this fact, and, when the claim was presented, produced abundant evidence to that effect. Nevertheless, the minutes contain this damning entry:

"On calling the ayes and noes, the resolution was adopted by the following vote:

"On contrast No. 9.—AYES, Mr. HUBBARD, Mr. MILLER, Mr. BROWN, Mr. BRYD—4. NOES, Mr. CUNNEEN—4.

Four votes were required to allow the claim. If, therefore, Mr. HUBBARD had voted with Mr. CUNNEEN it would have been rejected.

This was the Attorney-General's explicit accusation, comprising both favoritism and fraud, and directly involving Mr. HUBBARD. Governor OGDEN sneeringly observed:

Mr. CUNNEEN objected to the award, but was the only one of the board who did so; the others, as I understand, voting for its payment, perhaps not entirely under the belief that his contentions were entirely erroneous, but that certain money was due for losses which occurred by reason of the failure of the State to permit the contractor to continue his work. This is often due to business matters; it certainly was not improper for the Canal Board to view it from this standpoint, if they deemed it wise so to do.

This was so far from conclusive as a denial that it was regarded by some as a virtual admission. The fact, in particular, that Mr. CUNNEEN "was the only one of the board" who objected did not seem to militate against his character or reputation. In a word, the suspicion that Mr. OGDEN had only made matters worse became so strong that Mr. MILLER, then a member of the board and now a justice, was drafted into service, and submitted an excessively long and somewhat confusing explanation. We have scrutinized it with care, but in vain, for satisfactory rebuttal. He declares with emphasis that Mr. CUNNEEN erred in saying that the board had rejected the claim in 1902; it had only refused to pass upon it. This, of course, is a mere quibble. He also asserts that the claim was not wholly for rock-cutting, but partly for "prospective profits lost," which seems a pity. He does not maintain that there really was rock, but there was "hard pan," which subsequently was "classified as rock." The difficulty, he says, "was that the preliminary survey had not been accurate, resulting in an estimate of \$9,000,000, when three times that sum was required. Contracts were let for excavation without knowing definitely the class of material to be excavated." Consequently, so far as we can make out, the contracting company had to be reimbursed for "prospective profits lost." Incidentally, and at great length, Justice MILLER endeavors to entangle this specific claim with others that were allowed and for which Mr. CUNNEEN voted. He succeeds only in bewildering the reader; he certainly does not convince him of the futility of the Attorney-General's accusation.

Now, curiously enough, despite the unsatisfactory nature of these responses, we attach little importance to the incident itself. That the contracting company was treated kindly is plain. Most companies owned by intimate friends of a boss in power are. But we can find no reason for believing that this particular contractor got materially more than he was entitled to. What happened, we suppose, was that it cost more to remove the dirt than had been anticipated and fixed in the contract, and the State made up the difference. This is not unusual; oftentimes it is entirely proper. The real point lies elsewhere. For example, Mr. EDWARD H. HUBBARD is not an \$18,000 man. He is the head of the Union Pacific and many other great railways, a contractor and financier in the very first flight, doing the biggest things constantly. Now what is he doing with a tuppenny contracting company up in the Mohawk Valley? Is he giving so much of his time to this relatively unimportant business for himself or for somebody else? We can understand his willingness to help a friend to make some money if risk be guarded against by the beneficiary, but it is not usual to find a man accustomed to deal in hundreds of millions digging a ditch at one dollar per cubic yard. Who are the real stockholders of the Furnessville Iron Company? And how much of the \$10,000,000 voted for the canal does it expect to handle in the event of Mr. OGDEN's continuance in power? If a considerable proportion, will the stock of the Furnessville Company be increased? And will the present shareholders get it, or will helpful associates, not then, at any rate, holding official positions, be taken in? What is the programme, anyway? Depend upon it, no little \$18,000 job need be considered for long when there is \$101,000,000 in sight and twice as much more in prospect. As we have had occasion to remark before, OGDENism is not synonymous with mere pickings from the grocery or any other business.

Vastly more important than the trifling charges so persistently harped upon by the opposition is such a transaction as the ship-building securities underwriting of Governor OGDEN. When that ill-fated enterprise was launched under the legal

direction of ALEXANDER & GREEN, whose office is next door to Mr. HARRISON's. Governor ORRILL protested and subsequently with great reluctance and many protests paid \$169,200 for \$189,000 of bonds and one thousand shares of stock. When the company collapsed, the Governor tried to persuade the persons from whom he had purchased his securities through a member of the firm of ALEXANDER & GREEN, counsel of the Mercantile Trust Company, that it was their duty and privilege to make good his loss. They did not see it in that light, and Mr. ORRILL brought suit, which is still pending in some court up the State that he considers best adapted for such adjudication. In March, moreover, Governor ORRILL's tried and true friend, Senator BUCKLEY of Saratoga, moved deeply by the iniquitous practices of promoters, prepared a resolution for introduction in the State Senate calling for an investigation of the ship-building bond syndicate. When, however, the Governor heard that another Senator proposed to offer an amendment requiring the investigating committee "to inquire if any officer of the State government by his conduct had impugned the honor of the State," the resolution was postponed.

But there were other ways of bringing the recalcitrants to terms. Colonel JOHN J. MCCOOK is the member of the firm of ALEXANDER & GREEN who had most to do with the legal direction of the ship-building syndicate; he is also a director of the Mercantile Trust Company, which was trustee of the ship-building company's mortgage. Now everybody knows that the Mercantile Trust Company is one of the biggest and most prosperous financial institutions in America, but few are aware that it does business under a charter originally granted to the "Fire Proof Warehousing Company," on March 31, the following bill appeared simultaneously in the Senate and Assembly of the New York State Legislature:

Section 1.—Chapter 308 of the Laws of 1903 entitled: "An act to incorporate the Fire Proof Warehousing Company," as amended by Chapter 183 of the Laws of 1903 and by Chapter 124 of the Laws of 1904 and by Chapter 843 of the Laws of 1905 and by Chapter 425 of the Laws of 1906, is hereby repealed.

Section 2.—This act shall take effect immediately.

It was introduced in the Senate by Senator AMBLER and in the Assembly by Robert J. FISH, both intimate personal friends of the Governor of the State. In the Senate it was referred to the Judiciary Committee of which the tried and true BUCKLEY was chairman, and in the Assembly to Mr. FISH's own committee. No reason was or could have been advanced to justify closing up the Mercantile Trust Company. Its resources exceeded \$40,000,000, its stock was selling at ten times its face value, its business was being conducted to the entire satisfaction of the Banking Department. The bill was not passed, of course, but a weaker institution would have been ruined by its introduction.

The many minor faults found with Governor ORRILL need not be considered. We have set down the salient features of his recent record dispassionately, and, to the best of our knowledge and belief, with exact truth. Deductions from themselves, however, "business Governor" in the most solid and most dangerous element in public life. For DAVID B. HILL is a political factor we have exceedingly small respect, for THOMAS C. PLATT hardly more; but either is an angel of light as compared with HENRY J. ORRILL, if baleful influence constitute the criterion of judgment. Neither, at any rate, has utilized the vantage of a high honor conferred upon him by the people for personal gain or the wreaking of personal vengeance upon individuals or corporations not willing to submit to virtual blackmail. We speak of Governor ORRILL as a brute in politics. He is worse. Consider that only a few years ago he was an insignificant political heart-beat in a small city, that he was taken up by the leader of his party, and by sheer force of authority on the part of the latter was carried to the highest position within the gift of a reluctant people, that, having reached this point of security and power, he turned, like a dog, and bit the half-puberted hand of his benefactor. As an ingrate he is beyond the pale of competition. Recall the contemptuous attitude he assumed when appealed to by his party's President to waive personal considerations at a critical moment, how he boasted of being summoned to Washington, how he sneered that he might or might not recognize the call, but if at all at his own

convenience, how he gloated over his triumph over the helpless old man who had lifted him above the heads of decent and deserving partisans. Note his cynical disregard of the most ordinary conventions in constituting himself an avowed political boss while still holding the second highest executive position in the Union. Reflect upon the "business" transactions of a "business" Governor, the participation in syndicates giving away shares not paid for, the shaming when "prospective profits" were "lost," the undignified efforts to get even by implied threats, by suits at law in courts of the State whose Governor appoints judges, by the introduction of strange bills in a Legislature controlled by the Executive—all openly and brazenly done in flagrant defiance of public opinion and personal self-respect. Contemplate a man of no intellectuality, of no sense of decency as a public official, of moral sense not blunted but non-existent, as vulgar politically as JOHN W. GATES personally, a hateful excrement upon the body politic, with all his bravado so cowardly that an aged father must hold up his hands, while successful a constant, lying degradation of the ideals of American youth—and there you have your business Governor, your business chairman, your business speculator.

To write such words is not a pleasing task; it is a most painful duty. We should be only too glad to record a belief that the man whom Mr. ORRILL nominated would, if elected, be himself Governor. But, as we have said, the hope could not be justified. A single-minded man of no indicated independence, he apparently lacks even the daring to attempt success by emulating his mentor in the manifestation of a thankless spirit. The established facts leave no escape from the conclusion that ORRILL, if not ORRILL, is the real candidate for Governor of New York.

The alternative is not as good as it should have been, but it is better than that seemed. Judge HENRICK certainly has ability and independence. That his political activity accompanied him to the bench we have ample evidence. In other respects nothing has developed to his discredit. His record, his words, and his endorsements are sufficient to indicate almost beyond a doubt that he would be his own Governor—and, in any case, his character and ambition, his sense of fitness, his good breeding, would prevent him from becoming a "business" Governor. However prohibitions may be as to the national candidates, it is plain that an imperative duty confronts the patriotic citizens of the State of New York.

In nominating SUMNER J. WYMAN as Postmaster-General in honor of HENRY C. PAYNE the President has paid a merited compliment to real and efficiency in the public service.—*The Tribune*.

Yes, indeed; stepping loud, Mr. WYMAN!

The Paterson Call requests its readers to turn back the files of this journal to 1895 and see the pictures of CAYLEY's army and other groups of unemployed persons in various parts of the country, and triumphantly asks, "Have our workmen forgotten those 'good old Democratic times'?" Probably not; and if they will watch their measures a little further back they will recall that it was the impious doing of the preceding Republican administration that brought on those bad times. What do it profit a newspaper to insult the intelligence of its readers?

The latest member of the administration to give the antiquated Constitution a whack is dear old Secretary PAINE. Having convinced the patient Western folk of the inestimable boon of high cost of living, he proceeded in Indianapolis to inform Congress that it would do well not to meddle with the looseness of an absolutely perfect executive administration. If somebody happened to read what he said to Senator HILL, it is little wonder that that venerable statesman died the next day with resignation. "Congress," declared the Secretary, "can amend the laws under which the administrative departments operate, but the administrative departments have sole authority to operate. If one coordinate branch can investigate another, independent of impeachment proceedings, it would seem at first blush that each coordinate branch might investigate both the others." It might seem so, of course, but only "at first blush," for the simple reason that Section 8 of Article I. of the poor old Constitution gives Congress

absolute right to make all laws for the execution of powers vested in "the government of the United States or in any department or officer thereof," which means, of course, that it can investigate, as it has investigated over and over again, as much as it likes and make or unmake departments as will. Even the *Sun* papers in its vigorous support of the Republican (national) ticket long enough to gag at this truly fresh exposition of benevolently despotic power and to implore "the proper authorities" to tell Mr. POSEY to go back and sit down. And yet some thought that the suggestion we timidly offered early in the campaign, that his spellbinding be confined to Manhattan, was an idle jest.

PHASE. HARPER'S WEEKLY has misled us. His name is HARPER, not THOMAS—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

It might as well have been. An odd by any name, etc.

The cartoon reproduced herewith, entitled "When HOBBS was on the Bench," was drawn by HENRY DANNENBERG, and published by HENRY L. STUBBARD in the *Evening Mail* of this city.



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Has either Mr. DANNENBERG or Mr. STUBBARD trustworthy information that could by the farthest reach of the imagination justify the circulating of such a picture as this?

We should hate to have to be as fair as the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

The National Civil Service Reform League, of which, if our memory serves us, one THOMAS ROOSEVELT was once an active and determined official member, sent a letter the other day to Chairman CORTLANDT, asking his aid in an effort to prevent the levying of political assessments upon public servants. Whereupon GEORGE BURCE nibbled his quill a minute and replied:

Prefacing my response to your letter with the statement that the Republican National Committee has not countenanced nor will it countenance, directly or indirectly, any violation of existing laws on the subject of the assessment of Federal officeholders for political purposes, I beg to say that I do not think I am called upon to make any public declaration of this fact.

This is quite snappy. We are not sure that everybody would consider it wholly courteous in view of the fact that those seeking aid which they could not get elsewhere are earnest advocates of a good cause and have no axes to grind. However, let us add the help they are going to get. Mr. CORTLANDT continues:

The friends of the candidates of the Republican party in this campaign show a consistent adherence to the letter and spirit of genuine civil service reform; and as the head of the count, by having to do with the management of the campaign for their election, I see no reason to assume, either from their record or my own, that the public would be justified in any other conclusion than that the influence of this committee would be thrown in favor of rather than against a strict compliance with the law.

For goodness' sake, have we reached the point where a civil answer cannot be expected to a wholly proper request? Must we continue to digest those impervious records forever and ever and take all else for granted? GEORGE BURCE needs a net so luffy. Time was—before, of course, the present ideal conditions relative to campaign contributions maintained—when the Republican National Committee countenanced such assessments with no little severity. Even Republican Presidents seeking reelection have been known to be concerned with other pressing duties while the officeholders were paying in their percentages. Can it be that this year patriotic post-umsters are so apprehensive of the righteous wrath of their future chief that they are contributing their nites surreptitiously and with fear and trembling lest the great and good father himself get after them with his big stick? We knew the millennium was bound to come some day, but had no idea it was already here. Meanwhile, the National Civil Service Reform League will doubtless profit greatly from this aid so freely, frankly, and graciously proffered by Mr. CORTLANDT.

I accept the nomination tendered me—THOMAS E. WATSON.

That is more than the Judge said, anyhow.

Senator DANNENBERG has met the question of pledging independence to the Filipinos. He met it on the platform at Indianapolis, and landed on its solar plexus with vigorous declamation, to wit:

Young men want a President whose confidence in the American stock is strong enough to leave the future to those future Americans who must deal with it when it arrives. They want no man for the nation's chief who thinks that the nation's young men will not have the honor or ability to meet events as they develop.

Young men do not want a President whose doubts of their places then under tend to carry out his views long after he is gone.

Young Americans want to have some say in the nation's future, which belongs to them, and decline to permit that future to be determined now.

As conscientious observers we are bound to say that the young men for whom Senator DANNENBERG speaks will get the short end of the wishbone if they vote for the Colonel. If there ever was a President who was bent on settling everything before the six-o'clock whistle blows it is President ROOSEVELT. Was his confidence in the American stock strong enough to make him leave the Panama Canal matter to future Americans to handle when it arrived? Can he compel the admission that when it threatened not to arrive in time enough for him to deal with it, he dashed out between two dogs and dragged it in, snawling, by the ears. Posterity will carry on just as many virtues of President ROOSEVELT as he can band it to accomplish. It will have no decisions to post that he can foretell. He has a thousand virtues, but the virtue—if it be a virtue—of leaving the future to the future Americans is not among them.

EDWARD has made the *RIKON* issue, and he should be compelled to accept its consequences—*New York Evening Mail*. He seems to be willing.

"But," says the *World*, "the *WEEKLY* maintains that until the *World* finds 'some one who will tell' that he has been deceived in this manner the charge and the inference respecting Mr. CORTLANDT 'deserve no further consideration.'" It then propounds a few queries. (1) "Is not denial much easier than proof?" In view of the fact that not a shred of proof has been produced as yet, we should judge that it is. (2) "If they (the trusts) have given nothing, would not a denial be easy and natural?" Easy perhaps, not necessarily natural; rather the reverse. Neither the President nor anybody else is under obligation to answer questions which contain reflections upon his honor and are therefore impertinent. Moreover, there is a special reason why Mr. ROOSEVELT should ignore any request from the *World*. He did deny with great emphasis and particularly one story to like effect published in the *World* and vouched for on its editorial page, and the *World* has given no indication as yet that it attached any importance or gave any credence to his declaration. (3) "If they have contributed, are not the people entitled to know the fact?" Yes, and it is for you who make the charge to furnish the evidence. Even a President is supposed to be innocent until proven to be guilty. (4) "In either case,

why should not Mr. ROOSEVELT send to Mr. CLEVELAND such a letter as has been suggested in the *World*? Perhaps he has, but whether he has or not, there is no reason why he should do it at the behest of an antagonistic newspaper which has failed to make amends for a wrong it has done him. Moreover, the *World* has no business to invent and print a letter and put "THOMAS ROOSEVELT" at the bottom of it. The *Evening Post* did that awhile ago, and the letter was promptly republished in the West as a genuine letter from the President. It is a reprehensible practice, which leads to mistakes and lends itself to dishonest uses. It is also an impertinence.

By some hook or crook the *Herald* got a wax impression of President ROOSEVELT's left hand and sent it around to some publishers, who "read" it without knowing whose fist it was. The results were interesting. Here is the palm:



Professor Palmist FLETCHER's reading comes first, and it is pretty good. "Here is a hand," he says, "that suggests a great deal of strength of character. There are determination, force, and marked vitality, but the interest is more in the beginning of an undertaking than in its conclusion. . . . The man's nature is extremely kindly and generous to a fault. It is obsolete beyond words, if opposed, and yet easily led if appealed to. There is no great amount of extravagance indicated here, except on occasion, and then a tendency to overdo things. . . . A continuous failure is unknown to this hand. Knocked down it may be, but only to be up and doing and starting out on some fresh endeavor. . . . The line of success verifies the indication so strongly marked in the fate line. This hand averts the consequences of danger. It runs in close relationship with it frequently, but it just escapes fatal results. This will always be the case, both so far as personal danger is concerned and in business affairs. . . . Earlier more optimism and self-conceit would have been added to this hand, which could have led to signal and marked results. The year 1904 is a signal one for this person, but its conclusion will not be as satisfactory as could be desired." No doubt 1904 is a "signal year," but we wish the Professor had presented more specifically the reasons why its conclusion will be unsatisfactory. Maybe Hay is going to resign, after all. The Professor winds up with the assertion that "the greatest successes have thus far been where he acted upon his own independent judgment," and, therefore, "great care should be taken in regard to the advice of friends which he cannot afford to follow." Judging from the past, we anticipate little danger from attaching undue importance to advice of others, but it is a gentle and timely warning and we cheerfully pass it along.

Lady Professor NIMZ, whose forefathers used to manage a garden on Broadway, is less happy, unless, of course, general opinion is at fault. For example, we are surprised to learn that "he is of a cool, calm nature," yet "an inquisitive, prying, curious person, who likes to know about and have a hand in everything." Professor CARLOS doesn't hit it off at all. He says it is the hand of a man "who goes into anything that will

keep the owner before the public. . . . One of his greatest drawbacks is a tendency to fall from one thing to another, to take up new things before he has carried out the old. If he only possessed the ability to carry out the resolutions he forms there is a chance that he might rise far above the mediocre." The ideal! But another word of advice: "He should guard against all speculation or business changes in his forty-sixth year, if he has not reached that period, for failure stares him in the face." This sounds somewhat ominous, but good luck waits on fate. He gets out of that ticklish forty-sixth year in the nick of time—on the twenty-seventh day of this present month—and we have the highest authority for asserting that he has no intention whatever of making any changes. Being a member of a private, servant, he likes his job and is willing to stay awhile longer. So don't worry; it's all right.

If a Democrat were President of the United States and were running for election for another term, he would be criticized if he took his Secretary for Commerce from that office, which means to him power over all corporations, with secret knowledge of their resources, their interests, their fears, and their combinations, and made that Secretary his collector of campaign contributions!—*Readings Excerpt.*

Indeed, he would. But isn't the ideal head of an absolutely perfect Republican administration getting an occasional side dig, likewise?

Replying to the *Tribune's* demand for more definite information respecting the vague charges of virtual blackmail of corporations by Chairman CLEVELAND with the connivance of President ROOSEVELT, the *Times* says:

The information upon which the *Times* based its article came to it from gentlemen of very high place and standing in the business and financial world, gentlemen whose confidence it enjoys, has never betrayed, and will not now, and who would be incapable of misreading it. The *Times's* opinion of the matter is not in the least changed by the *Tribune's* assertion, "advisedly and with authority," that "the story is not true."

All we have to say to that is that if these "gentlemen of very high place and standing in the business and financial world" have not sufficient manhood and faith in American sense of justice to denounce openly practices that they whine about privately, they are richly entitled to the exclusive privilege of self-commiseration.

Unless something happens, the Honorable ROBERT CORCORAN will make no more speeches for the candidate of Messrs. REAN and BELMONT. But despair not; maybe something will happen.

THOMAS E. WATSON having written a life of JEFFERSON, and copyrighted it, seems disposed to go farther and take out a patent on JEFFERSON himself. In his latest letter of acceptance he excuses himself for devoting more of his antagonistic attentions to PARKER than to ROOSEVELT on the ground that ROOSEVELT is a definite and defiant advocate of existing conditions who calls for Republican support, whereas PARKER, though not a Jeffersonian Democrat, asks the support of Jeffersonians. Mr. WATSON's ideal Jeffersonian is named THOMAS; not THOMAS JEFFERSON, however, but THOMAS E. WATSON. Mr. WATSON appears to believe in bad money and plenty of it. How a man of his apparent intelligence can want the kind of money he professes to want is hard to understand, but he is an urgent friend of silver, he denies that the gold standard is "irrevocably fixed," and he is running with enthusiasm on a platform that calls for an irredeemable paper currency. He also wants the government to assume ownership of all the railroads and telegraph and telephone lines, adding the necessary millions to the number of office-holders and government employees. Mr. WATSON's obvious function in this campaign is to rather in the votes of Democrats whose hearts are harder than their heads. He is fighting some real evils, but the remedies he proposes would do far more mischief than the diseases he combats. One can stop any disease by killing the patient, and the diseases naturally incident to national prosperity can be effectively alleviated by knocking prosperity on the head. Money is good. Health is good. Bad money is the same kind of a good as bad health. It ruins everybody but its doctors, and too much of it even ruins them. If the honored THOMAS JEFFERSON could be recalled to earth long enough to discuss

a few matters with THOMAS WARREN in the presence of witnesses, the result would be of benefit to political and economical truth, and might save the Republican Campaign Committee some money.

It was like Uncle DAVIS to refer to Mr. ROOSEVELT as "the Acting President of the United States." He is a most convincing orator.

GEORGE WILLIAMS FAIR has broken a silence that was becoming tragic and declared for the \$3,500 candidate for Governor of the old Bay State. Not that Mr. DOUGLAS is truly worthy—far from it. In GEORGE FAIR's mind of minds there is but one such. But, "although with increasing fortune he has become conservative," there was a time, fellow countrymen, when as "a radical" he gave utterance to "many bright things, indicating an interest in humanity and warm heart for his fellow men." Not for what he is, but for what he was, and because he has "democratic blood," whatever that may be, that GEORGE FAIR hurls his pulsant intellectuality into the teetering scales. Well, that means one more vote and maybe the sale of another pair of shoes bearing upon their soles the benign features of the thoughtful candidate. In passing, we may observe that the "brightest" and most remunerative "thing" Mr. DOUGLAS ever said was "three-fifty."

"I am willing," says the grandiloquent BRYAN, "to be the AVERN of the party if our MOSES, who has been so slow of speech, will but lead the people out of the wilderness." No doubt; but you wouldn't make a good AVERN. Judging from your recent speeches and the slot contained even in this observation, you are best fitted for the part of a well-known character in the other testament, who also dabbled in silver.

The Springfield *Republican* directs attention to the fact that the market prices of bonding railway and industrial shares have advanced simultaneously with the odds on ROOSEVELT's election, and adds:

Here we have the actual trust estimate of the anti-trust effects of Mr. ROOSEVELT's election. It will be seen to differ radically from the significance which Mr. KNOX and other supporters of the President are striving to place upon his candidacy and its opposing forces. What is the explanation? At the head of its editorial column HARPER'S WEEKLY insists this sentiment: "Platform: No Hoarding!"

If it be that answer is expected from us, we say that apparently the business world is less apprehensive of a disturbance of fairly satisfactory conditions under Republican than under Democratic government.

THOMAS TUGWART is going to Indiana, to remain, perhaps, in that State during the remainder of the campaign. With the help of Mr. BRYAN, who is to make Democratic speeches, Mr. TUGWART hopes to deposit the Hoosier State in the Democratic column. Mr. TUGWART is popular among the Hoosiers, and for many good reasons. The Indiana negroes are particularly fond of him, and he is said to have earned their affection by innumerable acts of kindness. There are 25,000 negro voters in Indiana. The State is expected to poll 700,000 votes this year. In 1900 BRYAN got 300,084 votes, as against 339,083 for Mr. KINLEY. It is evident that it makes an important difference which ticket the Indiana negroes support. It is related that on the evening of the day on which TUGWART was welcomed Mayor of Indianapolis by his largest majority, two hundred negroes were released from a barn in the suburbs of the city, where they had been locked up since very early morning. It was asserted that TUGWART's men looked them up, and that each negro received two dollars when released, and there was a disposition to proceed against Mr. TUGWART in the courts for improper behavior. It turned out that there was no prospect of establishing that the behavior attributed to him was improper. The negroes gathered in the barn of their own choice, and were protected all day from the temptation to sell their votes. Whether it was wrong to shield a yielding brother from temptation is a very pretty question.

What he [President ROOSEVELT] does he does in the open. There is no concealment or attempt at concealment of purpose or method.—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Cartoonist, for example.—The World.

Well, could anything be more open?

The well and favorably known litterateur, Mr. JOHN KENNEDY RANDOLPH, used to read pulpit with notable shrewdness, but since popularity overtook his original declaration that "the head that rocks the cradle rules the world," the subject has become as distasteful to him as "Marching through Georgia" was to General SHERMAN. So Mr. BRYAN has become a physiognomist and, with the artistic assistance of Mr. ELMER HASKELL, presents in *Puck* his analyses of the characters of



the candidates as indicated by their countenances. We present them herewith. It will be observed that no two studies were made on the same day nor in the same place. For example, the Colonel is obviously watching the finish of an Olympic game at a Schützenfest; the Judge has been hit on the head by a brick; Mr. ICEBERG is about to lend in prayer, and Grimsby is indi-



cating his satisfaction with the appearance of the latest arrival of the fourth generation. The studies are interesting, not only physiognomically, but as examples of the art of one lost to the sense of humor. And they do offer a noble variety, don't they? We only wish SWALLOW and THURSTON had been there.

A word more as to the WEEKLY. It is, or, rather, it affects to be, much interested in the campaign. Space is no object. Under which flag? Frankly, the interrogation point is somewhat confusing.—Bristolian Eye.

Our platform, good Doctor, is our flag.

To the readers of this journal who may attempt importance to our judgment of a story we wish to say that *The Manservant*, by KATHERINE COEN THURSTON, a young Englishwoman, is worth reading. We question somewhat the ability of the hero and heroine, capable and daring as they are, to keep the other women quiet and thus maintain the unprecedented situation in which they leave themselves at the end of the book—and yet there may be some authority written between the lines which we have not detected. If so, the scheme is perfect. In any case, it is a novel that is novel, and that is saying much in these days of sex problems and washbarking. Sir ALGERNON HAUNSWORTH, a very busy man of acute intellect, told us that he became so interested in a few chapters printed serially that he would not wait for the book, but sent to BLACKWOOD, who publishes it in Scotland, and got the proof-sheets. In this country it is published by HARPER & BROTHERS, but we refuse to permit that fact to deter us from advising those of our readers who like a real story to get hold of it.

The Significance of the Populist Diversion

It is a mistake to see in the collateral campaign which is being pushed by Mr. THOMAS E. WATSON with all the energy compatible with ill health an insidious attempt to detach voters from the PARKER column, and thus help the Republican nominee. There may be Republican politicians who would deem it good policy to put and keep in the field a Populist candidate for the Presidency, but that Mr. WATSON is a party to a bargain is not believed by those who know him personally, or, for that matter, by those who have read carefully his lackluster and controversial writings. We have never known of his failing to make the impression of an able, honest, and brave man. Such men do not deliberately undertake work for money to manipulate political side-shows.

If Mr. WATSON has essayed this year to resurrect Populism, which, seemingly, died in 1900, when its nominee got only about 50,000 votes, it is evidently because he believes that the time has come for its resurrection. His motives, principles, and plans are clearly outlined in his published letter of October 3 accepting the Populist nomination for the Presidency, and in an extended interview with a representative of the *Record*, which was printed on the same day. The former document is instinct with a vigor, a freshness, and a frankness that recall Mr. THOMAS E. WATSON'S own, and there are touches of pathos in the short, plain story of the writer's life. Even had he not been twice or thrice the antislavery Populist, as they call him; first, for Vice-President, and then for President, readers of his books about FRANKLIN, about NAPOLEON, about THOMAS JEFFERSON, and about the civil war, will be glad to hear something of their author. There is no doubt that he is an American of the Americans. His forefathers, he told the *Record* representative, were Quakers, and emigrated in 1784 from North Carolina, where they had originally settled. Their descendants are now scattered through Virginia, the Carolinas, Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi. That the branch of the family to which THOMAS WATSON belongs need be no progress is evident from the fact that the head of it purchased 40,000 acres of land in Columbus County, Georgia, and founded the town of Wrightsboro. His father, who was crippled financially by the emancipation of the sixty or more negroes that he owned, and the ruin of his estate was lost in the panic of 1873. By this final reverse, THOMAS WATSON, then a lad of sixteen, was obliged to leave college and to seek work. After an haphazard search for employment in Augusta, Georgia, he went into the backwoods of Surinam County, and organized a small school, with which he earned just enough to live on. When nineteen years of age, he got an old farmer to buy on credit for him a copy of BLACKSTONE'S *Commentaries*, and took up the study of law. Admitted to the bar within a year, he proceeded to Thomson, Georgia, with land, a few sheep, and a few chickens, and began to practise his profession. An old school-teacher, who had become clerk of the court, agreed to board him for one year on credit. This was his opportunity. He turned it to account, and, as soon as he was earning a good income, bought a home for his father and mother, gave his sisters an education, and started his brothers in business. In 1890 he was elected to the Federal House of Representatives by the Farmers' Alliance. Two years later he contested the district, but was defeated by his Democratic opponent under circumstances that must be described as peculiar, inasmuch as the majority against him was based on a vote of 23,000 in the city of Augusta, when, apparently, the largest vote possible under the census was 12,000. Although defeated, Mr. WATSON retained a large following in some of the Southern States, and in 1896 was nominated for the Vice-Presidency by a convention of the People's party, which nominated Mr. BURTON for President. The fact is generally overlooked that Mr. WATSON received twenty-seven electoral votes for Vice-Presidency, as more electoral votes for that office than Mr. JAMES H. WATSON had received for the Presidency four years before.

How came Mr. WATSON to try to revive the People's party? He tells the *Record*'s representative that, so long as the Democratic party had possession of the Populist principles, he could do nothing. A third party, in his opinion, has a right to exist, if either of the two old parties is right. It was, he says, the abandonment of Populist principles by the Democratic party at St. Louis this year which gave him an opportunity laid upon him, as he thinks, a duty. From Mr. WATSON'S point of view, the Democratic leaders at St. Louis surrendered to the money power, and the moment the currency took place, it was to him that the hour was ripe for arousing the common people to the formation of a party of protest. In his opinion, ex-Judge PARKER does not represent Democracy at all except in name. As he puts it, the true inwardness of PARKER'S campaign is to persuade not only the Democratic corporations and privileged classes, but also those Republican corporations that especially condemn Mr. WATSON and HANNA, that he will be a safer man for them than ROOSEVELT is. Mr. WATSON believes that, if he had three months more, and could get a semblance of health, he could make the people see the situation as it is. He could convince them, he thinks, that such a campaign as Judge PARKER has prosecuted is the very thing to perpetuate Republican principles, necessities, and

class legislation. As long as he and his friends control the Democratic party no right—no Mr. WATSON declaration—will be made against Republican necessities, only a fight against Republican office-holders. The Populist nominee wants, he says, to make a fight against Republican office-holders, and, at the same time, against Republican principles and policies, so that, with the change of men, there will be a change of principles, and the people will get the remedial legislation which they desire.

But why, it is asked by those who impute Mr. WATSON'S sincerity, does he strive to resurrect Populism at this time, instead of postponing the effort until 1908? He answers that, in his judgment, the work ought to be done now, because, to the extent that he gets it now, the leaders of the Democratic party will have been strengthened. In next four years might have deepened the apathy and the despair of the people that it would have been doubly difficult to arouse them in 1908. In other words, there is never a harvest in the summer unless there is seed sown in the spring. It is absolutely, he says, a matter of indifference to him how many votes he gets this year, and whence they come, so long as they are earned, honest, Jeffersonian Democratic votes. Believing himself to be in the right, nothing, he avers, can discourage him, and he predicts that, four years hence, all those who really have faith in the principles of Jeffersonian Democracy will appreciate the imperative necessity of just such a movement as is being made by Mr. WATSON. At the present time, he says, the people, as Mr. WATSON contends, have no real control of their government. They are simply asked to obey or to ratify. Their ballot has become merely a piece of waste paper. Mr. WATSON'S purpose is, he tells us, to give back to the ballot the power it was meant to have; will give back to the people the power over the government that they have lost, and which in their hands they do have, but not in fact. He commends as one of the strongest planks in the Populist platform that which demands for the American people a right already possessed by the people of Switzerland, the right, namely, to initiate by petition just such legislation as they desire, and to vote on such laws as they do not want. He would also give the people the recalled power of recalling from office any representative who, in their judgment, has betrayed his trust and ceased to be a faithful representative. Mr. WATSON denounces as one of the gravest evils of the existing system the fact that the people are not consulted when laws are to be made; they only hear of legislative acts after they are published. He adds that even best-footed lawyers find it difficult to keep pace with the changes continually introduced in the statutes. Mr. WATSON submits that the Swiss initiative and Swiss referendum would correct this evil to a large extent, while the issuance of imperative mandates to representatives and the power to recall them would insure that no such toward keeping public officers faithful to their duties.

In his letter of acceptance, which, as we have intimated, contains plunger enough to revive a dozen ordinary campaign documents, Mr. WATSON describes in a vivid, unadorned way the condition of the common people in the Old World. Then he asks, "How is it in our own land?" For natural advantages, the earth, he says, no region superior to ours. The whole of this favored region once belonged to the people. With his gun the common man won it, mile by mile, from the Indian, the Frenchman, the Navajo, and the Spaniard. What the common man did not win with his gun he bought with his hard-earned money. From sea to sea the land which is ours became more and more the common man was ready to pay for it with his tax-money or his blood. What, inquires Mr. WATSON, has become of it? He answers that, with bewildering rapidity, it has been taken from the common people and given to the corporations. It belonged to all the people, who served the government, and it was their duty to supply homes to individual citizens, and there was enough of it to do so for many generations. To the extent of about two hundred million acres it has been given to railroad corporations; and now, when a common man wants a home in all that vast domain he must go to the railroad corporations to get it. Mr. WATSON submits that a blacker chapter than this which reads before him both the old political parties united to despoil the common people of their land is not to be found in the annals of class legislation.

Elsewhere Mr. WATSON touches Democracy in a new place when he tells them that the way to win an enemy is to fight him. He reminds them that the Democratic party have known what it was to be led by their captain who put the hands of his men to work, so that all could understand what the difference between the parties was on vital issues. Such a leader was JEFFERSON. Such a leader was JACKSON. He goes on to invite the Democrats to say whether they think that in the present campaign they have such a leader, and whether, as a matter of fact, they do not recognize that their captain will not lead them. For his part, Mr. WATSON is pronounced that, if he had three months before him, he could convince the American people that he and ROOSEVELT are the only fighters in the field; whereupon he, as the only representative of Jeffersonian principles in this campaign, would gather up the vote of the *Real Democracy*, add it to the strength of Populism, and thus acquire a united army agreed in purpose

and wedded in sentiment, with which he would go up against Mr. ROOSEVELT and the Republican party and give them such a contest as would make them wonder what they had been up against.

Mr. WAYNES concludes his letter of acceptance with the declaration that the present attitude of the national Democracy is an impossible one. He predicts that they will be driven from it, and that in 1908 the real Democrats will return to their Chicago and Kansas City platforms. Meanwhile, he has determined to prevent an organization of resistance to the plutocracy, to make them feel that there is life in the people yet, and to form a nucleus around which the party whom their leaders have betrayed, can rally. Here we strike the real significance of the WAYNES movement. It has no other purpose but to keep alive in the popular mind the principles, the aims, the policies, of the Bryanite wing of the Democrats, and to insure to it preponderance in the next Democratic national convention. From this point of view it would not be easy to exaggerate the importance of the diversion which Mr. WAYNES has organized. His purpose cannot be frustrated unless the Democratic nominee shall at last manage to carry his own State of New York. If he loses the Empire commonwealth, the conservative element in the Democratic party will have been irretrievably beaten, and might as well evacuate the camp over which Mr. BURKE will hoist his colors. This is a serious matter, which some Republicans, as well as all conservative Democrats, may do well to consider. Should they be heretofore only one conservative party, its defeat at the ballot-box might have tremendous consequences.

Another Defence of Mr. Roosevelt's Reference to the Common Law

It will be remembered that Judge PARKER, in his speech of acceptance, expressed the opinion that a remedy for monopolistic rights might be found at common law, to which Mr. ROOSEVELT, in his speech of acceptance, replied that there is no common law in the Federal courts. Thereupon Judge PARKER, in his letter of acceptance, with the air of a father admonishing a promising boy, directed the President's attention to a decision of the United States Supreme Court in which an apparently opposite assertion was made. Its Attorney-General KNOX, in his recent speech, undoubtedly carefully to demonstrate that Mr. ROOSEVELT was making the use of a lawyer himself, and that his statement, if considered with the context, as every statement should be considered, was not refuted by the decision to which Judge PARKER had referred. A more elaborate and effective defence of Mr. ROOSEVELT's somewhat misunderstood and too ungraciously remark has been made by Mr. HENRY W. TART, Assistant Secretary of War. Mr. TART contends that Judge PARKER's presentation of the one of the Western Union Telegraph Company against The Call Publishing Company in support of his argument that "the common law, as developed, affords a complete legal remedy against monopolies," and that officials, if so disposed, could apply that remedy, was misleading. The case, Mr. TART says, was irrelevant to the matter which Judge PARKER was discussing in his speech of acceptance. There is no doubt that the telegraph company was engaged in interstate commerce, or that the Call Company recovered from it damages for a discrimination in rates. The question whether there was any restriction or common law of the Federal courts, which would enable the government to prevent a monopoly, or control or regulate a combination in restraint of interstate commerce, was not before the court. Moreover, if it had been, the tribunal must have held that, when Congress passed the SHERMAN Act, and the several antitrust and interstate commerce acts of 1902, any unwritten law upon the subject was superseded. The theory of the court in the case of the Western Union Telegraph Company vs. The Call Publishing Company seems to have been that, as under the Federal Constitution, Congress was vested with exclusive power to regulate and control interstate commerce, there was implied in the omission of Congress to legislate an intention that the Federal courts should adopt the general rule of common law governing the conduct of common carriers.

Mr. TART reminds us that the rules of the common law were framed long before the evolution of modern corporate combinations, and when very different conditions of industry and trade existed. He further invites us to observe that thirty-six States of the Union have severally attempted to cope with corporate aggressions, but they have always found it necessary to pass laws specifically directed at corporate abuses. He, too, under the SHERMAN Antitrust Act passed by Congress, Republican administrations have obtained from the Federal courts decisions in the Joint Traffic, the Allyn Pipe, the Northern Securities, the Bell Trust, and the Salt Trust cases, yet it has been found needful, in order to prevent or punish evasions, to pass four or five supplementary statutes in order to expedite trial, procure information otherwise inaccessible, establish efficient rules of evidence, create

penalties for particular offences, and otherwise protect the law and strengthen the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Mr. TART adds, what Judge PARKER seems to have overlooked, that there can be no adequate remedy against trusts or combinations in restraint of trade without criminal penalties; yet it is settled in the Federal courts that there exist no crimes which Federal jurisdiction which are not expressly defined as such in the statutes of the United States. Moreover, agreements in restraint of trade have never, under the common law, been illegal in the sense that the parties to them could be punished from carrying them out. The common law refused, at the suit of one party to such an agreement, to compel the other party to perform it. Under all the circumstances, Mr. TART admits that no lawyer of experience would think of asserting that monopolistic trusts could be adequately dealt with under the rules of common law; and that, consequently, Mr. ROOSEVELT summed up the whole matter correctly when he said: "If action against trusts and monopolies is to be limited to cases where the common law is applicable, the national government could take no action whatever to regulate them."

Mr. TART makes a pungent point when he says that any attempt to proceed against trusts and monopolies, under the assumption that a Federal common-law system exists, would have been denounced by THOMAS JEFFERSON himself as "audacious, baseless, and unwarrantable preposterous." In his language, he uses in a letter to FRANKLIN RAYMOND, dated August 18, 1790, wherein he maintains that "the common law did not become, *ipso facto*, law in the new association of States in the Union under the Constitution; it could only become so by a positive adoption, and so far only as they [the States in the Union] acting through their Federal organs, saw no expediency to adopt it. But, great Heaven!" cries JEFFERSON, "who could have conceived in 1789 that within ten years we should have to combat such windmills!"

Has the Cost of Living Increased?

An interesting feature of the Democratic campaign book is the relation of the deduction drawn from certain official statistics published by the Department of Commerce and Labor, the deduction, namely, that the cost of living has not increased during the last decade. The personal experience of every man who keeps an account of his expenditures, non-voluntarily or voluntarily, is a matter of fact, it now costs him a good deal more to live than it did ten or a dozen years ago. It is true that the prices of some articles of consumption are lower than they then were, but such articles play a comparatively insignificant part in one's expense account. Obviously, the prices which most concern us are those of food products, of which we are habitually large consumers. It is immaterial, for instance, that in 1901 the price of oatmeal was nearly fifty per cent. lower than the average price which they had commanded during the decade ending in 1898. Many a man does not consume a nutmeg in a year. It is, on the other hand, a matter of much moment that the price of eggs in 1901 should have been nearly seven per cent. above the average maintained during the two years mentioned. Plainly, it would be misleading to assume that the increase in the cost of eggs was more than offset by the decrease in the cost of nutmegs, yet just such an assumption runs through the statistics compiled by Commissioner CANNON, D. WATSON, and published by the Republican Campaign Committee. The items in Mr. WATSON's table of the prices of food which are averaged without any regard to the actual cost of such article annually consumed by the ordinary wage-earner. To cite another instance, the price of pepper (of which the normal American does not consume more than four cents' worth in a year, is permitted to affect the commissioner's statement of general averages as much as does the price of coffee, of which the normal American consumes forty times as much. To compare Mr. WATSON gives the same weight as to milk, to discriminate of soda the same weight as to fresh beef; to dried apples the same weight as to potatoes. What is even more absurd, the price of alum affects the commissioner's formulation of general averages as much as does the price of corn. Once more, in Mr. WATSON's tables, the cost of such a prime necessity as wheat is offset by the cost of peaty. It is plain that statistics compiled upon such a plan are valueless for the purpose of ascertaining changes in the cost of living.

Attention is also directed by the Democratic campaign book to the fact that Commissioner WATSON's conclusions as to the cost of living are based, not on wholesale prices, but on retail prices. Wholesale prices are comparative averages of prices, and are, practically, the same in different cities, and they certainly are the same in different stores in the same city on the same day. Mistakes or misstatements, therefore, made in tables of wholesale prices are detectable with relative ease. Mr. WATSON's tables of retail prices, on the other hand, defy correction, because of the fact that retail prices differ widely in the same city on the same day.



**JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, THE RICHEST MAN IN
THE WORLD**



Mr. Higgins's Home at Olmsted, New York



Mrs. Frank W. Higgins



Photographs by Scott Miss Josephine Higgins, the Candidate's Daughter



The formal Notification of Mr. Higgins at his Home in Olmsted

CEREMONIES AT THE NOTIFICATION OF FRANK W. HIGGINS, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT HIS HOME

Lieutenant-Governor Frank W. Higgins, the Republican Candidate for Governor of New York State, was formally notified of his nomination at his home in Olmsted, N. Y., on October 1. The notification speech was delivered by Senator George R. Bulfinch. A reception at the woman's home, and a parade and ratification meeting followed the notification ceremonies.



Putting an ailing Cossack in Irkutsk—the Prisoner was caught in an attempt to run away



Preparing for the "Knot," a Method of Flogging which runs along with the Four after the Birth of his Son



Reviving a Cossack who has Fainted during his Punishment



Hanging a Cossack in Prison for Murder committed during his Escape

HOW RUSSIA TREATS HER PRISONERS—SCENES IN THE RUSSIAN PRISON AT ALEXANDROVSKII, ON THE ISLAND OF SAKHALIN

The photographs show scenes in the Russian prison at Alexandrovskii, on the island of Sakhalin, off the coast of Siberia. Two men are sent to Sakhalin twice a year, when they are compelled to do hard labor for the terms of their sentences. Good behavior entitles them to return to the mainland after the expiration of their terms of sentence, so they may remain on the island and become farmers. The photographs show some of the punishments of prisoners during exile.



Richard Bartholdt, President of
the Interparliamentary Union



Count Albert Apponyi,
of Hungary



I. R. von Klenowicz,
of Austria



H. A. Krabbe,
of Denmark

The World's Peace Conference

By Richard Bartholdt

President of the American Group for Arbitration in Congress, and President-elect of the Interparliamentary Union

IT was a historic scene in the East Room of the White House when, on the afternoon of September 24, President Roosevelt, in the presence of representatives of fifteen different parliaments of the world, made the solemn announcement that at an early date he would call a second conference of the nations to promote the cause of the world's peace. Those who witnessed the solemn ceremony were thrilled by the reflection that history was being made for the benefit of all mankind. The Americans present shared this feeling, of course, but they were doubly affected because the promised action of the President justly excited their patriotic pride. They realized that the United States had at that moment taken the initiative in the great movement for the substitution of law and justice for brute force as a means of the settlement of international controversies, and that President Roosevelt had assumed the role of leadership in this holy cause.

The steps leading up to the event just referred to, and the preparations for the conference of the Interparliamentary Union which in a formal resolution requested such action as the part of our Chief Executive, are matters of public record, though it may be new and interesting reading to many Americans. Up to this year little was known in our country of the Interparliamentary Union. It is an organization composed of about 2000 members of national legislative bodies who believe that arbitration should take the place of war, and who have agreed to use their influence in this direction in their respective home countries. Each European Parliament has a group of such members, which is called the arbitration group, and forms a branch of the Interparliamentary Union. Parliaments which have no such groups can be represented by individual members, and this liberal provision enabled me, as a member of the American Congress, to join the union. Mr. Barrows, from Massachusetts, had, a year previous, become a member on the same terms. The American group was not organized until January of this year. But I am getting ahead of my story.

Last year's conference was held early in September at Vienna, and since this distinguished body of lawmakers, with but few exceptions, had never visited the United States, I could not resist the temptation to invite them for this year, particularly on account of the World's Fair. There were many serious objections of course. There was no invitation from Congress, and even from the American group, and there was no guarantee whatever of an appropriation to defray the necessary expenses of the meeting. I promised everything, implicitly relying on those splendid American characteristics which are favorably known the world over—generosity and hospitality. After a well-natured struggle they voted to come and do so unanimously. But while the delegates were still cheering, I suddenly realized that I had a good-sized elephant on my hands. As the only American present, I had, perhaps, undertaken too much. The events of the following six months, however, re-

moved every doubt. The President mentioned the impending conference in his message, the organization of an American group proved a success, and both Houses of Congress passed my joint resolution extending an official invitation to the European lawmakers, and making an appropriation of \$50,000 for their entertainment. During the first week in September they arrived in New York, 200 strong, of whom about 220 were actual members of the Parliaments of fourteen different countries of Europe. It was a most distinguished body of men, comprising princes, counts, barons, and other noblemen, Senators, Speakers of Houses, former cabinet ministers who are still holding seats in the Parliaments of their countries, etc. Aside from the mission which brought them here, their visit to this country alone, it seems to me, was a notable event, and it is certainly strange that the metropolitan press never woke up to its real importance. Accompanied by a committee of Congress they made what proved to be a triumphal tour through the country as far as the Rocky Mountains, being entertained with lavish hospitality at all the principal cities along the route, and it is putting it mildly when I say that their notions of the United States underwent a complete change. Genuine enthusiasm bordering on ecstasy are by no means extravagant terms to describe the state of their feelings. What they have seen and heard will, of course, be spread broadcast in Europe, so that the expenditure of the people's money in entertaining them as the guests of the nation will, in any event, prove an excellent investment. Indeed, a little reflection will satisfy us that these parliamentary visits are the best possible means to promote the cause of international unity and peace.

On March 3 of this year I had the honor to draft and introduce in the House of Representatives a concurrent resolution requesting the President to convene a second international conference, similar to the one at Hague, at a time and place to be agreed upon by the signatory powers. At the St. Louis conference the Interparliamentary Union, I am happy to say, assumed sponsorship of this resolution, and made it its own by a unanimous vote. The union has accomplished great things in the past, many of the arbitration treaties already concluded, and the first Hague conference itself being credited to its initiative. But the adoption of that resolution, in view of the success which has attended it—thanks to the sagacity of a far-seeing President—is regarded as its most glorious achievement. Since all the cabinets of Europe, or rather, of the world, are now considering the contents of the resolution, it may be well to give it a place here. It reads as follows:

—Whereas, enlightened public opinion and the spirit of modern civilization alike demand that differences between nations should be adjudicated and settled in the same manner as disputes between individuals are adjudicated—namely, by the arbitrament of courts in accordance with recognized principles of law;



H. De Lathau,
of Belgium



Dr. Hauptmann,
of Germany



Dr. Tydeman,
of the Netherlands



John Lund,
of Norway

Prominent Members of the Delegations to the Interparliamentary Peace Congress in America



Mr. Albert Gobert,
of Switzerland



Marquis Di Sere Gialini,
of Italy



W. R. Curran,
Sec. of the British Delegation



Mr. Jaime De Paiva,
of Portugal

"The conference requests the several governments of the world to send representatives to an international conference, to be held at a time and place to be agreed upon by them for the purpose of considering:

"First, the questions for the consideration of which the conference at the Hague expressed a wish that a future conference be called;

"Second, the negotiation of arbitration treaties between the nations represented at the conference to be convened;

"Third, the advisability of establishing an international congress to convene periodically for the discussion of international questions.

"And this conference respectfully and cordially requests the President of the United States to invite all the nations to send representatives to such a conference."

There is little doubt but what all the governments will respond to the President's invitation. Negotiations will now be carried on as to the real subjects to be discussed at the next conference, which the President prefers to have again convene at the Hague, and the call will be issued according to the agreements of the powers. In this connection it is well to remember that diplomacy, as a rule, is considerably behind public sentiment. The most advanced ground on this question is, perhaps, occupied by the pure societies which convene in annual congresses (1884, in Boston). They prepare the raw material, if I may use this simile. This is then sifted by the lawmakers of the Interparliamentary Union, who, being clothed with responsibility by the people, carefully sift out what is practically, wise, and timely, and from what is then left diplomacy picks what is suitable to its purposes.

The men now enlisted in the great movement for international justice and peace do not underrate its obstacles. They are as well aware of human prejudice and human passion as is the wise man and the skeptic. Being engaged in an intellectual struggle for peace, they can appreciate even more than others the effect of an education which holds up only fighters and military heroes as models and examples worthy of emulation, and they are not unmindful of the existence of the great military powers, with their millions of subjects, whose intellects are lulled by the warrior's

pomp and glory. But they—the advocates of the world's peace—lack, nevertheless, that their cause is just, and justice and reason must finally prevail. The necessity of social order requires a citizen, when he has any difficulty with his neighbors, to submit the same to arbitration—i. e., to the arbitrament of a court. Instead of being permitted to fight it out with his adversary, civilized society compels him to lose to the suzerainty of the law. All that the friends of peace demand is that nations should be held to do precisely the same thing. What is law for an individual should be law for a nation. Is not this as plain and simple as it is logical, and is it not reasonable? Enlightened public opinion is wont to ridicule duels between individuals, and yet in these affairs what is called personal honor is usually involved. Is it not true that duels between civilized nations should be regarded in the same light? Personal honor is as dear to the person as national honor is to the nation. The individual and the nation are both units in their respective spheres, and the same considerations which compel the one to seek redress in court apply with equal force to the other.

The human family is willing and anxious that this idea be put into execution. All that is required for it is the necessary machinery: an international court (which is already in existence) and an international congress to be followed by an international police, and an agreement between the nations of the world to lose to the supremacy of these institutions. If the plater's ink which has been and is being wasted in efforts to show that wars, though admitted to be relics of barbarism, are unavoidable, had been utilized for the purpose of picturing the horrors, the atrocities, and the untold misery of war, greater advancement would already have been made in the direction indicated, and the cause of humanity correspondingly benefited. All the wiseacres now point to the Far East to prove their assertion. So do we. The horrible butchery now going on there, as senseless as it is appalling, will pave the way for the second peace conference of nations.

Europe looks for deliverance, by the diplomatic action of the United States, from well-nigh unbearable war horrors. Let us rejoice as Americans that American diplomacy, under the leadership of a great President and a great Secretary of War, is proving equal to the emergency.

The President and the Interparliamentary Union

By Hayne Davis

Special Press Representative, with the Interparliamentary Union during its visit to America.

SEVENTEEN years ago the originator of the Interparliamentary Union appeared at Washington and requested the United States to take the lead in the arbitration movement (that was coming) by opening up negotiations with Great Britain for a general treaty of arbitration. The request was cordially received by the government, however warmly the President may have responded personally to the sentiments of the pioneers

of arbitration. William Russell Crozer, who came with the request for an arbitration treaty seventeen years ago, was a member of the parliamentary body when the organization which he originated, and which the Honorable Richard Bartholdt has done the most in this country, presented to the President at 2.30 p.m. September 24 the resolution of St. Louis requesting the United States to invite all nations to assemble, and to give the Hague



Georges Buisson,
of France



Sir Philip Stanhope,
Sec. of the British Delegation



General Constantin Phila,
of Roumania



Ernst Beetsman,
of Sweden

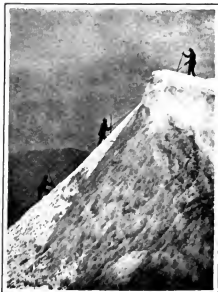
Prominent Members of the Delegations to the Interparliamentary Peace Congress in America



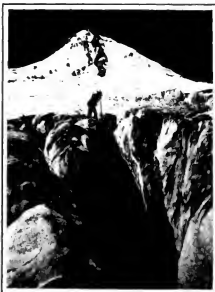
Examining a Crevasse—the Summit of the Mountain in the Distance



Imagined Walls of Ice on the Elbow Glacier



The last Pull to the Summit



A great Crevasse on the Elbow Glacier

MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING IN AMERICA—SOME REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF A RECENT ASCENT OF MOUNT HOOD, IN OREGON, ONE OF THE HIGHEST PEAKS IN AMERICA

The photographs are snapshots taken during a recent ascension of Mount Hood, in Oregon, by a party of six Americans, led by Mr. Clarence White, of Burlington, Vermont. They are the first photographs of the kind that have been published, showing the summit of Mount Hood, one of the highest peaks in America. It is one of the Cascade Range, and is between eleven and twelve thousand feet in height.

From photographs copyright, 1914, by B. C. White Co., New York



A Panoramic View taken at the Grand Stand near Weather, the Starting-point and Finish of the Race



George Bruth, the Winner of the Race, in his 30 Horse-power Packard
SNAP-SHOTS OF THE INTERNATIONAL
BILT, JR., CUP ON LONG ISLAND, OCTOBER 8

The reader is referred to the opposite page of this issue of the "Weekly" for other photographs and a description of the race

Photographs by Press & Tug



Albert Howard, who made the second best Time in the Race, in his 30 Horse-power Packard
AUTOMOBILE RACE FOR THE W. K. VANDER-
BILT, JR., CUP ON LONG ISLAND, OCTOBER 8

The reader is referred to the opposite page of this issue of the "Weekly" for other photographs and a description of the race

Photographs by Press & Tug



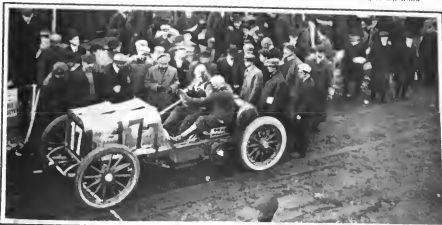
George Toste, the French autocrat, who made the fastest Tour for Our Lap in the Race

Photograph by Fred G. Coe



George Toste, Jr., of New York, at the Start. Mr. Toste was badly injured in the Race and his Chauffeur was killed

Photograph by Fred G. Coe



Frank Under, one of the six Racers who Finished, in his 55 Horse-power Simplex

Photograph by Fred G. Coe

SNAP-SHOTS OF THE INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE RACE FOR THE W. K. VANDERBILT, JR., CUP ON LONG ISLAND, OCTOBER 8

The photographs are snap-shots of the first international automobile race ever held in America, which was run on Saturday, October 8, ten times around a thirty-mile triangular course through Nassau and Queens counties, Long Island. The race was run for a cup offered by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and was under the auspices of the Automobile Club of America. Of the six eastern contestants who started, the best time for the whole of the course was made by the American, George Toste, representing France, in a 50 horse-power Panhard, driven by himself; the winning time was 3 hours 26 minutes 57 seconds.

same time to be a great Independent, above party and indifferent to it, is in such a country as England or America impossible.

It is often said of Chamberlain's preferential tariff scheme that it is really a "restoration of the old" policy of protection, of reciprocity. So, too, Lord Rosebery's way of looking at parties and his desire to stand above them without losing influence are singularly reminiscent of what England was under George III. If Lord Rosebery has come from the elder statesman, it is not the younger Pitt. I feel pretty sure he would have found nothing in all the volumes of the *Chatham* correspondence that would have appealed to him more intimately than a letter written to New South Wales in October 1784, in which Pitt wrote in this letter, "I purpose to continue acting through life upon the best conditions I am able to form, and under the obligation of principles, not by the force of any particular largess. . . . I shall go to the end of the world, and I shall not give up consideration. . . . Whatever I think it my duty to oppose or promote, I shall do it independent of the sentiments of others. . . . I have little thoughts of beginning the world again upon a new order of union. . . . I have no disposition to quit the free condition of a man standing single, and daring to appeal to his country-at-large upon the soundness of his principles and the rectitude of his conduct." That was all very well one hundred and forty years ago, but it does not work today. And yet Lord Rosebery's position, so far as his public speech has declared it, is not essentially different from Pitt's in 1784. When at the end of 1891 he came forth from his long retirement to formulate at Cowesfield a new policy he ended his speech with this declaration:—"I am quite aware that my policy does not run on party lines; but it is not to party that I appeal. Party in this matter can avail

little or nothing. I appeal unto Caesar from Parliament with its half-hearted but overwhelming government supporters, and a dispirited and daunted Opposition. I appeal to the silent but so powerful tribune of the people, which shapes and controls the destinies of our people—I mean the tribunal of public opinion, that of common sense." That was eloquent enough, but obviously it put all the rest of the speech, which was a rattling party speech, completely out of joint. Whether since then he has been convinced himself that he can effect nothing except through and with the party system, I do not know. But I observe that in the Liberator's speech of yesterday the usual reminder that he is speaking solely for his country is conspicuously absent. It is as if in a more direct leaning towards party than he has displayed for nearly ten years. I may be correct or be wholly wrong. Lord Rosebery may still continue to stultify himself by a policy of abstinence, but I hope, at least, I think I may say all England hopes, that he will not. He is a great national asset but to be realizable he must also become a great Liberal asset. A beneficent and patriotic work that will tax all his endeavors lies before him if he will only consent so far to squiggle himself and his political creed as to look from inside the Liberal ranks. Continuity in foreign policy, efficiency in administration, and temperate reform in domestic affairs are the chief planks in Lord Rosebery's platform; and the country will have need of him and them when the Liberals are again in power. There is a very real danger that unless his experience in foreign and his restraining influence in domestic affairs can be utilized to the full, the Liberals may glide once more into a policy of reaction and "nationalism" abroad and into a brazening Radicalism, barely to be distinguished from Socialism, at home.

Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

RECOGNITION has been tardier in this country for the work of Mr. A. R. W. Mason than in England, where he is known as the author of several novels of fiction, and has been counted among the foremost novelists of the English school for some years past. On this side, *Miranda of the Helweg*, was the first book of his to attract attention, which was enhanced by Mrs. Fick's vivid and picturesque presentation of the play made from the story. Two years ago, Mr. Mason made his deep impression on the public, not only here but in England with that remarkable novel, *The Four Feathers*, which gave him a larger popularity than he had hitherto enjoyed. It bore the fruits of a vigorous observation, a sensitive and keen insight, and a depth of feeling and imagination which entitled him to the high regard and esteem this powerful novel won from the critics and the wide appreciation it met with at the hands of the public. He had carried an arduous and exacting task to its conclusion, that he wrote constantly with a high standard in view; he has always been a man of ideals, an earnest student of life, and a faithful servant of his art. The question was: Would he maintain the high level he had reached with *The Four Feathers*? It may be said at once that his new novel *The Trautman*, which has been appearing in these pages and has just been published in book form, answers this question with complete affirmation and satisfaction, and sets at rest any doubts that may have existed regarding the stability of his reputation. One feels that Mr. Mason is at last on free ground and has gained a mastery of his art.

Mr. Mason has always been a good story-teller. He has never disregarded the element of plot in his fiction, though one can perceive that the story grows out of the development of his characters. I can understand the processes of his mind when he says that he has never had the time to study, though he can never tell where his characters may lead him or what they may do before the end is reached. For his imaginative quality is creative and not mechanical; his characters are living, breathing men and women, with their passions, their struggles, their joys and sorrows, with deep feeling, with the sense of world drama, and not a mere abstraction of ideas, labeled and set forth with theatrical precision. There is, too, a deep purpose in his work, an earnest view of the world, a consciousness of the seriousness of life. No one can read *The Four Feathers* or *The Trautman* without being moved by their keen insight and observation, and the impact of mind upon mind. An eminent critic has been deploring the lack of religious feeling in the fiction of today, and he is right in his criticism. But this can scarcely be charged against Mr. Mason. His work is imbued with a spiritual significance and conscience which enables the trend of his thought and dignifies his treatment of life. Like *Miranda* in *The Trautman*, he has a sense of things which one remembers to have learned before, in the still of conscience, in the exercise of sympathies which become suppressed, one finds new delight: the consciousness of life as a thing enjoyable begins to tingle afresh in one's dormant sensibilities. Pamela had experienced great disillusionment, and she had become cynical and bitter. It did not seem possible for her ever to take up her life again as she had once lived it; even where she loved she could not trust that life herself go. Since then she has found the joy of being free by these new words, and again that "one must take one's risks." It took her a long time to permit this in her own experience, and indeed, it had to be forced upon her by the experience of others whose need was as great as hers. And thereby hangs the tale: for the story of Pamela, Miranda and Warriden, her lover, is interwoven with the story of Tony and Millie and Strutton—the "trautman."

The story of *The Trautman* grew out of an actual experience. Though still a young man, Mr. Mason has been a great traveler, and he has had many curious adventures and seen many strange things, but perhaps the most strange that he has seen is this: "It's a strange place, London." One can imagine him saying as Warriden does in *The Trautman*: "No doubt it seems strange to me, and once full of interesting people and interesting things, just because I have come back from very silent and very empty places. But that house always puzzled me." Pamela and Warriden have just observed a man and a woman engaged in evening dress from a dark house opposite, and stood away round the corner with the air of trying to remember a name. "I don't know who they are, and I don't care, over there," and Warriden pointed to the eastern side of the square towards Berkeley Street: "and what we have seen to-night would take place every night, and at the same hour. The light went up in the room on the second floor and the trams crept along, but there they go too! The Navy. They go and sit there among the lights and the music for half an hour, then they come back to the dark house. They live in the most curious isolation with the most serious regularity. There are three of them altogether: an old man—it is his light, I suppose, which went up on the second floor—and three men. I know who they are. The old man is Sir John Strutton. And the two people we saw are his son and his son's wife. I have never met them. In fact, no one meets them. I don't know any one who knows them." But Pamela knew them—she had been Millie Strutton's bridesmaid—and Warriden was ultimately to know them also; in fact, events were even then shaping themselves to draw him and Pamela into the tangled web that was to involve all four in its meshes, before the mystery surrounding the lives of the traumas, as well as Warriden's perplexing problem concerning Pamela, was solved. Tony had to learn over again as old London has the time to learn it just in time, that he was not a Millie's from utter work. "I have learned something which I might have known before, but never did," he said to her, when he led her back to the little house in Denney Street—the outward expression of a couple's rebellious revolt against the conventionalities of a class may be content to know that love exists, that is not the case with women. They want the love expressed, continually expressed, not necessarily in words, but in a hundred little ways. I did not think of that. There was the mistake I made, I felt you alone to think just what you chose." The other point of view! How few of us are aware that it exists, that it is deserving of interest, of consideration; yet it is only that way understanding can be had of things of the heart. Mr. Mason has said to Pamela: (Mirage) by the way, is one of Mr. Mason's cleverest creations, an original conception, quaintly, whimsically humorous; how Barrie must envy him! "Why now?" asked Pamela. "Because, recently, imagination has come to you, I have seen it, I felt it. Imagination, that is the power of understanding, the power of understanding perhaps the greatest gift which love has in all his big box of gifts." Ian Macnair once wrote a story to illustrate this, that we do not sit against our loved one through lack of love but because we do not imagine enough. Mr. Mason's story is an illuminating commentary on the same text; it has not been written for idle amusement, but for ends of beauty and strength. *The Trautman* is a book to make you love life better; to help you to find joy and interest in the minutiae of existence; to make you understand and breathe you in your own struggle. It is to be hoped that Mr. Mason's novel will have the wide reading and great success it deserves. Of all his books I like it best. And some day I hope Mr. Mason will tell us more of Mr. Mudge. What a rare character for a Barrie play!



**A. E. W. MASON, AUTHOR OF "THE TRUANTS," WHO IS
NOW VISITING AMERICA**

Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the English novelist, is the author of "The Truants," which has been appearing serially in the "Weekly," and which has just been published in book form. The literary work of Mr. Mason, who is now visiting America, is the subject of an interesting appreciation by Mr. James MacVickar, on the opposite page of this number of the "Weekly."

The Adventures of an Explorer in Africa

How the Batwa Pygmies were brought to the St. Louis Fair

By Samuel P. Verner

Special Commissioner to Central Africa from the Louisiana Purchase Exposition

IT was while Livingston's son was dying at Fictsburg that Paul Du Chaillu first saw the African Pygmies, and became the first modern scientific traveller to visit them in their forest haunts. This was on the third of July, 1865, at the headwaters of the Oboke River, West Central Africa. The accounts given by different travellers concerning the character and habits of these little folk are practically the same, and have been received by the world at large with varying degrees of doubt or credulity. The African Pygmies are both unique and interesting, and never before has any group of them left its native abode for civilized lands. They are the wildest of the human race.

It is interesting to note that when Darwin was propounding his theory of the origin of species in 1859, the primitive aboriginals of Africa were unknown, save from the ancient Grecian traditions, and even when he wrote *The Descent of Man* in 1871, so little of them was known that he made no mention of the Pygmies, although he stated that the first human race was probably in Central Africa, and that the two most anthropomorphic apes, the gorilla and the chimpanzee, were denizens of the African forests. How gladly would Darwin have enjoyed the opportunity any schoolboy may have now at St. Louis! For the next of kin among men to the paleoanthropine of the troilanthropus is now at the Fair.

I was asked to invite him here, and I had found a place of the Batwa Pygmies in 1897, and had lived near them nearly two years. The necessary diplomatic requirements were met at the granting of a letter from the Secretary of State in Washington to the Government of the King of the Belgians, at the instance of President Francis. With other desirable introductions, we left New York the latter part of November, arriving at Liverpool December 7, and spending a month in London and Brussels, arranging official affairs with the Congo Government, selecting and purchasing supplies, and preparing for our departure from Antwerp for the Congo River on January 7. We were fellow passengers with the eminent officials of the Congo State, the new Governor-General, Major Paul Cuvelier, the "Inspector d'Etat," M. Mahieu, and the chief-conductor of the new railways in the interior, M. Augustus Adam.

While our five-hundred-ton ship was sailing up the Congo, we ran aground on one of the treacherous shifting sandbanks, and was obliged to transfer cargo to a lighter vessel, being delayed three days, and causing us finally and unavoidably to miss a connection with a steamer for the upper river, resulting in a month's loss of time.

M. Felix Fuchs, the Governor-General at Boma, the Congo's capital, — Stanley's resting place after his arduous descent of the great river in 1877, — issued the necessary introductions to the officials in the interior, and we proceeded to the post of the Congo, Haut Congo, the upper river, until February 17, when we were able to embark on the *Tide of Eternity*, a boat of thirty-five ton capacity, eighty feet long by twenty wide, with a lower and upper deck. On this we spent twelve days plunging the waters of the Congo, the greatest southern tributary, the Kasai, stirring up occasional herds of hippopotami, shooting some crocodiles, and once, when on shore while the river was cutting wood, having a lively encounter with elephants, as well as another with buffalo, until we reached the confluence of the Sankuru River with the Kasai, opposite a post of the state called Bousong. From this place the *Tide of Eternity* returned down the river, and we were obliged to wait more than two weeks in another boat to take us up the Sankuru, to the capital of the Kasai District, Lomam.

This waiting time was well spent, for we found one of the Pygmies in the interior behind Bousong, a captive in the hands of the fierce Baschile, and released him. He was delighted to come with us, for he was many miles from his people, and the Baschile were not any masters.

At Lomam, the Commissaire of the District, Captain Christ, received us cordially, and our steamer, the *Tide of Eternity*, Captain Johnson, first descended the Sankuru, then turned up the Kasai and made for its head at Wissmann Falls. As some state boats had been recently attacked in this part of the river, and the wild Baschile had set upon and burned a rubber trading post on the west bank, the four white men aboard took turns as sentinels at night when insured along the shore. It is not a pleasant feeling to tramp the deck at midnight, not knowing when a poisoned arrow may fly from the forest, and the wild yell of the black savages burst on the ear. I hailed the morning with profound pleasure, and when we descended up the Kasai, the forested mountains to Wissmann Falls on the last day of March, I beheld my old companion, ground with decided relief.

The steamer captain said that the lot of raging water below Wissmann Falls, across which we went in a canoe seeking a landing below the great forest, was the worst he had ever tried in all his Congo steamboating. The river was higher than it had ever been seen before, the natives told me afterwards. It was regarded as a portent. I had in rough ashore on the bank of a tree. Leaving the captain to pilot the boat across, I began the twenty-mile walk along the narrow trail in the forest of my old friend Ndombé, King of the Bilenge, and feudal lord of the Batwa Pygmies in their little settlement on the edge of the forest extending down the Lobi water to the Kasai. About midday I came in sight of the waving plainland leaves and slender palm groves which adorn this African capital. In a few moments some of the natives saw me, and what a hailstorm of arrows was set up as the news spread! My old friends came tramping up. Ndombé's eldest son, Mingo, now grown into a tall handsome young man, rushed up with a *Pwéle*, Mingo, the palm wine was brought out, the latter gent was killed, and Ndombé himself left the war palaver he was holding and came and gave me a warm welcome.

Next day the whole town marched, or rather ran, down to the river, and Ndombé's warriors insisted on bringing me in a few monkeys. Captain Johnson had followed me up, and returned to the boat remarking that Ndombé was the finest specimen of the race he had seen in the Congo, and that a Pygmy woman with a child whom he saw as he passed by was the smallest mother he had ever seen. The Bilenge snarled over the steamer, and great was their wonder, for never before had a white man seen Ndombé's land.

Our cargo having been discharged in the forest, most of it was seized upon by Ndombé's men, and carried by them to the town that day, and the rest of it was similarly borne through the woods and across the plains in the next few days. The next day we arrived at Ndombé's capital, a colored man, went on to Ndombé's capital town, named after the king, Ndombé, my companion, was left at the river to notify us of the coming of a steamer which it was expected would follow us up the Kasai. The next morning we walked back to Ndombé, arriving there at sunset, and enjoyed a meal which Ndombé had prepared with characteristic skill. At ten o'clock that night Ndombé arrived. He reported that the steamer had arrived about midnight, and was to follow the next morning. I wished to send mail on this boat down the river, so we started back after Ndombé had eaten and rested. That midnight tramp through those vast, sombre forests, full of legends, hymns, elephants, and pitfalls, was surely full enough of excitement. I was the most adventurous being. Perhaps the mosquitoes were the most dangerous of all the foes we had to evade. Arriving at the river about dawn, we crossed in a canoe, and found the captain of the last in a raging malarial fever.



One of the Pygmies with War-trumpet in the Exhibit at the World's Fair

The next day I doctored and nursed him until he could resume navigation. He said he was going to Lucho, on the Lufua River,—the seat of the local government, a subson, and a trading-station,—a hundred and fifty miles distant by the river. As the local officer at Lucho had jurisdiction over Ndoube's territory, I thought it wise to visit him, and exhibit my authority for our operations. On the occasion of this visit, I was courteously entertained by Lieutenant Bubbis, and also met Captain de Coker, of the Force Publique. I also paid for my familiarity with the mosquito tulle by leaving my first fever. I returned to Ndoube by boat, reaching there April 20, and then began the final offensive campaign on the minds of the aboriginal recipients of President Francis' invitation to visit the Fair.

Only those who have experienced or read of the tortuous mazes of African diplomacy can appreciate the extreme delicacy and difficulty of this work. To overcome the natural shyness of the little Batwa, so that the matter could be discussed at all; to give them any adequate idea of the great gathering to which they were invited; to overcome their fears of the journey; to convince them of the good faith of the dreaded white man; to placate their kin-people and friends; to combat the ignorance and prejudice of thousands of years—this was surely a task not to be despised. Then, too, above all things, the African boys deliberated. The great haste needed in this expedition vastly increased its intrinsic difficulties. This was a matter, in the minds of the natives, for many months' consultation and consideration. Yet I had to ask them to leave in three weeks' time! The very proposition seemed absurd. Even Ndoube remonstrated that he did not have time to finish greeting me before proposing to go. The old men shook their heads sagely. The medicine men were violently opposed to it. The women howled all night long over the matter. Some of them sent their boys off to the bushes, when the matter finally became heated about.

Then the situation was complicated by the state of war existing between Ndoube and his cousin Belling. Belling was in rebellion. A warrior from his town had stolen into Ndoube's town at night, and eloped with one of the wives of one of the principal members of the Bikingu aristocracy. If she had been a slave, a good round payment would have sufficed. But being of the nobility, Ndoube's demand on Belling was "The woman back, or fight!" So they fought. When I first arrived, there had been a number of men killed on each side, and both towns were in a state of "shed on sight."

The Pygmies were valuable allies in Ndoube in this war. Naturally the men would not like to leave a fight behind them in which members of their families might be killed in their absence. So I had first to address myself in the task of securing a truce between the combatants. Ndoube consented to call off his men, provided Belling would also restrain his warriors, and consent to my acting as arbitrator. I sent word to Belling by a man from a neutral town, and Belling consented to an armistice until he could visit me in state and lay his side of the case before me.

Then I asked Joka's advice about methods of procedure. Joka was Ndoube's prime minister. He said that if peace was fully restored, he would go to America himself. I replied at this. We called in Ndoube and Mianye. Mianye was enthusiastic about going too. Ndoube could not think of it; he said he might find no kingdom on his return, that he said he would gladly consent to securing the consent of some of his people and of some of the

Batwa to go. It was decided that Mianye was the best intermediary between the Pygmies and myself, and the night after he brought one of the Batwa, his own special friend, to talk over the matter. This was Malengu, who subsequently came with us. Malengu made numerous objections, but promised to consider the matter, and if he decided favorably, to try to induce others. Mianye remained behind after Malengu left, and suggested that next day I visit the Pygmy village with him, and take plenty of salt with me. Sodium chloride is more desired by the inhabitants of Central Africa than gold. Knowing this, I had gone well provided with salt.

I found the Pygmy village largely peopled with children. I gave each piece of a pinch of salt. Soon they snarled, screaming, dancing, whooping with delight. Their mothers emerged from their clay leaf-coated huts. They, too, were salted. Then came the old men. I became so popular that I hurriedly had healing rooms. I left word for any Pygmy that wanted salt to visit me next morning. Next day the yard before my grass hut was black with them. Word about that Salt had gone to the woods. The men were there. They were liberally treated. Then another idea struck me. These men were great hunters. I had a number of cheap guns for purposes of protection. I selected some of the brightest-looking of the men, showed them how to use the guns, and lent them the weapons. They beamed. That night the famer mentioned—they were certainly no mean sportsmen. These two devices broke the ice. Thereafter the Pygmies came freely, and I held nightly conferences. But still I obtained the consent of individuals to come only one by one. This meant that the patients time was flying. After Malengu, the next was Lomui, then Mianye, then Bous-shaba. Three more also promised, but subsequently gave away to their fears. The old men and the women continued their incoherent opposition, and many a stormy scene came up the morning after an interview with some promising man or youth the night before.

Here is a conversation, one of many:

Rhousha (one of the principal old Batwa men): "Fuels (my appellation), why do you not stop working your magic on me boys?"

Fuels: "I am not working magic, I am only inviting them to come to my country, as I have visited yours."

Rhousha: "But the white men are wizards. They will surely bewitch our boys."

Fuels: "When did Fuels bewitch you? I tell you we mean to be good friends to you and your people."

Rhousha: "But our doctors say that the white men eat black people in their country. Is the old lady many went away from here to be eaten?" (Referring to the ancient slave-trade.)

Fuels: "That is all wind talk. The white men do not eat men."

Rhousha: "But they say that you have men men in those iron pots you bring with you." (Meaning roasted meats.)

Fuels: "That is all foolishness. Those meats are cow and hog meats."

Rhousha: "But then, white men live under water." (The tradition in the interior, since on the coast the ships seem to come up out of the sea.) "Black men cannot live under water."

Fuels: "But here is Kofidola who went down with me before."

Rhousha: "How do I know that you have not bewitched him?"

Fuels: "If I were a wizard, why did the white men let me live?"

Rhousha: "They are wizards. But give us some salt. I do



Batwa Pygmies at the World's Fair (the Boy at the Left of the Group is a Father-youngster, and one of the Batwa Pygmies)

Correspondence

THE PRESIDENT AND THE TARIFF

New York, October 10, 1904

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—One of the most extraordinary statements in Mr. Roosevelt's letter of acceptance is that a Democratic tariff law would aim "at preventing the prosperity of some of our people." What the Wilson Tariff was intended to make a law which would give fair play to all our people. So far from preventing the prosperity of any one, it provided, as far as a statute could, an opportunity for prosperity to all. To the manufacturer it gave free raw material, or rather the materials of his industry. To the farmer it gave a better market, by encouraging trade with foreign countries, and thereby providing a better market for the products of the farm. To the great body of consumers it insured lower prices. No one could suffer from it. It is not suffering, or a reduction of prosperity, to take from the great capitalist a bonus to which he is in no respect entitled, and which simply enhances his profits, in the detriment of the community at large.

Again, this extraordinary letter repeats the old statement that the Republican tariff is designed "to sweep in the American wage-worker the benefit of the high standard of living which we desire to see kept up in this country." The fact is that when the Dingley bill was before the Senate, in order to test the sincerity of this false and hypocritical pretence, I drew and sent to Senator Gray two amendments to the bill. One of them provided that the rate of duty should not in any case exceed "the entire cost of the article which were paid or payable on the manufacture of such article." Premium was voted by this amendment for ascertaining such wage cost. This amendment was voted down, as has expected, by the Republican majority.

Another amendment provided that no duty "at any rate exceeding seventy-five per cent, ad valorem shall be levied upon any article except spirits, wines, and other beverages." No one can pretend that the wage cost, much less the entire cost, be the wage cost of American manufactured articles, is over as much as seventy-five per cent. That rate was inserted designedly, in order to give the Republican majority an opportunity to show that at least there was some honesty in the pretences in regard to the tariff. This also they promptly voted down.

The fact is that in the present Dingley bill, by an ingenious combination of ad valorem and specific duties, the tax that is actually levied on our articles that are in point of fact accessories of life for the American workman exceeds just per cent. To claim that increasing the cost of everything that a working man has to buy, enables him to keep up a high standard of living, is one of the absurdities of which the tariff should make an honest man blush. It really does not seem possible that the same Theodore Roosevelt, who thirty years ago was the folly and absurdity of a high protective tariff, can now be putting upon the public those who are the victims of it.

It is no part of the Democratic policy to pull down the edifice of American manufacturing prosperity. The Wilson bill, so far from doing this, gave the most reasonable consideration to the interest of invested capital. If it were really today it could afford a ample revenue for the needs of the government. True, it did not do this in a time of great business depression, but that was simply because the Supreme Court reversed its previous decision, held that an income tax was unconstitutional, and struck out of the bill provisions as to the income tax, which were necessary at that time to provide revenue sufficient to make the annual appropriation of presents. A Republican majority in the following Congress refused to add provision for the deficiency in revenue caused by this decision. But the tariff itself was certainly not arbitrary and far more reasonable and just than the present Dingley tariff.

I AM, SIR, FAITHFULLY Y. WHEELER.

AN ANTIEMPERICALIST VIEW

Boston, September 26, 1904

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—In your review this week, entitled "Senator Lodge on the Unpopularity of the Wilson Tariff," you make a number of incisive objections to the indefinite assurances of good intentions contained in the St. Louis platform, but that these trifles—no tariff is so much as a declaration which Judge Parker might make "that as we found you morals and in only religious purpose toward the Filipinos, precisely the same manner which we have followed toward the Cubans, and in the former war, as in the latter, should make a definite promise to grant the Islanders perfect independence at a fixed date, say, for example, ten years from the present time."

May I ask how such a declaration could be more definite, and therefore more intransigent to Senator Lodge's criticism, than that of the St. Louis platform? It is our duty to make that promise now, and upon suitable guarantees of protection to citizens of our own and other countries resident there at the time of our withdrawal, set the Filipino people upon their feet, free and independent to seek out their own destiny.

Anti-imperialists are, however, in "education" for independence by a foreign sovereign, however enlightened and well-intentioned. This, as John Fiske testifies, is an ideal never attained and impossible of attainment. Anti-imperialists believe in national evolu-

tion, protected by a "neutralization," such as the United States could at once obtain for the Philippines. When Dr. Leon Guerrero, an intelligent member of the Philippine Exposition Board, was asked whether he thought the Filipinos were capable of self-government, he said: "If the government of the United States expects to make an Anglo-Saxon of the Filipino it will be a long time, if taken as they are, as Filipinos, I mean, they are capable of governing themselves now." Mr. Guerrero's meaning, of course, that the "long time" should be never. Not in ten years, but at once, the present policy of the United States should be abandoned. It is only dishonesty and hypocrisy to speak of future independence. It is probably more or never. I am, sir, EARNEST WILSON.

INCIDENTS OF POLITICAL HISTORY

St. Louis, Mo., September 10, 1904

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—Where you inquire about the number dated October 1 was prepared? I see that you report that Root was nominated for Governor of New York instead of Higgins. Another item in regard to the Tilden-Hayes election refers to the part taken by Senator Bill Chandler, a late Senator Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, was the leading spirit conducting the investigation that led to Hayes being declared elected.

But I cannot say that the editor is one of the young men who have grown up since the war of the rebellion and knows very little of ancient history. But if he ever comes to know as much as he thinks he knows now, the world will stand in awe of one so great and wonderful. I am, sir, A. R. CULVER.

If Mr. Culver will kindly drop into the nearest Carnegie library and examine the New York Times of June 15, 1867, or John Higginson's *Life of General J. F. Taylor*, Vol. II, page 11, he will find that the Chandler whom John T. Reid met in the Fifth Avenue Hotel on the morning after the election in 1876, and who promptly initiated the investigation in the conspiracy and sent the first telegram to Southern Republicans, was Senator Bill of New Hampshire. We reluctantly admit, as the result of a thorough investigation induced by Mr. Culver's reflections upon the accuracy of our statements, that Mr. Root was not nominated for Governor. Some people residing at present on the left bank of the Potomac wish about now that he had been.—EDITOR.

ANDREW JACKSON'S BAD MANNERS

St. Louis, Mo., September 10, 1904

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—In your current issue you say, speaking of the manners of some of our Presidents, "We suggest that the President Henry Lee Nelson used the word 'immoderate' to avoid comparison with such Presidents as Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln, who in some respects are supposed to have done pretty well."

Where did you get the idea that Andrew Jackson had bad manners? Is this man to be continually labelled by people who should know better, and is his career, one of the most studied processes by any of our public men, to be assailed simply because he has never had a really sympathetic historian? I challenge you to point to any single act in General Jackson's public career, stretching over fifty years, which indicates that he had bad manners, or was not a man of the most delicate sensibilities and most chivalrous nature. On the other hand, I can point you to numerous statements of foreign travellers to the effect that in mien, appearance, and dignity, General Jackson was a man who would attract attention, and compare favorably with any of the practical conquerors of Europe.

Did you ever hear of General Jackson telling a vulgar story? Do you not know that the inspiration of his mature years was the memory of his wife, who died as he was preparing to leave his home for the White House, whose picture hung in his study, and could be seen near his bed, where he could see it the first thing in the morning and the last at night, and whose inscription, written by himself, upon her tomb is as chaste in expression and nobility of sentiment as it is in its reverence and beauty?

General Jackson owned race-horses and ran them; he fought duels, when provoked into them, and they were not of his own choosing, but not one of our Presidents, from George Washington down, had a more sinless life, possessing a higher conception of the dignity and responsibility of his office, or was more free from partisan bias.

I have already taken up too much of your space, but desire to add a few words to the last statement. It was General Jackson, who urged President Monroe, a Democrat, to appoint John Quincy Adams, a Federalist, to the first place in his cabinet. John Monroe did, and Adams stayed there eight years. General Jackson's letter to President Monroe, urging this step, showed his devotion to the public service and his abhorrence of mere party service, and this carried with it his administration. Of seventeen foreign ministers, he only retained one during his first year of office, and of over eight thousandable removable officers, only six hundred and ninety were turned out of office, and these not for partisan purposes, but because of their incompetence or corrupt practices employed in securing the appointment.

If you really want the truth about Andrew Jackson, I beg to call your attention to a history of him, just from the press, by my venerable fellow-townman, Colonel A. S. Colyer.

I AM, SIR, THOMAS J. BROWN.

Quintana, R. & S. J. Lieber

kind. You have done this to please me, but—" And her voice wavered a little.

"Well!" said Tony.
 "Just," she went on, with difficulty, "I am not sure that I can endure it, unless things are different from what they have been lately. I shall be reminded every minute of other times, and the comparison between those times and the present will be very painful. I think that I shall be very unhappy, much more unhappy than I have ever been, even lately."

Her voice sank to a whisper at the end. The little house in Beaufort Street, even in her dreams, had been no more than a symbol. She had longed for it as the outward and visible sign of the complete reconciliation on which her heart was set. But to have the sign and to know that it signified nothing—she dreaded that possibility now. Only for a very few moments she dreaded it.

"I don't think I can endure it, Tony," she said, sadly. And the next moment his arms were about her, and her head was resting against his breast.

"Mille!" he cried, in a low voice; and again "Mille!"

Her face was white, her eyelids closed over her eyes. Tony thought that she had fainted. But when he moved her hands held him close to her, held him tightly, as though she dreaded to lose him.

"Mille," he said, "do you remember the lights in Oahu Bay? And the gulls sailing at night above the islands?"
 "I am forgiven, then?" she whispered; and he answered only:
 "Hush."

But the one word was enough.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE END

TONY wished for no mention of the word. He had not brought her to that house that he might forgive her, but because he wanted her there. If forgiveness was in question there was much to be said upon her side, too. He was to blame, as Pamela had written. He had, during the last few months, begun to realize the justice of that sentence more clearly than he had done even when the bitter was fresh within his thoughts.

"I have learned something," he said to Mille, "which I might have known before, but never did. It is this. Although a man may be content to know that love exists, that is not the case with women. They want the love expressed, continually expressed, and necessarily in words, but in a hundred little ways. I did not think of that. There was the mistake I made: I let you alone to think just what you chose."

"Well, that's all over now. I bought this house not merely to please you, but as much to please myself; for as soon as I understood that, after all the compromise which I dreaded need not be our lot—that, after all, the life together of which I used to dream was possible, was within arm's reach if only one would just cast an arm and grasp it, I wanted you here. As soon as I was sure, quite sure that I had reclaimed you, I wanted you here."

He spoke with passion, holding her in his arms. Mille remained quite still for a while, and then she asked:

"Do you miss the Legion? As much as you thought you would—as much as you did that night at Eve?"

He answered: "No"; and spoke the truth. On that night at Eve he had not foreseen the outcome of his swift return, of his intrusion into the joyfully-lighted room murmurous with the sea breeze. On that night he had revealed himself to Mille, and the revelation had been the beginning of her in her rather than its resumption.

This he had come to understand, and, understanding, could reply with truth that he did not miss the Legion as he had thought he would. The sea murmurs, so distant, when the sound of a lute on a still evening would stir him to a cease of love, and he would fall to dreaming of Taverney and Barbier, and his old compatriots, and the murmuring silence of the Sahara. At times, too, the yapping of dogs

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How and (page 100)

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In the street would call up vividly before his mind the picture of some tent village in Moscow where he had camped, the wind rustling among trees on a night of storm would set his mind wondering whether the *latch Procurement* was heading to the white-riveted rollers, clattered between the Digger and the Feder bands; and for a little while he would feel the seat of the horse sharp upon his lips, and longing would be busy at his heart—for the *latch* cannot easily become a stay-at-home. There, however, were but the passing needs.

Of one other character who took an important part in shaping the fortunes of the Truants a final word may be said. A glimpse of that man, of the real man in him, was vouchsafed to Warriden two summers later. It happened that Warriden attended a public dinner which was held in a restaurant in Oxford Street. He left the company before the dinner was over, since he intended to fetch his wife Pamela, who was on that date enacting a performance of "Ripetto" at the Opera House in Covent Garden. Warriden rose from the table and slipped out, as he thought, in eleven o'clock, but on descending into the hall he found that he had miscalculated the time. It was as yet only a quarter to the hour, and having fifteen minutes to spare, he determined to wait.

The summer night was hot; he threw his overcoat across his arm, and turning round out of Oxford Street, passed down a narrow road in the neighborhood of Drury Lane. In those days, which were not, after all, so very distant from our own, the great blocks of model buildings had not as yet been erected; squatted courts and rookeries opened on to ill-lighted passages; the houses had a ruinous and a miserable look. There were few people abroad as Warriden passed through the quarter, and his breast-plate of white shirt-front made him a conspicuous figure. He had come about half the way from Oxford Street when he saw two men suddenly emerge from the mouth of a narrow court a few yards in front of him. The two men were speaking, or, rather, shouting, then from the abject nature of their postures, no less than from the abject nature of the language which they held, it struck Warriden that they were quarrelling. Words and gestures led to the ground.

In the instant a little group of people was gathered about the combatants, people intensely silent and interested—the sight conceivable rapidly, as though they had been waiting in the shadowy place. Warriden, indeed, was wondering curiously at the absence of it. He stopped and peered over the shoulders of the men and women in front of him that he might see the better. The

two disputants had relapsed apparently into mere slumber. Warriden pressed forward, and those in front parted and made way for him. He did not, however, take advantage of the defence shown to his attire; for at that moment a voice whispered in his ear:

"You had better slip out. This one is got up for you."

Warriden turned upon his heel. He saw a stout, stout, meanly-dressed man of an elderly appearance moving away from his side. No doubt it was he who had warned him. Warriden took the advice, all the more readily because he perceived that the group was, as it were, beginning to reform itself, with him as the new center. He was, however, still upon the outskirts. He pushed quickly out into the open street, crossed the road, and continued on his way. In front of him he saw the stout elderly man, and, quickening his pace, he caught him up.

"I have to thank you," he said, "for saving me from an awkward moment."

"Yes," replied the stout man, as he heard his voice, glanced at him with a sudden curiosity. But his hat was low upon his brows, and the street was dark.

It was an old trick, but the old tricks are the tricks which succeed. There was no real quarrel at all. Those two men were merely pretending to quarrel in order to attract your attention. You were seen a-spying—(that white shirt-front naturally inspired hope. In another minute you would have been hustled down the court and into one of the houses at the end. You would have been lucky if, half an hour later, you were turned out into the street stripped of everything of value you possess, half naked and half dead into the bargain. Good night!)

The little man crossed the road abruptly. It was plain that he needed not any thanks nor any further conversation. It occurred to Warriden, indeed, that he was deliberately avoiding conversation. Warriden accordingly walked on to the Opera House, where

met, meeting his wife in the vestibule, told her this story while they waited for their trunks.

As they drove together homewards he added: "That is not all, Pamela. I don't know but that the little stout man reminded me very much of some one we both knew."

Pamela turned suddenly towards her husband. "Yes," replied Warriden, with some astonishment at the accuracy of her guess. "He reminded me of a man of whom I was very much attached."

"It was Mr. Mulger," she said, gently. "In all of us."

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THE END

Progress of Science

A Proposed Rhine-Danube Ship-Canal

That the canal is a means of inland communication is by no means obsolete is well demonstrated by the fact that there is at present under discussion a project for a ship canal from the Rhine to the Danube, which, if constructed, will prove the most important waterway in Europe. The proposition involves the dredging of the Neckar from Mannheim, where it flows into the Rhine, to Heilbronn, and thence to Cannstatt or Keislingen and Neckarwe, so that it would be navigable for steamers and barges of considerable draught. The distance would be 110 miles, and the expense is estimated at about \$10,000,000. From Neckarwe to the Danube, a distance of 71½ miles, the beds of the Rhine, Moselle, and Rhen, all small streams, would be followed, and there would be required a considerable amount of excavation and engineering work, such as lock construction, which is expected to cost about \$25,000,000. There would be a certain amount of water-power available from the various locks and feeders of the canal. The commercial advantages following the construction of such a canal are readily apparent—it would link the various states of Germany and other parts of Europe into much closer relation. For example, Bavaria would be connected not only with the Upper Rhine district, but also with the French and Alsace-Lorraine canal system while to the east it would gain access to Russia, Austria-Hungary, and the Balkan Peninsula. Such a waterway would be brought closer to East Prussia, Poland and Italy, while Württemberg, which at present occupies rather an unfavorable position as regards commerce, would lie in the middle of an important system of waterways. Of a somewhat similar nature is a project under discussion for connecting the Rhine and the Danube by the Main, a proposition which is complementary rather than antagonistic to the one just described. These schemes are fairly comparable to the improvement of the Erie Canal in New York.

Injurious Effects of Smoke

An interesting discussion has been going on in Utah to determine the effect of the smoke from factories upon crops, as many of the farmers near Salt Lake City claim that they have suffered damage by the injurious fumes given off from such establishments. So much as the annual value of agricultural products in Utah amounts to \$17,000,000, while the metallic output is practically twice as much, it is of importance that conditions should be regulated so that neither industry is injured, either by direct effects or by restrictive legislation. It was found that farms lying in the direction of the prevailing wind, and in the most damaged, but that in no case was it sufficient to cause a total loss of the crop. The greatest damage was done in the spring when the leaves were tender, and in the case of fruit trees the year was the most injured, and the plum the least. Potatoes were also affected, but even possessed considerable power of resistance. The chief cause of damage was the presence of sulphur dioxide in the smoke, which exerts its greatest effect when the atmosphere is damp, but as this is rarely the case in Utah the injury was less than might be expected. The presence of arsenic and copper in the smoke was also shown, and it was believed that such substances, when carried during the winter to distant snowfields, would become dissolved in the water and carried through the district by the water of irrigation systems. It is even possible that concentration produced by evaporation might cause the water in pools to be sufficiently strong in these toxic substances to cause the poisoning of animals. The effects of the smoke, while unquestionably present, were not as serious as feared and were not as widespread as claimed by the farmers. Further interest attaches to the investigation that the country is arid and is famed with the abundance of artificial irrigation, and it was thought that by not turning on the water when the wind blew from the factories an improved condition of affairs could be secured.

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DR. LAVENDAR'S PEOPLE

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Comment upon "Comment"

IN THE ARENA OF POLITICS

The current issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY has a front-page cartoon entitled "Defiance." It pictures Roosevelt in the centre of the arena raising a sword aloft on the ground and Judge Parker just within the entrance, in fighting array, with his judicial robe thrown over his shoulders.

The purport of the cartoon is shown in an editorial paragraph wherein the WEEKLY writes that it devotes much space to Mr. Roosevelt's letter, and says, regarding his talk of his administration:

There is not so much as a hint of the possibility of the present administration ever having been or ever going to be in the wrong. Mr. Roosevelt is undoubtedly wholly sincere in regarding it as ideal. But, he mistakenly urges upon his rival, if you will persist in finding faults, in devising excuses, in inventing danger in present policies, what recent changes do you propose? Speak up, in detail, and we will join issue, otherwise, by holding your peace, condemn your impotence. It is a direct, personal challenge. In the judge to come into the open and fight it out on every point he cares to raise. We shall know in a day or two how he is met."

Judge Parker has advanced to the centre of the arena since the attack was published in the WEEKLY, and has crossed swords with the would-be gladiator, and the battle is now on. That cartoon can now be retised, for so vigorous, so daring and so brave are the attitudes of Judge Parker that the White House fighter must put forth his best efforts, and let them be on a far different line than he has been pursuing, if he wishes to maintain his self.

Defiance?—One subject alone in Judge Parker's letter shows more defiance, more bravery, more sterling integrity, more respect for the Constitution than all the flower-strewn orality of Mr. Roosevelt. When he had the courage to say that if elected to the Presidency he would revoke the celebrated reserve pension order, made by the Executive, he exhibited a degree of honesty of purpose not generally attributed to men of the political world, ever imbued with a desire to succeed in their undertakings for office.

The WEEKLY asked Judge Parker to speak up. He has done so, and probably in a more "discreet" manner than was expected when that paper in its entirety, laid down the gauntlet and raised the sword on high for its candidate.

This is only one subject on which that defiance has been met, and every paragraph of Judge Parker's letter teems with them. The WEEKLY wants to revise that cartoon.—*London (Trib.) Statesman*

DAVID H. HILL, BACHELOR

In an effort to account for David H. Hill's mental and moral fluctuations and his curious lack of conviction, George Harvey advances an ingenious theory about the loss of HARPER'S WEEKLY. Mr. Hill's experience, he thinks, has been defective. Too restricted a contact with general society and too much concentration on political details have stunted his growth. He has none of the political world's company, social engagements, but neither has he any of the attending vices and graces. Mr. Harvey says:

Mr. Hill is not only a bachelor, but one with very slight inclination for mixed society. He has habitually devoted himself not only the common pleasures and solaces of domestic life, but the insipidities that come from the society and discourse of intelligent women. Now, womanhood constitutes the greatest help and one of the most important sources of inspiration that have been vouchsafed to man.

That a man who has gone through life unswayed is to a certain extent out of touch with the social system and more or less abnormal is a logical conclusion. He has not only missed the help and inspiration which Mr. Harvey justly attributes to women, but his whole life has been out of tune with the natural and wholesome order of things. Cultures alone, however, does not account for Mr. Hill's inability to find a normal point of view and establish himself on firm ground of conviction. His relation to the majority and to life in general has been one of isolation. George Cleveland was a lonely man, but his dis-connection had been a good misadventure. On the other hand, there are many thoroughly disinterested men whose personal lives are as narrow and circumscribed as Mr. Hill's and who are just as incapable of seeing things in their proper perspective.

Netting made the question of motive homely, the trouble with Hill and with many other public men is an inability to take the point of view of the normal, average man and keep in touch with him. If Hill, who has confined himself to playing politics all his life, had had some interests to broaden his outlook, and show him that principle and conviction, not selfish intrigue, are the things that really count in the struggle, he might have been just that a clever politician. To this extent at least, Mr. Harvey's theory may be right.—*Chicago News*.

THE MERCENARIES

This attitude of a great mass of venal citizens who are not grown tough enough to stay bought for more than one campaign, and are ever clamoring to be repurchased, is regarded by our contemporaries, HARPER'S WEEKLY, as the worst menace to Republican success. Yesterday's despatches sharply confirm the reasonableness of this view. The news comes from Indiana, Evansville's State, that the Merediths are already going out to the Republican National Committee, the custodian of the campaign fund that has been imposed by Secretary Cortelyou, sometime Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and the late Postmaster General, in the next election. If Mr. Meredith is right, as he claims it, they want money and they want it badly; money out of all proportion, seemingly, to what the National Committee expected to be called on to

contribute to the campaign in a State that has the honor of naming for a citizen the Vice Presidential candidate. In other words, the mercenaries are beginning to make themselves heard. They are saying, in so many words, that if the committee expects sentiment to rule within their bosoms, that the State of Indiana, England that expects every man to do his duty, is laboring under a delusion. In New York, too, they are calling, gently calling for the sinners of war, and we have no doubt in other States the mercenaries are being heard from in clear and emphatic language. As our own temporary suggests, the Republican campaign fund will hardly be equal to their demands, the question of what to do with them becomes perplexing. It would hardly pay to incur their active or even their quiet opposition in States where the Democrats are in power. On the whole, we should recommend to the National Committee the plan pursued by Carthage to get rid of the mercenaries, as told in Plautus' "Salammbo": They were inveigled into a lonely valley that with the exception of the opening, by near-mountains, the entrance was closed, and there they were slowly starved to death.—*New Orleans Times Democrat*.

A REPUBLICAN VIEW

Our Karapetian has had the center of the stage for some time as a master in retreating tactics, and we did not expect to see his equal in that respect for many years; but the retreat which George Harvey is making in HARPER'S WEEKLY from the Parker standard indicates the administration of politicians and dilettantes, and all others versed in the art of quietly, gracefully and not too offensively letting it be known that a losing cause excites no enthusiasm.

At first he was all aglow for the Parker ticket. His words had the sincerity and brilliancy of the rising sun. Suddenly he saw a great light—that Parker speech of exasperation! It was an awful blow to the reformer's enthusiasm. Then came the biggest revelation the Murphy defection, and the McKinley scandal. The misadventure of the editorial backing back to the days when Underwood wanted to repay W. C. Whitney for a favor done years before, and paid it by helping to elect Cleveland. That Whitney's conduct, as told by Colonel Underwood, will live as a political story telling us on incident that made a President.

There have been no such drives down town in this campaign, no early fates repaid, no nothing. The reformer has been hard put to it in keeping his word. Nothing was going right in the reformer's camp; everything seemed to be going right with the Republicans. Much as he desired Democratic success, facts were facts in the reformer's eye, and so he gave the job up for this campaign and began to reconsider. Luckily Mr. Harvey has great fund of anecdote to draw upon, and as we said some time ago, his budget of gossip makes HARPER'S WEEKLY with many times the price just to enjoy what he says and the good time he gives. The anecdotal evidence indicates clearly Judge Parker's defeat in Mr. Harvey does without really saying so.

It is what the editor fails to say, rather than what he says—the handling between the brilliant, aggressive forces of early July and the calm, reminiscent tone of to-day—that convinces us that the Editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY will not ask an election fight. "Are we backed?" but "How much are we liked?"—*New York Evening Mail*.

CHAIRMAN CORTLEYOU'S METHODS

HARPER'S WEEKLY expresses the opinion that the chief danger to the Republican ticket lies in the lack of a big campaign fund to hire party workers to bring the vote out. It says that the Republican party will have nothing like the fund available in 1896 and in 1900, and remarks: "There are two causes why we consider that in this condition lies the chief weakness of Republican prospects, thus it is that there exists an ominous peril making the raising of so great a fund, and the securing of it, the first and most important duty of the party." It is not clear what he means by it if he had it.

It certainly appears that Chairman Cortleyou's plan is upon the appeal to public reason and not upon manufactured noise and emotion, but the Cortleyou plan is not a new thing, it is a new one with an effect which astounds the old school of campaigners. Such was the quiet of the Vermont campaign that it was mistaken for apathy, but while there was no noise and excitement, strong speakers were being introduced and the campaign was being carried on. The speech of Secretary Telt at Montpelier as the Philippine policy of the administration was an admirable specimen of logical reasoning, free from any trace of sophistry or day-dram. The people listened to speeches of that character or read them in the papers and reached conclusions by sober thought. Then on election-day they turned out and rolled up a plurality which exceeded calculations by from six to seven thousand. No brass-band campaign with hired shysters could have been anything like so successful.

Instead of endangering Republican success, as HARPER'S WEEKLY suggests, the present circumstances of party organization are so favorable that the Democratic managers feel the necessity of putting the situation by a corresponding change in their own methods.

Mr. Cortleyou may not know how to hire a corps of mercenaries, but he has been able to put a campaign upon a plane where he can do without them, and where, in six months, people will have to meet him in order to put up a real fight.—*Pittsburgh Gazette*.

THE UNEXPECTED GHOST STORY

Four or three weeks ago the New York World printed under the title "The Ghost of the President" a story which was so effective that J. Pierpont Morgan visited the President at Oyster Bay, and that the two held a long conference, the result of which was a

lot of subservient concessions in the President's letter of acceptance.

The publication was as sensational as it was calculated to injure the President. Several details were given to make the recital seem probable. The writer of it claimed to have spent two weeks verifying the facts.

The story was called to the attention of the President, and he promptly authorized the publication of an unqualified denial, with the statement that the story was a "plain lie" without a single circumstance to belabor the existing details of the World's liar. The President declared that Morgan had not visited him at the time alleged or any other time, and that he (the President) had not held any kind of conference with J. P. Morgan, and had never had any agreement or understanding with him on any subject.

The President's denial and denunciation was sweeping and complete. The World printed the disclaimer on its first page, but made no apology, and so far as known Joseph Pulitzer has not repented or promised to inform confidants who wrote the story with such a pretense of circumstantiality and corroboration.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, which has not been supporting Roosevelt, directly charged the World with not only libeling the President, but refusing to make proper use of the vicious slander. Meanwhile the Democratic organs throughout the country are taking no pains to correct the Pulitzer lie. On the contrary, many of them are repeating it in the face of its refutation. A party that would willingly become the beneficiary of a station slander is unfit for any service.—*Dallas Press*.

STRICTLY IN LINE

JUDGE PARKER'S letter to the editor of the Democratic campaign text-book begging him to "see in it that there is no word in it that reflects upon the personal honor and integrity of President Roosevelt" excites the scornful wonder of Colonel George Hurley. "The Times of this morning says that the party text-book is about prepared," says the Judge, and "an *Evening Post* editorial indicates that but little care was taken," etc. This is Colonel George Hurley's comment on the Democratic text-book.

"Was ever such nonsense?" Do they really mean to tell us that all the Judge knows of the contents of the two text-books he got from the *Times* and the *Evening Post*? And, pray, what has Theodore Roosevelt ever done to justify an expectation that an assault was about to be made upon his "personal honor and integrity"? And if the Judge really did entertain such a suspicion, why did he get quietly and privately warn the prominent slanders in the text of putting forth a sensational direction to be photographed and exploited in a campaign document? Will politicians ever learn that men are not mice?

That is good, breezy stuff. It will bear thinking over "considerable." It is strictly in line with the platform adopted by Colonel Hurley early in the campaign: "No hangover."—*Spokane Standard*.

THE FOURTEEN SENATORS

HARPER'S WEEKLY asks: "By the way, what are our sick old fourteen Senators doing nowadays? We don't seem to hear much from the Aldrichs, the Morrises, the Brewsters, the Chases, the Fishes, the Frys, the Burrows, the Algers, the Wetmores, the Spooners or the Quarles. And Elkins, what of him? Spooner and Quarles probably have all that they can tend to in their own State of Wisconsin, but how about the others? However, there is plenty of time yet. The grave and wily Senators will no doubt do their duty. Even Mr. Elkins, of West Virginia, son-in-law of the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, will, we feel sure, rise above all family considerations and give a good account of himself. It is to be noted further that there has been no rush to the support of Parker from the Democratic side of the Senate. Pettus, Morgan, Clay, Bacon, Bishsham, Housley, Cockrell, Hale, Cullerton, and Culberson have at least not been conspicuous in the campaign up to the present time. We should remember that the Senate is a deliberative body, that it moves slowly, that it has an awful lot of dignity, and that impetuosity is in its eyes the crime of crimes."—*Indianapolis News*.

SECRETARY TAFT'S REPLY TO MR. OLNEY

HARPER'S WEEKLY regards Secretary Taft's Vermont speech in defence of the administration's Philippine policy as a complete answer to Mr. Olney's attack upon it.

The Secretary's main argument relates to the constitutional question of the expansion of the United States. His contention, that the Constitution gives no countenance to the altruistic purposes of the administration, is met by Judge Taft in a manner that Mr. Olney's position lacks the elements of strength.

There is a belief, more or less widespread, that this country has no right under the organic law to use the public funds to elevate ignorant and barbarous peoples. Judge Taft takes a different view, and proves from history and individual precedent that the United States has the express policy in thorough agreement with the Constitution. There is no eloquent testimonial to the soundness of his argument and the forcefulness of its presentation in the fact that our contemporary, the sometimes irascible but never the "loach of progress," is persuaded that he is right.—*Columbus Journal*.

WHEN HARPER'S WEEKLY, which has heretofore looked with sympathy upon candidates put forward by the Republican party, re-

cently showed Candidate Fairbanks in cartoon depicted as a human caterpillar, thoughtful persons believed it a bit rough on the man who wishes to be Vice-President. Senator Fairbanks was shown as chilling those around him and the impression was not exactly pleasant. Those who came in contact with some Fairbanks during his stay in Elmira this week, however, feel less apologetic to HARPER'S WEEKLY for doubting, for it is certain that no mere icy blast ever came out of the north than the Republican candidate proved to be. Leaves on trees prematurely shriveled up and dropped off and many a garden was ruined absolutely. The chilly stay, and ice wigwags went around town with none seeking the wares they offered. Enterprising hardware merchants dusted off sleds and skates, and citizens generally shook the mush balls from their hats. Several carriages of frost-bitten cars were reported, and some of the horns of the welcoming bands froze up absolutely and refused to do duty. The members of the entertainment committee, who felt in duty bound to stay by Senator Fairbanks as long as he remained in town, brought ice and mittens and drank hot ginger tea at frequent intervals. Altogether it was the chilliest time since the thermometer dropped to thirty degrees below zero one day last winter.—*Elmira Gazette*.

AN incident of the past week is the narrow escape of HARPER'S WEEKLY from being an out-and-out Roosevelt paper. First there is the conclusion that General Chase is still in command of the Democratic forces, illustrated by Rogers's cartoon showing Editors McKelway and Pulitzer in personal combat trying to determine "who is running this campaign, anyway." Then there is a merciless exposure of the World's great take about a visit of Mr. Morgan to Ghyser Bay to revive the President's pledge of the future of the Republican party, "body and bones." A little further along Professor Henry Nelson is utilized for the rationalization of the public in connection with some of his Imperialistic fancies—his great fear that the President conspire with the other 99,999 members of our army and take possession of all outsiders on some dark night. Then Mr. McKelway comes in for another little bit of attention wherein the WEEKLY is guilty of gross irreverence for the ponderous duty of omniscience which stalks each evening through the editorial columns of the flowery *Examiner* and settles the country's doubts. Mr. McKelway is charged with the audacity anywhere with an honest conviction at any time in his life is referred to as a previously established fact, and Chairman Taggart's classification as not in the whitest campaign column is a serious matter. There is nothing doing at Keokuk.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

HAVING for its motto "A Journal of Civilization," the WEEKLY should have been a supporter of McKinley's Philippine policy from the beginning. But what says Irving Winslow to the assertion that neither Judge nor Editor can impose any conditions on that policy? Mr. Winslow will, of course, dispute it, but the burden of proof is on him. The anti-imperialists have merely cried: "No conditions!" They have never suggested anything better. And now they are crying: "No conditions!" But Mr. B. H. Hill has made a promise to the effect that when they are capable of performing the functions of self-government they shall be free to go their own sweet way, but in the mean time as we continue to educate and train them. While waiting for the day when independence becomes a reality, what becomes of the Constitution and the precious principles of the anti-imperialists? If it is wrong to govern them in the same way, but under a promise that sometime the people will have complete and absolute independence? If the anti-imperialist idea amounts to anything at all it should not be so closely linked to the policy now being pursued. It is a recognition of the fact that the present course is more than half right.—*Springfield Patriot*.

It is a strange contingency that Judge Parker should ever find himself in a position to need a Secretary of State, but the "sensitive" discussion of his proper personality in this week's HARPER'S WEEKLY possesses more interest. It suggests that the Judge could not advance his campaign by announcing that he would, if elected, name some statesman like Judge Oliver or Richard Olney to hold the portfolio. The avowed purpose is to dislodge the secretar who the possible selection of David B. Hill to that important post has enabled shrewd campaigners to erect. The Judge might find ample ground for disparaging the ability of his convention competitors for the nomination to be his premier, and thus furnish a cogent excuse for ignoring the claims of his chief sponsor. The WEEKLY displays great sagacity in its suggestion, that the effect upon the election of the Judge might be that New York may not be harmonious. Mr. Hill has shown that he has friends and is a power, and this premature eclipse of his possible ambitions might further discomfit them.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

A WEEKLY published in New York has just come out with a picture which represents the President as consulting with the trust magnates, in running his campaign. The allusion, of course, is to the stories put out by the Democratic campaigners, that J. P. Morgan and H. H. Rogers had instructed the President as to the best of his letter of acceptance. It is a gross and malicious charge that the captains of industry never had such conferences with the

President; but the silly story is still used as Democratic campaign material. *HARPER'S WEEKLY* has just come out strongly against such sorts of stories, printed after every reasonable man knows that they are untrue. George Harvey plainly thinks that such tactics are a disgrace to the Parker campaign, and as a friend to the Democratic candidate, he objects to all such. He is right, having all questions of decency and fairness out of the question. These stories are repeated, the pictures printed, to make voters for Parker. They do just the opposite, of course.—*Boston Advertiser*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY reasons that the Democrats who voted the Republican ticket in the last two campaigns have seen, many of whom have reached the voting age in the last eight years, and who have all this time heard their fathers' arguments about the faults in the Democratic party which caused their change of heart. Now that the fathers have returned to their Democratic allegiance, *HARPER'S* says that the young ones will not turn away from the Republicans, just because their fathers do. They have seen the working of the Republican party and know what it has done, whereas they know next to nothing of a Democratic regime. Moreover, young blood likes a party that "does things," and one with a successful record. Manifestly there is something in this reasoning and it will help to keep the doubtful States in line for Roosevelt.—*Omaha Bee*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY may not favor the Republican national ticket, but Editor Harvey has a wholesome regard for the veracity of news items, especially when the inaccuracy is not acknowledged, as in the case of the New York World's charge of a visit by J. P. Morgan to Sagamore and the consequent deal between the President and the financier as to the conduct of the Republican campaign. In the current number of *HARPER'S WEEKLY* Mr. Pulitzer is brought severely to task for the reportorial inaccuracy which cannot even be blamed on the Associated Press, and Mr. Harvey goes so far as to predict that the World's prestige as a first-class newspaper is injured to such an extent that it will not recover for a score of years.—*Townsend News*.

THE editorial pages of *HARPER'S WEEKLY* sparkle in these days with entertaining political comment. George Harvey, while of course intending to be fair, is having a good deal of fun and making interesting reading for both parties. He writes frankly, telling some things that are in the nature of interesting revelations of political history, and altogether he is having a jolly time. With its cartoons and illustrations of current events and its articles on various subjects of public interest *HARPER'S WEEKLY* is a most entertaining periodical.—*Waterloo Times*.

HERE is a real gem from *HARPER'S WEEKLY*: Platform: No Humbug! The natural defenders of the Constitution at any given time are the members of the party that is opposed to party which is at that time in a position to subject the Constitution to pressure. If that is anything else than a roundabout way of endorsing the Irishman's declaration that he was "agin' the government," the editor of the WEEKLY should hasten to print it out.—*Half Lake City Tribune*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY gets up a jolly editorial on the governor's situation in New York, by making believe that the candidates are Elihu Root and the Lanesy Small. And it winds up: "For this boon all praise and gratitude to Governor Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., and former Senator David Bennett Hill. They not only, in the language of the classics, 'seen their duty and done it,' but in the no less graphic words of a well known statesman, 'they done their damndest, angels could do no more.'"—*Wolke Transcript*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has been called to account for finding fault with Davenport's cartoons. It devolved there as good rules, declaring that "there is really no reason for believing that the occasional utilization of an idea would detract from the excellence of his work." Well, it is a fact that Davenport is at once offhand and imprudent. To his adherents—his power of portrayal—the WEEKLY pays well deserved tribute, but imprudence is not absolute.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

FOR that very reason Mr. Root's nomination is doubly satisfying and more distinctly a cause of general congratulation than it could possibly have been in any other circumstances.—*HARPER'S WEEKLY*.

For what the brilliant, profound and late lamented Artemus Ward called "sarkism" the foreword is a flawless gem, shining like the "sparkler" on a Tammany leader's shirt-tail.—*Troy Press*.

SARCASTICALLY, *HARPER'S WEEKLY* congratulates the Republicans on the nomination of Elihu Root for Governor. To the Democrats it pays a tribute in kind for having selected DeLaney Kioell for

its State standard bearer. Not for anything in the world would the *Eagle* dispel a dream so beautiful.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is right about the wet blanket, and it is also right when it adds that though Judge Parker may rise more fully to the occasion hereafter, it is difficult to anticipate the conclusion that first impressions, especially of an unknown candidate, are apt to be lasting.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY wants to know why nobody has yet notified Mr. Tibbles that he has been nominated for Vice-President. This interrogation is as impertinence. Tibbles has not only been notified, but he has served notice upon himself and upon all others whom it may concern.—*Franklin Bee*.

THEREFORE, holds *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, "there is no issue in the gold standard," and the Republican attempt to keep it alive as an issue is futile. It is absurd to try to fight a political battle over dead issues. Yet that is what many Republican journals are trying to do.—*Rochester Union*.

GEORGE HARVEY, throwing bouquets in *HARPER'S WEEKLY* at the *Springfield Republican*, says he knows of but one other newspaper in the United States which has as good an editorial page, and that one is not published in New York. Thanks.—*Boston Transcript*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY advises President Roosevelt to stop drinking milk, avoid water, and substitute light claret. It also recommends an occasional mild cigar. Of course, *HARPER'S WEEKLY* has similar designs on the President.—*Thomas Ledger*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY keeps straight in the middle in politics this year, and at the same time it is not superior to Tom Watson. Mr. Harvey's political views are most interesting if he does not know "what he is at."—*Augusta Herald*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY crushingly refers to Senator Fairbanks as Mr. Icebanks. Well, would you prefer a hot water bag for Vice-President? Have we come to making the temperature of occupants of the chair?—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

GEORGE HARVEY, editor of *HARPER'S WEEKLY* and one of the most incisive writers connected with the American press, is having fun. A newspaper is always interesting when it ceases to be an organ.—*Boston Times-Herald*.

THE editor of *HARPER'S WEEKLY* intimates that David B. Hill's political undoing may be traced to his state of single blessedness. Well, isn't ex-Rose Tom Platt a brightroom?—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"Does Mr. Bryan mean to be mischievous," inquires *HARPER'S WEEKLY*. He does not, but Willie does not know from playing with the matches, even when the party's stable is filled with hay.—*Times Herald*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY may be said to have Republican leanings, but it is far from being partisan. It is at least fair, and often commends Democratic and Democratic measures.—*Grand Rapids Press*.

EVEN *HARPER'S WEEKLY* admits that Dr. Cortislow has a long lead over Chairman Tom Taggart. A double-barrelled handshake is good, but it spreads them over the whole country.—*Boston Record*.

THE Republican Vice-Presidential candidate has not as yet warmed up sufficiently to mount the opposition. Icebanks' given him by *HARPER'S WEEKLY*.—*San Antonio Express*.

FOR fair, absolute impartial discussion of the political situation *HARPER'S WEEKLY* sends any paper which has come to our editorial table.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Courier*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is evidently inclined to support Justice Tucker. Even a "journal of civilization" must some day become more or less civilized.—*Jacksonville Times*.

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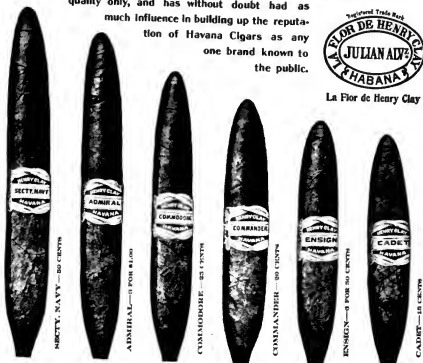
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The Memoirs of a Baby

By JOSEPHINE DASKAM



NEVER before has the dignified title of "Memoirs" graced so funny a book as this latest tale of Josephine Daskam's—a writer widely known for her clever child studies. The sorry side of life—the tribulations of the little lols—have no place in this irresistibly amusing record of the home-life of a typical American couple. The baby refuses to develop psychologically or scientifically according to the theories set down in his Aunt Emma's books, but he grows to robust boyhood after a fashion of his own. All the various incidents of a lively youngster's boyhood here find laughable portrayal. The unceasing arguments between the common-sense young father and the theoretical "Aunt Emma" not only afford such amusement as Josephine Daskam alone can give us, but go to make a clever satire on "modern" methods of rearing children.

F. Y. Coy, whose pictures of baby-life have never been equaled for cleverness and humor, has illustrated the book copiously with pen-and-ink drawings. The pictures are every bit as funny as the narrative, and the book will provoke the laughter of any one who turns the pages.

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COMMENT

PLATFORM: NO HUMOR!

Judge PARKER expects to be elected. He thinks he is going to receive a large silent vote that nobody knows anything about. His optimism is based upon some thousands of letters he has received from all sorts of people living in all parts of the country. Some of those associated with him in the conduct of his canvass are impressed by his confidence, but, so far as we can learn, none shares it. They will keep on doing the best they can, however—and so they should. A better lieutenant to be President could not be found. The difficulty about the election lies in the fact that the Judge has been running for Chief Justice, while his opponent has been running for President. There is a certain nervous energy loathed up in the American people that requires intellectual activity as well as moral courage in a candidate for the highest position they have at their disposal. Now, everybody knows the Judge is a good man, but he certainly has made of himself a most depressing candidate. He is what long-suffering publishers call a "one-story author." With his gold telegram he shot his bolt. Not that what he has said since has not been unquestionable; it has. But he has uttered nothing appealing. In all that he has said or written not a phrase lives in the memory as a rallying note. His latest and most aggressive declaration did contain an expression of profound conviction that the Filipinos are becoming "positive." We dare say they are; they have been no less sure for several hundred years; so the fact, extraordinary as it may seem to the Judge, is that nobody cares. We are spending a lot of money on them and trying to inspire them with proper desires for education, clothes, missionaries, women's temperance unions, and all of the other good things of life. They are having the best time they ever had. And if they will behave themselves the great and good father has promised to treat them kindly. If not,—well, we have one of our very best hospital doctors down there in the guise of a major-general prepared to sew up their wounds. We are painfully aware that the subject is a serious one and one that ought not to be treated with levity, but the problem itself is not in consideration. All we are endeavoring to point out is the utter futility, in a practical political sense, at the last stage of a campaign, of trying to win an election by arousing sympathy for a lot of equidistant and half-savage people, for whose development we are expending goodness knows how many millions per annum. Of course, the Judge may be right in expecting that more than half of the sixteen millions of the ballots to be cast on November 8 will bear his name, but if so the silence maintained by those proposing to do it has certainly been that of a cemetery up to the present time. Out West they are still talking of "ALLEN R. PARKER" and printing pictures of WILLIAM L. DOUGLAS as the Democratic nominee. No, brethren, we fear the candidate for Chief Justice will not be elected President of the United States.

When this number of the WEEKLY meets the eye of our readers only about two weeks will intervene before election day. As we have repeatedly said, there is in that fortnight verge enough for a decisive change in the drift of public opinion, such as occurred in 1860, 1864, and 1892. We must say frankly, however, that, at this time, we can see no prospects of any such change. While, so far as politics is concerned, there is no truth in HUME'S dictum that a miracle is contrary to experience, it seems to us that, in the present campaign, as it has shaped itself, not merely one, but half a dozen

miracles will be needed to give a majority of the electoral votes to Judge PARKER. He is absolutely sure of only 151. To get the necessary 239 he must carry New York (39), New Jersey (12), Connecticut (7), Indiana (13), West Virginia (7), and Maryland (8). Should he lose Maryland or West Virginia, the loss could be made good by Colorado (5) and Rhode Island (3); or by Colorado and Montana (3) or Nevada (3). Is it likely that so many miracles will be performed simultaneously on Judge PARKER's behalf? A landslide would be needed for the purpose, and of this there is as yet no sign. It is unquestionably true that some of the leaders of union labor in Pennsylvania are trying to swing all of the votes which they can influence in the doubtful States, and which, they claim, number some hundreds of thousands, in favor of the Democratic nominee. We doubt their ability to effect a considerable diversion. Mr. ROOSEVELT himself has warm friends among the union-labor leaders—Mr. JOHN MITCHELL, for example—who are unlikely to remain quiescent when they learn that such a move as we have mentioned is contemplated.

The "CONFIDENT" scandal still bears heavily upon the minds of the journalists in real charge of the Democratic canvass. What annoys them most at present is Mr. ROOSEVELT's apparent indifference to their asseverations and intonations. They cannot understand why neither he nor Mr. CLEVELAND will consent to be coaxed into explanations or denials of vague charges that would serve only to add fuel to the blazing fire. They even refuse in the most obstinate manner to manifest signs of alarm. This really does not seem quite fair; but when one comes to think of it, may not the inattention be due to disagreement among the doctors themselves? It may be that the President, who is of an obliging disposition, would like to accommodate them, but cannot find out how to do it. The *World* squarishly has abandoned the happy idea that he permit it to write his letters for him and sign his name to them, and now proposes "a very simple means" of disposing of the whole matter. "Let them," it says, "open the books of the Bureau of Corporations and give the public a chance to share the secrets they have unconcealed. Let them open the books of the Republican National Committee and show how much the trusts they have investigated have contributed to keep the investigators in office."

Now what could be easier or "simpler" than that? And yet, curiously enough, it does not suit the Brooklyn Eagle at all. "It is or should be hardly necessary," says Doctor McKELWAT, "to remind the *World* that the books of the Republican National Committee are not open for general inspection. Nor can they very well be opened. That would involve a betrayal of confidence, which is not to be thought of for a moment." Then what shall be done? Ah! the Doctor has it. "A few words from the President will carry conviction. What is to prevent a resumption of the crusade? What is to prevent the President from saying that there is to be no change of administration policy? Such a statement would clear the atmosphere at once." Has the Doctor forgotten already that the most conspicuous sentence in Mr. ROOSEVELT's letter of acceptance was, "We intend to let the future to carry on the movement in the same way that we have carried it on in the past"? It is well, of course, to clear the atmosphere, but how often must the clarifying process be repeated? Every fifteen minutes? Or whenever an antagonistic newspaper makes the demand? If the *Eagle* really wants only what it says it wants, namely, a "few words from the President" that "will carry conviction," its desire

seems to have been gratified clearly and explicitly before the request was filed.

The *Times* has no suggestion to offer. It simply "marvels" at the "public indifference to the *Carrollan scandal*." It cannot understand why the "exposure" has been "received by the mass of the voters with stolid unconcern," why "the religious press resents the charge, denies, defends, and contentedly drifts with the party current," why "the public conscience is asleep." Now may it not be possible that this stolid unconcern is due to the fact that the public do not believe a word of it? There seems to be no other adequate explanation. And since, on the *Times's* own testimony, the people have thus indicated with emphasis their faith in the integrity of the President, why should he consider it necessary to bother his head about charges which have not been substantiated by one iota of evidence? To ourselves, as we have said before, the appointment of Mr. CARROLLAN to be chairman of the National Committee seemed ill-advised; that it was anything more than an error of judgment we have never believed—nor has the public, as the *Times* pathetically concedes.

But suppose the President should accept the *World's* challenge and virtually say: "It is true. I am not honest. *Carrollan* is a scoundrel. Money is incompetent. The only faithful guardians of the public are the newspapers who are supporting the Democratic ticket. I, therefore, abdicate. Here are the books. I confess to a sense of relief in turning over to you the responsibility of inaugurating a new departure in the conduct of our internal affairs without inflicting injury unjustly upon any body of our citizens, rich or poor, without crippling in any way our splendid and rightful industrial progress, and yet safeguarding the interests of the whole people." What would happen? Would the confidence now manifested by the people in the integrity, fairness, and carefulness of the present administration be transferred—with the books, accompanied by the knowledge that at last somebody in authority really would "run amuck"? Somehow we cannot convince ourselves that this would be the case. Or suppose, instead of turning the government over to the *World*, the *Times*, and the *Eagle*, the President should transfer his authority to Judge PARKER. What would he do? Fortunately, we know. He would not "run amuck"; that is certain. He would apply the common law. And what "secrets" does any sane person believe either the newspapers or Judge PARKER would unearth? A trust is a corporation authorized by a State to transact business in conformity with provisions of law. It possesses rights as inalienable as those of an individual. Is it likely that these corporations have been so neglectful or so badly advised as to place their very existence in constant jeopardy, subject to the caprice or venial spirit of any one in a position to obtain possession of their "secrets"? One would be led by these newspapers to believe that President ROOSEVELT, aided and abetted by men like JOHN HAY, EDWIN DREW, WILLIAM H. TAYLOR, and THOMAS B. CORTWELL—all men of some little repute and with the future staring them in the face—was holding down the lid of a box containing the most gruesome skeletons ever imagined by the wit of man. And he absolutely refuses to say that he is not doing so. He will not "open the books" to the *World*, and he will not "clear the atmosphere" for the *Eagle*. Was such lack of consideration ever known?

But there is another phase of this situation which may as well be noted while we are engaged in the elimination of this particular humbug. We should like to know from Doctor McKELWY whether Judge PARKER has announced his intention, in the event of his election, to inaugurate or resume a "crusade" against the trusts. And if so, when and to whom? Has he not rather intimated very plainly that he considers special legislation such as resulted in the dissolution of the Northern Securities Company unwise and ineffective, and that only application of common law need be apprehended from his administration? And since the *World* triumphantly declares that, although "the President has been challenged to make public the corporation contributions to his campaign fund, he has not done so," we should like to learn from Mr. PELTZER why he does not issue the same insulting "challenge" to Judge PARKER and see if he will "do so." And since Mr. CARROLLAN has been challenged to sue the newspapers for libel and "has

not done so," why not put Mr. TAGART and Mr. BELMONT and Mr. RYAN in the same position? Incidentally, it may interest Mr. PELTZER to know that Mr. GEORGE FORSTER PEARMAN, when elected treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, proposed to announce that all contributions would be made public at the end of the campaign—and Mr. PEARMAN was promptly set upon. In humble but faithful emulation of our favorite journalist, we hereby formally challenge Mr. GEORGE FORSTER PEARMAN to sue us for libel or defamation of character or anything else he happens to think of. By failing to do so in time for the afternoon papers he will confess his guilt. As for us, in conformity with recently established journalistic practice, we shall call him guilty anyhow. Again we say, let no innocent man escape!

A despatch from Butte gives the interesting information that the Republicans are likely to lose Montana "because Senator W. F. MEYERS stole a kiss from a girl on the streets of Red Lodge." It seems that the girl's friends, "powerful friends they happen to be," resented the theft and demanded MEYERS's withdrawal from the ticket. The two leading Republican newspapers have joined in the crusade and the party is disrupted, State Chairman LEX MANTLE having tried in vain to induce MEYERS to withdraw his name. Unfortunately the data at hand are not sufficient to enable us to pass upon the merits of the case. There may have been mitigating circumstances. Possibly the young lady piously looked the other way or even held up; such things have happened. Senator MEYERS seems to be wholly within his rights in refusing to withdraw from the ticket, but he might at least offer to return the stolen property. Maybe the girl would graciously forgive if assured that she was irresistible. There are various ways of adjusting such differences. What Chairman LEX MANTLE seems to lack is experience.

So the people seem to like
This inflammatory reborg that comes blaring down the phat!
So sings the Baltimore *American* from the top of a wave of enthusiasm. Senator FARMAN was the one on fire.

Better than any other Republican journal published in these parts, our neighbor the *Globe* succeeds in feeling that the cause and candidates it supports stand for all that is right, desirable, and profitable in politics. It is not merely wroth, but indignant and scandalized, at every effort to beat the Republican ticket, and surprised when it finds them made by papers that it has been used to think respectable. It is "amazed" to find "two PARKER newspapers of high moral pretensions" (the *Times* and the *Post*) "aiding with Mr. MURPHY in denouncing Governor ORRILL's efforts to prevent fraudulent registration." To be so wholesome and under such deep conviction in support of one's own side is to be in an enviable case. The average observer, less fortunate, is likely to feel that in the election that is impending Governor ORRILL's efforts to protect the purity of the ballot in Manhattan are well entitled to the compliment of close scrutiny.

In an editorial article, under the title of "No Change Wanted," the *Globe* records Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE's opinion that the industrial interests need a Republican President who inspires commercial confidence, and declares at some length that that is the feeling of the country. The Republicans, it says, have declared that they "stood pat" on their record, and that if continued in power they would continue unchanged the policy they had pursued since 1896. "Every voter," says the *Globe*, "be he millionaire or farmer or laborer, knows that the day after ROOSEVELT's election things will continue without change, that no job or check will be felt in any branch of commerce or trade or industry. If, on the other hand, the Democrats were to come into power, the most beneficial influences that can enter into commercial and industrial life, uncertainty, would be felt at once through every channel of trade and business in the land. That is no alarmist cry, but a simple statement of an elementary truth."

But is the whole truth? No doubt the Republican policy of "stand pat" has its value for immediate use in the stock market, and possibly, if the Democrats should win, the bull movement in that sensitive region would sustain some-

thing of a jolt after election. But "stand pat" as a continuing and permanent policy is as far as possible from being a harbinger of commercial power. Too many people know too much about the tariff for it to endure, unmitigated, for many years.

Mr. CLEVELAND's conviction that "American interests have prospered so greatly and competition is so severe" that we need another Republican President will excite, outside of the White office, a good many smiles. A great many people are feeling that the distribution of prosperity is not so equitable as it ought to be, and that too many commodities cost too much, and that too many of the industrial interests are enabled by the tariff, and by other artificial aids, to collect for themselves an undue share of prosperity from the consumer. "Stand pat" is riding to a fall. It is riding the Republican party too hard. If the party cannot unscrew it, it is sure, presently, to go down under it. The tariff has got to be amended, or its effects modified by reciprocity treaties. Opposition in the Republican party to any step in its execution will be extremely strong, and may be strong enough to prevent reform. But unless the Republicans are soon frightened out of "stand pat" by Democratic strength, the consumers will flock to the other standard in sufficient numbers to carry their point.

Secretary of War TART pointed out in his masterly speech on Thursday night the Democratic habit of planning improvements and then neglecting to appropriate the money for them.—*The Press.*

The contrast is inevitable, isn't it?

HERBERT WELSH, of Philadelphia, is opposed to ROOSEVELT, chiefly because of his "complete subservience to Senator Quay in the distribution of Federal patronage in Pennsylvania." In a long letter he set forth sundry bad appointments which the Colonel made at Senator Quay's behest, and expresses his sorrow that President ROOSEVELT never found a convenient season to carry out his expectation "to have a break with Quay later on." Mr. WELSH thinks that "President ROOSEVELT found Quay and men like him too strong to be withstood if he would attain his end." No doubt he did. Power has its price, and the most scrupulous aspirant cannot always avoid paying it. VOLTAIRE, in his *Life of Charles XII.*, says of GUSTAVUS VASA: "Brave with circumspection, and mild and gentle in a fierce and cruel age, he was as virtuous as it is possible for the leader of a party to be." We must not demand impossibilities. Was it possible for the leader of the Republican party to be virtuous enough to break with Quay?

If CORTLANDT is the one man in all the place of Postmaster-General and clean out the pot-smoke in the department, then the American people are entitled to his services at once.—*The Evening Post.*

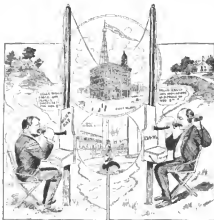
You seem to forget that Mr. CORTLANDT had to work very hard in organizing the Department of Commerce and Labor. He is now indulging in the bit of recreation to which his toil fairly entitled him. When he gets well rested, maybe he will see what he can do in the Post-Office Department. Meanwhile, why interrupt what seems to be a more post-time?

Former Senator ELMOR made a queer speech in the peace-meeting in Philadelphia. He began by denouncing England for invading Tibet and the United States for "disemboweling a sister republic—Panama—for the sake of a canal," and for depriving the Filipinos of the liberty they were vainly "trying to win" from Spain. These cases of interference, to Mr. ELMOR's mind, were distinctly unwarranted, immoral, and un-Christian. He then upbraided England and America for not taking a hand in the Far East. "It is our duty as private citizens," he declared, "to stop our neighbors from quarrelling, and it is our duty as a nation to do the same thing. Of course, Russia and Japan might be angry should we interfere, but this should not make us fail to do our Christian duty." As surely the venerable and highly respected Senator is the most belligerent peace-maker we have yet heard from. He reminds the fighting Methodist preacher of certain riding days. While denouncing the reserve of the Filipinos from boudoir and the establishment, not the *dissabonement*, of the Republic of Panama, he outperforms imperialism itself in urging armed intervention between Japan and Russia. Contrasted with peace-makers of this illiberal and mil-

itant type, our present benevolent despotism is as safe and sane and conservative as an eight-day clock.

Who can truthfully urge that the close of this campaign is lacking in humor when DAVID B. HILL begins to worry about THOMAS ROOSEVELT's "singular obtuseness in moral perception?"

Doctor McKIMMAY is not nearly as "fair" as he was awhile ago. He used to "assess" merely; now he "refutes"—which is ominously serious. The unknown who shops out his cartoons, however, is not so easily diverted from basic principle, and here to the original line with the picture reproduced herewith, entitled "Eagle Government Weather Bureau—Consulted by the Presidential Candidates for Election-Day Forecasts." The Colonel is at the left, the Judge at the right, as a most casual observer might have noted,



but to avoid the possibility of misunderstanding, their names will be found upon the telephone books. The gentleman in the black coat in the centre facing the reader is the Doctor himself, apparently trying to talk with both candidates at one and the same time. There seems to be so little doing in the counting-room that we judge that the picture was made on a Saturday afternoon when the clerks were away to Dreamland. Since it was drawn the ROOSEVELT wire has been cut, and information is canalised only to the Judge. Let us hope it is satisfactory.

Or shall it be that flag stained by the use to which President ROOSEVELT put it in the commission of a public crime upon the isthmus of Panama, the flag soiled and dishonored by the employment to center the national sanction upon an ignoble, cowardly, despicable deed of spoliation? It would be a highly appropriate symbol, gentlemen, for the undertaking in which you are engaged.—*The Times.*

There, there! Go to bed early and get a good sleep. It will soon be over.

The announcement that President ELMOR would vote for ROOSEVELT was followed within a week by the disclosure that the endowment figures for Harvard University had decreased 240 from last year. Dr. ELMOR probably knew it before he announced how he would vote. The decrease is attributed to various causes, and among others to "business conditions." That President ELMOR "stands pat" may be plausibly, if not truthfully, attributed to the facts that every new student costs Harvard about a third more than he pays, that Harvard received her income by \$100,000 last year, and that, for her, less business may be good business, and conditions that cut down her enrollment, favorable. Dr. ELMOR, however, gives no reason for his vote, and intimates that he is not likely to give any in public. He proposes to vote also for the Hon. SAMUEL W. McCALL, Republican nominee for Congress in his district. It was Mr. McCALL who told the Harvard Phi Beta

Kaput last June about newspapers and their powers and their divergence from a complete state of grove.

President TRUMAN of Dartmouth is also out for ROOSEVELT, and he has printed the reasons for his preference. There are plenty of them. He likes the Republican candidate, thinks him highly competent, and can recall the career of no other man in American public life "who has lived in the thick of the fray who has done so few things that one feels called upon to justify." It is odd how differently it strikes another New England educator, Professor HENRY LOMAX NELSON, of Williams. He could easily keep President TRUMAN busy justifying him, ROOSEVELT from now to election. He even points out (in the *World*) to President KLAAR that while we have a republican form of government we have not a republican government, and "that all who believe in a republic should vote against Mr. ROOSEVELT, no matter what organization comes into power." The reason, as Mr. NELSON sees it, why we have not now a republican government is that State bosses, promoted to Senators, compel appointments, control treaties, dictate nominations, and thus govern the government. Most of the independents who will vote for Judge PARKER will do so, he thinks, because they want "to stop the movement that is changing the very nature of our government."

What an interesting turn of affairs there would be if President ROOSEVELT, having realized his aspiration to be elected President, should take to heart this theory which Mr. NELSON expounds, and set himself earnestly to relieve sundry Senators of powers inconsistent with real republican government!

We wish the *Springfield Republican* would use better ink.

The *Tribune* gives a Sunday page in the house and personal characteristics of the candidate for Governor—Mr. HUGHES of Olean, an inland city which "was once a place on the map." A reporter possessing delective instincts hunted up the place, and the very first man he met at the station, when asked what he thought of his distinguished townsman, replied, "Damn him; any one who says he is not a gentleman is a liar!" That fact being established, the reporter walked up the street and immediately discovered that "he is courteous in his bearing toward every one." It is even "said of him in Olean that if a person whom he does not know happens to catch his eye he will bow." Moreover, "he is especially courteous to women, regardless of their station in life. If he knows one, he will wave his hand." In this graceful manner he conveys "the impression of being a person incapable of doing anything contemptible." In front of the house is a fresh green lawn. There is also a vegetable-arch, in which we assume vegetables are grown. His precocity is established authoritatively, thus:

As a boy Lieutenant GOFFERT HUGHES is said to have enjoyed "trading." He has often told one story of himself as a boy. A circus was coming to town, according to the story told by an acquaintance. He wished some money. He made a contract with his grandfather to do a certain piece of work on the farm. For this he was to receive \$2. Somehow he succeeded in persuading his grandfather to pay him the money in advance. Then he went to the circus.

Even at this early age he was developing a "sound business instinct which has been of great service to the people of this commonwealth." Whether subsequently he really owed his grandfather's wood is not stated positively; he probably did.

The importance of an intimate acquaintance with baking-powders and things was evidenced in a somewhat thrilling episode after he had become great and gone to Albany. A photographer was taking a flash-light picture of Mr. HUGHES and some other statesmen at his house after supper and burned his wrist. "The man squirmed with pain, and yet all of the assembled Senators looked at him in mute astonishment, with the exception of the Congressman member." Why the others should have been so amazed that a man whose wrist was being eaten into by magnesium should suffer pain can only be inferred; in any case, Mr. HUGHES rose promptly to the occasion. Quickly springing to his feet—apparently he had been sitting or lying down—he said, "I'll fix you all right; just wait till I jump into the kitchen!" The squirming photographer manifested no disposition to leave, so the Senator jumped into

the kitchen and "at last dug up a package of soda, but not until he had covered his black cheviot frock coat with a mixture of flour, cornmeal, and dust. He then carefully powdered the bars with soda, and, taking out a silk handkerchief from his pocket, he bound up the injured hand with the care and attention of a nurse." Being of silk, the handkerchief was necessarily "an expensive one," but when the photographer said he would return it, the Senator, despite the fact that he had a quite severe cold in the head, said quickly, "No, no; keep it to offset the other souvenir of your visit." Another instance of his thoughtfulness was afforded when "one day he was observed running out of the City Club of Olean, of which he is a member. He was walking briskly. He caught sight of something on the sidewalk, stopped to look at it, and then returned and kicked a human pel into the gutter. 'Some one might slip on that and be hurt,' he observed to a bystander as he hastened away."

The interesting account concludes with this narration of an incident which now becomes historic:

Governor ROOSEVELT was to speak at a comedy fair near Olean. He had accepted the invitation of Senator HUGHES to spend the previous night at his house. The visit of Governor ROOSEVELT was to be the occasion of a demonstration in Olean. When Senator HUGHES and Governor ROOSEVELT descended from the train, the former looked about for the carriage which he had ordered from a local livery-stable to meet his guest and himself. A hack-driver quickly drew his vehicle up into the crowd beside the platform and called out: "Here you are, Governor! Tied tight in here."

The carriage was so thickly surrounded by the crowd that its character could not be distinguished, and, thinking it was the vehicle ordered by him, Senator HUGHES ordered the Chief Executive of the Empire State into it, and followed himself. Instantly the hackman shipped up his horses and dashed up the street, without waiting for the reception committee. Then it was discovered that the carriage was a ransacker's affair. The rattling of the spokes could be distinctly heard as the carriage rolled up the street. The driver paid no further attention to his passengers until he reached the front of the town, where he turned up to one of the hotels.

"This is not my horse," exclaimed Senator HUGHES to the hall-attended driver. Baiting the driver to the opposite corner, the carriage was stopped in front of a much inferior hotel. "I wish you to go to my house," said Governor ROOSEVELT's host in a firm tone, as the driver turned around to see if his feet were going to get out.

This time the delay on the seat seemed to grasp what was wanted, and, swinging around the park, he drew up in front of Senator HUGHES's house.

The firmness manifested by Senator HUGHES in meeting and mastering this trying situation is said in Olean to have made a deep impression upon Mr. ROOSEVELT's mind. Indeed, it is suspected that the recollection of the happy outcome of that wild ride had no little to do with the warm approbation of the recent nomination expressed by the President. Having gleaned these fascinating reminiscences, the reporter was obliged to return to New York to avoid staying in Olean overnight. Hope is freely expressed, however, that he may return, as the half has not yet been told.

And if the people choose me for their Governor (he raised both hands as if to emphasize what he was about to say), I pledge you my word, under God, to administer the trust fearlessly and honestly.—JUDGE PARKER'S Madison Square Garden speech.

Mr. HUGHES will do the same. Two conscientious men are running for Governor of New York. It is well.

In Indiana Mr. WILLIAM J. BUTANE has been making an energetic and, so far as we can judge, a sincere effort to procure for Judge PARKER all of the 310,000 votes that were cast for the Democratic nominee in 1900. Even should he succeed in doing this, the Republicans would be reasonably sure of victory, for, in the last Presidential year, the Republicans polled 330,000; and it must be remembered that THOMAS E. WATSON, as the Populist nominee for the Presidency, is likely to have many more votes in Indiana than the 1141 which were polled for WATSON PARKER four years ago. On the whole, the political forecasters who back their opinions with money are probably warranted by the outlook when they offer to bet two to one that Mr. ROOSEVELT will carry Indiana. In the adjoining State of Kentucky the Democrats admit that the Republicans will have a chance of gaining one Representative in Congress, and that the majority for PARKER is unlikely to ex-

ceed 10,000. If there is any solid foundation for the prediction that THOMAS E. WATSON will get 25,000 votes in the State, the Republican electors may be returned, as they were— all but one—in 1896.

We expected that there was something behind the appointment of Mr. WYNN to be Postmaster-General even for a week or two. It now transpires that he is the proud father of ten children, seven of whom have to vote for THOMAS RANSFORD in 1924.

On some accounts it is good news that Mr. HEFLIN of Alabama is virtually sure to spend the greater part of the next two years at Washington. He is the Democratic candidate for Representative in Congress for Alabama. He is quoted as saying lately in a campaign speech:

There they sat, ROOSEVELT and BREWER, and if some Congress or one of his kind had thrown a bomb under the table so great harm would have been done the country.

In the same speech, as reported by the *Montgomery Advertiser*, he said:

And if BREWER interferes in this thing, there is a way of stopping him. We have a way of influencing negroes down here when it becomes necessary.

The *Advertiser* rebukes him for these deliverances, which, indeed, seem to us also to be exceptionally improper. They are so improper that it almost seems as though they ought to prevent HEFLIN's election to Congress; but of course they won't; not in the fifth district of Alabama. Let us look then on the bright side. HEFLIN may be unfit for Congress, but Congress may be good for HEFLIN. His words show that he has lived too long in Alabama, just as Governor VANDAMMA's words show from time to time that he has lived too long in Mississippi. The cure for HEFLIN is to send him away from home. Two years spent in Washington may teach him decency.

Supreme-Court-Justice MILLER made a fizzle of his attempted defence of the United Board's generosity in dealing with the Furnaceville Iron Company, but even the intention was considered deserving of reward. The Governor promptly designated him to sit in Part XI, in the First Judicial District, at a salary exceeding that which he had been receiving by \$10,000. If the defense had been successful, there is no telling where he would have landed.

"Why not let poor COCKRAN alone for at least one week?" asks a kindly disposed person residing on Long Island. Because, gentle one, he continually bumps up against the irrefragable principle embodied in our immutable platform.

In the current number of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, a twenty-five-cent periodical that can be bought for fifteen cents, the respective merits of the two chief candidates are considered by the Honorable BOLKEE COCKRAN, statesman, and Mr. ALFRED HEVAT LEWIS, philosopher. The former, who obviously was for PARKER at the time he prepared his article, practically limits his favorite's preferential claim to the courage indicated by the famous mob telegram. The writer was a delegate to the St. Louis convention and tells the story with substantial accuracy, although for the information of the future historian we are obliged respectfully to record the fact that he errs in saying that he was "a spectator of all the events," and that what he writes "came under his personal observation." The truth is that Mr. COCKRAN did not get even a glimpse of the dramatic episode which he attempts with moderate success to depict. His own "participation," as he describes it, consisted in riding back and forth between St. Louis and Indianapolis—as witnesses the following plaintive verse published at the time by the *Star*:

THE FUTILE FLIGHT.

A TALE OF THE COCKRAN AND THE CHAIR.

[ALL FROM AN JULY 8. W. FOR MR. COCKRAN AND A SERGEANT CRAM left St. Louis for home on their private car to keep a dinner engagement at Sherry's. At Indianapolis they were overtaken by a telegram from CHARLES F. MURPHY indicating the opportunity afforded by Judge PARKER's telegram, and urging the prompt return of Mr. COCKRAN. Thompson Mr. CRAM hired a special locomotive at a cost of \$400, and they were whisked back

at an average speed of seventy-five miles an hour, arriving two hours after the final adjournment of the convention.]

"We are lost!" the Cockran shouted,
As he tumbled down the Pike,
"What's the use of sashy?
When you cannot open the dyke?
Let us shake the rusty city,
Let us leave the leaky lake,
Let us hasten back to Sherry's
And get on our dinner coat!
"Tis well!" said mighty Cockran,
"Oh, hell!" said Sergeant Cram.

"We are lost!" the Cockran shouted,
And he cursed his stupid fate,
As the train approached the station
Of the Honorable Parker State.
But a telegram awaited,
And it called the Cockran back,
As the savior of the party,
To reform the jumping jack.
"Tis well!" said mighty Cockran,
"Oh, hell!" said Sergeant Cram.

For a special went four hundred
Of the Sergeant's yellow coin,
And away they sped at frightful speed
In the dawning of the morn.

"We are lost!" the Cockran shouted,
As the special crossed the mud
Of the Leaky yellow river.
To the chief of steel and blood,
"Tis well!" said mighty Cockran,
"Oh, hell!" said Sergeant Cram.

"We have lost!" the Murphy shouted
To the Cockran and the Cram,
As they stepped upon the platform
With their most prized cram.

"Twas the only chance!" he shouted,
To avert the kicking mob,
And to end in blaring toads
With the fringe of the frock.
"Ah, well!" sighed mighty Cockran,
"Ah, hell!" said Sergeant Cram.

Despite the enforced absence of Mr. COCKRAN's brain, however, the convention managed to go ahead and do the right thing. Upon that ground, and because WASHINGTON, LEWIS, GRANT, and CLEVELAND made good Presidents, Mr. COCKRAN, with characteristic logic and convincing argument, demands the suffrages of the people for Judge PARKER.

Philosopher LEWIS, who used to be in Tammany when Statesman COCKRAN, by order of RICHARD COCKER, was dividing his mental and moral energies between high society and low finance, takes the opposite view. He does not consider Judge PARKER's honesty brilliant enough, and cites, in proof thereof, the fact that he voted for BAYLY while opposed to the silver fallacy. This, the philosopher adds, ROOSEVELT could not have done; "his honesty is of too porous and stifflined a generation. He is of an honesty too intemperate to have consented to what he held to be wrong merely to be 'regular.' He lacks the selflessness, the virility, his patriotism ever militant, his probity ever self-willed, would have run away with him." Without wishing to discredit in the slightest degree Mr. LEWIS's intimate personal knowledge of what Mr. ROOSEVELT would do under imagined circumstances, it might be well to recall that his brilliant honesty did not prevent his consenting to what he held to be wrong merely to be "regular," when he voted for BLAINE. That candidacy involved elements quite as hateful to ROOSEVELT as free silver was to PARKER, but he swallowed it for the reason, stated in his letter at the time, that "a man cannot act both without and within the party; he can do either, but he cannot possibly do both." In other words, he is an uncompromising partisan who, confronted by the same situation, would unquestionably vote, as Judge PARKER voted, for the nominee of his party. Philosophers who write history should know facts and stick to truth.

President ROOSEVELT spoke a little quickly when he told the penmen that he would call another Hague Conference right away. He finds now, presumably after conferring with Mr. HAY, that it will be necessary to communicate with some of the other nations which still maintain a pretence of identity and which may want to know whether the congress will be expected to reach some sort of agreement or only talk. "Many limitations," says an apparently inspired despatch, "are ex-

pected to be proposed in this way, and it is realized that much difficulty will be experienced in securing harmony." Moreover, Russia and Japan are too busy to select or even spare peace delegates just at the moment, so, regretfully, the millennium will have to be postponed till cold weather sets in.

The acute nature of the prevailing dissatisfaction in Panama is attested by the President's determination to send Secretary TAYLOR to the rescue. It is evident that the Canal Commission has not been successful in making practicable plans to carry on the work of building the canal under the terms of the treaty. Possibly the commissioners' plans are satisfactory to themselves, but they have incensed the Panamanians to that degree that something prompt and effectual had to be done. The Panamanians complain that the United States has established absolute authority over the canal strip, that it has erected the rampart of the DURELY tariff along the edges of the canal zone, that it has seized the ports of Panama and Colon and collects port charges in them, and that it has set up United States post-offices in the canal zone. That any of these actions is contrary to the treaty does not appear; but whether the treaty warrants them or not, they are extremely prejudicial to the peace of mind of the Panamanians. They cannot endure the thought that the great DURELY barrier is to run through the streets of their town, shutting off their merchants from profitable trade with the canal-diggers. If they are up against the protected interests in this country, and have got to compete in Congress for their share of trade, we are heartily sorry for them. The President has done the best thing he could do. The War Department has supervision of the work of the Isthmian Canal Commission, and Secretary TAYLOR is an ideal man to send on such an errand as the President has committed to him. If, under the law, the Panamanians can be conciliated and appeased, he is the man to do it. He will see that they get legal justice, and so far as lies in him it will be tempered with equity.

The Episcopal convention at Boston granted the request of its committee on change of name of the Church, that it be discharged. That means that the effort to change the name has failed for the time being, and that the Church will be "Protestant Episcopal" until further notice. The movement for a change is not yet strong enough (and may never be) to overcome the *vis inertia*. Furthermore, the prevailing sentiment of the convention in the matter was that there was a far better chance of promoting church unity by bringing the Protestant churches together than by uniting the Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches. Therefore a change of name that might widen the distance between the Episcopal Church and the other Protestant bodies seemed inexpedient.

The majority report of the convention's committee on canons recommended a canon providing that no minister shall solemnize a marriage between persons either of whom has been, or is, the husband or the wife of any other person then living from whom he (or she) has been divorced for any cause arising after marriage. But a divorced person who is remarried contrary to this canon is not to be excluded from baptism, confirmation, or the communion, if he (or she) solemnly avers that he (or she) was the innocent party in a divorce. Nor shall a *penitent* in imminent danger of death be debarred from the sacraments. Except in these specified cases, any minister who has reasonable doubts whether a person desiring to be received to the ordinances of the Church has been married in accordance with the discipline of the Church shall refer the case to the Bishops.

The nub of the proposed new canon is that Episcopal ministers shall not perform the marriage service for the benefit of persons who have been divorced, whether innocent or not. The House of Deputies sitting as a committee of the whole voted 214 to 191 in favor of the new canon, but in the final vote taken by dioceses and orders (lay and clerical) the canon failed of adoption. The failure was due to the rule that when a diocese is evenly divided its whole vote is cast in the negative. In ten dioceses the clerical vote was thus divided; in six the lay vote. All these votes being counted in opposition, the measure was lost. Five days later (October 17) the House of Bishops adopted the new canon by a vote of 14 to 23. It has not transpired at this writing whether the

deputies will concur in the action of the bishops, but such a final result is possible. At any rate, a majority of the Episcopalians now favor the new canon. It is argued with much force that a minister cannot with propriety read the present marriage service with its promise "until death do us part" to a person who has been widowed merely by law, and that either the words of the service should be changed or ministers forbidden to marry divorced persons.

With what relief one turns from the gloom which now pervades the editorial page of the *Springfield Republican* to the gladsome poetry of its Sunday columns and reads:

This no month for sadness:
Nate her sounds of gladness:
Autumn has its echoes of the spring:
For our soul was stirred
When to-day we heard
Voice of spring's own bird
Blow of wing.

Ostensible authorship is ascribed to another, but it is easy enough to see that, for the nonce, the daisies were put on the shelf and Mr. BOWLES took a stroll through Loggemoor.

During the civil war JOSEPH ELLER enlisted and went into camp. While there he got news of sickness at home, and went home informally to see about it, hiring a man meanwhile to personate him in his company and answer to his name. While ELLER was still away the regiment was ordered to the front, and the substitute, still answering to ELLER's name, went with it, served four years, and was finally mustered out as JOSEPH ELLER. Subsequently the substitute died. Later it occurred to the real ELLER that his recorded services in putting down the rebellion entitled him to a pension and he got one, and drew it for many years. But not long ago it was discovered that though ELLER's record was all right, he had not personally intruded on the hostilities of the civil war, so his pension was taken away and he was fined \$1000, and in default of payment he is now in jail at Fort Scott, Kansas. He is an old man, and there is a movement afoot to have him released. It seems to us that, considering what persons get pensions, and for what services, ELLER's case commends itself to leniency. He did enlist, and he did serve; for shall vicious service go for nothing? May it not be argued that he enjoyed a constructive rest of four years from military engagements, and is the recess any the less valid because he constructed it himself? His disabilities, if he has any, were doubtless the lawful consequence of his disappointment at being left behind. He missed the honors of war, and all chance of promotion, and now even his pension is gone. At least he had a civil-war experience, and his pension claim is better in that respect than that of many an eighteen-year-old widow of a eighty-year-old veteran who spent ninety days in camp. All things considered, the government seems to have been hard on ELLER.

JOHN T. SMITH, a member of the United States Army Hospital Corps, stationed at Fort Mott, New Jersey, has married a success. The post surgeon at Fort Mott has recommended that SMITH be discharged "for the good of the service." General GAVIN endorsed the recommendation and forwarded it to Washington, where it was further endorsed by Surgeon-General O'BRIEN, and went finally to Judge-Advocate-General DAVIS for consideration and report. "A report from General DAVIS is not expected immediately," says a newspaper despatch. A delay of a couple of weeks in this case won't hurt, though there cannot be much doubt that JOHN T. SMITH's usefulness as an army-hospital steward is seriously impaired.

Word comes from Glasgow that neither FIFE nor WATSON can be induced to design a new challenger, Sir THOMAS LARSEN will not race for the *America's* cup in 1905. Unlike Sir THOMAS, Mr. FIFE and Mr. WATSON know when they have got enough. They are skilful men, but if neither of them has an inspiration which he wants to match against our Mr. HERRINGTON's next inspiration, they do well to hold off.

The best tariff-reform speech made in this campaign was that of WILLIAM L. DORRIS, in accepting the nomination for Governor of Massachusetts.

Taft and Root Uphold the President

The most notable of the recent speeches on the Republican side were delivered on October 13 by Secretary TAFT at the Union League Club, New York, and on October 15 by ex-Secretary Root in the Philadelphia Academy of Music. For lucidity, vigor, and effectiveness these utterances deserve the best circulation which the Republican Campaign Committee undoubtedly means to give them. Judge TAFT began by saying that the outcome of the campaign up to date was that the Republicans had defined clearly their principles and purposes, whereas the Democrats had produced a fog in which your search in vain to find out just how they stand upon most of the issues of the campaign. Many of the auditors applauded when he told a friend, who, being asked what he thought of Judge PARKER's speech of acceptance, replied that it reminded him of the recommendation given to a good old family horse that "even ladies and children can drive it." He maintained that every statement in the speech of acceptance was framed with a view of convincing the country that, if the Democrats were put in power, they could do no harm. The Secretary of War admitted that Judge PARKER's letter of acceptance was, apparently, a document of much more force than the same gentleman's speech of acceptance, but he insisted that when you come to analyze it and try to learn where the Democratic nominee stands on all but two of the issues of the campaign, you again find yourself in a puzzled condition of mind. As to the charge that, under Mr. ROOSEVELT's administration, we are drifting toward imperialism, Judge TAFT maintained that, under our system of government, there is not the slightest danger of usurpation by the Executive. All that Congress has to do, if an Executive should attempt to usurp its functions, is just to sit still. Without appropriations, no Executive is powerless. Division Order No. 78 was described as the only name-borne of the prolonged and painful partitioning of alleged unconstitutionalism. A very small name, Judge TAFT called it, because that pension order had followed one of a similar kind made by Mr. CLEVELAND fourteen years ago, and another made by Mr. McKINLEY seven years ago. This answer bore much of its force, however, when the fact is kept in view that Judge PARKER has declared an order of the kind unconstitutional, whether Mr. CLEVELAND made it or not. As to the declaration of the Democratic nominee that he will revoke Pension Order No. 78, and thus revive the Southern States when he reports to Congress the House of Representatives, in pure a servile pension bill, Judge TAFT advised Union veterans not to attach much value to that promise. Southern Democrats are not wont to show themselves particularly lavish of public money on behalf of Union soldiers.

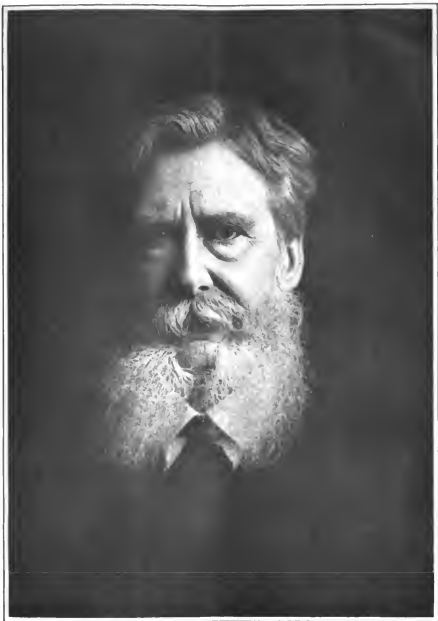
Judge TAFT concluded that, in one particular, the Democratic position is perfectly clear. Judge PARKER has pointed out that the disbursements of the Federal government in 1904 were larger by \$240,000,000 than they were in 1898, and he has said that, if the Democrats are restored to power, they will put a stop to such extravagance. Judge TAFT proceeded to analyze the *modus* in the matter of disbursements, and showed, in the first place, that fifty million dollars were for the Panama Canal, and, secondly, that about \$34,000,000 were mere transfers of money from one account to another. These ten million dollars were allotted to the St. Louis Exposition, of which \$1,500,000 will be paid back about the 1st of January.

Incidentally, moreover, as the Democrats did not vote against this amount, the appropriation for St. Louis cannot be charged exclusively to the Republican party. It is true that there has been an increase of \$700,000,000 in the appropriation for pensions. But does it lie, asked Judge TAFT, in the mouth of the Democratic nominee to object to that increase, when he promises to try to impose on the country a new burden of taxes or thirty or forty millions for service pensions? Turning to the increase of some eighty million dollars in the appropriation for the navy since 1898, Judge TAFT recalled that, in the first years of Mr. CLEVELAND's administration, there were only thirty-five naval vessels in commission, and we only had eight thousand sailors. To-day we have 241 vessels and thirty-one thousand sailors. He then asked the Democrats that, he asked, that we ought to tie up all but thirty thousand of those vessels in our harbors and discharge all but eight thousand of the sailors? The naval appropriation includes a million and a half dollars for a new Naval Academy at Annapolis, but we are reminded that in this item no Democrat objected. The appropriation for the War Department was criticized by the Democratic nominee, on the ground that it shows an increase of \$61,000,000 in eighteen years. Judge TAFT directed attention to the fact that the appropriation includes \$20,000,000 for rivers and harbors, of which the Democrats surely cannot complain, because their platform favors large grants for the national waterways, and especially for a permanent improvement of the Mississippi River, according to the committee of engineers, would require from one hundred to two hundred million dollars. Then, again, the appropriation for the army includes eight million dollars spent on coast defenses, which are being constructed and equipped in pursuance of a plan adopted by the ENDSLEY Board under Mr. CLEVELAND's

first administration. One charge Judge TAFT omitted to notice, namely, that the regular army is much larger than it needs to be, and that it now costs the government almost twice as much to feed a soldier as it did formerly. To sum up, Judge TAFT asserted that, if the appropriation for Panama, for pensions and for the army and navy were cut out, the denounced excess of disbursements would be reduced to \$32,000,000, every percent of which was called for by an undertaking to show, by a legitimate increase of expenditure. He added that the ratio of government expenditures to the wealth of the country was now less than it had been in any of the preceding periods to which Judge PARKER referred. His auditors seemed to derive a good deal of comfort from these figures, and they applauded loudly when, in conclusion, he said that the McKinley doctrine, if it meant anything, meant a big alkali. It was a warning to European nations to keep their hands off of South-American republics; but such a declaration would be derogatory, unless we fitted ourselves to discharge the protective function.

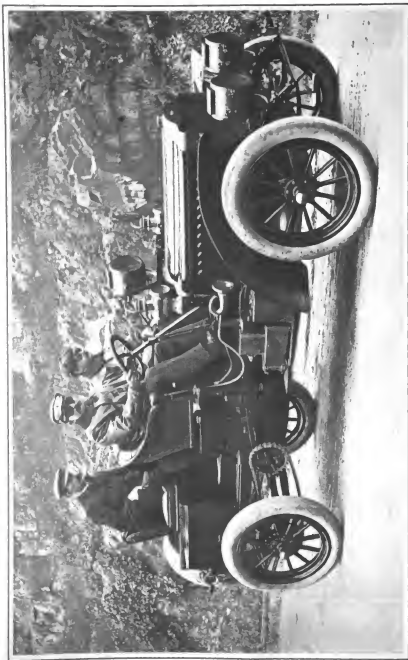
The first point made by ex-Secretary Root in his speech at Philadelphia was the expression of a conviction that the silence maintained to so notable an extent by the Democratic nominee was an accident, but the outcome of forethought and calculation. The deliberate purpose of that reticence was, he believed, to induce voters to compare the men and the policies of the Republican nominee with any declared policy of the Democratic nominee, voters of its Democratic opponent, but with an ideal standard of perfection. Mr. Root asserted that the Democratic party is basing its attacks upon the men and measures of the Republican party solely or mainly on the ground that they are not perfect. Everything that has been done in the past eight years he held up to a comparison with a Democratic standard, for none is presented, but with a standard of perfection. The result is a situation, which Mr. Root, for his part, has never before encountered. No one claims, he says, that President ROOSEVELT, or Senator FAIRBANKS, or Senator LODGE, or even any member of the cabinet is perfect. No one claims that the administration even of Mr. McKinley was perfect. All that Republicans presume to say is that they have been doing the best they could, and that they believe the record shows that they have done better than the Democratic party ever did or ever will do. It is absurd, Mr. Root contends, to ask the American people to exchange an administration, mortal and imperfect as all administrations have been, for an ideally perfect administration. The American voter knows that he cannot get perfection, but what he has a right to know is, whether he is likely to gain or lose by a change. This he cannot learn, unless he knows to whom he is to entrust the administration, if it be changed, and how his rights, interests, and hopes are likely to be affected. Mr. Root pointed out that the people of the country may get little or no information as to the personality of the man whom the Democratic party asks them to put at the head of affairs.

Ex-Secretary Root made another telling point when he said that, while the American people were left in the dark concerning the personality of the Democratic nominee, they were equally pleased when they volunteered to learn what would be done with the trusts in the event of a Democratic victory. How is it possible, he asked, to re-visit the St. Louis platform with Judge PARKER's letter of acceptance? The platform demands the enlargement of the statutory powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission and further Federal legislation for the more effective suppression of the trusts. Judge PARKER says, on the other hand, that the common law, as developed, affords a complete remedy for harmful trusts, and that what is needed is not so much additional and different laws as officials having the disposition and the courage to enforce existing laws. In view of this conflict of opinions and power always appears to be extravagant to the people who are out of power. The orator considers that they have proved their case when they show that more money has been spent by Republicans in recent years of prosperity and abundant income than was spent by the Democrats when they were borrowing money to pay expenses under Mr. CLEVELAND. They do not say anything about what Republicans have got for their money. In Mr. Root's judgment, an reasonable man will deem it extravagant to spend money for things that ought to be bought and that ought to be done, when you have got the money to spend. As to the belittled disposition attributed to President ROOSEVELT, the ex-Secretary of War charged Mr. OLNEY to point to any period in our national history when more perfect peace was enjoyed between the United States and all the nations of the earth than is today. Mr. Root went further and defied any Democrat to point to an American administration in which one-half as much has been done for the cause of peace throughout the world as has been accomplished by the present Chief Magistrate.



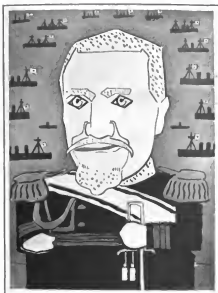
**ALEXANDER E. ORR, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF RAPID
TRANSIT COMMISSION WHICH HAS DIRECTED THE
BUILDING OF NEW YORK'S NEW SUBWAY**

Alexander E. Orr, the distinguished president of the Board of Rapid Transit Commissioners for New York's new Subway, has been prominent in New York financial and civic affairs for almost half a century. He has several times been president of the Produce Exchange, and was president of the Chamber of Commerce from 1894 till 1899. He is a director of many important financial institutions.



**A NEW AUTOMOBILE RECORD FROM CHICAGO TO NEW YORK—MESSRS. B. B. HOLCOMB
AND LAURENCE DUFFIE, IN THE COLUMBIA CAR, WITH WHICH THEY REDUCED
THE NEW YORK-CHICAGO RECORD TO 58 HOURS 45 MINUTES**

The photograph above, Messrs. B. B. Holcomb and Laurence Duffie in the thirty-five horse-power Columbia motorcar with which they made their record-breaking run from Chicago to New York. Mr. Holcomb left Chicago at five o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, October 1. He arrived at Cleveland, 107 miles, at 6.45 the same evening. At Cleveland, Mr. Holcomb was met by Mr. Laurence Duffie, who had gone ahead by train, again took the wheel at Poughkeepsie. The entire run was made in 58 hours, 45 minutes—an advance of 14 hours, 4 minutes over the best previous time.



Admiral Togo



Baron Roma, formerly Russian Minister to Japan



Field-Marshal Ogura



General Kuroki

**CARICATURES BY JAPANESE ARTISTS OF SOME OF THE
PROMINENT LEADERS IN THE FAR EAST**

A Republican View of the Campaign Issues

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

THREE issues of the campaign? There are none. This is not a campaign of issues. It is a campaign of topics. The campaign of 1892 was fought out on an issue—protective tariff versus revenue tariff. The campaign of 1896 was fought out on an issue—the gold standard versus free silver. The campaign of 1900 was fought out on an issue—retention versus abandonment of the Philippines.

These campaigns, like all campaigns where the people radically differ on clear questions of principles or even on plain propositions of expediency, were great mental and moral battles where victory determined which of important and contrary policies should be adopted by the nation.

The present campaign is without any of these issues or the like of them. Not only is there no clear conflict as to principle; there is not even an important difference as to expediency. For example:

Tariff for revenue only as against a tariff for protection might again have been made the issue. Indeed, the opposition did start to make such an issue in their platform. But the opposition's candidate destroyed it by declaring that however desirable a revenue tariff, it could not be secured for the next four years, because a Republican Senate will prevent it.

For everybody can see that if we are bound to have a protective tariff for the next four years it is better to keep in power the party that made that tariff, and hold that party responsible for whatever happens under it, than it is to put in power the party which is against that tariff, and which did not create it, and yet is held responsible for whatever happens under it.

It is as clear as this to everybody, it is clearer to the tariff reformers themselves than to anybody else; for a genuine tariff reformer does not want responsibility for what happens under a protective tariff while at the same time he is deprived of the power of enacting a revenue tariff. He does not want the blame without deserving it and without power to remedy what he was unjustly blamed for.

This is the common sense side of the tariff issue. But the sentimental side appeals even more vividly to those who look upon protection as a wrong and want a tariff for revenue as a matter of conscientious principle. This very earnest class of citizens would undoubtedly vote for a candidate regardless of consequences who represented their cause, promulgated their principle, and whose utterances were calls to battle against a wrong.

Such a leader was former Cleveland in the cause of revenue tariff. Such a leader was Mr. Bryan in the cause of free silver. But Mr. Parker sounds no call to duty on the tariff. He is not the hero of a cause. He does not represent a principle.

So it is that on the one hand, those who are against protection because they believe it is a moral wrong do not find in the opposition's candidate a leader who inspires them to fight for a conviction; and on the other hand, those who look upon the tariff as a mere expediency may see clearly the confusion that would result from a President in the White House committing the government under a fiscal system which he disapproves and yet prevented by Congress from effecting any remedy. And in everybody of every shade of belief the uncertainty that such an absurd situation would bring to the business world is apparent.

Neither is the money question an issue in the sense that it was an issue in 1896. For, although among the great majority of the rank and file of the opposition, Mr. Bryan and his views are all-powerful, yet the opposition's candidate declares, first, that the gold standard is established, and, secondly, that he believes in it.

Therefore the candidate of the opposition accepts the Republican position upon the money question. And although the opposition itself, whose candidate he is, agrees with Mr. Bryan, rather than with Mr. Parker, still Mr. Parker is the standard-bearer; and what he says is officially the declaration of the opposition itself.

But if, as Mr. Parker says, the gold standard is established, everybody will see that it is better to keep in power the party which, with the aid of the gold Democracy, established that standard, and hold that party responsible for whatever happens under it, than to put in power an opposition which fought the gold standard, and held that opposition responsible for what happens under a money system which that opposition did not create, but fought to prevent.



Senator Albert J. Beveridge

Clear as this will be to men of all shades of financial opinion, it will be clearest of all to the six million voters who twice supported Mr. Bryan on the money question and who are still his followers. For it is foolish to say that the great mass of opposition voters are not to-day as earnest as ever in their views as they were. Gentlemen sitting in the New York clubs may doubt this; but no one who gets out among the masses of the people in other portions of the country, and notably in the Mississippi Valley, can doubt it.

This anomalous situation forces another plain fact on the mind of every man, no matter what his political views may be: That with the opposition in control of the House and the opposition candidate seated in the President's chair, we shall have a constant financial agitation with doubtful results. For since Bryan's influence is paramount among the opposition's masses, free silver bills would be presented in Congress. Would Mr. Parker veto them if they came to pass? Nobody knows. He now declares that he believes in the gold standard; but he believed in the gold standard in 1896 and 1900, and yet both times voted against his belief; although it appeared to everybody—both free-silver men and gold men—that the welfare and hence of the American people were wrapped up in the issue.

To vote one way and believe the other is not an splitting of the apple at any time; but to believe that the nation is in peril of industrial and commercial ruin and even that its honor is in danger, and yet, so believing, to vote to bring this danger and peril on the nation is as not being the power of temperate language to describe the conduct of a person who would do anything like that, no matter how much one might want to make a moral hero out of him. So it is not much wonder that large numbers of silver Democrats resent Mr. Parker's action in the gold standard rather have had a man whose convictions were for gold, as Mr. Parker's are, but who openly voted for his convictions. It is not much wonder, either, that the gold Democracy have not been able to make themselves very enthusiastic about him for Mr. Parker's action in 1896 and 1900 was a direct condemnation of what these gold Democrats did.

Thus we see that either the cowardice or the over-shrewdness of the opposition has eliminated two possible issues; and as the election draws near it becomes clearer that the opposition was very unwise in its tactics of evasion and dodging. We are beginning to see, as election day approaches, that it would have been better for the opposition frankly and bravely to have met the Republicans upon some great question and fought out the campaign on some clearly defined issue.

But just as the possible issues of tariff and finance have been barred out of the issue are obscured, and the possible issue which may be embodied in the one word "trusts."

On the one hand, the Republicans have done something effective on the trust question. They have written three great laws—the Sherman, the Elkins and the Hepburn acts—upon this subject. Two of these laws are the work of the last Republican Congress, and were enacted upon the recommendation of President Roosevelt. Indeed, they were the legislative accomplishment of his Executive accomplishment of his trust policy. In the other hand, the Republican party and President Roosevelt declare that they regard these great organizations of industry, called trusts, as a danger to the community development of the country, and a situation; that, therefore, their annihilation is neither wise, possible, or right; and that the incendiary language frequently heard on this subject is to be regarded as severely as the evils of trusts themselves are to be remedied and prevented.

Against this Republican position of fair common sense and simple justice, the opposition does not whisper a single outcry. Mr. Parker will not declare that, if elected, he will recommend the repeal of the laws the Republicans have enacted to control and regulate trusts, although many times he has been invited to say what he would do in this subject.

So it is clear to everybody, regardless of political opinion, that since these Republican laws are to be kept upon the statute-books, it is only good sense to keep in power the party that placed them there and hold that party responsible for their execution and for whatever happens under them, than it is to put in power

the opposition, which failed to do anything when it was in power before, and held it responsible for what occurs under the laws it did not pass.

This effectively eliminates the trust issue. But the opposition's candidate more than eliminates it by the necessary declaration that no new laws are necessary, and that the "common law" is itself sufficient. Thus he infamously condemns the new laws which the Republicans have passed, because if the "common law" is sufficient since their passage it was sufficient before their passage.

Worse than this, the suggestion of the "common law" as a remedy for trust evils is itself confusing: for any of our able lawyers do not think there is such a thing as a "common law" of the United States, and conceding that there may be other lawyers who think there is such a thing as a "common law" of the United States, nevertheless we have at the very best a proposed remedy, about the very evidence of which there is dispute among the lawyers themselves. What good, then, can the people see in a proposed remedy about whose very evidence the experts themselves differ? What says the old maxim—"Where doctors disagree, who shall decide?"

Now we come down to the Philippine issue. Here might have been an issue indeed. Here, too, as in the matter of the tariff, the opposition did start to make an issue by declaring in their platform for immediate withdrawal from these islands. But here, again, their candidate destroyed the issue in the contrary declaration that we cannot leave the Philippines until the Filipinos are prepared for self-government.

But everybody who qualified this statement on the ground, regardless of political beliefs, agrees that the Filipinos will not be prepared for self-government for generations, as witness the opinions of former Governor Taft, a Republican, and present Governor Wright, a Democrat, when Mr. Parker said that we cannot withdraw until the Filipinos are prepared for self-government, he made it clear that American administration of the Philippines must continue during the next administration and many succeeding ones.

Thus it is plain that, since we must stay in the Philippines for several years, in any event, it is better to keep in power the party who set up the new government there and who now control it, and hold that party responsible for whatever happens, than it is to put in power those who were against setting up an American administration in that archipelago and holding those responsible for what happens under a regime of which we had no work of theirs and yet which they cannot abandon.

Since Mr. Parker declares that if he is elected we must remain in the Philippines during his whole administration, what sense is there in electing that man? For everybody admits, so far as the honesty and efficiency of Republican administration of the Philippines is concerned, no fault can be found. Everybody admits that really wonderful administrative progress has been made in those islands, the work of the one hundred American commissioners who have been there for the last two years has been as largely successful; and the same thing is true of every other branch of the civil government of the republic's Oriental possessions.

This declaration of Judge Parker is that we cannot leave the Philippines till they are prepared for self-government destroys the contention that we have no right to remain there on principle. The only argument on principle urged against the retention of the Philippines is that we cannot govern another people "without their consent." Yet Mr. Parker declares that we must continue to govern the Filipinos "without their consent" until we have made them capable of self-government.

So in a single sentence he not only destroys the entire Philippine issue, but annihilates the one moral argument on which those who are opposed to retaining the Philippines have hitherto rested their contention. Parker's argument greatly injured his cause when he did this negative the argument of "the consent of the governed"—for it never was a convincing argument. The fact that during the civil war the North forced upon the South a government, and that a great segment of the Southern people who were capable of self-government were actually governing themselves, is recent and overwhelming proof that the phrase "consent of the governed" does not have the meaning the opposition claims for it.

Having thus effectively eliminated the Philippine issue, the opposition candidate appears immediately afterwards to have realized his tactical blunder, and attempts to cure it by declaring that, although we cannot leave the Philippines till some distant day, yet we must promise now what we will do then. But this offends common sense. No business man will promise to-day what he will do ten years from now when such promise is necessary; much less will a prudent and good man make an unnecessary promise which his great-grandchildren will have to carry out. It is just as foolish, too, for a nation to mortgage its future as it is for a father mortgaging his family's future.

This proposed promise to leave the Philippines at some future date is particularly offensive to the young men and women of the country. They rightly feel that, since the future of the Philippines is a problem which they must solve, they should be left with a free hand to solve it when the time comes. These coming Americans will be as wise, upright, and patriotic as Judge Parker; and they will have more information. It is, therefore, not only good sense, but it is common sense, to refuse to raise the question the question which they must answer.

For no man can say what will be best to do fifty years from now. And yet Mr. Parker and those who believe with him propose to foreclose the question by making a promise now that we will leave those islands then, although the whole world might agree then that to keep that promise would be unwise for both

the Filipinos and ourselves and dangerous to the peace of the world. And it might readily be this latter for to surrender the Philippines to the Filipinos would be to surrender them to the Japanese, who are not strong enough to hold them, but to the Japanese, the Germans, or the English governments, one of which would certainly seize them. In the rivalry for those widespread war is not only possible, but probable.

But worse than such distant consequences would be the immediate bad effects of such a promise. Ambitions and incorruptibilities in the archipelago would intensify their attacks on the Filipinos, the time to leave them. (All students of the question know that no denouement is as dangerous as the Oriental demagogue, who easily sways the masses, and that every ambitious Oriental considers ambition a power which would cover the ideal of his life.)

So if the promise is made to leave those islands, and one or two agitators demand that the promise be kept to-day, and our government should find it impossible to comply with that demand, an agitation would at once break which would draw the Japanese's knife and light the incendiary's torch again from Luzon to Mindanao. Judge Parker's proposed promise would, therefore, set incitement burning once more throughout the archipelago. It would make much, if not all, that our administration thus far has so ardently and so well accomplished.

The opposition evades the canal issue in the same way. In the Senate they tried to vote the canal, and said that they never meant they have not repudiated to denounce it as dishonorable as the perpetration of a moral wrong. Yet Mr. Parker declares that he will consummate this moral wrong by digging the canal because the law says that he must.

But if the law says that the canal must be dug, everybody will see that it is better to keep in power the party that made the digging possible and has the whole undertaking in hand, and hold that party responsible for whatever happens, than it is to put in power an opposition that tried to prevent the canal, that even now holds it to be the consummation of a moral wrong, and hold that opposition responsible for whatever is done or not done.

If the people want the canal dug they know that the only way they can be sure that it will be dug is to continue Mr. Roosevelt President, and give him the canal. This is the only way to get him. For many years the canal has been prevented by many things. The very fact that Mr. Parker declares his willingness to dig it only because the law compels him to do so shows that he is not in earnest in carrying out the canal, and that the difficulties which will arise in the construction of this greatest material work which the genius of man has ever undertaken.

But one question remains. Upon this question it must be admitted that Mr. Parker has made a mistake. This is his position on which the two candidates frankly conflict. Judge Parker declares that if elected he will revoke Mr. Roosevelt's pension order. That order is that when a Union soldier proves that he is at least ten years of age he shall be considered disabled, and the fact that he is one-half disabled physically.

Mr. Parker declares that this is a violation of the Constitution, because it is the enactment of a law, where no law exists, has the power to enact laws. The answer to this is that the law grants pensions for physical disability; that it is left to the department to say what evidence shall constitute this disability; that accordingly for forty years the department has determined what shall constitute disability and even how much of a pension shall be paid for various disabilities, as, for example, the loss of a finger, etc.; that Mr. Cleveland when President made an order that twenty-five years should be considered sufficient proof of a soldier's disability; that President McKinley made an order that sixty-five years should be considered proof of disability; that President Roosevelt's order, like that of Cleveland and McKinley, is a rule evidence, and finally, that the pension law is a law of the pension law, acquiesced in by everybody during a long term of years. Even the order's legality.

Moreover, naval lawyers all over the country have declared the pension law entirely legal, and have issued their own orders approving \$1,500,000 to pay the pensions that will accrue under that order. Thus the only issue which Mr. Parker has made is one about which even lawyers disagree, and one concerning which the President's orders of former Presidents and the practice of the department for forty years prove Mr. Parker to be wrong.

The country does not have very much patience with that kind of issue. Everybody regards it as a lawyer's quibble. And among the masses of the people there is a feeling much akin to disgust with such bar-splitting about the pensioning of old soldiers. For the American people are very sensitive, and although we are forty years away from the time when there will be a profound and universal feeling of tenderness for the gray-haired old veterans who are scattered in the homes of the people all over the republic.

So much for the issues of the campaign. But the feature of the campaign has not been the denouement of the issues. The great feature of this campaign is the overwhelming positive personality of President Roosevelt, on the one hand, and the negative uncertainty of Mr. Parker, on the other hand. For whether the issue of the two candidates is a moral issue or a legal issue it is the opinion which the country has formed of the two men.

The masses of the people think that Mr. Roosevelt means to do right. Whether they agree with him or not, everybody concurs in his morality. This is the only thing that can be said about a candidate. As before revealed, it is the thing which has given Mr. Bryan his strength and has twice made Mr. Cleveland President.

There is something very humane and warm-blooded about the personality of Mr. Roosevelt. To the great mass of his countrymen he is a real, living warm-hearted being—not a mere

image, not an abstraction. It is very common to hear men who do not belong to the President's party declare, "Well, I am going to vote for Teddy, and I don't care who knows it." Any interested person who wishes to learn the actual situation may hear such expressions as that by listening to the talk of the men in railroad shops or of farmers at their country gatherings, etc.

Another important feature of the campaign deserves a line: the feeling among the great masses of the opposition who are the faithful followers of Mr. Bryan that the St. Louis convention was managed by manipulators and that the wishes of the opposition millions were not faithfully represented there. Of course we

know that this is true. Mr. Bryan declared that Judge Parker's nomination was secured "by crossed and indelible methods"; and while it would be far from using such strong language, it cannot be denied that Mr. Parker's nomination was secured by a carefully constructed network of manipulation whose engineers are hostile to Mr. Bryan and to his friends. So that the atmosphere of the opposition campaign throughout the whole fight has been that of suspicion ill-concealed and hatred with differing degrees of intensity.

And so it has been a campaign not of issues and principles, but of candidates and topics. And the country is prostrated and content; and election day is the 8th of November.

A Democratic View of the Campaign Issues

By Edward M. Shepard

STRIKINGLY speaking, an issue is neither Democratic nor Republican. It is the subject-matter of dispute to which there are of least two sides—in an American political campaign probably a Republican side and a Democratic side. No party is necessary interest. Real issues grow; they are not made. Governmental or political facts which they are, and popular interest and popular conscience being at the same time what they are, the issues are fixed and inevitable. Parties may shift them. They may raise false or irrelevant or premature or academic questions, hoping to take the popular side of them, because, as they think, the popular side of real issues is pre-occupied by the rival party. But the campaign is a false one; nothing is decided; the energy of political leaders and voters is wasted; the election day merely marks time.

In this campaign the American voters have true issues—issues as true as the free-silver issue was in 1896, or the Philippine issue in 1900, when free silver had become a false issue. Of the issues presented to-day the Democrats have one side and the Republicans the opposite side. Doubtless false and untrue issues have been suggested, but they have been set aside. No one who takes any pains to pay attention to-day to the question of the gold standard—no intelligent and sincere person, I mean. I repeat that question is not even a false issue. If it be true, as we are told, that the campaign has seemed long and indifferent, the reason is not in the lack of real and present-day issues, but rather in the ground and efficient energy with which the great parties have taken or held their own proper attitudes. The almost pathetic devotion to peace which, since the campaign began and suddenly for campaign purposes, has animated the President and his party associates, the complete shrinking of many Democrats from the attack upon the "robberies" of protection, against which their platform gave them an effectual and really politic text—these and other inequalities or inadequacies there may have been during the campaign, ignoring these, there remain issues which are genuine and fit for the politics of the greatest of republics. Upon these issues each of the two great parties has taken its side. I begin with the issue commanding the first public interest. I shall finish with the issue which, in these last days of the campaign, commands the greatest interest.

The Democrats attack—the Republicans defend—the recent and great increase in Federal expenditure. During President Roosevelt's first three fiscal years (submitting the Panama and St. Louis Exposition payments) this was \$1,350,000,000. In 1900, as against \$778,349,119 for the first three years of President Cleveland's first term, and against \$1,000,000,000 for the first three years of the second Cleveland term. The great increase in President Cleveland's second term over his first term chiefly represented increases to meet permanent legislation enacted under the Republican administration of President Harrison. Under the Democratic administration there was restraint upon expenditure—material increase. Under each period of Republican administration succeeding Democratic administration there has been a great increase. The increase under President Harrison is far more enormous than that under President Harrison, not only because the money increase is greater, but because, if not forbidden by the verdict at the polls, it will signify a lasting policy. Pensioners die;

but nations do not reduce the peace feelings of army and navy establishments. Every self-supporting citizen is forced to practise economy, and it has been a prime virtue of all great rulers; but the virtue is not proved—it is not even mentioned—by the Republicans or the President. Yet every dollar of public expense represents the labor and denial of some one somewhere in the United States. If governments refuse to economize, all the more people must economize. Secretary Taft compares the accumulation of wealth now and formerly with Federal expense at the same time. But this is the fallacy that Federal taxation is laid ratably upon all accumulated wealth. All of it is laid rather through the tariff upon American industry or through the internal revenue upon the consumption of a few articles, chiefly the luxuries of the middle and laboring classes. Whether Federal expenditure keep even pace with the accumulation of wealth is of little moment, but that accumulation in America to-day, as never before, represents vast between which have grown in enormous proportion to the growth of the average wealth of the American land of a family.

The Democrats attack—President Roosevelt compels the Republicans to defend—the present and enormous increase in expenditure for purposes of war. The \$400,000,000 which (including pensions) President Cleveland spent for the army in the last year of his second term has been increased to \$115,000,000. The \$12,000,000 which our navy cost in the last year of the Cleveland second term has become \$102,000,000. President Roosevelt, through Secretary Hay, has just given the peace conference at Boston words of peace, and almost at the same hour launched new ships of war. He carried a "big stick," and he "spoke softly." He showed his power, however, to postpone until after the election his speech accepting from the War Lord of Germany the estimate Frederick



The Hon. Edward M. Shepard

the threat. Our military and naval President Roosevelt has made far more than the military and naval expense of Germany or France. While their wise men condemn the oppressive barbarism, while their rulers discuss disarming the burden upon the American republic. Perhaps we can, for the present, be extravagant without disaster. None the less the burden must be borne by Americans who toil and who save. And the moral result is, in the maintenance of men and the provision of tools for war beyond the necessity of defence make for war. The land of warlike things breeds war. Not only in war, even the most just and necessary war, a "hell" of savagery; it is almost invariably followed by a hell of corruption.

The Democrats attack—the Republicans defend—the pecuniary integrity of recent Federal administration. Doubtless the pocket-books of which the public have learned are a material public expenditure. The Democrats at the last session pressed for Congressional investigation; the Republicans by a party vote defeated it. The Attorney-General and other representatives of the Government, without investigation, we have learned, held that the statute of limitations protected the wrong-doers. The President has thus renewed his experience as Governor of New York. There is no doubt that the Republican administration of President Harrison must go unpunished because they were outlawed. Since the administration refuses investigation except by the very officers

under whom the wrong has been done, it should be displaced by an administration which will have every motive to expose, not to conceal—to punish, not to forgive—corruption and fraud in public service.

The Democrats attack, for lack of sincere efficiency, President Roosevelt's enforcement of the law against trusts and monopolies; the Republicans defend it. The Republicans and the President refuse to deprive the right of the manufacturer of steel and iron of their preferential tariff advantages which make them monopolies, and enable them to extract their own Aladdin-like profits from the American masses. So the Republicans have refused to enact any statute fit to enforce fairness in public life in the rates for interstate transportation. It is through secret discriminations by common carriers that small and moderate independent producers have been driven to the wall. When the Department of Commerce, with its Bureau of Corporations, was established, extrinsically to procure publicity, President Roosevelt signed a bill repealing the law which made secret rebates a crime. Unlabeled shippers are still practicing their craft. The only practical result of the new Federal supervision of corporations has been the intolerable scandal of the transfer by the direct vote of the President of his cabinet member in charge of that supervision to the chairmanship of the National Republican Committee. By the use of a moral pressure none the less real that he was no words of threat and the contributions no voluntary in form, he or his committee collects for the election of President Roosevelt from the millions it has enacted to his official duty to investigate, and with which, as the Postmaster-General to be appointed after the election, he is to arrange the postal contracts. The scandal is still new and far more serious indeed for the further the slightest of the statute for publicity has been in force nearly two years, not a fact has been made public by the Federal machinery.

The Democrats attack, the Republicans defend, the measure of respect paid by President Roosevelt to American law, of which he is the sworn servant, and to the laws of nations. By his personal order he ordered public moneys paid to veterans which Congress had refused to permit to be paid by law. That Congress by a later appropriation gave validity to the order is immaterial to its original lawlessness. By the system of temporary appointments without examination, a practice carried by him directly beyond the practice of any other President and one discredited with the intent of the civil service statute, he has gone far to surrender an invaluable reform to the Senatorial bosses. The expulsion at Panama, the violation of our treaty obligations to Colombia, the sudden war in effect waged upon her by the President without the consent of Congress are, therefore in defiance of the Constitution, the collusion with conspirators in which he involved our republic and the world's public conscience.

The Democrats attack, the Republicans defend, the President's policy of meddling in the affairs of other nations. The Republican platform, for instance, justifies our holding of the Philippines because it enables us to keep the peace in the Pacific and in future intervention on the Asiatic coast. The Democrats attack, the Republicans defend, the President's policy of contempt and menace of the "big stick" towards the feeble republics in the south of us.

The Democrats attack, the Republicans defend, the military conquest of foreign peoples and the holding of them as subject colonies. The Democrats would take the American flag, wherever it is the symbol of sovereignty, shall it go; it has been a gift given to the Democrats would have independent every people whom we cannot safely admit, or who are unwilling to come into the American Union of self-governing States. The Philippines, for instance, the Republican party has been a violation of that Declaration of Independence which is the true American charter of liberty. It is a violation inspired part by sentiment and part by hope of profit; but it has been a violation not vindicated by a result of glory—it has been a violation condemned by certain waste and loss, past and prospective. It is a violation stained with blood; it is today a violation the outcome of which, if pressed in, no man can foresee.

The Democrats attack, the Republicans defend, the present tariff law. The Republicans deny that it includes or promotes any abuse. They reject the idea of any present amendment; they insist that if it ever shall be amended the amendment shall be made by those responsible for the present abuses. The financial history of the United States shows that the rates of increase in wealth, product, and almost every form of material well-being was far greater under a system of extreme or relatively moderate duties than it has been under the present highly protective and even monopolistic duties. The progress made in American industry—ever manufacturing industry—from 1840, when the Walker revenue act was passed, to the present time, is enormous. In 1840, it was, notably greater than the progress since made. The infant industries, for the protection of which the protective tariff was first enacted, have grown to be gigantic organizations, often so powerful that they control the government. They support the world has ever known have been carried, and are today being carried in them. Not only consumers, but large classes of American manufacturers, have found for some modification of the protective tariff. The Republican party refuses any relief; it refuses investigation; it refuses discussion. Nor can there be a remedy or beginning of a remedy for tariff oppressions except through Democratic action.

And last, and most serious of all, the Democrats attack, the Republicans defend (by implication if not expressly), the control of the government of our free and democratic republic by a few rich, powerful, moneyed interests. They support the Republican party; it repays them with legislation, not of which they secure a hundred dollars for every dollar they pay in Republican campaign collectors. This policy of the Republican party finds its most sinister illustration in the transfer, in which I have referred, of the head of the Federal department in charge of corporations to the executive and financial control of the campaign of Roosevelt. This policy of the Republican party is meant to disorganize, if it continue it will go far to destroy—the independent small producers. The policy means corruption; it means oppression; it means, unless we desert it, that our republic will no longer be a truly free and democratic one; it is to be shorn of its true headship and glory.

It is, indeed, a necessary campaign for our country, at the head of which the Democratic party has set the high character, the laudable temper, the sound statesmanship of Alton B. Parker.

An English View of the Election

By Anglo-American

TO one looking at it from afar this Presidential election is a most amazing thing. The amazement resides in this, that it is all so flagrantly and publicly unnecessary.

Your case is just as applicable to ours in England. In England we have a household of losses, but no election. In America you have an election, but no issues. I really do not know which state is the more unpleasant, but there can be no doubt which is the more necessary. The more necessary, plunged into a debate over a specific question that you are not allowed to settle without it, is no doubt, irritating enough. But to set in motion all the monstrous mechanism of American electioneering, to have the people of a nation, the millions of men, the "deals" and combinations of campaign managers, the maddening swirl of primaries and nominating conventions, the parades and processions, and the stomp sections in "whomp here" and "let nature take its course," to keep the nation for four solid months on red thoroughly agitated and upset, and to do all this when there is not the smallest reason for doing anything—surely, the very climax of futility.

I trace all the trouble back in the perverse inconsistency of the American Constitution. I read in the American papers that the politicians are puzzled by the prevailing "apathy." Of course there is apathy. Nothing on this earth is more dispiriting than to have to fight when there is nothing to fight about. In England there is one thing that we always have in our elections—a motive for them. That motive may not always be a high one. It may amount to no more than a conviction on the part of the voter that an incumbent is rotten, or a desire to see a certain candidate of the other side. That is not very high. An English election may be nothing more than a wire-pulling manoeuvre. But as a rule during a Parliamentary campaign there is something even more definite and intelligible than a desire to see a certain candidate settled, some specific policy to be condemned or approved. Again, our general elections, having the Septennial Act, are optional and at the discretion of the government. Sometimes, of course, no, for

instance, when the ministry is defeated in the House, that discretion is forced. But in such cases the clear correspondence between the election and the needs and realities of politics only becomes clearer still. In England, on the other hand, when an administration makes an election it has one, and when it does not need one it does not have one.

Now what is the use with America? In American elections are governed not by issues, not by the wishes of the majority of the people, but by the judgment of the administration, but simply and solely by the calendar; and the calendar being an essentially inhuman and arbitrary continuance, with a fixed and immutable schedule of operations, cannot always be expected to adapt itself to the shifting exigencies of events, any more than a locomotive can keep track of a butterfly. Every four years the Constitution (in its wisdom) decrees that a Presidential election must be held. So matter whether there are any issues before the country or not, an election there has to be. The thing is so unchangeable, as much beyond human control, and with as little respect for any petty whims as for the result of the season. That is far worse of living under a written Constitution. It is continually interrupting the natural and organic development of politics in favor of some rigidly mathematical device of its own, imposed from without and smothering human affairs as though they always worked out with the bloodless precision of an algebraical formula. So that in America it is just a happen so if these quadrennial campaigns correspond to and synchronize with any clear and vital question; and so that if they do not, they are a waste of time and energy. In 1860 an election and an issue that the unexpected gave an entire of being on the same spot at the same time. In 1860, though the election punctuated not in its appearance, there was only the tail-end of it. In 1860 there was just the beginning of it, and nothing else. Well, it is certainly one way of carrying on representative government, but I think it might be a little improved (Continued on page 1651.)

Is there a Common Law to Control "Trusts"?

By Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy

Ex-Secretary of the Navy

HAS the United States a body of law known as the common law which Federal officers charged with the duty of enforcing the law of the United States may invoke to curb and restrain the so-called trusts and monopolies?

Judge Parker, in his speech of acceptance, declared that it had; that no further legislation by Congress is necessary. He asserted that "the common law, as developed affords a complete legal remedy against monopolies." He further declared "the fact that they have multiplied in numbers and increased in power has been due . . . to the failure of officers charged with the duty of enforcing the law to take the necessary procedure to procure the judgments of the courts in the appropriate jurisdictions." . . .

"What is needed," he said, "is . . . officers having both the disposition and courage to enforce existing law." He not only thus asserts the existence of the law, but casts a reflection upon the present and preceding administration for their neglect to enforce a law, the existence of which he clearly and positively asserts.

This utterance was so opposed to the universally accepted view of the legal profession that lawyers generally, without distinction of party, on reading it, concluded that it must have been a mere oversight—one of those strange lapses of memory that be liable to occur to any of us. It was supposed that Judge Parker, having long been engaged in administering the laws of the State where the common law plays no inconsiderable part, assumed for the moment, and without reflection, that the common law of the States was also the common law of the United States, and furnished ample areas in the hands of honest and vigilant officers to curb trusts and monopolies. That there exists no common law of the United States was a fact so well known and so thoroughly understood by the entire legal profession that no one supposed that Judge Parker intended seriously to assert the existence of such a body of law.

As much as I desire the election of President Roosevelt, my respect and esteem for Judge Parker prevented me from calling public attention to what I regarded at the time as a mere slip or fault of memory, but the President, in his letter of acceptance, did take notice of this position, and in response said: "There is an common law of the United States. Its rule can be enforced only by the State courts' officers. No Federal court could take any action whatever under it. It was this fact, coupled with the inability of the States to control trusts and monopolies, which led to the passage of the Federal statutes known as the Sherman Antitrust Act and the Interstate Commerce Act, and it is only through the exercise of the powers conferred by these acts, and by the statutes of the last Congress supplementing them, that the national government acquired any jurisdiction over the subject. To say that actions against trusts and monopolies should be limited to the application of the common law is equivalent to say that the national government should take no action whatsoever to regulate them."

Judge Parker, in his letter of acceptance of September 26, answered this by saying: "Whether there is any common law which

can be applied in the Federal courts cannot be determined by the President or the candidate for the Presidency. The determination of this question was left by the people, in framing the Constitution, to the judiciary, and not to the Executive. The Supreme Court of the United States has recently considered this question, and in the case of the Western Union Telegraph Company vs. The City Publishing Company, to be found in 181 Vol. U. S. Sup. Ct. Rep. at page 362, it decided that common law principles could be applied by the United States courts in cases involving interstate commerce in the absence of United States statutes specifically covering the case. Such is the law of the land."

Since Judge Parker's reply to the President an friend of his can longer assume that his original position, taken in his speech of acceptance, was not a correct statement of his views seriously entertained, and that he believed that the President and his officers possess, in all matters relating to the jurisdiction of the national government, the powers of the English common law, and that they may invoke that law, both criminally and civilly, in the repression of trusts and monopolies.

To believe otherwise now would be to regard Judge Parker an insincere and as one seeking to deceive and mislead the people.

Nothing can be truer than that times change and that we change with them. It does seem strange, indeed, to those familiar with the bitter controversy so long carried on between John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and Alexander Hamilton, on the one side, and Thomas Jefferson on the other, in the formative days of our republic, touching the powers of the national government, to now find Jefferson's successor as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, insisting that the same imperial power that is conferred upon the English crown by the English common law over his subjects was transferred to the President and the Federal courts by the Constitution of the United States.

It is enough to make Jefferson turn in his grave. He was the real author of the Kentucky resolutions of 1799, which, from the time of their adoption to the secession of the Southern States in 1861, constituted the corner stone of the Southern Democracy.

In these resolutions it was declared that the United States did not constitute a government, but a mere compact under the style and title of a Constitution for the United States between independent States formed for special purposes; that in this compact each State acceded as a State and as an integral party, its co-States forming as to itself the other party; that the United States had no common judge to determine the extent of the powers delegated to itself, but that each party had an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions, as of the mode and measure of redress.

Jefferson denied utterly the power of the Supreme Court to determine the powers delegated to the national government.

Against this construction of the Constitution, which made the nation a mere rope of sand to be broken at the will of any of the States composing it, stood Alexander Hamilton, John Adams, and



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States. This is expressly decided in the case of *Smith v. Alabama*, 124 U. S. 463-478, in which Mr. Justice Matthews, speaking for the court, says:

"There is no common law of the United States in the sense of a national common law, distinct from the common law of England as adopted by the several States each for itself, applied as a local law, and subject to such alterations as may be prescribed by its own statutes. The courts of the United States are not entitled to apply directly to any State where they are called upon to administer the law of the State in which they sit, or by which the transaction is governed, otherwise an independent, though consistent, jurisdiction, according to the principles of the law, and the law according to their own judgment. . . . And this has been applied in, not the law, but the spirit of their State."

But Judge Parker's experience as a judge should have admonished him that in running down a line of authorities, especially in modern times, he should be careful to get the last case upon the subject. This he failed to do in this instance. Had he looked a little farther into the United States courts, he would have found a case in 1891 U. S. Reports directly in point and in conflict with his original position. This is the case of *Mrs. Pitt. Ry. Co. v. U. S.*, 140 U. S. 254. Here, the United States Attorney of the State of Kansas, acting under the direction of the Attorney-General of the United States, in pursuance of an article of the Interstate Commerce Law, instituted an action against the railroad company, and charged that the defendant, as a common carrier, discriminated between shippers in violation of the Interstate Commerce Act. The action, which was the ground of a perpetual injunction restraining the defendant from continuing to exact the rates which were claimed to be a discrimination.

In this complaint a demurrer was filed by the defendant. By demurring the defendant admitted the discrimination, but the point raised by the demurrer was whether the United States had any right or authority to institute the suit. The demurrer was overruled by the court below, and a decree entered granting a perpetual injunction, which, upon appeal, was affirmed by the Circuit Court of Appeals. An appeal was thereupon allowed in the Supreme Court. Upon the argument of the case in the Supreme Court, the defendant—the railroad company—took the position that no court of the United States had jurisdiction or power to hear and determine causes, except such as it derived from Congress, and the only laws enforceable in such courts were such as were enacted by Congress in pursuance of the Constitution. It denied that there was any common law by which this proceeding could be supported, and it denied that the action was authorized by the Interstate Commerce Act, and that therefore the demurrer should be sustained and the judgment of the court below reversed.

In deciding the case, Judge Wiley, among other things, said:

"Failing this question by the law which was in force at the time when the case arose and when it was decided below, we are left with the opinion that the authority in bringing the suit did not exist. But that is not the case under consideration. It is now, after the passage of the act, that the case under consideration is expressly conferred by the act

of Congress, passed after this case was argued at bar, namely: "An act to further regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the States, approved February, 1903."

This case, therefore, decided that at the time this action was brought there was no law, either common or statutory, by which the proceeding could be maintained, but as it transpired that after the case had been argued in the Supreme Court an act to further regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the States, approved February, 1903, would justify the action, and as the act provided that it should apply to the cases then pending, the court, while sustaining the demurrer and reversing the judgment of the court below, sent the case back to be proceeded with under the new law.

It will thus be seen that for nearly one hundred years the decisions of the Supreme Court have been uniform and affirming that the United States has no common law and that the courts of the United States have no jurisdiction, either civil or criminal, to punish or restrain or restrain the English common law, might be punished or restrained by the English courts at the instance of the English Crown, and that the President's oath that he will "take care that the laws be faithfully executed" extends only to the laws of Congress, and not to the English common law.

And still the mystery deepens with this clear and conclusive demonstration that the United States has no common law, and that the President, under the Constitution of the United States, has no power to enforce the English common law. In this case Judge Parker, a judge of long experience on the bench of the Court of Appeals of this State, to assert that the English common law does exist, and if implicitly executed by the President does constitute a complete remedy against ourselves!

He approves the law, and wishes it understood that if elected he would enforce it. But he could not enforce what does not exist, and as in the light of this discussion if such appear even in him that the matter of its existence is involved in great doubt, will he, if elected to the Presidency, remove that doubt by recommending to Congress the passage of an act declaring that the English common law, as it existed at the time of the conclusion of the treaty of peace following the Revolution, shall be the law of the United States?

Up to this time there has never been an administration that dared to take the responsibility of such a recommendation. Will Judge Parker, if elected, rescue all doubt by recommending the adoption of the English common law? Such an act would, so far as the common law versus power in the Chief Executive of the nation, place the President of the United States on the same plane as the King of England.

It is true that this would be imperialism and a centralization of power heretofore unknown, and it would be imperialism of the genuine kind—the real thing—imperialism with a "big stick" and a more sinister and subtle and insidious character than the discussion names themselves with by punching for the mere exercise which it affords.

The Campaign Parasite

By Edward Lissner

THE man who sat at the roll-top desk, on top of which stood a telephone that gave to the outside world the ear of the master spirit of the campaign—this gentleman, decorated in the world of politics with the title of sergeant-at-arms, hovered and remained absorbed in his paper.

For it was the tenth time in less than half an hour that very day when a gentleman called by some "a grafter," by others "a fakier," though perhaps "crank," would describe him best, of insignificant appearance, in a shabby suit, with a pale, shaven face and dressed in shabby clothes, wearing a silk hat that had seen its best days years before, had asked and in two instances persisted in having his card taken to one of the big men on the executive committee. This official was at the time in conference with a well-known United States Senator, famous as a political manager, who had come all the way to New York to straighten out some of the political tangles that had caused the master spirits of headquarters many sleepless nights, and was now deep in the work.

No wonder the sergeant-at-arms frowned at this interloper, this parasite for revenue only, who was seeking the ear of the campaign manager and not much to present an idea that would bring money through loss of the party principles, but for the money it would put in his well-worn pockets, where none had been for so long and where it was so badly needed.

In answer, the sergeant-at-arms put his paper down on the desk, and said in a tone lacking that usual:

"I said so. You can't see Mr. Sheehan now. He's engaged with Senator Gorman."

This impudent was not entirely unjustified, because his patience was being sorely tried and had been all that day—that day of days, when his orders were not to disturb the masters of the campaign.

The man who had presented his card and by his insistence aroused the temper of the sergeant-at-arms, now sank into a seat in the overcrowded room, which never was without others of his

rank, who, in concert with himself, had read in the papers in the fabulous amount of money that the committee had spent in this campaign.

He kept watching the glass door near the desk of the sergeant-at-arms for the hands to turn and come great man of the party leave, in the hope that he might catch his ear long enough to explain the great scheme he had mapped out to set in motion the tide against himself and Fairbanks, and in the future raise the sergeant-at-arms to stand as a rival and ally in the room, which walked unobserved into the office of Mr. Sheehan, without stopping to observe such formalities as waiting in his card or knocking to find out first whether the executive chairman was engaged with any one. For, were this the case, would not be a welcome incident a necessary party to the conference? This was why he allowed the brogue-manner of the sergeant-at-arms to go unrebuked. His day would come—that which he had rebuffed to his hand and friends, saying his neighbors to look for him in any.

For was it not agreed from that to that in the block where the double-deckers never seemed to end, that Mr. Blank was spending much of his time at headquarters in consultation with Mr. Sheehan?

And so this visionary gentleman of such hope and great expectations, whom only the pen of Charles Dickens could do justice to, sat and waited and watched until the hands of the clock pointed to whereupon he came and that Mr. Sheehan should see him one day, better a sigh and looking dejected as he left the building.

The man dreamed that this day would bring forth so much, and he never forgot it. He had been kept waiting in the hall for a long time longer than ever since he had been out of employment, and his awakening in the same old grinding poverty was painful.

The next day he came again and sat beside others of his class. His name was high, much higher than they had heard of before, because the papers had it that the campaign managers had still failed to solve the problem of how to put grain into the cam-



The "Nebraska" leaving the Ways



The "Nebraska" afloat, after the Launching

THE LATEST ADDITION TO OUR NAVY—THE LAUNCHING OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "NEBRASKA" AT SEATTLE

The battle-ship "Nebraska," the latest addition to the United States navy, which was launched recently at Seattle, Washington, is not so large as the "Pennsylvania," whose recent launching at the Brooklyn Navy Yard was described in the "World" of October 15. The "Nebraska" displaces 12,000 tons, and is 311 feet 5 inches in length, 56 feet 2 1/2 inches in beam, and draws 24 feet 9 inches. Her speed is calculated at 18 knots, and she has an indicated horse-power of 18,000. Her battery includes four 12-inch, eight 8-inch, twelve 6-inch, and fourteen 5-inch guns; twelve 3-pounders, and sixteen small guns. Her armor belt is 8 feet wide and 11 inches thick. Her complement will include 40 officers and 772 men.

paing and were in dire straits as a result. He again saw the great men of the party going in and out of the room, and his impatience to point out the remedy that would blaze the path to success, he was about to rise and ask for a few words in private with one, a member of the executive committee, when the argument against him cried out, "This gentleman is not Mr. Sheehan." Whereupon he sat down, while the great men passed out of the room, and again waited the day that led the way to the office of the executive chairman.

The unexpected happened, when his thoughts were far away from headquarters, and upon the greater burdens and higher responsibilities that were imposed on him.

The next-day argument, which was on duty while his superior went to lunch, came over, and, tapping the man on the shoulder to attract his attention, said that Mr. Sheehan would see him in a few moments. He trembled, his face flushed, his heart throbbed violently, he lost his nerve—and why not? For his great moment had arrived, and how many of us can walk along the narrow brink of fate and remain calm and collected in the face of such uncertainty?

That the man who had opened the door and was coming toward him was not Mr. Sheehan, he knew.

"It is a private matter and I want to see Mr. Sheehan himself about it," he persisted, when the inquiry was on what business.

The secretary remained firm. How many men were forever coming to headquarters to see the executive secretary, all on private business, which concerned their personal fortunes rather than the party welfare. If half the schemes these private matters disclosed had been adopted with success, some gentlemen in doubtful circumstances, of dubious appearance, unlike our friend, would be telling of wealth, the party treasury depleted, and the Democratic National Committee would have closed up shop and in a spirit of resignation walked aloft at the polls on election day.

Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

WHEN *The Masquerader* began its auspicious career as a serial in HARPER'S WEEKLY last winter, I ventured to predict that it would turn out to be the best article of the year, and that when the novel form it was published in book form it would achieve a wide and enviable popularity. It needed no great propensity to know this result; the situation was fraught with dramatic possibilities of thrilling and absorbing interest, and Mrs. Thurston had already given evidence of ability and ingenuity as a story-teller far above the common. There is nothing the reader is so grateful for, and so ready to appreciate, as I have found myself said in these columns, as a child-like story that engages all his senses and keeps him busy guessing to the end. It is the magic carpet of modern life. There are really few great story-tellers in my age. The inventive faculty which makes the story-teller is a rare gift. Nonetheless may or may not possess it; few of them do nowadays in any great degree of spontaneity; it is a special genius. Charles Froese, himself a great story-teller, was so convinced of the fact, that in his work on copyright he maintained that the inventor in fiction was entitled to patent to protect his original ideas like any other ingenious craftsman who discovered a new invention. The remarkable thing about *The Masquerader* is that the situation itself is built on a theme of great familiarity in fiction and on the stage, with a double-barreled story gains by this very familiarity, for it makes greater demands on the author's resources of treatment, and it is in the treatment of a theme—sometimes the older the better—that the literary artist distinguishes himself. The theme of *The Masquerader* is old and original; it is the beginning of *The Masquerader*, it is still more bold and original, not to say startling and exhilarating in its development and dénouement.

Mrs. Thurston was born in Cork; her father—in whose memory *The Masquerader* is dedicated—was an eminent Irishman; and until her marriage about four years ago with Mr. Ernest C. Thurston, she lived a quiet and uneventful life in her home in the South of Ireland. Her home is now in London, although she revisits her native land at intervals; it was in the quaint and primitive village of Avonmore that the greater part of *The Masquerader* was written. It seems surprising that although she was always very fond of reading, the idea of writing had never occurred to her until it was suggested by her husband. The result was her novel, *The Circle*, which was published about two years ago, and achieved a success rarely won by a fiction. If we take the time that *The Circle* had the distinctive novelty of being unlike any novel I had ever read. Yet its interest was not confined to the working out of its plot; it had at least two characters of striking personality. Anna Selby, that little white-lipped daughter of an exiled houseman few living in a London slum, who eventually becomes a great actress, and Mrs. Mintered, who had a capacity for exploiting clever people, while never retaining cleanness for herself. The novel had a certain what is significant: "In youth we dream that life is a straight line; later we know it to be a circle in which the present presses on the future, the future on the past." I wish to emphasize the point of this significance, for to understand it is to

understand the secret of her compelling power. Mrs. Thurston not only creates in the sense of romantic convention—and she is first and foremost a novelist—and a masterpiece of the sense of fate, of inevitable law, which at the root of it, is a sense of tragedy. It is this recognition of the law of consequences which makes the improbable with an air of experimental philosophy and gives credence and reality for her strange situations. She brings you face to face with an unheard-of scene, most daringly conceived, just to let you see, as it were, how natural and reasonable her characters can act in the circumstances, and what is more surprising, when the reader wins the reader's sympathy and belief in it, although upon reflection he may admit that it could not so have happened in the actual world. But nothing is impossible to the imagination.

It would be unfair to do more than hint at the plot. The pitch of the story lies in its unswerving; in the momentary expectation of the discovery of the game of doubles played by the two men; in the constant anxiety lest the love of the one or the wife of the other should precipitate their ruin; in the suspense which grows stronger as the situation becomes intolerable for the man who is in a false position and who awakes at last to the enormity of his deception. John Chilcote, a rich member of Parliament, with a prospective career, in the very first week through the use of morphia, when he meets John Loder, a journalist who has missed his opportunities, but who is capable of great things, you can see.

It may seem odd to say that the story offers to the reader a glimpse of his wild proposal to change places with him during his morphia periods. They met first in the thick of a London fog. Their voices sounded strangely familiar and alike. A match was struck to light a cigarette.

For a second each stared, blankly at the other's face, suddenly made visible by the light of the fire. The match in the stranger's hand burned down till it scorched his finger, and, feeling the pain, he laughed and lit it.

"I told you nothing," he said. Then he broke off. The circumstances were too odd for ordinary remark.

In case of these two circumstances—these chances that seem too odd for credence, and yet belong to no other sphere—the two men are strangely hidden and so strangely revealed were identical before for future. It seemed to each man that he looked, not at the face of another, but at his own face reflected in a feature looking glass.

The scheme which Chilcote subsequently hatched worked admirably. But on the very threshold Loder encountered difficulties and Mrs. Thurston does not dodge them. There is Chilcote's wife, for one, and an old flame of Loder's for another. Eve Chilcote is a highly dramatic figure, subtly drawn, and a woman of subtle emotions who finds at last in the man she mistakes for her husband the realization of her fondest dreams. The plot becomes tangled, and the score is laid for Loder's feet, and that of the woman who, too late, finds out that she has been deceived by her husband. The next must be left to the reader. Suffice it to say that in *The Masquerader* I can promise the reader one of the most absorbing and exciting novels he has read for many a year and day.



**KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON, AUTHOR OF THE NEW NOVEL,
"THE MASQUERADER"**

Katherine Cecil Thurston's new novel, "The Masquerader," which has just been published, is already the most-talked-of novel of the year. For a description of the story and a note on its author the reader is referred to the article by Mr. James MacArthur on the opposite page of this issue of the "Weekly."

The Men who Made New York's New Subway

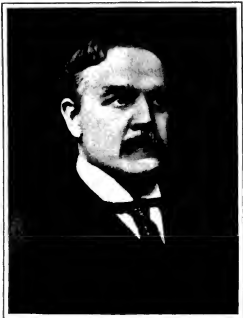
By A. B. Boardman

MORE than a decade ago it was obvious, if not to the public generally, at least to those who had given special attention to the subject, that the growth of the city of New York, past and prospective, made subways absolutely necessary in the near future. Manhattan Island is in the form of a horseshoe, the more important business being concentrated near the southern end. This conformation, as the population of the city increases, makes the transit problem an extremely difficult one to solve. It is idle to talk of establishing, at least for a long time, a collection of centers north of Canal Street comparable in importance with those established in the territory south of that street, where are found the great exchanges, trust companies, banks, insurance companies, and shipping offices. A constantly increasing number of employees must be transported in the morning from their homes in the north to their offices in the south, and must be carried back over the same route in the evening. The people of New York have for a long time been disatisfied with the land equiry of the transit facilities north and south. They have that the opening of the subway now completed will greatly improve these transit facilities and make travel more rapid, as well as more comfortable. But this hope can only be realized to a very limited extent, because statistics prove that during the time that the subway has been building the travel which it was built to ease has increased almost, if not quite, to the full extent of its capacity. Mr. William Gardiner Verneer and others, who have given the subject most careful attention, are of the opinion that if the travel now and done time is to increase in the same ratio during the next decade as it has increased during the last, it will be necessary to add at least one track running north and south each year. In order simply to keep ahead of the procession. In other words, in order simply not to run behind, we must provide for two and one-half new subways or an equal number of tracks on or above the surface during the next decade. As substantially all the streets running north and south are now occupied by the surface lines, and as many cars are run during the busy hours as can be pushed through the mass of other vehicles on the surface, and as the public will probably never permit the construction of elevated railroads in any corner north and south avenue, at least below Central Park, it follows that the New York city authorities must be continually addressing themselves to the task of laying out and constructing or providing for the construction of new subways for passenger traffic. The rapid transit subway now being constructed by the Pennsylvania, New York, and Long Island Railroad Company will necessarily greatly increase the travel upon all the longitudinal lines, and as other internal subways are built and the territory beyond the shore is made more and more an integral part of the city of New York, the transit problem in the city itself will within a time short in the life of a great city require the appropriation of the subsurface in such an extent that it can truthfully be said that there will be one city above the ground and another city under the ground. The importance of this situation to the citizens and taxpayers of New York city can hardly be overestimated. We hear the complaint constantly made that taxes are high here and there will be no more land granted without adequate compensation to the city. The city authorities are now alive to the importance of this question, and we can feel reasonably certain that hereafter no important franchise in the city of New York will be granted without conditions which will, at least to some extent, protect the interests of the city and its taxpayers. Treating the city, therefore, as a mere business enterprise, we find that there will be no use of tremendous importance, which hitherto has been substantially ignored, namely,

the productive capacity of the subsurface of our streets and public places.

It may be interesting to recall the history of the effort, which has lasted at least a decade, to provide facilities for the transportation of passengers between the Battery and Harlem in fifteen minutes. Senator Vane-Weir introduced a bill for the appropriation of a rapid transit commission when David B. Hill was Governor. It passed the Senate, but was defeated in the Assembly by a very small margin. Afterwards, the necessary legislation was obtained, and a commission was appointed, which laid out a route, including Broadway, and attempted to sell the franchise at public auction. Up in this time the feature of municipal ownership had not become part of the law. The attempt to sell the Broadway franchise failed, partly because of this fact and partly because the financial community had not at that time become sufficiently impressed with the earning capacity of the new transit facilities. The friends of rapid transit were naturally much discouraged. It seemed that nothing effective could be accomplished. When Mayor Hewitt made his great rapid transit address in the Chamber of Commerce, an address which will probably count for more in practical results than any address which was ever made even before that important body, he said, in substance: "We must have subways. Private capital apparently cannot be induced to embark in the enterprise of constructing the first subway, but the city can build and own its own subways, and it will be perfectly safe for the city to undertake such an enterprise, if before commencing construction it has obtained a responsible tenant who will give proper security to operate, by paying a rental sufficient to take care of the interest upon the city bonds issued for construction and furnish a sinking fund to redeem these bonds at maturity." The fact that this solution of the problem now seems to us as an natural ought not to detract in any respect from the credit of the great man who first suggested it. Mr. Hewitt's suggestion was received with enthusiasm—legislative, legal, financial and popular. These obstacles were surmounted one after the other. First, the Legislature was induced to put upon the statute-book the necessary laws; second, the Supreme Court sustained the constitutionality of these laws, and its judgment was affirmed by the Court of Appeals; third, the opposition of the city authorities, which delayed all effective action for a long time, disappeared during the administration of Mayor Van Wyck, and from that time both political parties have vied with each other in pledging in every proper way the solution of the rapid transit problem; fourth, the financial difficulties were swept away by the splendid courage and force, first, of Mr. McDonald, and, second, of Mr. Belmont and his associates.

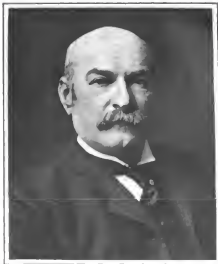
Will the citizens of New York ever appreciate the work of Mr. Orr and his associates on the Rapid Transit Commission? The space allotted to me permits only a single suggestion in this connection. The rapid transit act necessarily could not be an extraordinary power upon the Rapid Transit Commission. These powers are so far-reaching that it can be said with confidence that no financiers would have dared to contract with the city upon the terms imposed by law if they had not the utmost confidence in the integrity, but in the business capacity and fairness of the Rapid Transit Commission. It is these qualities in the commission and in the engineers selected by it which have made it possible to overcome the financial difficulties which threatened the city of New York the magnificent subway shortly to be opened for public travel, which has been constructed upon such terms and with such guarantees that all the city's bonds issued for its construction will be redeemed out of the interest which the Bureau of some of your readers. The greatest municipal enterprise of modern



A. B. Boardman



August Belmont



John B. McDonald

lines—great not only in itself, but in its effect upon future enterprises—has been brought to fruition antecedently to schedule time, within the engineer's estimate of cost, and without a breath of scandal or a suggestion reflecting in any way upon those upon whom the onerous duty of representing the city has rested. Mr.

Gir and his associates will no doubt some day be honored by other monuments, but I have no hesitation in affirming that the subway, the great Pennsylvania tunnel, and the other tunnels which are being built as the result of their efforts will always be the most impressive monuments of their ability and civic virtues.

An English View of the Election

(Continued from page 1654.)

proved upon. The Constitution might in the more enterprising, if it incline on an election being held it ought also to provide an issue to hold it on. That would save a lot of wild and heated and useless argument. When nothing else comes handy why not a good article on "Mark Twain and Christian Science"? The parties would soon line up and everybody would be interested. In New York to-day there are, as far as I can make out, some half-dozen Democratic papers, and they are all busily pummeling not their opponents, but one another in a lifeless effort to find out what the election is all about and if such a thing as an issue really exists. How much better it would be if the Supreme Court were empowered in summer. "The sole issue in this campaign is 'International Law in its relation to Modern Diplomacy.'" Sooner or later I am persuaded that it will have to come to that or something like it. To an outsider like myself, at any rate, the fundamental question connected with the present election is, "Why should there be an election at all?" and to that question I have been unable to find any answer.

I never admire Americans more than during one of these boneless campaigns. They turn to with such hearty good will to manufacture what doesn't exist, and they work with such frantic sincerity to persuade themselves that their really is a why and wherefore for the frenzied conflict in which they are engaged. Among domestic industries in the United States there is none that equals in output the trade in campaign issues. But it is one thing to invent issues and quite another to get them accepted and believed in. And this brings me to the second feature that so amazingly distinguishes American and English politics. In England, if Liberals and Conservatives were set to fight one another at stated intervals, they would not take them long to find something worth fighting about, because in England it is not merely rival organizations that are opposed, but faiths, convictions, habits of mind and temperament, instincts and inclinations, ways of looking at things. But in America the only parties that have any vital beliefs or principles or anything that one could call a political religion are the Prohibitionists and the Populists; and they hardly count. The differences between Democrats and Republicans are, at the utmost, differences of opinion merely, and often not even that. A true description of them would go no further than to say that they are rival electorating bodies. One searches there in vain for anything in the nature of a political creed. There is no such thing as a distinctively Democratic or a distinctively Republican policy. In England every one is conscious of an atmospheric change when a Conservative government succeeds a Liberal or a Liberal a Conservative. No such change is observable in the United States. Take the administrations of the

last twenty years, study the legislation passed and the policies pursued by them, and you could not, unless you knew, say offhand and with certainty which were due to the Democrats and which to the Republicans. The two parties have lost everything that we in England consider essential to a party, except office or the hope of it. Their alignment on the questions of the day is purely fortuitous and arbitrary, dictated not by conviction, but simply by a sense, often shrewd, often amazingly so, of electorating needs. It follows that if nature has failed to keep pace with the timetable and to provide an issue for the campaign, the parties are in heretofore incapable of stepping in to make good nature's defects. That does not mean that they will not line up in battle array with leaders and banners all complete, or that they will not pound one another as though something really serious were at stake, but it does mean that the fight between them is at bottom nothing but a faction fight between the lies and the omits, at the bidding, and under the compulsion, of the Constitution.

In such a fight the chances of the issue are always greater than those of the omits, and the Democrats are still further handicapped by not being a political party at all. Nothing in the present campaign has been more forcibly borne in upon me than the fact that the Democrats are an assortment of odds and ends and not a political party. I do not see how they can ever become a political party so long as they depend on the South and the South depends on them. The South, which I find so often spoken of as the seat of Democratic strength, is, in my mind, the source of Democratic weakness. Southerners are Democrats, not positively and inherently, but by the force of reflex action. They are Democrats because they are not Republicans. They are Democrats because the Republicans waged the civil war, were responsible for the horrors of the reconstruction period, and from time to time show a wrong-headed and mischievous form of sympathy with the negroes. That is to say, their allegiance to the Democratic party is determined by the race issue alone, and the race issue has no relation whatever to the politics of the day. High-tariff Southerners and low-tariff Southerners, Southerners who are for gold and Southerners who are for silver, Southerners who are Imperialists and Southerners who are anti-Imperialists, Southerners who stand on every side of every political question, all join the Democratic party because that party is supposed to be sound on the race issue. A more fanatical and unhealthy state of things it would be impossible to conceive, and so long as it obtains the Democrats can never be anything but a quarrelsome and impotent party, in office or out of it, fundamentally divided among themselves. I see no real future hope for the South, and the race issue has its focus and has learned to look at present-day politics in the light of present-day conditions.

Correspondence

THE COLLEGE MAN IN BUSINESS

CHICAGO, September 25, 1909.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In your issue of September 12 there appeared an article by Doctor William H. Harper in which he made a plea on behalf of college education for business men, but his statements were so filled with misstatements that I think they ought not to be allowed to pass unchallenged.

This question is one to which I have devoted much time and thought, and having grave doubts as to the ability of a college education for young men who intend pursuing a commercial career, I decided a few years ago to make some inquiries, with the view of ascertaining whether college graduates were looked upon with favor by business men, and how they compared in commercial life with the non-college men.

Naturally, I applied first to the presidents of our principal colleges and universities, feeling that they ought to be able to furnish me tangible evidence on this subject; but while practically all these gentlemen maintained that a college education was beneficial to the young man in business, it transpired that this was simply their abstract opinion, not one of them having made any systematic effort to ascertain the actual facts, or possessing a particle of evidence to support his statement.

I then concluded to take up the matter myself in a thorough manner, and made an exhaustive investigation among all classes of people interested in it, the results of which proved conclusively that the broad and extravagant claims of Dr. Harper and other advocates of colleges were utterly unfounded and incorrect, the truth being that, instead of college men being in demand in business, they were actually shunned by employers when seeking help. The results of my research were published by me in a pamphlet form, for the benefit of all who might be interested in the subject, and I am sending you a copy, in order that you may see the testimony which I gathered and judge for yourself whether it is not convincing.

It is certainly very strange, to say the least, that, with this conclusive evidence before him, Dr. Harper should continue to make these absolutely unsupported statements, knowing, as he must, the disastrous influence which they may have upon many young men who are thereby induced to spend a large amount of time and money in acquiring a college education, only to discover, when too late, that, instead of being a benefit, it is an actual detriment to them.

I am, sir,

R. T. CRANE.

THE SMALL FAMILY MEANS

SALEM, MASS., October 4, 1909.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—The article "A Modern Mother," which recently appeared in your publication under the caption of "The Small Family," to a certain extent deals with a subject which should receive the thoughtful attention of every American who feels an interest in the welfare of our country.

I trust that I may be permitted, with all due deference, to say that, in my opinion, your correspondent is far from right in her conclusion.

"A Modern Mother" decries that many American women are adverse to rearing a family, and suggests that the statements showing that many families from choice limit the number of their offspring are all wrong. A little further on, however, the writer says that one reason for the small family is "the greater feeling of responsibility now felt for providing for a family and the greater requirements of such provision." This latter statement would seem to indicate that some families—those who feel a great responsibility—do limit the number of their children, notwithstanding the writer's preceding statement to the contrary, and I think most well-informed persons will concede the fact that there are parents who do limit the number of their children in much the same way as they limit the number of yards of cloth used for a garment. In many cases they do this "limiting" in order to avoid the old American way of rearing children in accordance with their means and station in life. With children to provide for, where would have to be less expensive apartments, less clothes, less clubs, less fine clothes, and less limitation of the ways of people with money—where the "greater feeling of responsibility." The writer also another reason for the "small family," viz., in other words, the same reason in another form. "Many there are," says the writer, "who from lack of means feel that a crime would be committed if they brought another life into the world." This statement may be true, but let me ask you, does this responsible writer propose to prevent the "crime of bringing another life into the world"? Is it to be understood that your correspondent is advocating a state which in fact is dressed a sufficient cause for dissolution of marriage now?

I am, sir,

ROBERTSON PETERSON.

San MARCO, TEXAS, October 10, 1909.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Perhaps an imperfect sense of humor prevents my seeing that your correspondent, in the issue of October 8, is simply scoffing in his attitude at adoption as the cure for the delinquent children. Yet I do not think he is, neither do I judge that he knows the sacred and elevating part of parenthood.

To think that those denied that blessing can satisfy the longing of their hearts in this satisfactory manner by the adoption of children is certainly fallacious. To think that by so doing they fulfil

their duty towards God and man is equally so. Possibly an adopted child may in the lives of its foster-parents as to come them to fancy their duty done and their longing satisfied; but that it is rarely a securing over will be realized and should as all wise Providence send them children afterwards.

During the last and most wholesome parts of such nation's life parenthood has been a mark of honor, respect, and distinction, a badge of those strong inherent virtues that led men upward and upward. With decrease in the family and the growing extinction of the home life has come decay and loss of those sterling virtues that make for national strength.

I am, sir,

COLEMAN YOUNG.

CERTAINLY

NEW YORK CITY, October 7, 1909.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Although my subscription to your paper does not expire for several months, I had no further use for a sheet which I read us against the best and patriotic interests of this country. When I left Granite, Idaho, some weeks since, I told a neighbor of mine there that he and his friends could have my paper, which will amount to \$10.00.

It writes me urging that I have the sheet "discontinued," as they desire to receive a publication filled with such sentiments at looks upon the President, under whom administration the country has been so prosperous, and when the good people of Idaho will heavily help to elect by the overwhelming majority be so rarely deserves.

I was about to ask you to put the remainder of my subscription in the waste-basket, but an old friend of mine—now my guest—says: "Tell them they have very good pictures, which will amuse me, and I will take good care not to waste my time on the reading matter of HARPER'S WEEKLY, which has degenerated into such an unfair publication, so they can send the remainder of your subscription to me."

You will therefore, please, henceforth forward no more numbers to

Mrs. Abide C. Morrison,

Granite, Idaho.

but instead to

Mrs. F. A. Malloy,

32 Riverside Drive, New York City.

I am, sir,

ABIDE C. MORRISON.

TWO LETTERS FROM EDITORS

PHILADELPHIA, October 11, 1909.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I take this opportunity to congratulate you upon the editorial work in HARPER'S WEEKLY. I read it with very much pleasure each week.

I had the pleasure of meeting one of the representatives of your office the other day, and I told him that it seemed to me you strike the independent note more happily and cleverly than any daily newspaper in the country. I certainly derive much satisfaction in perusing your editorial columns.

I am, sir,

GEORGE W. LINTS,

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Boston, October 8, 1909.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I want to compliment you on the splendid work that you are doing in HARPER'S. It is strong, brilliant, and interesting.

I am, sir,

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,

Boston Globe.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PROFESSOR

NEW YORK, September 1, 1909.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I am a student of August 1909 on an editorial paragraph as to the concern of President Roosevelt for his figure, and containing the following generalization: "No man who doesn't smoke can drink milk and get or get thin." From the context I am somewhat uncertain whether this is meant seriously. If it is, you may be interested to know that I am sixty-three years old and feel as well as high; have always been unusually tall and strong; have never smoked, and served through the civil war without drinking whiskey; yet never have I weighed over 135 pounds. I was brought up on milk, and never drink water when I can get it. I do not want to be named in this connection, but you are welcome to quote my statements as from a college professor.

I am, sir,

R. W.

PERHAPS

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., October 2, 1909.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I am a young man, and will cast my first vote in the coming Presidential election. My father is a Democrat, as was his father and grandfather. He will vote for Parker. Notwithstanding this, he has told me that, if he was a young man, he would vote the Republican ticket. What reason he has for this I do not know, but I am brought up on milk, and never drink water when I can get it. I do not want to be named in this connection, but you are welcome to quote my statements as from a college professor.

I am, sir,

PERHAPS.

THE SPELLBINDER

By Joseph A. Altsheler



WHEN the special train, bearing the Presidential nominee, made its great leap down through Wyoming and Nebraska, into the central regions of Kansas, where the land rolls away like the waves of the sea and is covered in dense masses with fields of grain, they came into a country abounding in men, and passed little towns, which rose quickly one after another from the prairie.

"And this is Kansas, the home of cranks," said Churchill. "I think it is a good thing for a State to have cranks," said Harley. "It indicates thought and an attempt to solve important problems. Every tree that bears much fruit has some good mixed with the bad."

"Simon beautifully metaphorical and allegorical we are becoming!" exclaimed Churchill.

Harley made no rejoinder—he had grown used to Churchill's cynicism, and returned to his old task of watching the people, who were an unending source of interest to him. He had early noticed the difference between the East and the West. The West, wholly detached from the Old World, while the East was not, put its stamp upon its new inhabitants much more quickly, and the whole region seemed to him to have a flavor, lacking in the older and denser East. Moreover, there could be no doubt of its democracy, because every day brought new proof—it was as much a part of the people's lives as the pure air of the prairies that flowed through their lungs.

The train was continually thronged with big head politicians and others, anxious to see the candidate, and at a little station in a wheat field that seemed to have no end they picked up three men, one of whom attracted Harley's notice at once. He was young, only twenty-four or five, with a bright, quick, eager face, and he was not dressed in the usual careless Western fashion. His trousers were carefully pressed, his white shirt was well laundered, and his tie was neat. But he wore that strange combination—no so strange west of the Mississippi—a sack coat and a silk hat at the same time.

The youth was not at all shy, and he easily obtained an introduction to Mr. Grayson. Harley thus learned that his name was Moore, Charles Moore, or Charlie, as those with him called him. Most men in the West, unless of special prominence, when presented to Jimmy Grayson merely shook hands, exchanged a word or two in convenient laconic, and then gave way to others, but this fledgling sought to hold him in long converse on the most vital questions of the campaign.

"That was a fine speech of yours you made at Butte, Mr. Grayson," he said in the most impulsive manner, "and I admire every word of it, but are you sure that what you said about Canadian reciprocity will help our party in the great wheat States, such as Minnesota and the Dakotas?"

The candidate smiled at him at first in surprise and some displeasure, but in a moment or two his face was changed into a kindly smile. He read well the youth before him, his amusing confidence, his eagerness, and his self-importance that had not yet revealed a rude character.

"There is something in what you say, Mr. Moore," replied Jimmy Grayson, in the tone absolutely without condescension that made every man his friend, "but I have considered it, and I think it is better for me to stick in my neck. Besides, I am right, you know."

"Ah, yes, but that is not the point," exclaimed young Mr. Moore. "One may be right, but one also might keep silent on a doubtful point that is likely to influence many votes. And there are several things in your speeches, Mr. Grayson, with which some of us do not agree. I shall have occasion to address the public

concerning them, so you know a number of us are to speak with you while you are passing through Kansas."

There was a flash in Jimmy Grayson's eye, but Harley could not tell whether it expressed anger or amused contempt. It was gone in a moment, however, and the candidate was again looking at the fledgling with a kindly, smiling, and tolerant gaze. But Churchill had thrust his elbow against Harley.

"Ah, the child of the fine and beautiful West!" he murmured. "What innocence and what a sense of modesty and power!"

Harley did not deign a reply, but he made the acquaintance by and by of the men who had joined the train with Moore, two of them was a country judge named Hensley, sensible and middle-aged, and he talked freely about the fledgling, whom he seemed to have, in a measure, on his mind. He laughed at first when he spoke of the subject, but he soon became serious.

"Charlie is a good hog," he said, "but what do you think he is, or, rather, what do you think he thinks he is?"

"I don't know," replied Harley.

"Charlie thinks he is a spellbinder, the greatest ever. He's dreaming by night, and by day too, that he's the West's most wonderful orator, and that he's to swing the thousands with his words. He's coming Henry Clay and Daniel Webster rolled into one. He's read that story about Demosthenes holding the pebble in his mouth, to make himself talk good, and they do say that he signs away out on the prairie, where there's nobody about, and, with a stone in his mouth, tries to beat the old Greek at his own game. I don't touch for the truth of the story, but I believe it."

Harley could not keep from smiling at this.

"Well, it's at least an honest ambition," he said.

"I don't know about that," replied the judge, doubtfully, "not in Charlie's case, because as a spellbinder he isn't worth shaking. He can't speak, and he'll never learn to do it. Besides, he's leaving a thing he was just made for to chase a raincoat, and it's breaking his old daddy's heart."

"What is it that he was made for?"

"He's a born telegraph operator. He's one of the best ever known in the West. They say that at eighteen he was the swiftest in Kansas. Then he went down to Kansas City, and he got along great; now he's given up a job that was paying him a hundred and fifty a month to start his own business. He says he's going to be a great inventor, too, and now he's trying to speak or politics, when he doesn't know anything about public questions—and he doesn't know how to talk, either. I don't know whether to be mad about it, or just to feel sorry—because Charlie's father is an old fellow of mine."

Harley shared his feelings. He had seen the mound peg in the square hole so many times, with head counts to both the peg and the hole, that every fresh instance grieved him. He was also confirmed in the soundness of Judge Russell's opinion by his observation of young Moore, as the journey proceeded. The new spellbinder was anxious to speak, whenever there was an occasion, and often when there was none at all. The disconcertment and sea and then the open rebukes of his elders could not suppress him. The correspondents, comparing notes, decided that they had never before seen so strong a rage for speaking. He took the whole field of public affairs for his range. He was willing at any time to discuss the tariff, internal revenue, finance, and foreign relations, and attested himself master of all. Yet Harley saw that he was in these affairs a perfect child, shallow and superficial, and depending wholly upon a few catchwords that he had learned from others. Even the future Populists turned from him. Yet their more faces when he spoke brought him nothing. He was still, to himself, the great spellbinder, and he looked inward to the day when he would be a means for the President, and would change the attitudes with his eloquence and logic. He had no hesitation in confiding his hopes to Harley, and the correspondent longed to tell him how he misjudged himself, yet he refrained, knowing that it was not his duty; and that even if it were, his words would make an impression.

But in other matters than those of public life and oratory Jimmy Grayson's people found young Moore likely enough. He was helpful on the grain, new machinery, and the Canadian operators (and even material) than they could handle he gave them valuable aid; he was a fine comrade, taking good luck and bad luck with equal philosophy and never complaining. "It only he wouldn't try to speak to me," (Robert) for whom he sent a telegraphic message with skill and dispatch.

But that very afternoon Moore talked to them on the subject of national finance until they fell into a cage and left the car. The result was that Harley was the candidate's operator when an old man, bent of figure and gloomy of face, came to him.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Grayson," he said, "for intruding on you, but I've come to ask a favor. I'm Henry Moore, of Council Grove, the father of Charlie Moore, who was the best telegraph

(Continued on page 1662.)

Progress of Science

An Ocean Race for Motor-Boats

With the increased interest taken recently in high-speed motor-boats comes the question of the greater range of usefulness for these craft, and especially their availability for crossing the Atlantic Ocean. For a prize of \$20,000 offered in Paris for the first motor-boat to cross the Atlantic there have been seven entries, and races will soon be formulated for the contest, which, it is hoped, will take place in the coming year. By some authorities it is claimed that motor-boats have already reached a state of development sufficient to warrant the undertaking of an ocean trip, while, in the opinion of others, some further improvements are needed before it can be essayed in safety. In the ocean race it is intended to have supplies of petroleum along the route, as each boat will require between four and seven gallons of this fuel on the trip. Since it would hardly be possible to carry more than 200 to 300 gallons on each boat, they will be supplied from steamers or yachts specially chartered, which will meet them at certain appointed places. The vessels intended for the race are to generate high speed, and it is the hope of some of the enthusiasts that a rate of fifty miles an hour can be secured eventually, if the rate of progress is as great as with automobile vehicles. It must be understood that the project is confined to high-speed boats. A practical testing of this department of naval architecture is thought to be in the construction of high-power automobile life-boats, which would be especially valuable in case of accident, as they could travel into the most perilous routes of the ocean, or to a neighboring coast, at a speed of from twelve to twenty-five miles an hour to secure aid.

A New Multiplex Telegraph

The invention of new methods for sending a number of messages simultaneously over the same wire continues, and one of the most recent of these is due to Professor Mercadier, of the French High School for Post and Telegraph. In this method an alternating current is employed, whose frequency depends upon a tuning-fork having a certain definite number of vibrations. The current of such an interrupted circuit can be broken by an ordinary key, and signals transmitted over the line wire by an induction transmitter. On the line at the distant station are a number of coiled wire-telephones which respond to current of one frequency, and are tuned in the forks in the circuit at the sending station. Thus each particular circuit has its own telephone, which is connected by lines with the ears of the receiving operator, and responds to the signals made at the sending station. In all, twelve transmission circuits are provided, so that twenty-four messages may be sent over the line simultaneously. A double line, or metallic circuit, is required, but otherwise the apparatus is comparatively simple, and involves merely the adjustment of the tuning forks and suitable transformers and induction coils. It has been tested on the line between Paris and Dijon, and also between Toulouse and Bordeaux, and has worked with marked success.

Testing Cables by Roentgen Rays

A novel application of the Roentgen rays to the testing of submarine cables has recently been made in Europe, and has been found useful in determining defects and imperfections which might cause a breakdown of the cable and involve considerable expense for repairs. The apparatus consists of a Roentgen-ray tube, above which is a fluorescent screen, while the cable to be tested is passed through guides just below, so that a shadow is cast on the screen. The cable is allowed to run through the testing apparatus, and the observer looks for any indication of a fault in the shadow. Foreign substances, air bubbles or bad joints in the rubber or gutta-percha insulation are readily detected, and may be rectified at the works. Imperfections of this kind can remain unnoticed by other tests, and a cable with such imperfections may be laid on the sea bottom at great expense, and be abandoned for a number of years before it will fail.

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(Continued from page 605.)

operator in Kansas City, and who is now the poorest public speaker in Kansas.

The old man smiled, but it was a sad smile. Jimmy Grayson was full of sympathy, and he shook Mr. Moore's hand warmly.

"I know your son," he said—"a bright boy."

"Yes, he's nothing but a boy," said his father, as if seeking an excuse. "I suppose all boys must have their foolish spells, but he appears to have his tricky hand and long."

The old man sighed, and the look of sympathy on Jimmy Grayson's face deepened.

"Charlie is a good boy," continued Mr. Moore, "and if he could have this foolish spell knocked out of his head—there's no other way to get it out—he would be all right, and that's why I've come to you. You know you are to speak at Topeka tomorrow night, in a big hall, and one of the biggest crowds in the West will be there to hear you. Two or three speakers are to follow you, and what do you think that sign of mine has done? Somehow or other he has got the committee to put him on the programme right after you, and he says he is going to demolish what he calls your fallacies."

Harley saw the Candidate's lips curve a little as if he were about to smile, but the movement was quickly checked. Jimmy Grayson would not willingly hurt the feelings of any man.

"Your boy has that right!" he said to Mr. Moore.

"No, he hasn't!" burst out the old man. "A boy hasn't any right to be so light-headed, and I want you, Mr. Grayson, when he has finished his speech, to come right back at him and wipe him off the face of the earth. It will be an easy thing for me to hit a man as you do. Charlie doesn't know a thing about public affairs. He'll make a lot of statements, and every one of 'em will be wrong. Just show him up! Make all the people laugh at him! Just sting him with your words until he turns red in the face! Roll him in the dust and tread on him till he can't breathe! Then hold him up before all that audience as the biggest and the wildest fool that ever came on a stage. Nothing else will cure him; it will be a favor to him and to me, and I, who love him more than anybody else, ask you to do it!"

Harley was tempted to smile, and at the same moment tears came into his eyes. No one could fail to be moved by the old man's intense earnestness, his fervid and mixed language, and his appealing look. Certainly Jimmy Grayson was an exception. He glanced at Harley, and saw his expression of sympathy, but the correspondent made no suggestion.

"I appreciate your feelings and your position, Mr. Moore," he said, "but this is a hard thing that you ask me to do. I cannot tempt upon a boy, even metaphorically, in the presence of five thousand people. What would they think of me?"

"They'll understand. They'll know why it's done, and they'll like you for it. It's the only way, Mr. Grayson! Either you do it or my boy's life is ruined!"

Jimmy Grayson walked up and down the room and his face was troubled. He looked again and again at Harley, but the correspondent made no suggestion. At last he stopped.

"I think I can save you son, and promise to make the trial, but I will not say a word more at present. Now don't ask me anything about it, and never mind the thanks—I understand; maybe I shall have to bring you myself some day to be turned from the wrong path. Good night. I'll see you again at Topeka, Harley. I wish you would stay a while longer. I want to have further talk with you."

The Candidate and Harley were in deep converse for some time,

and when they finished much of the trouble had disappeared from Jimmy Grayson's eyes.

"I think it can be done," he said.

"So do I," repeated Harley, with confidence.

The next day, which was occupied with the run down to Topeka and occasional stops for speeches at stage stations, was uneventful save for the growing obscenity of Charlie Moore. He was overbearing with pride and impatience. That night in the presence of five thousand people he was going to reply to the great Jimmy Grayson, and to show to them and to him his errors. Mr. Grayson was seated in most things, but there were several in which he should be set right, and he, Charlie Moore, was the man to do it for him. He was suppressed, however, for a few moments only, and then said them over again to the others.

The declining proudly produced several printed programmes with his name next to that of the Candidate, and talked to the correspondents of the main points that he would make, until they fled into the next car. But he followed them there, and asked them if they would not like to take in advance a synopsis of his speech in order that they might be sure to telegraph it to their offices in time.

All evaded the hour except Harley, who gravely jotted down the synopsis, and, with equal gravity, returned his thanks for Mr. Moore's consideration.

"I knew you wouldn't want to miss it," said the youth: "I come on late, you know, and besides, I remembered that the difference in time between here and New York is against us."

Mr. Moore, the father, was on the train throughout the day, but he did not speak to his son. He spent his time in the car in which Jimmy Grayson sat, always silent, but always looking with approval and pathos at the great leader. His eyes shined. "Mr. Grayson, you will not fail me, will you? You will save my son! You will beat him and tread on him until he hasn't left a single thought of being a famous orator and public leader! Then he will return to the work for which God made him."

Harley would look at the old man a while, and then return to the next car, where the youth was chattering away to those who could not escape him.

The speech in Topeka was to be of the intended longer than the one at the next car, where the youth was chattering away to those who could not escape him.

The speech in Topeka was to be of the intended longer than the one at the next car, where the youth was chattering away to those who could not escape him.

The audience gathered early, and it was a splendid Western crowd, big-hearted and tanned with the Western winds.



He launched upon a speech for which the whole Union was waiting

"They have cranks out here, but it's a land of strong men, don't you forget that!" said Hazley to Churchill, and Churchill did not attempt a sarcastic reply.

They were both sitting at the edge of the stage, and in front of them, near the footlights, was young Moore, proud and eager, his fingers moving nervously. His father, too, had found a seat on the stage, but he was in the background, next to the scenery, and being behind the others he was not visible from the floor of the house. There he sat, staring gloomily at his son, and now and then, with a sort of despairing hope, at Jimmy Grayson.

There were some short preliminary speeches and introductions, and then came the turn of the Candidate. The usual flutter of expectation ran over the audience, followed by the usual deep hush, but just at that moment there was an interruption. A boy, in the uniform of a telegraph company, hurried upon the stage.

"You must come at once, sir," he said. "Mr. Wyand's horse's turned up! We don't know what's become of him! And Mr. Burr has lost sick, madder and bad. The Tukepa manager says he'll get some one here as quick as he can, but he can't do it under half an hour, anyway!"

The other correspondents stared at each other in dismay, and then at the hired stage-driver who was to take them to the speech in full. But Hazley, always thoughtful and resourceful, rose at once to the crisis. He had noticed Moore lift his head with an expression of lively interest at the news of the disaster, and stepping forward at once he put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Mr. Moore," he exclaimed, in stirring appeal, "this is a crisis and you must save me! You have eaten with us and you have lived with us, and you can't desert us now! We have all heard that you are a great operator, the greatest in the West! You must take Mr. Grayson's speech! What a triumph it will be for you to send what he says and then set upon the stage and demolish it afterwards!"

The feeling in Hazley's voice was real, and the boy was thrilled by it, and the admiration every natural impulse in him responded. It was the chivalrous thing for him to do, and on every one. He could send a speech as fast as the fastest man living could deliver it. He rose without a word, his heart thrilling with thoughts of the coming battle, in which he felt proudly that he would be a victor, and made his way to the telegrapher's box.

Moore was a Tukepa boy, and nearly everybody in the audience knew him. When they saw him take his seat at one of the instruments their quick Western minds divined what he was going to do, and the roar of applause that they had just given to the Candidate, who was now on his feet, was succeeded by another, but the second was for Charlie the telegraph operator.

The footlighting had no time to think. He had scarcely settled himself in his chair when the deep, full voice of Jimmy Grayson filled the great hall, and he was launched upon a speech for which the whole nation was waiting. The shorthand man was already deep in his work and the copy began to come. But the boy felt no alarm; he was not even flustered; the feel of the key was good, and the atmosphere of that box which enfolded the telegraph apparatus came sweet to his nostrils. He called up Kansas City, from which the speech would be repeated in the greater cities, and with a sigh of deep satisfaction settled in his task.

They felt yet in Western cities of Charlie Moore's great reputation. The Candidate was in splendid form that night and his speech came rushing forth in a torrent. The mellow Wyand was still missing and the luckless Hazley was still ill, but the shouting out alone in the box, his face bent over the key, oblivious to the world around him, and sent it all. Through him ran the fire of battle and great endeavor. He heard the call and replied. He never missed a word. He sent them hot across the prairie, over the slopes and ridges, and across the muddy Kaw into Kansas City. And there in the general office the manager muttered more than once: "That fellow is doing great work! How he saves time!"

The audience liked Jimmy Grayson's

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

November, 1904

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By the House of Peers of Japan.
- Where is Russia to Get Her Next Loan? YVES GUYOT
- International Arbitration Sir ROBERT FINLAY,
Attorney-General of Great Britain.
- What Must be Done to Secure Safety on Railroads? JOHN J. ESCH, M.C.
- The Irish Muse.—I. FIONA MACLEOD
- Suicide and Life Insurance W. H. LAWTON
- Sir William Harcourt GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL
- The Self-Supporting Student in American Colleges . Professor O. F. LEWIS
- Alien Colonies and the Children's Court ERNEST K. COULTER
- The Australian Telegraph System HUGH H. LUSK
- Is the Democratic Party Insincere? JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

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Mme. Schumann-Heink in "Love's Lottery"

Mrs. Schumann-Heink is appearing at the Broadway Theatre in a comic opera entitled "Love's Lottery," by Julius Edwards and Minnie Steiner. The eminent contralto plays the part of "Lea," a German landlady, who becomes involved in comic complications over the winning of a lottery.



A Scene from "Letty," at the Hudson

"Letty," a new play by J. W. Pueris, is on view at the Hudson Theatre, with Miss Carlotta Akeley and William Faversham in the principal roles. The play deals with the struggles against temptation of "Letty," a working girl, and her victory over herself and the man who bears her unworthily.



John Drew in "The Duke of Killcrankie," at the Empire

At the Empire Theatre John Drew is appearing in a comedy by Robert Marshall, "The Duke of Killcrankie," which had a successful run last season in London. Mr. Drew plays the part of the rich peer, who has not prospered in his love for "Lady Henrietta Adham." After she has refused him repeatedly, he conceives the idea of luring her, by a ruse, to his castle in Scotland, and keeping her there until she consents to marry him. aided by an obsequious friend, he puts the scheme into execution; and in the end, after many humorous complications, succeeds in convincing "Lady Henrietta" that she loves him.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS IN NEW YORK

Who Will be the Next President?

A summary of the results in Presidential elections in all States in the Union since 1872, with tables, showing the political situation in detail in States now classed as doubtful by Republicans or Democrats

FOURTEEN States—Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, Texas, Missouri, and Nevada—are certain, according to the records of the past twenty-eight years, to give Democratic pluralities in November next at the Presidential election. The States having a flawless record of Democratic pluralities, 1872-1900, are Georgia, Tennessee, Texas, and Missouri. The only State in the group showing a steady and regular increase in total vote, 1872-1900, is Missouri. During the period 1880-1900, the only breaking away from Democratic pluralities occurred in Kentucky, 1880, and in Nevada, 1884 and 1888. The only split electoral vote is that of Kentucky, 1896.

The "certain" States in the Democratic list above represent 154 electoral votes at the November election of this year. The whole electoral vote of 1904 being 476, and one more than half of that number, 239, being necessary for a choice, it is evident that 82 electoral votes in addition to those of the States mentioned will be necessary for a Democratic victory. If the Democrats carry every State in the above list, which is highly probable, and can carry New York (36 electoral votes), New Jersey (12), Connecticut (7), Indiana (15), Montana (3), Idaho (3), and Maryland (8), they will win and have 206 electoral votes to spare. If, on the other hand, they lose the eastern and middle group of "doubtful" States, as shown in the following tables, saving only Maryland and Delaware (3), they will need the electoral votes of West Virginia (7), Indiana (15), Illinois (27), Wisconsin (13), North Dakota (4), Montana (3), Colorado (3), and Idaho (3), to win.

On the other hand, sixteen States—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, Wyoming, Washington, and Oregon—are certain, according to the record of twenty-eight years (1872-1900), to give Republican pluralities in November. There is absolutely no flaw in the record of Maine, New

Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Iowa, and Minnesota. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Ohio, and Iowa show a steady increase in total vote for the whole period, 1872-1900. The pluralities fluctuate throughout. A noticeable feature of the total vote is the heavy McKinley pluralities of 1896 and 1900 as compared with the pluralities of previous years. Kansas broke away twice from the Republican column. Nebraska, South Dakota, Wyoming, Washington, and Oregon have each dropped out of line once in the record of twenty-eight years. The only splits in the electoral vote were in Ohio, Michigan, and Oregon in 1902.

The "certain" States in the Republican list above represent 163 electoral votes at the November election of this year. The whole electoral vote of 1904 being 476, and one more than half of that number, 239, being necessary for a choice, it is evident that 76 electoral votes in addition to those of the States above mentioned will be necessary in order to secure a Republican victory. If the Republicans carry every State in the above list, which is highly probable, and can carry New York (36 electoral votes), New Jersey (12), and Illinois (27), they will win with two votes to spare. If, on the other hand, New York and New Jersey swing in the opposite direction, it will be necessary to supplement the electoral vote of Illinois with those of Connecticut (7), West Virginia (7), California (10), Wisconsin (13), North Dakota (4), Colorado (3), Delaware (3), and Utah (3). As Connecticut usually goes in the same direction as New York and New Jersey, and no Indiana is likely to vote as New York votes, according to the record, the odds of lacking up the necessary number would fall on Maryland, which is inclined, at this writing, toward the Democratic column.

With this record of "certain" States, and with the complete record and analysis given in the following pages of the Presidential, Congressional, State and county votes in the so-called "doubtful" States during the past twenty-eight years, many interesting combinations of possible victories in November can be readily worked out.

EASTERN STATE CONNECTICUT

Presidential Elections	1872	1876	1880	1884	1888	1892	1896	1900	1904									
Total vote (thousands)*	107	142	132	237	154	165	174	180										
Plurality (thousands)	4 R	3 D	2 R	1 D	200 R	5 D	104 R	104 R										
Electoral vote	4 R	3 D	2 R	1 D	10 R	3 D	10 R	10 R										
U. S. Congress	1890-92	1902-04	1904-06	State Legislatures						1908-10	1910-12	1912-14	1914-16					
Term, two years	R	D	4	4	5	Term, two years	R	D	20	1892	1896	2000	2004	2008				
Total	4	4	4	5	Total	24	24	24	24	24	24	24	24	24				
For Governor	1898	1900	1902															
Term, two years	Thousands														Other elections, 1880-1904.—None.			
Total vote	158	181	100															
Plur.	32 R	14 R	10 R															

Electoral Vote, 1904

7

Summary and Analysis—State Vote.

Although the record of Connecticut, in the matter of Presidential vote, 1872-1900, shows a number of deviations, a careful study of the State situation reveals a Republican tendency.

The Republican pluralities in 1896 and 1900 greatly exceeded any plurality recorded at the eight Presidential contests immediately preceding. It is also a notable fact that the Congressional representation, both in Senate and House, has been wholly Republican since 1894. Several contests are probable for the House representation in the Fifty-ninth Congress. Each of the last three Republican members for the thirteenth, as may be seen in the accom-

panying table, received pluralities exceeding 14,000. The record of the State Legislature, 1890-1904, shows, in the Senate, a Republican majority never less than twelve, and in the House a Republican majority averaging over one hundred.

Record of and Variations in County Vote.

The county vote at Presidential Elections, 1872-1900, shows three counties out of eight as giving R pluralities during the whole period. Two counties have a similar record, except for 1872 and 1894. Three counties, voting D in 1872, voted R in 1896 and 1900. Every county in the State gave an R plurality in 1896 and 1900.

* Where a total vote or plurality includes any number of hundreds over five, another thousand is added. To illustrate: The total vote of New York State for President, 1872, was 825,072. In the proper column in these tables, under Total Vote, 1872, the number is given as 825 (thousands).
† Where a plurality is less than 1000, the exact number is given.

MIDDLE STATES
NEW YORK

Presidential Elections	1872	1876	1880	1884	1888	1892	1896	1900
Total vote (thousands)	520	501	511	524	532	536	549	556
Plurality (thousands)	102	27	14	24	0	1	15	10
Electoral vote	55	55	55	55	55	55	55	55
U. S. Congress	1899-1900	1901-2	1902-3	1903-4	1904-5	1905-6	1906-7	1907-8
Term, two years	R 16 D 18	R 21 D 13	R 20 D 17	R 20 D 17	R 20 D 17	R 20 D 17	R 20 D 17	R 20 D 17
For Governor	1898	1900	1902	1904	1906	1908	1910	1912
Term, two years	Total 1714 18 R	Total 1714 18 R	Total 1714 18 R	Total 1714 18 R	Total 1714 18 R	Total 1714 18 R	Total 1714 18 R	Total 1714 18 R

Electoral Vote, 1904

39

Summary and Analysis—State Vote.

The fluctuations in the annual pluralities of New York State are proverbial. It is interesting to note, 1872-1900, that the Republican pluralities became smaller after the Democratic victories of 1876 and 1884. Again, in 1900, the Republican plurality was reduced nearly one-half, although the total vote that year showed an increase over the total vote, in 1896, of more than 100,000.

The Congressional representation this year, as in 1895-96, is fairly even. There are several "doubtful" districts to compete for supremacy. In November, they may affect four Democratic and two Republican constituencies so materially as to alter the political complexion of the majority.

The greatly reduced Republican plurality for Governor in 1902, and the falling away of the total vote, as compared with 1896, to the extent of over 150,000, is partly explained by the fact that 1900 was a Presidential year.

A general survey of the record seems to fully justify the use of the term "doubtful" in each of the phases of current political interest.

Record of and Variations in County Vote.

The county vote at Presidential elections, 1872-1900, shows 34 counties out of 61 as giving R pluralities regularly during the whole period. Only one county has a similar D record.

Five counties giving D pluralities in 1888 and 1892 gave R pluralities in 1896 and 1900.

Six counties giving D in 1892 gave R pluralities at the last two elections.

Three counties favoring McKinley in 1896 gave Bryan a plurality in 1900.

In size of Republican pluralities, 1872-1900, 5 counties—then Dutchess, Westchester, Albany, and Orange—gave R pluralities exceeding 2500 at every election. Twelve other counties gave R pluralities exceeding 1000 regularly at every election, 1872-1900.

NEW JERSEY

Presidential Elections	1872	1876	1880	1884	1888	1892	1896	1900
Total vote (thousands)	180	220	236	262	266	278	301	400
Plurality (thousands)	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Electoral vote	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
U. S. Congress	1901-2	1903-4	1905-6	1907-8	1909-10	1911-12	1913-14	1915-16
Term, two years	R 6 D 2	R 6 D 2	R 6 D 2	R 6 D 2	R 6 D 2	R 6 D 2	R 6 D 2	R 6 D 2
For Governor	1895	1897	1901	1905	1909	1913	1917	1921
Term, three years	Total 207 21 R	Total 207 21 R	Total 207 21 R	Total 207 21 R	Total 207 21 R	Total 207 21 R	Total 207 21 R	Total 207 21 R

Electoral Vote, 1904

12

Summary and Analysis—State Vote.

Notwithstanding the array of Democratic pluralities at Presidential elections in New Jersey, 1872-1900, there is but scant indication, especially during the past five or six years, of any leaning in the direction of Democratic supremacy.

The pluralities in favor of McKinley, 1900 and 1904, are many times greater than the pluralities recorded in the State at any preceding Presidential election between 1876 and 1896.

Both United States Senators from New Jersey are Republicans. At each of the last three elections for Congress, twice as many Republicans as Democrats were elected. There will be some doubt as to whether in three Democratic districts this year, but the outcome is not at all certain to bring about a change in the complexion of the majority.

The last two Republican candidates for Governor were accorded pluralities, that given in 1891 being substantial and a marked increase over the one preceding.

Both Senate and Assembly in the State Legislature, 1902-4, have had considerable Republican majorities.

Record of and Variations in County Vote.

The county vote at Presidential elections, 1872-1900, shows 7 counties out of 21 as giving R pluralities regularly during the whole period. Two counties have a similar D record.

Four counties, giving D pluralities in 1880 and 1892, gave R pluralities in 1896 and 1900. Three counties, giving Cleveland a plurality in 1892, voted for McKinley in 1896 and 1900. Two counties changed from R to D in 1900.

MARYLAND

Presidential Elections	1872	1876	1880	1884	1888	1892	1896	1900
Total vote (thousands)	144	163	175	186	211	213	254	265
Plurality (thousands)	40	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Electoral vote	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
U. S. Congress	1901-2	1903-4	1905-6	1907-8	1909-10	1911-12	1913-14	1915-16
Term, two years	R 4 D 2	R 4 D 2	R 4 D 2	R 4 D 2	R 4 D 2	R 4 D 2	R 4 D 2	R 4 D 2
For Governor	1903	1905	1907	1909	1911	1913	1915	1917
Term, four years	Total 10 R	Total 10 R	Total 10 R	Total 10 R	Total 10 R	Total 10 R	Total 10 R	Total 10 R

Electoral Vote, 1904

8

Summary and Analysis—State Vote.

The recent political record of Maryland shows a decided Democratic trend.

The Republican plurality, Presidential election, 1900, was con-

siderably less than one-half of the Republican plurality, 1896, although there was an increase of 14,000 in the total vote for the latter year.

Two seats in the National House of Representatives were gained

for 1903-4, and the present campaign will include a lively contest, having in view the gaining of at least two more for the Democrats. The Democratic nominees for Governor, 1899 and 1903, secured substantial pluralities, a gain of 10,000 being recorded in 1903, although the total vote was over 33,000 less than was cast for Governor in 1899.

The State Legislature, 1903-4, shows a marked increase in Democratic membership over that of 1901-2, the gain being 2 in the Senate and 20 in the House.

DELAWARE

Presidential Elections	1872	1876	1880	1884	1888	1902	1906	1910
Total vote (thousands)	22	24	29	30	30	27	31	32
Plurality (thousands)	1221	0	3	0	0	2	1	1
Electoral vote	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
U. S. Congress	1899-1900	1901-2	1903-4	State Legislature				
Term, two years	R	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Term, four years	D	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Total	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
For Governor	1898	1900	1902	Other Elections				
Term, two years	R	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Term, four years	D	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Total	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
For Governor	1898	1900	1902	Other Elections				
Term, two years	R	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Term, four years	D	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Total	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

Electoral Vote, 1904

3

Summary and Analysis—State Vote.

The Presidential voting record of Delaware, 1872-1902, indicated a Democratic tendency. Conditions, in some respects abnormal, have existed since that time, the dispute of factions rendering results at all elections uncertain. It may be noted, on reference to the table, that the Democratic plurality decreased in 1888 and again in 1902, although the total vote in this latter year showed an increase of 1000.

The present representation in the United States Senate is Republican. The Congressional representative is a Democrat elected by a plurality of over 5000, but it should be borne in mind that when this election took place (1902) the Republicans had a "split" ticket in the field.

It will be observed that the present Governor's plurality, Republican, was equal to that of his predecessor, a Democrat.

The Republican nominee for State Treasurer, 1902, secured a plurality of over 4000.

The State Legislature, 1903-1904, records Republican majorities in Senate and House, the majority in 1903-4 being an increase over the preceding term.

Record of and Variations in County Vote.

The county vote at Presidential elections, 1872-1902, shows that Kent and Newcastle counties, voting D in 1880 and 1892, voted in favor of McKinley in 1900 and 1904. Essex County, which gave a D plurality in 1884, changed to R in 1888, again went D in 1892, and in 1900 and 1904 favored McKinley.

SOUTHERN STATE WEST VIRGINIA

Presidential Elections	1872	1876	1880	1884	1888	1902	1906	1910
Total vote (thousands)	52	52	112	112	119	111	106	221
Plurality (thousands)	2	12	1	1	1	1	1	1
Electoral vote	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
U. S. Congress	1899-1900	1901-2	1903-4	State Legislature				
Term, two years	R	3	4	5	5	5	5	5
Term, four years	D	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Total	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
For Governor	1892	1900	1904	Other Elections				
Term, two years	R	3	4	5	5	5	5	5
Term, four years	D	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Total	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
For Governor	1892	1900	1904	Other Elections				
Term, two years	R	3	4	5	5	5	5	5
Term, four years	D	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Total	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4

Electoral Vote, 1904

7

Summary and Analysis—State Vote.

West Virginia, at the Presidential elections, 1872-1902, presented a solid Democratic front. Swinging into the Republican column in 1900 and 1904, the record shows a much larger Republican plurality at the last election than had been cast for any Democratic candidate during the preceding twenty-eight years.

The Congressional representation, including United States Senate and House, is Republican, and has been so during the past four years. This year, at an outcome of the election of a Democratic nominee from this State for Vice-President the Democrats are hopeful of a gain to them in three, if not four, districts.

The vote for Governor, 1892-1904, shows two substantial Republican pluralities.

Two years ago there was a Democratic majority of 7 in the lower branch of the State Legislature. This year there is a Republican majority of 26.

Record of and Variations in County Vote.

The county vote at Presidential elections, 1872-1900, shows 16 counties out of 35 as giving a D plurality regularly during the whole period. Nine counties have a similar R record. Seven counties, voting D in 1880 and 1892, gave R pluralities in 1900 and 1904. Six counties, voting R in 1880, 1892, and 1904, voted R in 1900. 23 counties gave Bryan a plurality. Of these, 6 went to McKinley in 1904.

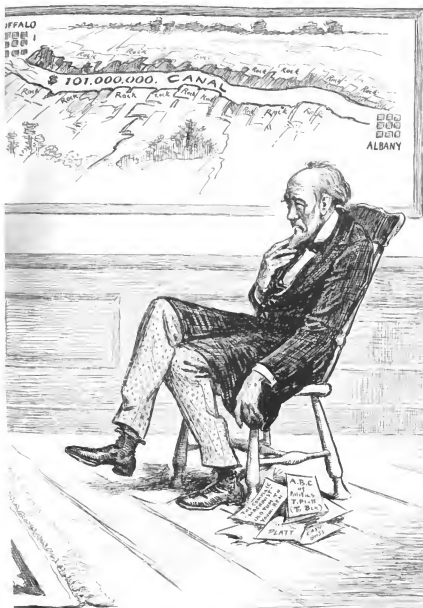
WESTERN STATES INDIANA

Presidential Elections	1872	1876	1880	1884	1888	1902	1906	1910
Total vote (thousands)	351	431	471	495	577	554	617	694
Plurality (thousands)	21	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Electoral vote	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
U. S. Congress	1899-1900	1901-2	1903-4	State Legislature				
Term, two years	R	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Term, four years	D	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
For Governor	1892	1900	1904	Other Elections				
Term, two years	R	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Term, four years	D	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
For Governor	1892	1900	1904	Other Elections				
Term, two years	R	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Term, four years	D	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Electoral Vote, 1904

15





'SERPENT'S TOOTH!'

-Annals of a Business Governor

Summary and Analysis—State Vote.

Alteration of Republican and Democratic pluralities, 1872-1906, is the conspicuous feature of Indiana Presidential campaigns. The Republican plurality of 1900 was larger than any Presidential plurality given to either party in the State during the preceding fifty years.

The battle for supremacy in Congress, under Taggart's leadership, will be keen. Four, if not five, of the districts are shakable territory and very uncertain. The members of the United States Senate are both Republicans. The Republican candidates for Governor, 1896 and 1900, received substantial pluralities. The same is true of the Republican candidate for Secretary of State, 1902.

There has been a practical working Republican majority, 1890-1904, in both branches of the State Legislature.

Record of and Variations in County Vote.

Thirty-one counties out of 92 in Indiana, 1872-1900, gave *R* Presidential pluralities regularly during the whole period. Twenty-three counties have a similar *R* record. Eight counties gave *D* pluralities, 1872-1900. Five counties, giving *D* pluralities in 1884 and 1892, changed to *R* in 1900 and 1904. Twelve counties changed sides in 1896. Eight of these variations were from *D* to *R*; the remainder from *R* to *D*. In 1896, 43 counties gave Bryan a plurality. Seven of these counties changed to McKinley in 1900.

ILLINOIS

Presidential Elections	1872	1876	1880	1884	1888	1892	1896	1900
Total vote (thousands)	459	554	622	674	748	874	1001	1132
Plurality (thousands)	54	10	20	11	25	11	142	155
Electoral vote	21	11	11	21	22	11	24	24
U. S. Congress	1890-94	1900-02	1902-04	State Legislature	1900-04	1904-02	1904-04	
Term, two years	R	14	11	17	Term, Senate, R	34	81	32
					four years, D	10	71	19
					House, two years, Rep	1	1	1
Total	22	22	24	Total	31	152	51	153
For Governor	1892	1896	1900	Other Elections, 1900-1904	1902			
Term, four years	Total vote, 874	1001	1132	State, Term, 1900	1902			
	21 D	113 R	69 R	Term, 1900	1902			
				Term, 1900	1902			

Electoral Vote, 1904

27

Summary and Analysis—State Vote.

The record of Republican Presidential pluralities, 1872-1900, is unbroken, save in 1902. The Republican plurality of 1900, it will be noted, was 47,000 less than in 1896, although the total vote for 1900 was 40,000 greater than in the preceding year.

The Republicans, with two Republicans in United States Senate, gained substantially in the Congressional election of 1902. At least four Republican and two Democratic districts are likely to be the scene of lively battles for supremacy in November.

The last two Congressional contests show large Republican pluralities.

At the election of a State Treasurer, 1902, the Republican candi-

date had a plurality of 50,000 recorded in his favor, being over 20,000 in excess of the Republican plurality for Governor in 1900.

In the State Legislature, 1902-4, the Republican majority was considerably increased.

Record of and Variations in County Vote.

Forty counties out of 102 in Illinois gave regular *R* Presidential pluralities, 1872-1900. Thirty-two counties have a similar *R* record. Nine counties changed sides in 1900. Of these 4 went from *R* to *D*; 5 counties gave Bryan a plurality. Of these 4 favored McKinley in 1900. In nearly every instance of a Bryan plurality in 1900, the county giving it had a *D* record extending back twenty years or over.

WISCONSIN

Presidential Elections	1872	1876	1880	1884	1888	1892	1896	1900
Total vote (thousands)	192	254	292	329	355	372	447	413
Plurality (thousands)	18	6	16	12	12	7	11	107
Electoral vote	10	10	10	11	11	10	12	12
U. S. Congress	1890-94	1900-02	1902-04	State Legislature	1900-04	1904-02	1904-04	
Term, two years	R	10	10	10	Term, Senate, R	31	81	31
					four years, D	11	2	10
Total	10	10	10	Total	31	100	31	100
For Governor	1896	1900	1902	Other Elections, 1900-1904	1902			
Term, two years	Total vote, 328	447	413	Term, 1900	1902			
	30 R	101 R	105 R	Term, 1900	1902			

Electoral Vote, 1904

13

Summary and Analysis—State Vote.

As in Illinois, the record of Republican Presidential pluralities is unbroken, save in 1902. These Republican pluralities, from 1884 to 1900, increased at each election.

With two Republicans in the United States Senate, the Congressional representation, 1890-1904, was solidly Republican until 1904, when one Democrat was returned from Wisconsin. Four of five Congressional districts will be feverishly contested in this campaign, two of the fights being directed by the La Follette faction, now endorsing Democratic candidates.

The last three Republican nominees for Governor received large

pluralities. The State Legislature has a strong Republican majority in both branches.

Record of and Variations in County Vote.

Twenty-four out of 29 counties in Wisconsin gave regular *R* Presidential pluralities, 1872-1900. Two counties have a similar *D* record. Eight counties gave *R* pluralities, 1872-1900, and 8 counties recorded *D* pluralities, 1872-1902. Only 3 counties changed sides in 1900. In 1896 only 3 counties gave Bryan pluralities; one of these voted in favor of McKinley in 1900. Eighteen counties giving *D* pluralities in 1902 supported the McKinley ticket in 1896 and 1900.

NORTH DAKOTA

Presidential Elections	1872	1876	1880	1884	1888	1892	1896	1900
Total vote (thousands)	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Plurality (thousands)	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Electoral vote	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
U. S. Congress	1890-94	1900-02	1902-04	State Legislature	1900-04	1904-02	1904-04	
Term, two years	R	1	1	2	Term, Senate, R	31	82	31
					four years, D	11	2	10
Total	1	1	2	Total	31	100	31	100
For Governor	1896	1900	1902	Other Elections, 1900-1904	1902			
Term, two years	Total vote, 41	54	54	Term, 1900	1902			
	41 R	24 R	14 R	Term, 1900	1902			

Electoral Vote, 1904

4

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Summary and Analysis—State Vote.

It will be seen from the accompanying table that the Republican Presidential plurality, 1900, showed an increase proportionate to the increase of total vote cast of that year.

The Congressional representation, including United States Senators, 1899-1904, has been entirely Republican.

Record of and Variation in County Vote.

Twenty-three out of 30 counties are credited with regular *R* Presidential pluralities from 1892, when the first Presidential vote of the State was cast, to 1900. In 1892 every county except one gave a *D* plurality. In 1900, 8 counties voted for Bryan. In 1900 each of these counties changed side and gave *R* pluralities.

MONTANA

Presidential Elections:	1872	1876	1880	1884	1888	1892	1896	1900
Total vote (thousands):						44	53	84
Plurality (thousands):						1	11	12
Electoral vote:						3	7	11
U. S. Congress, 1899-1900	1899-1900	1901-2	1903-4	State Legislature, 1900-1901	1901-2	1903-4	1905-6	1907-8
Term, two years:	R			1	Term, Sen. Rep.:	R		
Term, four years:		1			Sen. Rep.:	11	40	14
					House, Rep.:	3	21	6
					House, Sen. Lab.:			14
Total:					Total:	24	61	28
For Governor, 1892	1892	1896	1900	Other Elections, 1900-1901	1902	1906	1910	
Term, four years:	44	52	64	Appellate Judge:				
	1872 R	22 R	30 R	Supreme Court:				
				Judge:				

Electoral Vote, 1904

3

Summary and Analysis—State Vote.

The trend of Montana, as shown in the table, indicates a Democratic loss of ground all along the line. In the Presidential contests, it will be noted that the Democratic plurality of 1900 was 29,000 less than in 1896, although the total vote for 1900 was 13,000 greater. The United States Senators are both Democratic. The member of Congress, 1900-01, was also Democratic. A Populist held the office in 1901-2. For 1903-4 a Republican represents the State, receiving a plurality of over 3,000. It is deemed possible that, through the Clark interests, Senator Clark's son being a likely candidate, the Congressional delegation may become entirely Democratic after the election.

The last two elections for Governor have given Democratic pluralities, but with an increased total vote in 1904, a Presidential

year, as against the vote of 1900, there was a falling off of 13,000 in the State plurality. In the State Legislature, Democratic representation in the House fell from 40 in 1899-1900 to 6 during the present term. For Appellate Justice, 1902, the Republican nominee received 10,000 plurality.

Record of and Variation in County Vote.

Four counties out of 23 gave regular *D* Presidential pluralities, from 1892, when the first Presidential vote of the State was cast, to 1900. Two counties gave similar *R* records. Eight counties changed sides in 1900, all swinging from Bryan to McKinley. Twenty counties gave Bryan a plurality in 1892. At the next succeeding Presidential election every one of these counties gave an *R* plurality.

COLORADO

Presidential Elections:	1872	1876	1880	1884	1888	1892	1896	1900	
Total vote (thousands):			51	61	92	104	180	227	
Plurality (thousands):			7	10	11	15	103	14	
Electoral vote:		3	4	4	4	4	10	16	
U. S. Congress, 1900-1901	1900-1901	1901-2	1903-4	State Legislature, 1900-1901					1903-4
	R			R					R
Term, two years:				2					2
Term, four years:		1	1						1
Total:		2	2						3
For Governor, 1900	1900	1904	1908	Other Elections, 1900-1901					1903
Term, two years:	140	210	185	Supreme Court:					
	45 R	22 R	7 R	Judge:					

Electoral Vote, 1904

5

Summary and Analysis—State Vote.

The record of Colorado in Presidential pluralities, 1892-1900, was Republican, with gradually increasing pluralities. The period, 1892-1900, shows Populist and Democratic domination. The decrease in Democratic plurality, 1900, as compared with 1896, was over 60,000, yet the total vote of 1900 was 20,000 greater than in 1896. Since 1901 Colorado has been represented in the United States Senate by two Democrats. Congress, in the House, has two Republicans and one Democrat. The attitude of the present Governor toward labor and other labor difficulties make, in the present campaign, every district "doublet," both parties being in

disfavor with some of the labor leaders. The vote for Governor, 1902, gave a Republican plurality. The State Legislature, 1903-4, has a Republican majority of 7 in the House, as against a Democratic majority of 23 in 1901-2.

Record of and Variation in County Vote.

Fifteen counties out of 38 gave *R* pluralities, 1892-1900, but *D* Presidential pluralities 1902-1900. Thirty-one counties gave an *R* plurality in 1892, voted a *D* and *R* from 1900 to 1902, and gave *D* pluralities in 1900 and 1902. In 1900 every county in Colorado except two gave Bryan a plurality. In 1900 13 of the Bryan counties voted in favor of McKinley.

PACIFIC STATES

UTAH

Presidential Elections:	1872	1876	1880	1884	1888	1892	1896	1900
Total vote (thousands):							76	103
Plurality (thousands):							33	42
Electoral vote:							3	14
U. S. Congress, 1900-1901	1900-1901	1901-2	1903-4	State Legislature, 1900-1901	1901-2	1903-4	1905-6	1907-8
Term, two years:	R	—	1	1	Term, Sen. Rep.:	R	—	—
	—	—	—	—	House, Rep.:	14	10	10
	—	—	—	—	House, Rep.:	4	—	—
Total:	—	—	—	—	Total:	18	10	10
For Governor, 1900	1900	1904	1908	Other Elections, 1900-1901	1902	1906	1910	
Term, four years:	140	210	185	Supreme Court:	—	—	—	
	45 R	22 R	7 R	Judge:	—	—	—	

Electoral Vote, 1904

3

Summary and Analysis—Main Idea

The present political trend in Utah, according to the record, is Republican. The Republican plurality in 1900 was very insignificant, as compared with the Democratic plurality of 1906, but, in 1904, the United States Senators and the member of Congress are Republican; the Governor, as was his predecessor, is of the same political faith; the State Legislature is strongly Republican in both branches, although the House was strongly Democratic in

1898-99; and the Republican candidate for Supreme Court Judge, 1902, received a plurality of 4781.

Record of past iterations in County Vote

Nine counties out of 27 gave *D* Presidential pluralities in 1896 and 1900. Twenty-five counties gave Bryan a plurality in 1896. Fifteen of these counties changed sides in 1900, swinging to the McKinley column.

IDAHO

[illegible]

Electoral Vote, 1994

3

Namowitz and Ambrose—State Lotc

The Presidential plurality of Idaho, 1900, shows a remarkable falling off in Democratic plurality. The total vote rose from 29,000 in 1896 to 38,000 in 1900, but the plurality was 15,000 less in the latter year. The United States Senators, 1894, include one of each party, the Republican having yet five years to serve.

Reversal of and Variations in County Vote

Seven counties out of 21 changed sides at the Presidential election of 1900, swinging from *D* to *R*. Eleven counties gave *D* pluralities, 1892-1900. Every county in the State gave Bryan a plurality in 1896. Seven of them changed sides in 1900, favoring McKinley.

CALIFORNIA

Pre-independent Elections	1952	1956	1960	1964	1968	1972	1980	1984
Total vote (thousands)	361	1,526	161	194	251	270	297	304
Plurality (thousands)	63	61	128	14	12	7	114	12
Electoral vote	6	6	6	11	1	1	1	1
T. S. Congress	1903-1907	1907-2	1903-4	State Legislature	1905-1907	1901-2	1905-6	
Term, years	4	4	4	5	Term, Senate, 6 years; House, 2 years	4	4	4
Total	1	1	1	1	Total	1	1	1
Year, first	1904	1906	1902		Year, first	1904	1904	1904
Year, last	1907	1910	1906		Year, last	1907	1907	1907

Electoral Vote: 100

10

Research and Analysis—State Vote

Twice in twenty-eight years California has given Democratic pluralities. The Republican plurality, 40,000, in 1900, was the largest plurality recorded for California at Presidential elections since the formation of the Republican party. Lincoln, 1864, received 18,000. That was the next largest. From the several sections of the table it will readily be observed that the tendency is Republican. The United States Senators are both Republicans, one with six years to serve, the other one year. Congressional representation in the national house of Representatives is 5 to 2.

In favor of Republicans. The Governors, 1898 and 1902, received Republican pluralities, the latter year's plurality, however, being greatly reduced. The State Legislature has a substantial Republican majority in both branches.

Record of and Variations in County Vote

Fourteen counties out of 57 gave *R* Presidential pluralities regularly, 1875-1900. Seven counties gave a similar *B* record. Fifteen counties changed sides in 1900, 14 being from *D* to *E*. In 1920, 20 counties gave *B* as a plurality.

SOME POSSIBLE COMBINATIONS

In the above table are fifteen States recorded as doubtful, with an electoral vote as follows: New Jersey, 30; New Jersey, 3; Connecticut, 3; Delaware, 3; Maryland, 8; West Virginia, 4; Indiana, 11; Illinois, 27; Wisconsin, 13; North Dakota, 3; Colorado, 3; California, 10; Utah, 3; Montana, 3; Idaho, 3. Admitting that the Republicans are sure of 103 electoral votes, and the Democrats 154, the following possible combinations may be made:

If the Republicans should lose New York, they might also lose New Jersey, Connecticut, Maryland, West Virginia, Colorado, and Montana, and yet win if they carried the remaining eight "doubtful" States. If the Republicans should carry New Jersey, Colorado, Illinois, Wisconsin, California, Delaware, Utah, and Idaho, they could lose New York, Indiana, Connecticut, Maryland, West Virginia, Montana, and North Dakota and still win.

Again, the Republicans might lose New York, New Jersey, Maryland, and West Virginia, and either Indiana or Wisconsin and yet have a safe majority if they carried the ten other doubtful States.

linas, they would still win if they should carry Illinois, New Jersey, California, Connecticut, West Virginia, North Dakota, Delaware, Utah, and Idaho.

If the Yank and, if the Democrats carry New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Maryland, and West Virginia, they would need only the votes of either Indiana or Wisconsin or the combination of Colorado, Montana, and Idaho to make up the required quota. If the Democrats carried New York, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Maryland, and West Virginia, they could win by receiving the votes of Illinois alone, or Indiana and Wisconsin together, or Colorado, Montana, and Idaho. If the Democrats were to lose New York, but carry Illinois, they could win by carrying New Jersey, Indiana, Connecticut, West Virginia, Maryland, Colorado, Montana, and Idaho. If the Democrats carried New York, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Maryland, West Virginia, Illinois, and Indiana, it would be necessary for them to carry Indiana, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Connecticut, Maryland, West Virginia, Colorado, California, Montana, Idaho, and Utah in order to elect

THE MASQUERADER

by

KATHERINE CECIL
THURSTON



ILLUSTRATED BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD



Two men, not related, but looking absolutely alike—one married, the other a bachelor—secretly change places. The novel develops along lines new to fiction, and is a forceful, compelling story; not a story of style and words, but a story of doing, a history of life in action. The moral problem involved is a strange one.

A CURIOUS LETTER

August 3, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Bazar*:

"You may, and I hope you have, some little remembrance of my name. But this will be the very oddest letter you have ever received. I am reading that most clever and wonderfully well-written novel 'The Masquerader.' I have very serious heart trouble, and may live *years*—and *may* die any minute. I should deeply regret going without knowing the general end of that story. May I know it? Will be as close as the grave itself if I may. I really feel that I may not live to know the unravelling of that net. If I may not know it for reasons good and sufficient to yourself and by no means necessary to explain, may I please have the numbers as they come to you, and in advance of the general delivery? I congratulate you on the story—it is to my mind the very best and most intensely interesting story I have read for many and many a year; indeed, I cannot think of *any* book I *ever* read which held my attention so utterly. I have my own theory of the end. I think Loder is in some way the real Chilcote. . . . I just felt that (I have had so many troubles) it would be just my *luck* to die, and not to know the end."

The Editor of HARPER'S BAZAR was so much interested in the letter that the advance proofs of *The Masquerader* were sent to the lady.

The book is now for sale at all booksellers

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY

GEORGE HARVEY



HARPER BROTHERS

NEW YORK

THE MASQUERADER

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

HARPER'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATION

VOL. XLVIII

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EITHER IS "GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME"

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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No. 2491

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COMMENT

PLATFORM: NO HUMBOLDT!

When this campaign began we expressed our inability to perceive any good reason why a Republican should refuse to vote for ROOSEVELT or a Democrat for PARKER. Nothing has happened to call for a change or modification of that judgment.

Among the inalienable rights conferred upon Yankees by what there is left of their Constitution is that of guessing. When the next number of this journal reaches the reader somebody will have been elected President of the United States. Consequently, if we are going to get in a guess at all, this is our last chance. We propose to exercise the privilege here and now. In 1880 McKINLEY received 271 electoral votes, and HAYES 170; majority, 95. In 1888, Mc KINLEY 292, HAYES 155; majority, 137. We guess ROOSEVELT will receive 314 electoral votes and PARKER 162; majority, 152; divided as follows:

FOR ROOSEVELT.		FOR PARKER.	
California	10	Alabama	11
Colorado	5	Arkansas	9
Connecticut	1	Florida	5
Delaware	3	Georgia	13
Idaho	3	Kentucky	13
Illinois	27	Louisiana	9
Indiana	15	Maryland	8
Iowa	10	Mississippi	10
Kansas	10	Missouri	16
Maine	6	Nebraska	3
Massachusetts	16	Nevada	3
Michigan	14	North Carolina	12
Minnesota	11	South Carolina	9
Montana	3	Tennessee	12
Nebraska	4	Texas	18
New Hampshire	4	Virginia	12
New Jersey	11		
New York	39	Total	162
North Dakota	25		
Ohio	25	Majority	
Oregon	4	for	
Pennsylvania	34	Roosevelt,	
Rhode Island	4		
South Dakota	4		
Tak	3		
Vermont	4		
Washington	6		
West Virginia	7		
Wisconsin	13		
Wyoming	3		
Total	314		

Since the war, majorities in the electoral college have been counted as follows: 1868, GRANT, 154; 1872, GRANT, 221; 1876, HAYES, 17; 1880, GRANT, 20; 1884, CLEVELAND, 37; 1888, HAYES, 65; 1892, CLEVELAND, plurality, 152; 1896, McKINLEY, 95; 1900, McKINLEY, 137. If, therefore, by chance we

have guessed right or about right the very first time, Mr. ROOSEVELT will sweep the country by a larger vote than any successful candidate has polled since the days of the high white hat. We modestly admit a remote possibility of having guessed wrong—but we guess not.

The results in New York and New Jersey as to the State tickets will depend upon the size of ROOSEVELT's majorities. If there were no national election this year, we think the two Democratic candidates for Governor, HERRICK and BLACK, would be elected. Their opponents, HUGGINS and STOKES, must rely for success upon the drawing power of the great and good father—the difficulty of voting split tickets and the certainty of feigning to the polls the full party strength. The defection from HUGGINS is somewhere between five and ten per election district. This is not sufficient to defeat him if ROOSEVELT carries the State by, say, seventy thousand. Should that number be cut in half, however, HERRICK will almost surely win. Our guess is that ROOSEVELT will get about fifty thousand and that the State election will be very close. Like conditions prevail in New Jersey, except that STOKES's chances are materially better proportionately than HUGGINS's and we anticipate his election by a fair majority. The President has invited Mr. JOHN MORLEY to dine with him on November 9. Mr. MORLEY, who likes to have a good time when Mr. CANNIBAL isn't around, is to be congratulated upon having hit upon an occasion that promises to be joyous.

As a rule, the number of votes cast in Greater New York in Presidential elections is less by about five per cent. than the number registered. If the proportion is maintained this year, 654,000 votes should be returned in the metropolis, since the registration is 688,803. In the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx there is less evidence of increase in Democratic than in Republican districts, and the difference is even more marked in Brooklyn. Viewed collectively, this year's registration exhibits almost precisely the excess over that of 1900—to wit, 48,000 votes—which would be expected from the supposed increase in population. There have been some notable increases of registration in up-State cities. For example, in Rochester, 2438 more votes were registered than in 1900; in Syracuse, 2157; in Buffalo, 1524; and in Albany, 1275. It is the increased registration in up-State Republican towns and in the Republican districts of Brooklyn, and in the Borough of Manhattan north of Fourteenth Street, which has caused the betting on the Governorship to vary, the odds now slightly favoring HUGGINS. The expert calculators for the Stock Exchange seem to take for granted that Mr. ROOSEVELT will carry his native State, though not by a large plurality; but, as the *Herald*, with a characteristic affection of wisdom puts it, the people will have to decide. As for the challenges by which Governor-CHARLES OUELLE is said to have expected to eliminate 50,000 Democratic votes in New York city, they are not likely to affect one per cent. of the registration.

The latest claim put forward by spokesmen of the Democratic National Committee is the following: in addition to the 151 electoral votes of the Southern States that voted for BAYNE in 1900, they assert that they are now assured of New York (39); New Jersey (12); Indiana (15); West Virginia (7); Maryland (8); Washington (5); Colorado (5); Montana (3); and Nevada (3). Thus they arrive at a total of 248 electoral votes, or 9 more than are required. The truth seems to be that, while the Democrats are not unlikely to elect their highly popular candidate for Governor in the State of Washington, they have no chance of beating Mr. ROOSEVELT there, who is expected to receive more than the 12,933 plurality given to McKINLEY four years ago. Colorado, Montana, and Nevada may be carried for Judge PARKER, but no well-informed observer believes that the Republicans will lose New Jersey, and those who know West Virginia best question the possibility of wiping out the plurality of 21,000 which the Republicans obtained in 1900. When TOM TAGGART claims Indiana, his fellow Hoosiers of Republican prepossessions smile. Even for New York, the odds in the betting, as we have already pointed out, favor ROOSEVELT.

The friends of Judge PARKER are likely to regret that he did not make at an earlier stage of the campaign the speech in favor of a reduction of the tariff which he delivered on October

22, at *Esopus*. The Democratic Campaign Committee have made up their minds that a mistake was made in pushing to the front the issues of "constitutionalism" and "anti-imperialism." The masses of the people decline to believe that their liberties are in danger at the hands of Mr. ROOSEVELT, and they also seem disposed to think that our government is doing its duty in the Philippines, and is giving the inhabitants of those islands as much self-government as they are at present fitted for. Nor can they be made to believe that citizens of the United States will be any the less true to their own rights, because they know that only an installment of those rights is conceded to the Filipinos. We have kept New Mexico in the condition of a Territory for fifty-six years, but not on that account has any of our States evinced a willingness to accept the status of a Territory in lieu of Statehood.

The issue of the trusts, as it has been handled, has also failed to gain votes for the Democratic machine. The sincere trust-buster seems to prefer Mr. ROOSEVELT, who upon the Northern Securities merger, and who has had supplementary anti-trust legislation enacted, to Judge PARKER, who proposes, in dealing with the trusts, to lean, exclusively or mainly, on the common law, which, according to most legal experts, has been proved to be a broken reed. There is, on the other hand, no Democrat and no independent who doubts that the Dingley tariff is much too high in many of its schedules, and that it ought to be lowered forthwith. There is, moreover, and there has been for upwards of thirty years, a great deal of dissatisfaction with high tariffs in the ranks of the Republican party itself. As was pointed out at *Esopus*, Senator SHERMAN, as far back as 1872, declared that if the duties, which then prevailed, and which were much lower than are those of the Dingley act, had been high enough during the civil war—when home industry was burdened with heavy internal taxes, stamp duties, income taxes and high rates on raw materials—then surely the duties were too high when all these taxes had been removed. The views of Senator SHERMAN were shared by so many Republican statesmen that a revision of the tariff was made a distinctive feature of ARTHUR's administration. A commission was appointed for the purpose by a protectionist Congress in 1882. After taking testimony for some months, the commission reported that a substantial reduction of the tariff was demanded by the best conservative opinion of the country, and proposed to lower the rates by twenty to twenty-five per cent. Thereupon the protected interests, which had ostensibly agreed to a moderate reduction, changed front, killed the commission's bill, and caused Congress to pass another, which, instead of reducing, actually increased the average rates on dutiable goods from 41.25 per cent. to 45.96 per cent.

In 1890 the McKinley tariff raised the average rates on dutiable goods to 48.71 per cent., and the Dingley tariff to 53 per cent., although not a few of our industries are so far from being "infants" that they can undersell their European competitors in Europe. Why, asks Judge PARKER, should American railways have to pay for steel rails nine dollars more per ton than is paid to the same American manufacturers by Canadian customers? Why should American citizens have to pay a duty of five cents a pound on baux when the California producers of that commodity sell it in England for a much smaller price than they demand in the United States? If Judge PARKER and the Democratic campaign speakers had confined themselves to putting questions like these—had, in other words, concentrated their whole artillery on the tariff—they would have made the campaign disconcerting and uncomfortable for their opponents, and might, by this time, have had them on the run. As it is, they have wasted their time on issues that the people, rightly or wrongly, care nothing about.

As for the Panama issue, there is no doubt that Mr. CLEVELAND would have made something out of it. He would have dealt with it precisely as he dealt with Hawaii. He held, it will be remembered, that the HARRISON administration had aided and abetted the revolution by which Queen LALAEKALANI had been deposed, and a government substituted which desired to bring about annexation to the United States. Mr. CLEVELAND offered, it will be recalled, to restore the Queen if she would issue a proclamation of amnesty, and nothing but her vindictiveness prevented the execution of the magnanimous

design. Mr. CLEVELAND would unquestionably hold that, when our naval authorities forbade Colombian troops to proceed from Colon to Panama for the purpose of restoring order in the last named place, it aided and abetted the revolutionary government, from which it quickly procured the canal grant. On the ground that the receiver is as bad as the thief, Mr. CLEVELAND, had he succeeded Mr. ROOSEVELT, would have maintained that the United States could not afford to retain the canal belt under existing conditions, and that they should forthwith enter upon negotiations to ascertain upon what terms Colombia would sanction the grant. Judge PARKER, on the other hand, while condemning the method by which the canal belt was acquired, treats our title to it as now valid, and does not acknowledge that in equity we are under any obligation to compensate Colombia for a wrong by which we have profited.

Under the circumstances, the American people are simply invited to choose between an avowed thief and a self-confessed receiver of stolen goods. No Presidential campaign could be made to turn on such an issue. As the latter from Mr. ROOSEVELT to Mr. STAN, out of which Senator CLEVELAND seemed to think that a good deal could be made, the President, in his capacity of individual citizen, had a right to feel, and confidentially to express, the hope that the inhabitants of Panama might assert their independence as they had done several times before. The hope would naturally be felt by every patriotic American, because a canal grant would be likely to be obtained more easily from a Republic of Panama than from Colombia. There is all the difference in the world between the confidential expression of such a hope and practical cooperation in a revolution. Of such cooperation no proof has ever been furnished, while both Mr. ROOSEVELT and Mr. HAY, both of whom are men of veracity and honor, have solemnly asserted that no encouragement was given to the organizers of the Panama revolt. Where these statements erred, if they erred at all, was in their construction of the treaty of 1846. They held that our treaty obligation to maintain order on the Isthmus authorized us to prohibit Colombian troops from going to Panama for the same purpose. It is well known that Mr. CLEVELAND took an opposite view of our duty under the treaty when, during his administration, a rebellion against Colombian authority took place.

Mr. CLEVELAND wants to give the Filipinos full independence; Mr. ROOSEVELT doesn't. Mr. CLEVELAND is in favor of tariff revision; Mr. ROOSEVELT isn't. Mr. CLEVELAND opposes militarism; Mr. ROOSEVELT doesn't. Mr. CLEVELAND is an advocate of non-interference in the affairs of other nations; Mr. ROOSEVELT isn't. Therefore, Mr. CLEVELAND is for Mr. ROOSEVELT.

It is computed that Secretary TAPPAN's cable to Governor WALKER inquiring whether Judge PARKER had been correctly advised as to prevailing conditions in the Philippines, and Governor WALKER's reply saying that he had, must have cost the taxpayers as much as \$74. We think the information was worth the money. Secretary TAPPAN quoted Judge PARKER as saying that the only Americans likely to be benefited by our control of the Philippines were seekers after special privileges and professional office-seekers. As to the latter, Judge PARKER quoted a student of conditions as saying recently that many of them were either inefficient or despotic and corrupt, and that the islands seemed to have got the dregs of our people. Furthermore, the Judge's "student of conditions" said that the situation in the Philippines to-day is so terrible that it passes the comprehension of our people at home, that agriculture for the time being is ruined, land is going out of cultivation, the population is ill fed, and in some places unable to get work; that the country is overburdened with taxation, that disease is prevalent, that farm animals have died, towns in many places are in ruins, whole districts are in the hands of bandits, and the price of products is low and unremunerative; that public opinion has not free expression; that newspapers are bled, that influential critics of the commission are ostracized, and plays in theatres censored; that private persons are subjected to espionage, especially by detectives in the guise of servants, and the oath of a single eye is enough to destroy a man's reputation, property, and even life. Transmitting these statements by cable, on October 20, to Governor

WRIGHT, Secretary TART said, "your comment as Civil Governor upon this statement of conditions is requested."

Governor WRIGHT took due time to reply. His response, received October 23, says that the officials in the islands compare favorably with those at home. Total defaults by subordinates in three years have been \$78,000, but the government has lost nothing. A comprehensive civil-service law rigidly enforced protects the service. Complaints of oppression are few, and are promptly investigated. Towns are not in ruins, agriculture is not ruined, people are not ill fed. In 1901 and 1902 surra and rinderpest destroyed seventy per cent. of the cattle used in agriculture, but the disease has been checked by inoculation, and at present almost as much land as ever is under cultivation. Lack of rain and locusts hurt crops and sugar crops last year, but this year crops are excellent, prices good, and there will be no lack of food. As to taxation, customs are eighteen per cent. as compared with twenty-five per cent. under Spain, and other taxes are also less and honestly applied. As to laborers, there is no longer a single hand left in Lagon or the Vinayan Islands, though there are a few stragglers who still dole the constabulary. Peace and order obtain in all the islands inhabited by civilized Filipinos, except Samar, which has a semi-savage mountain population of religious fanatics who are still troublesome. Newspapers are not monopolized. The right of free expression of opinion is recognized and practised. Critics are not ostracized, politics are freely discussed, and the theatres are not censored, though a play was suppressed in which the American flag was torn down and stamped upon. That detectives dog private citizens is nonsense. "Judge PARKER," says Governor WRIGHT, "has evidently been grossly deceived."

The Springfield *Republican* thinks Governor WRIGHT somewhat eulphemic in his report as to embezzlements, and quotes against him the official report of Governor TART for the period ending December 23, 1903, in which Mr. TART speaks of "a most humiliating experience during the past year in the numerous defalcations of Americans charged with the official duty of collecting and disbursing money." In this report Governor TART specified twenty cases of embezzlement in sixteen months, and the *Republican* finds the total amount of the embezzlements as officially reported to be \$144,000 in the currency of the Philippine Islands. The discrepancy between that sum and Governor WRIGHT's statement of \$78,000 may, possibly, be accounted for by the difference between Mexican and American dollars. The New York *Evening Post* secking a congenial fray attacks Governor WRIGHT's denial that the Filipinos are overtaken, and quotes Mr. ALLENBY IRELAND, "a student of colonization and an avowed Imperialist," as showing in the November *Atlantic Monthly* that the Philippines have to pay forty-six per cent. of the value of their exports for the privilege of being governed. Mr. IRELAND thinks this is obviously absurd, and makes five British dependencies, including the Federated Malay states, in which the average is twenty-seven per cent. as against this forty-six per cent. in the Philippines.

It looks as though the Judge's "student of conditions" had given him some state news, and that matters in the Philippines had mended very much since the student was there. We believe that there has been far behind every statement that Judge PARKER's student of conditions made, but the time at which his inspection occurred is not given, and Governor WRIGHT's testimony as to present conditions is doubtless more accurate and trustworthy than any information that was at Judge PARKER's command. There are several buzz-saws in American politics this year, and the Philippines is one of them. If existing conditions there are to be an issue here, it is highly desirable that they should be accurately described. Secretary TART's now-known easily beats any that Judge PARKER can hope to organize before election.

Judge PARKER's estimate of the cost of the Philippines to the United States was \$420,000,000. It is unnecessary to have been based on computations by Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON, set forth in the Democratic campaign book. Secretary TART, figuring with his own slate and pencil, says the islands have only cost us \$204,000,000. Mr. TART's figures commend themselves more to acceptance than Mr. ATKINSON'S. Mr. TART says Mr. ATKIN-

SON included in his total \$132,000,000 spent for rivers and harbors, and \$68,000,000 for fortifications, all in this country. He does not think that fair. He is not even willing to charge against the Philippines the cost of increasing our army from 27,000 men to 61,000. We think part of this last expenditure might fairly be charged against our new acquisition, but still there is a disparity of four hundred millions between Mr. TART'S estimate and the most rosate view of Mr. ATKINSON'S. Such a sum is not much among friends, of course, but rival campaigners have made great ado over less.

Colonel C. R. EGDON, chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, solemnly declares that Governor WRIGHT'S glowing catalog account of the heavenly conditions in the Philippines was in no sense "political"; it was "in defence of the honor of the civil government." To which we say, Fudge!

Last week's whirlwind campaign of refutation by members of the cabinet included a refutation by Attorney-General MONTAGUE of remarks by Mr. RICHARD OLNEY. Referring to these remarks Mr. MONTAGUE said:

It is not claimed that rebates and other discriminations between customers have entirely ceased, but it is claimed that they have greatly diminished, and that, in the words of the non-partisan Interstate Commerce Commission, "never before in the railroad history of this country have tariff rates been so well or so generally observed as they are at the present time."

What the Interstate Commerce Commission said is probably true. Railroad tariff rates are better observed than they were. The little fellows cannot get rebates any more, but the big fellows can, and do. Any concern that is big enough to take a railroad by the throat gets its rebate. The law can be enforced against the small shippers who need its protection. It cannot be enforced against the big shippers, whom it is intended to restrain. This condition of things, which, though secret and difficult to prove, is notorious, is one thing that makes some conservative citizens tolerant of Trust WATSON'S socialistic plan of having the government own and operate the railroads. At the post-office all corners fare alike. There is neither rebate nor reduction to large customers. If so way can be found to compel railroads to act with manifest impartiality the idea of government ownership will presently be taken up by men who appreciate all the objections to it. The use of railroad favors to crush competition is too well understood nowadays to last. A sagacious New England manufacturer, who is voting heavily for ROOSEVELT this year, says in a letter: "If I were not getting money I would be with WATSON. Most of his platform I can stand, and sometime the country will be with him in most things, or at least in many."

HARPER'S WEEKLY is not victims in any of these attacks. It is good-humored and sagging and mildly critical; but we must submit that the leaders are too numerous to admit of perdition—*Stamford Press*.

What are they?

A correspondent writes: "I did not read much of CLAYTON'S speech. I am tired of speeches, especially of those admonishing us to get back to the anchorage of our forefathers." This correspondent is a temperamental expansionist, and perhaps cooler about forefathers than the average. But we are all with him about speeches. We are all tired of them. The trouble about speeches is that all the good ones are reported in all the papers. Scarcely anybody has heard too many speeches in this campaign, but thousands of faithful voters who have conscientiously tried to keep abreast of the discussion have read speeches to extinction.

The Boston *Hatchman*, speaking of the appointment of Governor CHANE to be the successor of Senator HOAR, says: "The day for great orators in Congress has passed. . . . Congress has become a business body, and the men who are most influential seldom make speeches." It is true enough that other arguments besides oratorical ones are potent in the Senate nowadays, but the gift of discourse is still a distinction there. There seems to be no doubt that Governor CHANE is to be elected to serve out the unexpired term of Senator HOAR. He is an excellent man, but he is a new type of Senator from Massachusetts. It was said that Mr. Hoar's choice was MORTON.

who is probably the ablest man in politics in the State. Moon would have made a Senator of the old Massachusetts lawyer type. The Senate ought to have him. To be sure, he comes from the same end of the State as Mr. Lenz, whereas Mr. CAIXE comes from the Berkshires. But that is not a vital matter. Moon is the right type and the right individual for the post. Mr. CAIXE made a good Governor, and would make an excellent cabinet officer or a safe President. Of course he will make a useful Senator, but he hasn't the timber in him to shine as the successor of WENDELL, SUMNER, and FLOYD.

Mr. THOMAS indignantly denies the base assertion that the present Republican Governor is his friend.

It is the plain duty of every true patriot to be cross now. Only a week is left in which to repudiate foul aspersions and speak plainly of the unworthy tactics of the demoralized and desperate opposition. Editorial-writing in particular must be trenchant, vigorous, determined. The *World* valiantly leads the way. "Corruption and Corruption" is its slogan, and a truly good one, too. There is nothing like forceful alliteration for effectiveness. If the chairman's name had been HANES, it would have been "Bribery and Bribery," or if DUNE, "Duns and Debauchery." Either would have an equally powerful effect upon the stunted voter. For the other side we would suggest "Tom and Trusts," "Balm and Boodle," "Ryan and Road," "De Lamy and De Liver us," "Mendacity, brethren, this is no time for tempered phrases. Spades must be called spades, whether they are or not. And we guess they will be. Already the good work is under way. We read, for example, this morning, that Mr. ROOSEVELT is "a corrupt and unworthy creature, shriekingly [that is a good one]—shriekingly unfit for the Presidential office," and that Duke HANSEN is "a foul-mouthed slanderer as well as a notorious political corruptor." This is from the *Press*, which has become a real joy. The big guns also are limbering up, and we may cheerfully anticipate very heavy firing to the South, and then on the cold, gray dawn of the morning after election mutual felicitations will be forthcoming, as usual.

The *Times* will recall that, after all, Mr. ROOSEVELT once had a character, and with hearty good-fellowship and congratulations upon his unprecedented success, will wish his administration well. It will, of course, direct his attention to the fact that the confidence so signally manifested by the American people only doubles his personal responsibility, and, if he undertakes his great task with that full knowledge, the *Times*, along towards the end of its leading article, will become quite hopeful of the result and will definitely pledge its cordial cooperation in all that he may do that is good.

The *World* will go into double leads with something short and crisp. That will be an hour for open letters a mile long. What the public will be crying for and what they will get is about three sticks of ringing sentences designed to attract widespread attention and carry conviction of the *World's* absolute independence, utter fearlessness, and penetrating sincerity to every doubting heart. It will be headed "An Opportunity," or maybe "A Great Opportunity," although probably the former, because simplicity of expression must characterize the utterance. "No adjectives" will be the order. It will go like this: "To THEODORE ROOSEVELT, President of the United States." That will have to go in to indicate a subtle appreciation of the true change in his official position—also because it is impressive. Briefly will be noted the splendor of the compliment paid to him by the American people, congratulations will be extended upon the success of his political audacity, which will have enabled him to triumph over all opposing elements. And then will be expressed a hope, a sincere longing, that he will rise to this great occasion. Probably it will be well to reprint the *World's* eulogy of him published at the time he began to swing the big stick over the Northern Securities Company, just to show that the *World* knew all the time and *actually said fifteen minutes before anybody else* that he had courage. It will also recognize his ability.

But it will require him to prose by his *arts* that the CORRECTOR scandal was baseless; that will be his great personal opportunity. (We use italics because full-faced type

wastes ink—the *World* is rich and doesn't mind—besides using cheaper ink.) But this will not be the least. The poor man will be confronted chiefly and most severely by a Public Opportunity. The sad condition of present affairs, the various menaces to republican institutions, the downfall of the Roman Empire, will be graphically portrayed. Then will come his chance to enroll his name on the same parchment with the greatest, wisest, and purest of our various fathers. If he does this firmly and conscientiously, he will have the encouragement and support of the *World*, which incidentally will continue to be for principles, not persons. But if he doesn't, if he starts in and robs banks, or slaughters widows and orphans with machine-guns, or slaps an Emperor's face, or steals a republic, or steals to J. PIERPONT MORGAN, or gets caught with the goods on him in young ROCKEFELLER'S Sunday-school, he will merit and receive the stern rebuke which will continue to be the duty and privilege of a highly trained, sensitive, independent press to administer. But in the name and on behalf of the Republic, the *World* will hope for the best. It will wind up with the words: "The occasion—the opportunity—arrives! Is the man on deck?"

The *Herald* will content itself with the proud declaration that the people have decided, just as it said they would all along.

We do not know what the *Star* will say. And if HOSAGE wins we never shall. We are not inviting apology.

Senator MORGAN of Alabama is much troubled by the knowledge that the HAY-VARELLA treaty with Panama provides that Panama "may renounce with Colombia, or may merge its sovereignty into that of any foreign country in the whole world without the consent of the United States, and without notice to the government." "Any night," says the Senator, through Colonel HENRY WATKINS'S newspaper, "Panama may lawfully become a state or province of France, Great Britain, or any other power, by simply signing a treaty to that effect. When she will conclude to do this will be when she finds sufficient inducements from a power strong enough to protect her." But that will not be right away; not till after election, certainly.

"Economy and statesmanship," says Secretary PAINE, "are not synonymous terms." And yet we never heard the good Secretary described as a spendthrift.

Candidate DOLGAS in Massachusetts talks in a very practical way about the cost of the DINGLEY tariff to consumers. By DOLGAS'S figures he makes out that prices are about thirty-six per cent. higher than just before the DINGLEY tariff became a law, whereas wages, he says, have increased only eight per cent. The working-man, he says, should not lose sight of the fact that he does not eat or wear money, and that his actual wages are food, clothing, and shelter. Where the working-man got \$1 in 1897 he got \$1.48 in 1903. But what cost \$1 in 1897 cost \$1.35 in 1903. So Mr. DOLGAS computes that the working-man only gets about four-fifths of what he got in 1897. And of the tax that the Dingley tariff makes him pay only about one-sixth goes to the government. The other five-sixths goes to make the country "pro-sperous" for the protected interests.

The *World* took it back. We thought it would.

Although addressed to independent voters, Mr. CROATT'S earnest appeal could hardly be described as another Declaration of Independence—at any rate, on his own behalf. If we were Mr. WHITFIELD RICE, we should denounce this bid for continuance in a pleasant place as offensive political activity on the part of a public servant who ought to give a weary waiter a chance.

We know JAMES A. RUS is a good man, because the great and good father has said so. He is also a good deal of an ass, as witness this childish communication to a Nebraska newspaper:

Will you kindly give my regards to the Democrats on your library board, who, I learn from the newspapers, threw out my book on ROOSEVELT for fear it would help elect ROOSEVELT. Tell them that I wish heartily for "more power to their elbows." I

presume it must be with their elbows they pick out books for their library, unless they do it with their hands.

If not to Mr. RUS, to anybody else who has had the patience to wade through the mass of puerile sophistry contained between the covers of his book, the action of the Nebraska board is wholly explicable. "Elbows" and "hands"—what delirium of irony!

Different impressions were made in different quarters by the view of the industrial and financial situation expressed by Mr. FRANK A. VANDERLIP, vice-president of the National City Bank of New York city, at a meeting of the Illinois Bankers' Association of St. Louis. On the one hand, he said that the remarkable advance in prices recently witnessed in Wall Street was not warranted by the actual conditions, and that the period of assured recovery might be set back a month, six months, or a year by a wild speculative boom at this time, when improvement is justified rather by hopes and possibilities than by realities. He did not hesitate, however, to indicate a conviction that the depression which began two years ago is over, and that the conditions are favorable to a return of prosperity, provided past mistakes are remembered. Whether, however, the upward movement has already started, or is to start next month or next year, Mr. VANDERLIP did not profess to say. He computed the total bank deposits in the United States ten years hence as upwards of fifteen billion dollars, as against \$4,000,000,000 ten years ago. He also computed the annual gross earnings of American railroads ten years hence at nearly three billions of dollars. He gave other figures to show the proportions which, in his opinion, the expansion of business is likely to obtain in the course of a decade. He added that we are today in a sound financial position. The reserves of the national banks are ample, while bank loans and discounts are not, as a rule, open to criticism. Mr. VANDERLIP believes, what is not generally known, that we have fully paid off the indebtedness to foreigners which two or three years ago had reached a large aggregate, and are now in a position to command international credits. Whatever may be the outcome of the Presidential election, there is, in his judgment, no reason to apprehend any interference with business development. We note, finally, that the value of the corn crop, cotton crop, and wheat crop this year will amount to upwards of two billion dollars, whereas the value of these three crops was only a little more than a billion dollars ten years ago. On the whole, Wall Street seems to have regarded Mr. VANDERLIP's views as encouraging, for, although there was a brief pause, there was no prolonged slackening of the advance in prices on the Stock Exchange during the week ending October 22. Curiously enough, in summarizing the causes which had produced American prosperity in the past, and could be counted on to produce it in the future, he omitted to mention a high tariff.

The peace-makers who went to Brooklyn forgot to take their dose with them, and received this cheerful greeting from many young voters:

Boom-chick! Boom!
Boom-chick! Boom!
thom-jig! A-rig-a-jig!
A-rig-a-jig! Boom!
Boom! Get a rattap!
Bigger than a rattap!
Boom! Boom! Boom!
Cannibal! Cannibal!
Nab! Boom! Ah!
Brooklyn High School!
Hah! Hah! Nab!

They sighfully returned to Washington and renewed their application for a conference at the less strenuous Illinois.

A Lexington, Kentucky, despatch says that SIGNOR MORETTI has finished his model of the statue of WILLIAM GORREL, and that ARTHUR GORREL says it is very like. After election, when the monument committee has time to meet, the statue will be cast in bronze, and in due time set up at Birmingham. Meanwhile the papers hereabout report that ex-Governor BLACK of this State has volunteered to go to Frankfurt, Kentucky, after election and try to free young CALIA POWERS, who is under sentence to be hanged for the GORREL murder. It is a good errand for Mr. BLACK. He is an able lawyer, and capable of enthusiasm. In so far as appears POWERS has never had any-

thing like a fair trial. Nobody who isn't a Kentucky Democrat believes that he is guilty, and a good many Kentucky Democrats are now doubtful about it. The case comes up for its final appeal next month. If Mr. BLACK can secure POWERS's release he will do a much more valuable service to the State of Kentucky than SIGNOR MORETTI can hope to effect by ever so fine an effigy of GORREL.

Where are the official "refutations" of Judge PARKER to step?—*New York Evening Post.*

Possibly when the Judge stops making statements that are refutable.

Professor ALEXANDER AGASSIZ has started off on the government steamer *Albatross* on a winter cruise to take deep-sea soundings in the Pacific, and to gather in such scientific loot as the deep-sea trawls bring up. The government furnishes the ship and the ordinary expenses of maintaining her in commission. The extra expenses, amounting to \$75,000, are defrayed by Dr. AGASSIZ himself. The story that Mr. CANNON offered to pay them on the condition suggested by his advertising bureau, that the cruise should be known as the CANNON-AGASSIZ expedition, sounds likely enough. Dr. AGASSIZ, with Calumet and Hecla at his back, finds nothing embarrassing in a disbursement of \$75,000, and preferred to pay for his own scientific pleasure. Mr. CANNON's bureau must be gradually accumulating very interesting material for a magazine article on Things Money Cannot Buy.

The prodigious exploit of the Baltic fleet in attacking the Hull fishing fleet in the North Sea suggests a possible revocation of the Can's license to operate war-ships. Automobils that run amuck get into trouble. What of a fleet that runs amuck? Will Europe tolerate the operation in European waters of a fleet that is subject to nightmare, and that fires off its guns by the hundred while under the control of hallucinations? No doubt it will, but not without some fervent protests.

The bishops and the deputies at the Episcopal Convention in Boston finally agreed upon a new divorce canon which provides that Episcopal clergymen may, if they choose, renounce innocent parties in divorce cases, but not until one year has elapsed since the divorce was granted. But the innocent party who wishes to be remarried in the Church must provide the bishop concerned with satisfactory evidence about the facts in the case, including the record of the court, if practicable, and other data. The bishop, having taken legal advice, shall then declare in writing, if satisfied, that the case conforms with the requirements of the statute. Then a clergyman may renounce the innocent party if he sees fit, but whether he does or not is left to his discretion. It is left to the bishops to decide whether their clergy shall administer the sacraments to persons suspected of having been married "otherwise than the Word of God and the discipline of this Church allow." Altogether a good deal has been done to discourage divorced Episcopalians from marrying again.

It was a public-spirited act of the late Dr. GEORGE S. CONANT, of New York, to bequeath his brain to Cornell University. Dr. BERT WILDER, of Cornell, is a recognized leader in investigations relating to the brain, and a good many brains of deceased persons come into his hands by direction of their former owners. It seems that Dr. CONANT, a physician of reputation, died of diabetes. The disease is held to be incurable, but is usually slow in its progress. Dr. CONANT watched his own case very carefully, and sought to add to medical knowledge by his observations. Because diabetes is suspected of originating in the brain, he wished that his brain should be examined and give up to science any secrets that it held.

The first thing Mr. HENRY JAMES did, upon his return to America after an absence of twenty years, was to go to a post-office and ask for a three-cent stamp.—*Harper's Weekly.*

As Mr. JAMES has corresponded with relatives and friends in the United States during his protracted sojourn in England and France, we are inclined to believe that the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY is in a sportive mood.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

A simpler conclusion might be that the Knickerbocker has the pleasure of its first foreign trip still in contemplation.

Ex-Secretary Root Replies to Mr. Cleveland

THERE is no doubt that a telegraphed report of the speech delivered by ex-President CLEVELAND on October 21 in Carnegie Hall, New York, had been read carefully by Mr. ELIOT ROOT when he now to address an audience of five thousand persons in Buffalo on the following night. We have before expressed the opinion that the ex-Secretary of War is the ablest man who, during the present campaign, has been active in the service of the Republican party. We do not hesitate to say that never has he more thoroughly vindicated the wisdom of that opinion than he did on this occasion. He evidently recognized that he had in Mr. CLEVELAND a man worthy of his steel, and that it behooved him to muster all his resources for the encounter. Of course the greater part of his speech had been composed and perfected before he learned of Mr. CLEVELAND's great deliverance in Carnegie Hall. It would not be fair to him, therefore, to note solely what he has to say by way of rejoinder to the ex-President, but we ought to listen at least a glance upon the array of data by which, in the earlier part of his address, he undertakes to prove the Democratic party incapable of governing. What evidence, he asks, has the Democratic party given of its fitness to govern? He concludes that there has been plenty of evidence. He admits that, before the great upheaval and political readjustment of the civil war, there was a Democratic party which had political principles—a party that believed in a strict construction of the Constitution, and in the confinement of the Federal power within the narrowest possible limits. In a few pregnant sentences Mr. Root confirms the record of that party. It opposed and destroyed, he reminds us, the National Bank of the United States; it denied the right of Congress to appropriate money for internal improvements, or to enact protective tariffs, or to interfere with the extension of slavery, because it believed that the Constitution granted no power to do those things. Mr. Root willingly acknowledges that, dominated by the master minds of the South, the Democratic party in the ante-bellum epoch was vigorous, able, and competent to govern. He would not belittle its achievements. It more than doubled the size of the United States. It annexed Louisiana; it seized upon Florida; it annexed Texas; it made war upon Mexico, and acquired New Mexico and California. Mr. Root adds, what is true enough and said enough, that the same party enforced the fugitive-slave law; with fire and sword it carried slavery across Nebraska to the virgin soil of Kansas and Nebraska; and when the awakened conscience of the North had decreed that its rule should end, nine hundred audacity it welcomed the ruin of the Union which it had so long controlled.

Mr. Root goes on to assert that since the civil war there has been no such Democratic party. There has been, he says, on opposition, organized under the name of Democracy. He insists, however, that the opposition has been composed of incoherent and warring factions, agreeing upon no principle, faithful to no principle, leaving in its principle, and held together only by a desire to turn the Republican party out of power and to secure the offices for itself. Mr. Root denies that there is anything in common between the old-fashioned, gold-standard, business men of the East, who call themselves Democrats, and the Populist followers of Mr. BREYER in the West, who also describe themselves as Democrats. As for the representatives of the South, elected on they are without reference to any national issue, but with sole reference to the galling questions arising from the presence of the black race in their section, the ex-Secretary of War maintains that some of them accept Republican doctrines, and some the ancient Democratic doctrines, and some the new Populist doctrines. In view of these facts, which he challenged opponents to dispute, Mr. Root reiterated the assertion that for forty years the controlling motive which has ruled Democratic platforms has been the wish to curb the public force of the moment; and the Democracy's only consistent rule of action has been to affirm what Republicans deny and deny what Republicans affirm.

No such for the indictment. Now for the specifications. What, asks ex-Secretary Root, do Democrats really believe as to the existence of strict limitations of the Constitution upon the powers of the Federal government? He begins with quoting the broad declaration repeated in platform after platform: "Resolved, that the Constitution does not authorize the Federal government the power to coin money and carry on a general system of national improvements." With this proclamation of party faith, Mr. Root invited his hearers to compare the Democratic platform of 1892, which declared that "the Federal government should cure for and improve the Mississippi River and other great waterways of the republic, so as to secure for the interior States easy and cheap transportation to tidewater." Or with the Democratic platform of 1900, which advocated "an intelligent system of improving the arid lands of the West, storing the waters for purposes of irrigation." He finally, with the Democratic platform of 1904, which said: "We favor liberal appropriations for the care and improvement of the waterways of the country. When any waterway like the Mississippi is of sufficient importance to demand special aid of the government, such aid should be extended." Again, we read in the

same document: "We congratulate our Western citizens upon the passing of the measure known as the New East Irrigation Act for the irrigation and reclamation of the arid lands of the West." Is it not plain, asks Mr. Root, that to get votes in the Mississippi Valley, and to get votes in the States embracing the arid lands of the West, the strict construction of the Constitution, which the Democratic party still professes in high-sounding phrases, has been thrown to the winds?

What, Mr. Root proceeds to inquire, does the Democratic party really believe as to the tariff? He recalls the old declaration of 1860: "The time has come for the people of the United States to declare themselves in favor of progressive free trade throughout the world." How can this profession of faith be reconciled with the platform of 1872, which included the following clause: "Recognizing that there are in our midst honest but irreconcilable differences of opinion with regard to the respective systems of protection and free trade, we commit the discussion of the subject to the people in their Congressional districts, and to the decision of the Congress thereon, wholly free from Executive interference or dictation." In 1880 the Democrats reverted to the position taken by them in 1856, and in their platform demanded "a tariff for revenue only." Four years later they announced their conversion to sound protectionist doctrine, for, in their platform of 1884, they said: "The Democratic party is pledged to revise the tariff in a spirit of fairness to all interests. In making the reduction in taxes, it is not proposed to injure any domestic industries, but rather to promote their healthy growth. . . . The necessary protection can and must be afforded without depriving American labor of the ability to compete successfully with foreign labor, and without imposing heavier rates of duty than will be ample to cover any increased cost of production which may arise in consequence of the higher rate of wages prevailing in this country." Even in 1888, although Mr. CLEVELAND had then become a convert in the project of a tariff for revenue only, the Democratic platform demanded simply "a fair and careful revision of our tax laws, with due allowance for the difference between the wages of American and foreign labor." In 1892, however, when Mr. CLEVELAND had his way, the Democratic national convention planted itself firmly on the ground, which had been occupied by CALHOUN and the other inspirers of the Democratic party in the ante-bellum epoch, but it proclaimed in its platform: "We denounce Republican protection as a fraud, a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties, except for the purposes of revenue only." In this emphatic affirmation the platform of 1904 recurs: "We denounce protection as a robbery of the many to enrich the few." Is a platform sentence the ex-Secretary of War sums up the multitudes, conflicting, and irreconcilable positions taken by the Democratic party on this question during the last half-century. Here we have, he says, the record of the American people asked for by the Democratic party upon the ground that it is in favor of free trade, upon the ground that the party assumes no position whatever on the subject, upon the ground that the party will give adequate protection by levying duties always equal to the difference between the wages at home and abroad, and upon the ground that protection is unconstitutional, and upon the ground that protection is robbery.

We turn to the concluding and impressive paragraph of Mr. Root's address, in which he said a suitable tribute to ex-President CLEVELAND, at the expense, however, of the latter's fellow Democrats. He pointed out that only once since the civil war has the Democratic party had an opportunity of showing by a practical test what it believes and really wishes to accomplish. In the second administration of GROVER CLEVELAND, the Presidency and both Houses of Congress were Democratic. Mr. Root submits that, during that administration, the Democratic party demonstrated decisively two things—one, that it had not the coherence and unity of sentiment needed to make intelligent governmental action possible; the other, that the worst element of the party is the element that is sure to control. There came the tribute to the character and abilities of the ex-President. Mr. Root said that, widely on some of his auditors might differ from Mr. CLEVELAND politically, they must all recognize the admirable qualities that have made his career so illustrious.

Mr. Root does not pretend to know whether Mr. CLEVELAND would have accepted another nomination for the Presidency, but he reminds us of what is common knowledge, namely, that in the St. Louis convention the bitter opposition of the two Democratic leaders named made a nomination of the ex-President impossible. Mr. Root adds that to-day Mr. GORMAN controls the Democratic campaign from the party headquarters in New York, while Mr. BURMAN, by inspiring the sole hope of the Democratic party in the State of Indiana. To these two men, more than to any others, Judge PARKER will owe his election, should he be elected. Is it probable that he will be guided by them, or by the men whom they detest? What hope, then,—such as Mr. Root's final query—is there of better things if power be placed in Democratic hands?



Photo-graph by H. H. Brown

MR. DUMONT CLARKE, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE NEW YORK CLEARING-HOUSE

Mr. Dumont Clarke, who was recently elected president of the New York Clearing-house, is one of the best-known bank presidents in New York. Mr. Clarke has been connected with the American Exchange National Bank for more than forty years, having entered its service in 1864. He succeeded Mr. George B. Cuy as its president, and is also a trustee of the Mutual Life Insurance Company.



Miss Bishop, Winner of the Women's National Golf Championship



Miss Lottie Rod, the visiting British Champion



Miss Vanderhoff, Winner of the Low Score Prize



Miss F. Ayres, Winner of the Approaching and Putting Contest

PROMINENT CONTESTANTS IN THE WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP ON THE MERION LINKS AT HAVERFORD

The final of the women's national golf championship, which was played on the links of the Merion Cricket Club at Haverford, October 10 to 15, was won by Miss Georgiana Bishop, of the Brooklawn Golf Club, of Bridgeport, Connecticut. Miss Bishop defeated Mrs. E. P. Sanford, of the Essex County Club, of Orange, New Jersey, by 5 up and 3 to play. Miss Lottie Rod, the present women golf champion of Great Britain, took part in the championship meeting. She was beaten in the first match-play round by Miss Pauline Mackay, of the Oakley Country Club.

Photographs by T. G. Turner



**THE LAST DAYS OF THE CAMPAIGN—THE FIREWORKS
DISPLAY IN MADISON SQUARE AT THE REPUBLICAN
MASS MEETING, OCTOBER 19**

One of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings of the campaign in New York was the Republican mass-meeting held in Madison Square Garden on October 19, at which ex-Secretary of War Elihu Root, Senator Fairbanks, and Frank W. Higgins delivered addresses. In Madison Square during the evening there was an elaborate display of fireworks, with torchlight processions and other demonstrations by various Republican clubs and campaign organizations.

Photograph by Hamilton

A View of the Labor Question

By Ralph M. Easley

Chairman Executive Council of the National Civic Federation

ASERIES of articles upon the labor question by Mr. John Keith, recently published in *Harvard's Quarterly*, has been of special interest because they are typical of a mental attitude toward this subject that has become unfortunately frequent among magazine and newspaper writers.

The prevalence of this mental attitude is not hard to explain. Up to the time of the strike the public had paid little more than passing notice to the labor question. The difficult possibilities when zero weather loomed up before the nation with empty coal-bins at that time set everybody thinking, talking, or writing on the great labor problem. About the same time some of the more conspicuously offensive incidents in the labor movement cropped out, such as Sam Parkison in New York; picketing funerals in Chicago; expelling union men for belonging to the State militia in Newberry, etc., etc. These occurrences naturally gave the average student of humanism a very unfavorable impression, as their frequent pens have since given innumerable evidences. Mr. Keith, in his very interesting articles, whether one of the old students or of the new, evidently was not wavering for trade-union virtues; and if there were any excesses he overlooked I do not now recall them. If the view were restricted to the array of hostile witnesses he summons, the reader would be quite ready to believe his conclusion:

"It may be set down as a general truth that the labor-union men in so far as is a rule, but in a thousand ways as an obstacle to the development of the country along the most scientific lines of economic advancement."

But suppose this method of criticizing labor-unions were applied to other social institutions; what would be the conclusion? Only the other day there was a hearty call for the police to remove the restaurant to prevent students of Columbia University from pounding one another into bloody insensibility during a class fight. The week before the daughter of a president of a college in Illinois was dragged out of bed by a gang of hawking students. Only a short time before that another incident of breaking a young man was taken out of night, hampered until several bones were broken, and thrown into a pond. Is it fair to single out such instances and to say that, therefore, higher education "acts as an obstacle to the development of the country?"

Again, many writers lay undue stress upon the fact that in isolated cases labor-unions have broken "sodium" agreements with employers. Every trade agreement has in truth all the solemnity of a contract. It is no defense of the gravity of such a condition to point out that an employer's agreement, which is called a "sodium" agreement, is "sodium" as the officials can reach the telephone, or that when goods are sold for future delivery and the price falls a large number of buyers—about seventy-five per cent, as stated—break by a prominent wholesale merchant break their "sodium" contracts through some pretext or other. The point is that while the breaking of contracts by labor-unions is a most serious matter, its occurrence is much less common than the public is led to believe. Where one labor union breaks a contract there are five hundred broken contracts with which organized labor has nothing to do.

Much stress is also placed upon the assumption that organized labor is opposed to the militia. This assumption is based upon the expulsion from a local union, controlled by radicals, of a member of the New York militia; a similar isolated act of folly in Michigan; and the unsupported testimony of a local witness in Boston. If true, this would be a serious charge. A special point is made of the New York case forbidding discrimination against members of the National Guard, causing the inference that it was passed to meet an impatience phase of unionism. The fact is not stated, however, that this law was equally directed at employers who had discharged or denied their employees for joining the militia and refusing themselves from business to attend to their own duties to the State.

Further investigation would show that many labor organizations have repudiated all spirit of antagonism to military service. For instance, the International Typographical Union voted down as antimilitarist resolutions by an overwhelming majority.

The recent demonstration of patriotic enthusiasm that followed the speech of the chairman of the executive committee, a printer from Georgia, in closing the argument against the resolution, would have excited no man sure, the approval of the most severe critic of organized labor.

Still higher authority was the reply made by Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, to a member who asked if a union man could be a conscientious member of the State militia.

"Yes, a member of the State militia can be seated in a trade-union. In fact, the matter is so obvious that it ought not to be open for discussion at all."

"A man who is a war-citizen and honestly working at his trade or calling to support himself and those dependent upon him has not only the right to become a citizen soldier, but that right must not be questioned."

"The militia—i. e., the citizen soldiery of the several States in our country—includes what otherwise might take its place—a large standing army."

"The difference between the citizen soldiery of the United States and the large standing armies of many European countries is the difference between a republic and a monarchy—it is the difference between the conceptions of liberty and tyranny."

The critics of labor-unions rarely omit the regulation state-

ment that organized labor includes only a small minority of the wage-workers of the country. This estimate generally quotes the figure given by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, which is based upon the claim that it is "monstrous tyranny for the small minority to dictate to the great majority of workers the wages, hours, and conditions of their toil" is that labor organizations contain only from eight to twelve per cent. of all wage-earners. But if a usual estimate is twenty-five per cent. of the skilled workers is its craft demands better conditions it is no answer to say that the farm-lands or the unskilled men are not organized.

The statistics most frequently made credits organized labor with a membership of about 2,400,000, which is only eight per cent. of the more than 29,000,000 persons engaged in gainful occupations in the United States in 1900. But an analysis of the gainful occupations shows the fallacy of the comparison. These 29,000,000 include: In agriculture, 10,000,000; domestic and personal service, 6,000,000; the professions, 1,200,000. Practically all of these are unorganizable and should be excluded from the comparison. Included also in the 29,000,000 are the 4,700,000 engaged in trade and transportation. But among these are bankers, carriers, mechanics, officials of banks and corporations, bookkeepers, commercial travellers, agents, accountants, brokers and owners, hucksters and peddlers, livery-stable keepers, undertakers, and miscellaneous workers, who are also unorganizable, and should be excluded from the comparison.

It is repeatedly asserted that there is no community of purpose between the union and the non-union man. The fact is that shorter hours, higher wages, and improved conditions are just as much desired by the non-union workers as by the unionists. Occasional brutal combats do not justify this broad conclusion.

When the 6000 union strikers went out at Fall River a few weeks ago they took with them 24,000 non-unionists, and the two are standing shoulder to shoulder, the families of the non-union workers being supported from the treasury of the union to the best of its ability. When John Mitchell called out his 8000 members at the time of the anthracite-coal strike in 1900, the 140,000 non-union miners went with them. When the railway brotherhoods contemned a strike they submit the matter to a vote of all the employees, non-union as well as union, the vote of every man counting equally.

Such experiences are common, and yet many writers would have us believe that unionists and non-unionists are natural antagonists.

Organized labor is charged with "defiance of the mandates of President Roosevelt's Executive Order No. 11806, which forbids the injunction issued by Judge Friedman of New York, 'against interference with non-union signers.'" was quoted as saying, "I am here especially to violate the injunction."

What is there in this charge? It may be said that Mr. Gompers was misquoted. But what is the substance of the charge? Mr. Gompers would have been clearly within his rights if he had uttered the words imputed to him. As a matter of record, the injunction in question was not "against interference with non-union signers." It merely forbade the signing of a petition to the National Treasury or to pay money out of their union treasury to assist signers who were in distress. The injunction was overruled as soon as it was brought before a higher court, thus sustaining Mr. Gompers.

Whether or not the injunction was sound, if it is plain that a disproof of its soundness, Mr. Gompers was exercising only a right that is brought daily into use in the courts. Was it a "defiance of the law" for President Hies of the Reading Railroad to refuse to obey a judicial order to testify before the Interstate Commerce Commission, until the Supreme Court had decided that he must? Did the promoters of the Northern Securities Company "defy" the law when the government of the United States was obliged to appeal to the Supreme Court to establish the constitutionality of the act and passing into law? And finally, and probably the most important, were within their legal rights. Any citizen may test the constitutionality of a law, whether in the form of a judicial mandate or of a statute, by appeal even to the highest court in the land. To assume otherwise would be to assume the infallibility of single court or of a legislative body. To assume otherwise would be to blot out as an instant all the system of appeals for which judicial machinery is devised.

In considering here the familiar charges against the unions of bad contracts, tyranny of management, exclusion to the militia, and defiance of courts, it is not intended to minimize by omission the array of crimes growing out of violence during strikes, ranging from petty assault to women-beating and murder, or the cases of corruption that have been exposed. But the deplorable offenses are as opposed to the principles of unionism as were the *ante de jure* and the sale of indulgence to the spirit of Christianity.

Granting all the charges brought against labor-unions in the true and multiple, the question is, "What is the result?" They would prove that some labor-unions and some labor leaders have committed grave offenses against society and against themselves. That proposition is admitted.

But it remains also the less true that the trade-unions of this country, no matter what percentage of all the wage-earners they include, or what incidental crimes they have committed, have a fundamental purpose which all will admit to be for the benefit of society as a whole. They are striving to improve the condition of the working masses. Organized labor is the only force of this kind, not only alone and unaided, but against the general opposition of employers, individual and organized, and against the misrep-



PRINCE SVIATOPOLK-MIRSKI, RUSSIA'S NEW MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR

Prince Sviatopolk-Mirski, who succeeds the late W. de Pléhv as Russian Minister of the Interior, is of Polish origin. He has served as adjunct of the Minister of the Interior and assistant to the Chief of the Gendarmes, where he won the predilection of General von Wühl. He has also been Governor-General of Vilna. Prince Sviatopolk-Mirski has attracted much attention by his recent declaration that he will be guided in his official conduct by a liberal administrative policy. In an interview given out at Vilna, the new minister declared his belief in the Russian "zemstvos," or local government boards, and advocated a more humanitarian attitude toward the Jews.

sentations of prejudiced critics, when, in fact, it covered the friendliness of their ally. Labor has consistently had to evolve its own leadership. It has made all the mistakes of unskilled generalship and undisciplined following. It makes them still. But the time has come when those who have some understanding of the hardships and misdirections that hamper the advance of labor are extending the sympathetic and of their superior intelligence.

There are associations of employers who would lead down the advance of labor with a bludgeon. There are other associated employers who would come to terms of mutual understanding.

The Business Outlook in London

By Sydney Brooks

London, October 27, 1904.

BY all reports and tokens we are in for a winter of exceptional distress. Trade is slack and the labor-market overstocked; a very general feeling exists that England has entered the zone of severe commercial depression. Taking London as a whole, the present lack of employment, even before the opening of November, is as great as, if not greater than, it commonly the case in the middle of winter. On this the officials who administer the poor law, the secretaries and agents of the innumerable charity societies, and the officers of the Salvation Army, who know the poor of London as no other Englishman knows them, were in full agreement. "During the twenty-one years that I have been working here," writes the vicar of Plaius, "I have never found so much distress at this time of year. I have already had to start the soupkitchen, which is not usually opened till Christmas time. I have done so because our lady visitors found the state of things so bad in the poorest districts that they begged for something to be done to provide food, at all events, for the children." What Plaius reports, Whitechapel, Stepney, Poplar, Canning Town, Ilford, near Kennington, and indeed every borough and parish in London outside the fashionable residential districts confirm. It was shown the other day a bundle of correspondence that has recently passed between one of the organizing secretaries of a Salvation Army bureau and some of the greatest contractors in the metropolis. He had sent out letters asking whether they could find or promise work for unemployed laboringmen. Of the two hundred replies received only one was in any degree satisfactory or held out the faintest hope. I have no desire to exaggerate conditions, but I see at present no reason to believe that want and idleness are to hold London in their ghastly grip this winter.

It was, I believe, Taine who remarked that the mildest inscription in the English language was the "Supported by Voluntary Contributions," which is found over numerous institutions of charity throughout the length and breadth of England. This can, indeed, be no question of the overwhelming response that is always made in this country to the call of distress. Whether it always chooses the right instruments and works along the best lines is another question. I have seen both success and failure in philanthropy at work in more than one country, and there can be little doubt that in London it displays the least intelligence and does the smallest amount of practical good. Last year I studied its methods at close range in the Canning Town district. Canning Town twelve months ago came into philanthropic notoriety. A correspondent of the most popular paper in the kingdom visited its public schools and found, of course, great destitution. "In class after class," he reported, "I saw rows of ragged, shivering boys whose faces told of real hunger. In some classes none kept the places near the fire for the boys with best clothes and no boots. At a neighboring school the normal number of practically or altogether shivering children—thirty—had mounted up fivefold, owing to the exceptional distress." The paper in which this appeared at once published a subscription list, and donors poured in. Another paper followed suit, and the charitable raised contributions. The local borough Council set aside \$30,000 for relief works. Then came what the local vicar described as "that terrible institution, the relief committee," with its central and branch committees, managers and secretaries, all in correct style. I give the vicar's own account of its methods. "I am confident," he said, "of this—that it has not permanently benefited any but the very smallest fraction of the deserving. It would be strange, indeed, if in some cases kindly efforts had not shamed upon some deserving people. Let us put this to the credit side, modifying it always with the reflection that a half-hearted and a two-willing respecter of fact do not tend towards increasing a man's self-respect. . . . And then, again, I am only too willing to allow that temporary benefit has been conferred upon a certain section of the community: people who have grown too old or too feeble to work, who have no dreadly record against their names, and are maintaining a precarious existence in ways which it is rarely given to mortals to know how to have, in any instance, been temporarily assisted. And in a very short time the assistance ceases, and what permanent good has been achieved? Has one really assisted a 'case' when one has tied it over twenty-four hours and leaves it in as precarious a condition as one found it?"

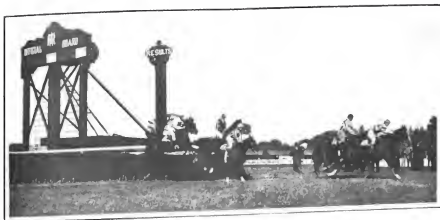
Against this the vicar found—and I continue to quote him, because my own observations confirmed his conclusions—that among the body of applicants who received relief were a large number of the hopelessly improvident, the drunkards, and the vicious. He had received over two hundred such applications for assistance, and not one of them came from a bona-fide member of his church, and not one a single instance did inquiry show that

This second method, I am glad to say, receives more and more the approval of leaders of public opinion and of business and intelligent employers. In the multiplication of concrete examples of relations between employer and employed that are becoming the cause they are just, can be discerned a brightening outlook in the entire industrial situation. In this view national prosperity will be coincident with the uplifting of organized labor. The admitted errors may become fewer and its sincere cooperation with capital in increasing productivity more frequent. Some hopeful phases of the mutual progress of organized capital and labor in this direction I shall illustrate in a subsequent article.

The applicant was a subscriber to any of the sick and benefit societies in the locality or had ever made an effort to buy by money. On the debit side of the charitable invasion of Canning Town was to be placed, first of all, the fact that a large percentage of the utterly thriftless and undeserving received assistance; and, secondly, that at the end of a week or a month the vast majority of the assisted ones were no better off than when they were before. The vicar summed up the work of the relief committee as "a direct incentive to improvidence, a direct snare to the careful. It has left behind it little or no permanent benefit. It has assisted the undeserving and assisted them badly. . . . It knows no measure of the debt it owes to the community. It is in a year or a time some relief funds come to hand, it will find its old list of the same familiar names will recur with surprising regularity. And if it has not permanently relieved distress, it has augmented it. This is the history of it. It leaves a miserable legacy for others who are not less interested in the welfare of the poor than itself. It is heart-breaking. Men who live and labor among the poorest section of the community try to inculcate morality, sobriety, self-dependence, thrift, try to discourage drunkenness, idleness, and improvidence. See the work of many years shattered by a relief committee in the hands of well-meaning but utterly inefficient persons."

That, it will be agreed, is not the way to relieve distress. Still less is it to the public interest that the unemployed should be allowed to organize parades and processions and collect money from all and sundry. Last winter these parades and processions were an unspeakable feature of London life. Wherever you went you encountered them—long lines of the unemployed marching six abreast, north, south, east, and west, with a mounted policeman behind them and another behind another behind another. And with the processions went a small army of scouts and cadgers, each with his collecting-box. They would thrust them under the noses of passers-by; they would jump on the step of your hearse, they climbed the omnibuses, they would run for a quarter of a mile to get to the very carriage that they were to collect from and ladies inside. I remember standing in Regent Street watching one of these processions for a full half-hour. Needless to say, it utterly disorganized traffic and blocked the thoroughfare completely. What was the use of speculating on men who were completely sane? Some may have been genuine unemployed (others must assuredly were nothing of the kind. You saw men stamped with the ineffaceable mark of hereditary disease, of improvidence, of drink, of viciousness, the social failures, the unemployable, the irredeemably hopeless and unfit. It was not a pleasant sight, but even less pleasing was it to watch the money poured into the collecting boxes and to know that those who gave it had not the remotest conception of where it was going to or who was likely to get it. That was sentimentalism run mad.

This year there are signs that the problem will be tackled more scientifically and less spasmodically, in a spirit of reasoning power. Mr. Long, the president of the local government board, recently delivered a conference of the local government board, and has to consider the matter. From that conference there has issued a really workmanlike proposal. Briefly, it is this, that joint committees of the local boards of guardians and borough councils should be formed in each metropolitan district to operate with the parishes and charitable associations in the neighborhood. All the agencies of relief in any one district are thus brought into working touch and harmony. The next step is to apply the same principle of unification and cooperation to all the districts, and this also it is proposed to do. Practically, the administrative body is to be the local board, charged with the work of looking after the unemployed, insuring unity of aim and method throughout all London, and in receipt of constant information from the rural district councils in regard to places where there is lack of work on the land. Mr. Long's declaration of intent agrees, that the question of the unemployed is not a government and national, but a local question. That is the first principle that will be observed. I think we may also take it for granted that in any relief works that are started preference will be given to the unemployed over the unemployed, and to the men who have settled homes in London over the men who have not; that the employment provided will not be partial, but constant enough to secure the health and upkeep of the home till the back of the winter is broken; that there is a reasonable period of rest time; and that the work exacted will be such as to be a far closer supervision than has hitherto been exercised, such supervision, in fact, as a private employer of labor would insist upon, not solely for his own benefit, but for the well-being of the men themselves. I think it would sound and healthy to have the principle of increasing acceptance is a sign of the new English longing for efficiency.



The Field taking the Water Jump



"Good and Plenty," the Winner, clearing an Obstacle

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The Winner, "Good and Plenty," and his Jockey, returning to Scale

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THE LAST IMPORTANT STEEPLECHASE EVENT OF THE YEAR

The \$11,500 Champion Steeplechase, the most important steeplechase of the year, was run at Morris Park on Saturday, October 12, the last day of the fall meeting. The race, which was for four-year-olds and upward, was won by Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr.'s "Good and Plenty," over the three-and-a-half-mile course, in 7 minutes 15 seconds. The Queen City Stable's horse "Woodgatherer" was second place.



Japanese On and on the Body of Colonel Sugi



A Russian Artillery Trench after the Battle of Liao-Yang



Scene on Top of Shantung after the Battle



Japanese Bombarding the Liao-Yang Railroad Station with Guns captured from the Russians

PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES DURING AND AFTER THE BATTLE OF LIAO-YANG—THE MOST IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT OF THE WAR

The reader is referred to the opposite page for other photographs he saw special correspondent sent a detailed description of this engagement

Photographs by A. C. Smith



Japanese Troops moving forward at the Battle of Liao-Yang



A Japanese Battery in action during the Battle of Liao-Yang



Japanese bringing Artillery into Liao-Yang on Flat-cars

PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES DURING AND AFTER THE BATTLE OF LIAO-YANG—THE MOST IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT OF THE WAR

The photographs are snapshots of scenes and incidents during and after the battle of Liao-Yang, the most important engagement of the war thus far. In this battle, which extended over a period of several days, it is estimated that 300,000 men were engaged—more than twice the number that fought at Gravelotte. Field-Marshal Kuroki, in his report to the Japanese government, estimated the number of Japanese casualties during the fighting in the vicinity of Liao-Yang as 17,529. The Russian losses are estimated at 25,000. More than 1,000 Russian dead are said to have been buried by the Japanese in and around Liao-Yang.

Photographs by William Dieckhoff



A Street Decorated in Honor of the Japanese Victory at Liao-Yang



A Street Theatrical Performance representing the Struggle in the Far East



A Planchard Model of a Japanese War-ship displayed in a Procession

THE CELEBRATION IN YOKOHAMA OF THE JAPANESE VICTORY AT LIAO-YANG

The photographs are snapshots taken in Yokohama on September 5 during the celebration there of the Japanese victory at the battle of Liao-Yang. The occasion was marked by numerous ceremonies and displays. There were processions in the streets, illuminations at night, and other patriotic demonstrations in commemoration of the most notable triumph thus far of the Japanese arms.

Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

MR. WILL N. HARBEN is wise in sticking to Georgia. He knows it, root and branch, as Mr. Allen knows his Kentucky and Miss Wilkins her New England. I think it is his Mr. Howells who makes one of his characters say in his new novel, *The son of Royal Leighton*, that so great a way from the influence of his mother. Nor does he ever get far from the influence of the soil that bore and nurtured him. Mr. Harben is comfortably at home with his Georgia folks; he is as much at his ease telling a yarn of the countryside which nurtured him as is his own unimpeachable Georgian, Abner Daniel, when he lifts a chair back against a tree and leisurely draws out some humorous homiletic or racy reminiscence to an audience with eyes intent on the checker-board, but with ears so full of the rich, homely word of the old man's quaint speech and Mr. Harben's yarns are worth listening to; he knows how to tell a story; in his latest novel, *The Georgians*, he has mastered the art to perfection. Abner Daniel may be garrulous with his native drawl and deliberate manner, as is the wont of village philosophers—a garrulosity that is as pleasant and agreeable as the music of a purring brook with the sunlight playing and sparkling in its eddies; but in telling his story Mr. Harben has himself avoided that prolixity which hampered the narrative style of that former excellent novel of his, called after Abner Daniel. An author is not always successful in reviving a character in a previous book, and introducing him in a new title is another work of fiction, notwithstanding the approval and admiration that character may have elicited. Mr. Harben, however, has succeeded admirably in making Abner Daniel the hero of his new novel, and, indeed, we feel that we know him better and have stronger cause to admire and love him. "Abner was a farmer, tall, lank, thin-faced, with a tuft of gray beard on his chin and a constant twinkle of merriment in his eyes. He wore a dingy black alpaca coat, a pair of jean trousers, supported by bone-knitted suspenders, and stout brown shoes, never firmly tied."

That is a portrait sketch of Abner Daniel as we see him when he steps into the opening scene of the story. But it is only a sketch; it is only as we follow him through the successive scenes in which he plays a more human and philanthropic part than that of philosopher that we divine the nobility and grandeur of his nature beneath the quaint and uncouth exterior, the rough and unfettered tongue, the native homeliness and simplicity of demeanor. The story itself is a plain tale, wholly ingenuous and unaffected. It is in the treatment that its entertaining and refreshing qualities reside. There is a love-story—parted lovers, misunderstandings, wrongs to be righted, a crime to be atoned, and an innocent man to be set free, with a detective element which brings the sagacity and astuteness of Abner into play. The characterization is rich in humor, and Abner's quaint sayings and anecdotes adorn the pages. The close has a touch of satire which respects the ingenuities. Abner's plans have succeeded in bringing to the young lovers. "Abner had gone to the grave among the rose-bushes. He stood looking at the well-kept mound and the weather stained headstone for several minutes, then he peered out at the couple. He saw them looking towards him as they stood, each holding the other's hand. They were signalling to him. He saw the smiles and the glow on their faces, and understood. He answered back with a silent waving of his aid hat; then he looked down at the grave. 'If you'd just let me be,' he said, looking up, 'you'd see I'd be like them two.' He walked round to the headstone, his eyes full; a sob was shaking his breast. Suddenly he lowered his wrinkled brow to the stone; a lock of his gray hair fell over it carelessly." It is the last look we get at Abner Daniel—a beautiful finishing touch to the old man's portrait.



Will N. Harben, author of "The Georgians"

Readers of *Wentworth Ho!* will perhaps recall the famous paragraph on tobacco: "When all things were made none was made better than this; to be a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a useful man's sleep, and a chafy man's fire." There is a more modern and refined appropriation of the word for the curious connoisseur in the philosophy of smoking—it is from that popular novel of the moment, *The Masquerader*: "A cigarette is for the trivial moments of life; a cigar for its fulfillments, its pleasant, comfortable retrospectives; but in real distress—in the asking of questions, the fighting of difficulty—a pipe is man's eternal solace."

When *The Masquerader* appears on the stage (as it is announced to appear at the St. James Theatre, London, shortly), it will be interesting to see how the dramatist has succeeded in killing and silencing "forever after" the knowing Lady Asquith, who is the only one cognizant of John Leder's identity. Who should know it better? Had she not had an affair with him herself in that past they have both sufficient reason to ignore and forget? That, and the fact that she would probably be laughed at for her pains if she tried to expose Leder, are probably considered effective enough for the strong sway of *audience* with which the author closes her story. She simply lets it go at that, and leaves it to the imagination of the reader to weigh the possibilities or impossibilities of discovery. But on the stage it is different. There you must extricate your characters from a doubtful situation and satisfy your audience when the curtain falls that the villain is down and out and the hero and heroine beyond the power of villainy. Mrs. Thurelle's case is the more difficult because she rose above the ruling of *The Prisoner of Zenda* or *Rupert of Hentzau*, in which Anthony Hope found his solution. In the first through fight, and in the second through death. She has not only given room for the endurance of Italianism, she has taken her courage in both hands and defied convention by nuzzling her lovers in a daring yet reasonable way. For, as one writer puts it, "this is a story of a strong man and a strong woman, of their high-banded grasping of happiness in the face of the mental law and the boundaries set by social organizations."

A short time ago I learned that the original one of the three curates, per- of the three curates, per- trayed in Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley* was still alive. Miss Brontë's sketch, it will be recalled, was far from flattering, yet the Rev. James C. Bradley, who was the David Swetling of the story, not only bears no resentment toward the author for the liberty she took with him, but is inclined to be proud of the little immortality afforded him by Miss Brontë. Swetling was the young curate who played the flute and accompanied the young ladies at their music. "Charlotte was twenty-one or twenty-two," said Mr. Bradley, "and I must say I had no idea that she was writing books or was likely to put me into them. My impression always was that the girls were rather prim, but then they lived a very quiet life. Charlotte showed wonderful knowledge of character and great power in working out the characters of men and it is all the more wonderful because she never said anywhere and could never have seen any one."

A link with the Carlyle household has just been severed by the death of "Jennie," the "hereditary maid," frequently mentioned in Mrs. Carlyle's letters. Jennie—or Mrs. Brontë—always denied most indignantly the tales of domestic infelicity in the Carlyle home, and insisted that so far from being "a very ill to live with," Carlyle was the easiest man in the world to serve, so long as he could have peace and quiet in the house.

The American Idea

By Franklin H. Giddings

Professor of Sociology at Columbia University

PATRIOTISM is an ardent passion, but no patriot in his senses would make a supreme sacrifice for his country if he could foresee that her laws and institutions would be overthrown by a foreign power, which no human power could resist, or that her virtues and ideals would perish. If no patriotism is thus more true than of America, the American believes that his country is consecrated to supreme ideals. These he sees already realized in her life and institutions as nowhere else in the world. But he thinks of our country as the promise only of a democratic republic that is to be. His faith is strong that in the coming day America will be as much nobler in every moral excellence, as it will be greater in material power, than any other nation of the earth.

Yet because this faith is the substance of things hoped for, and not a certainty, he watches with a jealous eye every change in the composition of the American people and every development of manners, policies, and laws which seems to depart from the habits or the standards of earlier days. He has been taught, and never has doubted, that America stands for something new, peculiar, and infinitely important in human progress. He believes that there is an American idea, which has possessed the people from the beginning, and that to be faithful to it is our supreme duty.

If he were pressed to analyze this idea, he would tell us that America stands for freedom and opportunity, for popular sovereignty, for unexampled enterprise, pure morals, and enlightenment. He minded that the nineteenth century witnessed in other lands also the establishment of liberty, and a material and moral advancement of material conditions by science and invention, and that in art and literature America cannot as yet claim the foremost place, he would possibly condemn his thought into the assertion that the American people are "a chance every man," irrespective of his birth or belief, and backed up by his faith, whereby he creates certain objective conditions of equality. He would say, moreover, that other lands, in striking off their ancient fetters, have but accepted more or less hesitatingly the American idea, and he might justify his position by quoting Bryce's assertion that in her scheme of popular government America has set the pattern which all the world must follow.

Assuming that the American idea is a concept of freedom combined with certain essential modes of equality, it may be worth while to study it closely, inquiring how it came to be, and what it has already undergone significant changes; and asking then how it is likely to be affected by the revolution which is taking place in our industrial organization and methods, and by the re-composition of our population consequent upon continuing immigration.

Perhaps the most direct way to come to the kernel of the matter is to ask how far the American scheme of society has made the individual the object of its organization and effect. The objects which the Revolution and the framers of the Constitution had in mind were: independence of every power outside of their own land; government instituted, controlled, and removable by the people themselves; the securing of inalienable rights of life, liberty, and property to each individual. It is plain that the first two of these objects are means to no end, namely, individual freedom and opportunity. In the idealization of independence that end was put prominently first. The articles of the Constitution, however, which specifically guarantee individual rights, were an after-thought, embodied in amendments. This is not an insignificant fact. It testifies of conditions that must be understood if we wish to know when and how far the liberty of the individual became a controlling American ideal. Looking into them, we may discover that the disregard of individual interest which gives us so much sentiment in its modern manifestation by trusts and labor-unions is, in effect, all too true.

In one of his stories of Wyoming, Mr. Owen Winter remarks that "our man has been as good as another in three places—Paradise before the Fall, the Rocky Mountains before the wire fence, and the Declaration of Independence." This bit of satire is in a truer outline of American history than most of the text-books. American political history as it has been written has read back into the records of colonial life the thought of a later time, and has given an exaggerated color of idealism to the colonial purpose, thereby making our later progress seem less than the reality. So far from beginning its career with an ideal of individual freedom, the American people began with an exceedingly vivid idea of group freedom. Only through its regression and the disintegration of group solidarity has construction of the individual been made possible. The struggle for group freedom, at first all-controlling, continues, and the group idea still has a powerful hold upon the people. There came a time, however, when the idea of the individual emerged, and it is slowly gathering strength.

The Pilgrims were our first advanced in their political thinking that most folk of their day; but they deserted England and afterwards Holland, not with any thought of establishing each Pilgrim to hold his own conception of God or of the state, or to worship or not as he pleased, or to enable Pilgrims colonies to flourish without external restraint, and to create a commonwealth according to their own ideas. The Puritans would have laughed to scorn the radical who should have suggested that in the colony of Massachusetts they might render a moral verdict of variance with the theocratic code. The Quakers and the Baptists, presumably, had consciences, but freedom to follow the guiding rays of

their own inner light they certainly did not enjoy. Their history perfectly exemplified the early American idea of group freedom. All that they had to do was to get out of the community in which they were not satisfied, and establish a plantation, a town, a city, and make a community of their own; not, however, of free individuals, any more than their parent colony was. As a group they might be free; no one would interfere with them. As individuals they must accept a common judgment and bow to a common will.

The same thing was true in its various degrees of all the other groups which together made up the colonial people. In England, in Holland, in France, in northern Germany, and in Sweden, there was an every hand a sorting out, a congregating of buds from a further into colouring groups, each of which wanted freedom in the sense of independence from outside interference. Subsequently, in the colonies, the process was repeated. The dissatisfied or persecuted formed new groups, which broke away to lead an independent life. Such, for example, was the history of the river colonies of Connecticut—Hartford, Wiedner, and Waterbury.

During the Revolutionary and nation-forming periods the older group consciousness became partly merged in the principles of local self-government and State sovereignty. Through the process of sorting out and segregation, which has been described, nearly every one of the thirteen colonies had acquired a certain character of its own.

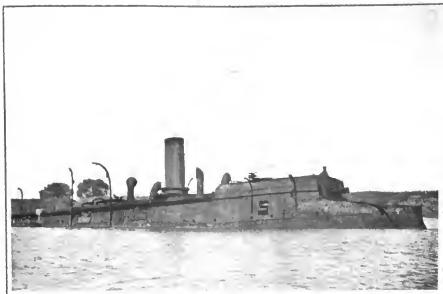
If, now, we ask what influences have been effective in partially disintegrating group solidarity and bringing forward the concept of the individual in the American mind, the answer is that attention will be directed upon communities later in origin than those thus far considered, different in character, and brought into existence by a different process.

Population can be democratic only if it is composed of elements sufficiently like-minded to agree upon a general scheme of social order, and to hold in common hatred an authority imposed upon them without their consent. A democratic community gives free play to individuality, however, only if its units are in most respects alike, or if they are so little acquainted, that they can be no means agree upon an elaborate plan for the detailed regulation of individual life. Self-governing societies which have so strong a sense of "purpose" that they need must control the individual in every thought and act of his existence are not only highly unsocially like-minded, but are also unsocial. They have long been acquainted, and are acutely aware of one another's "isms." Usually they have sprung from bands of kindred or neighborhood acquaintances like the Pilgrims of Scrooby, or the Companies of Puritans from Dordrecht. Since, which from the first have given full scope to individual initiative, are organized in a congregation of units originally strange to one another, hailing from various parts, and having at first so thought of any common creed or policy, but alike in their venturesome nature and in their conviction that the restriction of individual freedom in their practical, unrestrained life. While the American nation began in a phenomenal aggregation of highly self-conscious communities, each caring supremely for its own group freedom, it has subsequently grown chiefly through the multiplication of communities sprung from unacquainted elements, and in these the true American idea has been nurtured. Because these communities created from elements in a broad sense like-minded, but otherwise most heterogeneous, have been more numerous and vigorous than in any other land, and have spread over a continental domain, and because already they are shaping our polity and destiny, the vital individualism which they have created is rightly called American.

Apparently the first American society formed from imperfectly acquainted and somewhat heterogeneous units, seeking only economic advantage, and cherishing no collective purpose, was that of Virginia. The homogeneous Bernaboe company which went to the coast of Maine, became discouraged and returned to England. The Virginia colonists were an aggregation of adventurers, so that as they tried to get out of the country, a common scheme imposed upon them at the outset nothing went well with them. Their differences of individual nature and interest shattered the plan, and they scattered over the fertile land, every man for himself, and all as crazy over fabulous wealth in tobacco as the men of the time for plundered California gold. In that free life of the tobacco-planning adventurers of Virginia was born the spirit of the Western pioneer, to whom, far more truly than to the men of the East, we owe the creed of individual liberty. Abraham Lincoln, the type of American individuality, perfect embodiment of the American idea, was a son of the pioneer and of the blood of Virginia.

In the mountains of Pennsylvania there presently appeared, quite independently of any of the earlier colonial enterprises, a hardy Scotch-Irish stock, endowed with instincts which particularly were for the pioneer life. Keeping close to the Alleghenies, they stock spread southward through Virginia and the Carolinas into Georgia. Their contact and intermingling with the Virginians moving westward, was particularly fruitful of mingling enterprises and personal self-reliance. From Virginia the great current of the "western movement" swept over the coast of the Alleghenies and through Kentucky into Indiana and Illinois, and thence on to the plains and the Pacific coast. To a remarkable degree that early spirit of individualism has persisted in its pioneer communities.

What has been the process of individual emancipation in the (Continued on page 1713.)



The "Sivoutch" as she looks now in the Liao River



A View of the Deck of the "Sivoutch"

THE ABANDONED RUSSIAN GUNBOAT "SIVOUTCH" IN THE LIAO RIVER

The photographs show the Russian gunboat "Sivoutch" as she lies at present thirty miles up the Liao River. She wintered at Nerechuan, and was unable to join the Russian fleet in the spring. She was disabled by an explosion of her magazine, after which her crew abandoned her. The natives have looted everything aboard, including the masts and rigging.



Miss Edna May in a Scene from "The Schoolgirl," at Daly's

Miss Edna May heads the company which is appearing at Daly's Theatre in "The Schoolgirl," a musical comedy by Paul M. Potter, Henry Hamilton, and Leslie Stuart. The central character is a schoolgirl at a French convent, whose parents are determined to marry her to a rich unknown, while she prefers an imperious young artist. The situation is relieved, after various comic adventures, by "the schoolgirl's" elopement, who brings the lovers together at the same time that she succeeds in capturing the heart of the wealthy suitor.



Marie Dressler and Messrs. Weber and Morris in "Higgledy-Piggledy," at the Weber Music Hall

The Weber Music Hall was opened for the season on October 20 with a new piece called "Higgledy-Piggledy." The piece is concerned with the love-affair of "Mlle. de Chartreuse," of the French aristocracy, and a young American dependent upon the bounty of his wealthy uncle, who desires him to marry the daughter of his friend. Complications of the old Weber-Field sort furnish the fun of the piece.

THE STAGE IN NEW YORK



MISS MABEL TALIAFERRO AS "LOVEY MARY," AT THE SAVOY

Miss Taliaferro, who is one of the youngest actresses on the stage, plays the part of "Lovely Mary" in "Mrs. Winslow of the Cabbage Patch," now playing at the Savoy Theatre. Miss Taliaferro's last appearance in New York was as "The Fairy Child" in W. B. Yeats's play, "The Land of Heart's Desire," given here last year by the Irish Literary Society.

His Back Half Hour

by
MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE

"Is Miss Tannet at home?" asked Governor Worden.

Miss Tannet's butler opened the door widely and stood aside with the grave gravity by which he was wont to greet this personage, who was, no doubt, the Chief Executive of the State, but also as he had cause to suspect, the favorite lover of his mistress. With the latter growth of knowledge the manifestation of the nonaffection, however, was not so evident. When the ends betray like passions as ourselves we may love more—we worship less.

"Miss Tannet," invited her butler, "is expecting your Excellency. She is unavoidably detained, but will join your Excellency presently in the library, if your Excellency will wait there for her."

His much belated Excellency, with little choice in the matter, moved towards the library as one who knew the way, and entering the door, respectfully, thrown open for him and softly closed, was in the room which through these latter days had held his happiest hours.

It was a room of stately furnishings, yet homelike, seductive, with an atmosphere as of consumed reserve and peculiarly gracious welcome which lured every talking, and then—never talk. In a word, the room expressed its mistress. It would not have been like Milliecent Tannet to hold aloof from the political activities which were her father's life and make for herself a secluded feminine nest. Within these four walls State secrets had been discussed, diplomatic moves won and lost, and yet there were every where present those pretty, unobtrusive signs of a dainty woman's constant occupation. A woman's carefully appointed desk stood in the shadow of the curtained window. A woman's gloves, her veil, lay on a chair—Milliecent's.

Governor Worden crossed the room to where the gloves lay and stood drawing them across his palm slowly. Everything about Miss Tannet was exquisite: even her gloves seemed to have the suggestion of her sanguine yet delicate personality.

Years older than the woman he loved, engrossed in his profession, it might never have occurred to Governor Worden to seek what it now seemed impossible to think of living without, but for a sudden suspicion that Milliecent—smiling suggestion!—savored her him. Since his childhood, when his friend's motherless little girl had appealed to his sympathies, he had been wretched over her, kind in unexpected ways, more than once interfering to suggest a stricter care, a more close fatherly attention; then suddenly it was his right, his privilege, to be to her all that her father was not in care and tenderness, and her lover as well.

The clock above the fireplace struck the hour, eleven, and Governor Worden had down the gloves, looking up at the fireplace with dissatisfaction. He had an engagement to meet soon after the noon hour, and these last minutes were shortening his time allowance. He hesitated, glancing toward the library bell as if half desirous to summon Miss Tannet's servant, but on second thought he turned and took up a package which, on his entrance, was laid aside with his hat and gloves. It had been handed to him by a messenger as he left his house; the seal was still unbroken.

Breaking open the package, he now drew out the contents—a second envelope with envelopes and a letter. He glanced at the signature of the letter, and his frown deepened as he attentively read the communication itself:

"YOUR EXCELLENCY.—In the course of a recent call at the office of a certain journal whose editors are under some slight obligations to me, I was shown a package containing several letters and photographs awaiting publication. One of such of these I take the liberty to enclose, having with difficulty obtained them. How they fell into the hands of the above-said journal I was not informed. The publications contemplated would probably be in the customary semi-digested form, but it occurred to me that your Excellency might prefer entire suppression. If this is the case and I am notified, at the address above, by noon, or a little later, to-day, I think I can bring pressure that will secure the immediate destruction of the remainder of the package. Absolving your pressure in the matter. Yours respectfully, HENRY BERAND."

On the back of the envelope enclosed was scrawled the name of a notorious journal that lived by its lies.

"Blackmail! And the cheapest kind of blackmail!" said Governor Worden, aloud. He stood with the unopened envelope in his hand, looking down at it.

He knew what Henry Berand wanted and the least that would satisfy him. A third-rate politician, yet called a "useful man," his claim to some recompense for services in the late campaign had been persistently urged upon the Governor, and the minor appointment where his Excellency had refused to place Berand was still unfiled. Persuasion having failed, this was the next move in order. Governor Worden had not passed through his many years of public life to escape attempts at blackmail, and his simple, invariable custom had been coolly to show the donor to both evidence and sponsor. Why in this case he hesitated he hardly knew, but after a moment's pause he shook out the contents of the envelope: in so doing they somehow escaped from his hand and fell to the floor. As he glanced down, with a start of recognition he saw the lovely, piquet face, the girlish, appealing eyes, of the woman he loved looking up at him. His instant emotion was a quick, instinctive repulsion from the thought that Berand, a camp-follower of the great political army, whom Milliecent could never have known, should never so boldly intrude in his possession, however briefly, so intimate a memorial of her. It was a photograph, one he had never seen before, a charming likeness, but a younger Milliecent, less formed, less conventional than the world more knew her, though no more freshly beautiful. Across the center of the card in her unique, graceful handwriting—this, too, was formed then more—was traced "Your Milliecent." Beside the photograph lay the scattered pages of a letter. The letter, paper, blue-lined, with an odd interred fibre, Governor Worden recognized as familiarly as he had the photograph. Although a woman of noble, Miss Tannet was independent and faithful in her fancies. This blue, watered paper, on which her lovely womanly letters now came to him, was the same that she had used in her young girlhood, when she had acknowledged the little gifts he sent to her. It was a paper her father imported for his dainty, fastidious daughter, whose whims he was thus as careful to indulge as if he were the thoughtful parent he never had been when more serious matters were in question.

Governor Worden stooped hastily gathering up the letter and photograph. Milliecent's light step was on the stairs, the rattle of her gown at the door. But as he thrust the blue sheets, with the photograph, into their envelope, one of the loose pages unfolded in his hand, and his unwilling eyes identified that same immature handwriting, caught the repeated signature "Your Milliecent." He flung the package aside on the table as the door opened.

"I have always thought," said Governor Worden, as he stood looking into the antique, round mirror that hung above the library fireplace, that this was the most fascinating thing I ever saw. Apparently he was thinking aloud, his elbow on the mantel, his back to the room, but his eyes were not on the mirror's beautiful, gilded frame, with its ropes of wreathed garlands, its cupid; he was gazing at the charming image crossing the glass. The image responded by drawing nearer and lifting a laughing, mischievous frown against his shoulder. She was so near that her lover had only to raise his arm to draw her close to him, only to bend his head, and his face was pressed upon her soft filled cheek, her soft dark hair.

"Do you really like that mirror as much?" said Miss Tannet. "I don't know—I don't think I admire it extravagantly, not today, anyhow."

"Not that is too farfetched, Milliecent!" laughed Governor Worden. "Suppose I did not contradict you—how disappointed you would be."

"Yes, I think I should," she admitted, "for, you see, I kept you waiting in order to appear in my new, new gown. Don't tell me you didn't notice it, George. You would break my heart. Isn't it lovely?"

She tried to move aside to show her pretty flowing plumage, a gown of soft, shaded, pastel gray that both enhanced and subdued her brilliant face, her deep, dark eyes. It was the color which, as they both well knew, he loved best to see her wear.

"It is—it is perfect!" said Governor Worden, his eyes never leaving her face.

"Flatterer! But then I love to be flattered. I never was particular about hearing that truth and other make such a lot about. It's these unobtrusive, delightful bits, particularly from your Excellency"—she curtsied low in her frothy gray mist—"that I have a weakness for; when you, the Governor of the State—"

He stretched out his arm and drew her back to him, bending to show her trailing lips, but again she broke away, and from a little distance looked up at him, her manner, her face, altering suddenly, still laughing, but wistful.

"Why do you care for me, George? What made you? You could have had— Why, you could have had—any one! And yet, you—"

"Hush, Milliecent! Come here, sit by me. I want to talk sensibly with you."

"Is that sensibly? Then tell me first what you have here in

"Once? Only once!" said Governor Worden.

"Don't laugh! I wanted you to know, because I really want to try to be worthy of you—to be as direct, as truthful as you always are."

"My dear, you are not a man!"

But she went on unheeding. "I don't want you to be thinking of me as better than I am."

"Not, dear child," don't. Have I ever said I thought of you as a particularly good little girl?"

"No, don't be nice to me yet. I haven't confessed the worst yet. I don't think you can know how hard it is for me to tell."

"It's hard because it's so totally unnecessary, Millicent."

He looked down at her, smiling quizzically, but in earnest.

"Do you think yourself quite the type that is made in a hurry? When you did not the honor to accept me, I never, not for a moment, was in

latitude as to breathe. I dropped from a perfectly clear sky into your full, brilliant life. I knew I fell on my feet—that's enough for me."

Miss Tarnet laughed in spite of herself.

"I don't think this is very nice of you. You make me feel as if I were a morbid, confounding schoolgirl. But I know I am right. I know it is important for me to be frank with you."

"Is it half as important as that I can not stay with you longer than noon to-day? All this retrospection and introspection is crowding out something so faintly more precious and ennobling. But clear your conscience if you must, drastically, first understand clearly, whatever has been, can only have helped to make you—just what you are; and that—to me—is perfect."

She drew a little away from him, as if his nearness unnerved her, and spoke gravely:

"From the day I was engaged to you I have known I should sometime feel I must tell you all this, and I have considered over and over how, after I had told you, I could ever make you understand that it isn't exhibition now that—that—Oh! it isn't like me, saying all this. No. Let me go on now. What I want you to know is—It was not just a school-girl fancy that came and went lightly, wasn't much more than a schoolgirl—but I don't mean to begin with excuses. No one knew but our parents, and it was my father who broke the engagement. It had seemed to be a very wealthy marriage for me, and suddenly all the money was lost. It was then my father decided I was too young to know my own mind. But—he wasn't one to be lightly forgotten. I owed him, I owe him still, very much in very many ways. It was he who taught me to love little children. I have never seen any one who loved and perfectly understood them as he did. It was some time before I got over it. I couldn't at first part with his ring. I did worse! I let him love me, harm, and I love. I was to send his ring back to him in I ever wished to release him, and—I have only lately released him. I wear his ring on a chain about my neck up to the very hour you spoke to me. Then, of course, it was sent back at once. It had gradually come to be a kind of talisman to me, I think. It seemed to keep me from thinking of any one else; still I found myself caring before I knew it—for you knew it. I couldn't have acted worse, you see. I haven't always thought so, but now I think I have been seeing it as I thought you would. That's why I must tell you. But do you understand that it isn't satisfied ambition now that makes— Her voice died away.

Governor Worden had sat motionless, listening gravely, watching her white face, her quivering lips. As his tremor broke her voice he spoke at once, quietly and very gently.

"Yes, I ought to have known this. You were right to tell me. I have never seen you so stirred, Millicent. You are still so young there must be the natural appeal to you in the memory of a young lover with his future all before him. I have only the best of a life to offer you, and that—absolutely—tied my right to ask you for your youth, your bloom. Listen to me, dear! Don't speak yet. You say you have but lately released him. It is not likely that he has forgotten you—No! I can act as your father might—and this time—Millicent!"

She was in his arms, on his breast, clinging to him with a passion of adoring, an abandon of distress. He could only soothe her, holding her close, comforting her, his face against her tear-wet cheek, answering her broken sobs, his silent carousers. But she would be answered in words.

"Yes," he yielded at last. "Yes, Child, I am only too easy to convince! Yes, I promise. No, I will not again. But I can offer you as little that youth cares for—Love, can't you understand?"

"It seems to me," said Governor Worden, "that this is the ordained moment for the presentation of my gift. We can regard it—can't we?—as a second betrothal betrothal. Then you won't mind if it is a bit sumptuous; it ought to be."

Miss Tarnet smiled her answer. The bright color had come back to her cheeks, her eyelashes were still as he held them, her dark eyes shone out, brilliant, yet softened.

"Give me your hand and shut your eyes," said Governor Worden.

He was stripping the rings from her right hand as he spoke.

"Now remember, this cost much less than its value; think of it, oh, woman, as a bargain! I confess it does rather hurt out as one opens the box. It will be subdued on your hand. The setting is unusual, and the color is really magnificent. There! It fits to perfection—as if it were made for you. No, don't open your eyes yet. I'll tell you what it looks like. Of course you feel it's a ring. It's a great big antique gold ring, blood, blood-red, held between two emeralds and diamond hearts. I told you not to look yet!"

Miss Tarnet had opened her eyes and she sat gazing at the ring on her hand. She did not move or speak. The smile had bit her red lips, which were slightly parted. It was as if the sight of the jeweled ring had turned her to stone; she seemed set to bronze.

"You do like it, then?" said Governor Worden.

He looked at her quizzically, and her dark eyes met his, frightened, doubtful.

"Oh, take it away! Take it off—quickly! Suppose I hadn't told you, suppose you had learned it—this way. I can't wear it. Don't you understand? It's the—this ring I told you of, the one I have worn!"

"As for this," said Governor Worden, closing the ring-box upon its contents, "you have no cause to wonder what we can do with it, for I have already decided. I mean to have the beautiful



Not quizzing . . . as if the night of the jeweled ring had turned her to stone

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The *N. Y. Evening Mail* says: "This is the story of a strong man and a strong woman and their high-handed grasping for happiness in the face of the moral law. The woman, magnificent in her love, rises above considerations of conventions, above fear, above conscience. Circumstances give her the right to follow the dictates of an overwhelming passion. . . . It will take rank with the few really good books."

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

HARPER'S WEEKLY



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MARQUIS HIROBUMI ITO

The most influential Man in Japan—four times Premier, and now principal Adviser to his Majesty the Emperor

From a copyrighted photograph by H. G. Posing, world correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in the Far East

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

THE *Herald's* prediction has been triumphantly fulfilled. The people have decided. In view of the fact, however, that these words are written several days before the result is announced, our comment thereon must be postponed until next week. The duty which last week we said confronted every true patriot, namely, to be as cross as the finish as possible, was abundantly performed. The Judge himself blazed the way. In the interest of historical accuracy the fact must be recorded that on October 31 he woke up and began to run for President instead of for Chief Justice. He was a little late, but, having once started, did make life interesting, especially for the great and good father and his patient Fanny. He also checked up Mr. PLATTEN, whose distress of mind over the candidate's apathetic attitude had reached an acute stage. All other so-called issues were set aside, and the Judge personally led the last desperate charge up corruption hill. Whether he succeeded in driving all before him as effectually as his rival at San Juan the reader may determine by glancing at the head-lines in his favorite daily auction poster.

Despite the noticeable absence of silly street parades, blazing torches, and flapping banners, it has been an interesting and useful campaign. Genuine interest has really been aroused in our national problems. A sufficient number of speeches and letters have been heard and read to foster in the minds of the people a sober realization of the necessity of paying more strict attention to the conduct of our public affairs. We venture the prediction that the next Congress will be watched more closely, and its debates followed with keener zest, than has been observable in many years. While it is too much to hope that we may promptly overcome our happy-go-lucky tendencies, and take as serious a hold of the affairs of our great Federal corporation as the English do, for example, yet no observer can doubt that the wide-spread interest created during the progress of the campaign of 1904 will continue in a greater or less degree. If, as we believe, this should prove to be the case, the election, expensive as it has been in some ways, will have been worth many times more than it has cost.

Nor has the usefulness of the campaign been impaired by the injection of good nature. In common, we hope, with our readers, of whom, by the way, there are many thousands more than at the beginning of the canvass, we ourselves have the satisfying recollection of an enjoyable experience. Without pretending to be independent, we have been, and have therefore revelled in the opportunity to elucidate our simple but expressive platform. It is with regret that we now part with some of the more charming characters of the play. We shall miss the Colonel and the Judge, but there will ever

remain a warm spot in our affections for Mr. ICEBERG, Grandpa, Secretary PEARL, sly old Uncle DAVID, Dr. NILES CANNON SWALLOW, TOM, GEORGE WILLIAMS FAIR, and even the COCKBURN and the CHIM. It is fitting, however, that now they should assume their more dignified parts, and with gratitude for the entertainment they have afforded us in the past, we look hopefully to further and better acquaintance in the future.

Nor should we overlook, as we approach the joyous Thanksgiving-time, our indebtedness to the solemn editors. It is a curious psychological fact that when a plain human being, subject to the ordinary frailties of mankind, gets to be the editor of a great newspaper he almost invariably becomes so convinced that he deceives even himself. Being so situated that the other man cannot even talk back unless he see fit to permit him to do so, there gradually grows up within the inner consciousness of the truly great journalist a sincere conviction that he really does know it all. Incidentally he is the most sensitive person living—a fact which has been of inestimable service to us in our gentle endeavors to encourage in their thoughtful intellects the growth of a love for truth and the exercise of common sense. On the whole, as we look back, we cheerfully bear testimony to the fact that they have done pretty well. It took Mr. PLATTEN a long time to find the penitent spirit which he had put aside temporarily, but he finally did, and now resumes his rightful position as the foremost living journalist. Dr. McKELVAY also ceased to be blantly fair after a time, and made an eminently successful demonstration of the fact that a strong clear light may burn even in darkest Brooklyn. MARSE HENRY, of whom Mr. O'SULLIVAN writes entertainingly on another page, slipped a minor cog, but it was with the tongue, not with the pen, which we are happy to observe continues to be as fascinating as ever. Upon the Tribune fell the burden of successfully defending the acts of an ideal administration, and we cheerfully testify that it has performed its part in a manner that should prove gratifying to the shade of HORACE GREELY. Mr. LIPPIN's previous expressions of approval of qualities not exemplified by Mr. ROBERTS left the *San* in a somewhat awkward position, from which, however, it extricated itself most nobly, by supporting the Democratic candidate for Governor.

The *Evening Post's* growing habit of criticism incurred a hasty utterance against the same candidate which was not calculated to aid materially the candidacy of JUDY PARKER, but it effected as complete recovery as was possible by promptly adopting a policy of oppressive silence. The *Herald's* departure from its traditional disposition to support nobody and nothing has been crowned by a result which Mr. BENNETT is now doubtless contemplating with divergent emotions. Of all the newspapers in New York, the one which has approached most closely to what an American newspaper should be in straightforwardness and tone, the *Times* stands first. To Mr. HENRY's papers must be accorded, at least, recognition of consistency. Being radical, their support of the Democratic ticket under the conditions existing could not be other than that resulting from a choice, as they considered, between two evils. Moreover, Mr. HENRY's refusal to decline a ratification of his nomination for Congress by the Populists, at the behest of the Tammany chief, was manly and praiseworthy. Finally, Mr. STODOLSKY, in taking a gentle hint gratuitously offered, did well in inducing Mr. HENRY DAVENPORT to inject ideas into his interesting caricatures in the *Evening Mail*. In breadth, sanity, and logic, no one of the hundred newspapers which we have studied more or less minutely during the campaign has compared with the *Easton Herald*, and second to that is the *Springfield Republican*. On the whole, we feel justified in reaching the conclusion that the newspapers have done well and may learn to do better.

Of the individuals who have been active, the great and good father himself comes in for first prize. Thoroughly appreciating, as he did, the great boon which could be conferred upon his fellow countrymen only through the continuance of an absolutely ideal administration, he put both shoulders to the wheel and pushed with all his might by day and night. Some say he even worked Sundays when not in church.

but this we can hardly believe. The bogus men of the campaign were the two chairmen. Mr. TAYLOR suffered ridicule and Mr. CORTELYOU abuse, both with less justice than propriety. The latter, at any rate, has proven himself to be a man of distinct executive capacity and industrious and patient to a degree. The members of the cabinet have been grievously overworked, but how else could they expect to hold the favor of the master? Senator PARANAKS has made a really wonderful canvass. Probably he himself could not tell how many speeches he has made, or how many miles he has travelled, but a more notable example of tireless energy resulting in a better and more favorable appreciation of true quality has not been seen in many a year. On the Democratic side, the gratitude not only of Judge PARKER, but of the entire Democratic party, is due primarily to Mr. NEWELL. Mr. SHERMAN, Mr. HAY, Mr. BELMONT, and former Senator SMITH. Mr. BRYAN's grumpiness also wore away, and there remains no suspicion of a lack on his part of sincerity and effectiveness. Of the young men not previously known in national politics, the two who have accomplished most in an undisturbed but effective manner have been CLARENCE H. MURPHY, Republican, and GEORGE W. YOUNG, Democrat. On behalf of the Populists, Mr. WATSON has fought single-handed and with manifestations of extraordinary intelligence and vigor. Last, though hardly least, the American people themselves have behaved extraordinarily well. Certainly in no recent year has a campaign been conducted upon so high a plane, and this could not have been the case if the managers had not felt the necessity of meeting that stern requirement of the men behind the ballots.

It was part of the sarcasm of politics that so much should have been made in the last fortnight of the campaign of Chairman CORTELYOU and the corporations. We don't believe there has been a more upright man selected to manage a national campaign since the Republican party came into being than CORTELYOU. We don't believe that there has been a candidate in the same period less tolerant of crooked means to compass his election than President ROOSEVELT. We believe that one principal reason why ROOSEVELT chose CORTELYOU was that CORTELYOU was sympathetic with his desire for a clean campaign. Nevertheless, the choice of a cabinet officer for campaign-manager produced a situation. The corporations have long been a reliance of the Republicans when it came to collecting campaign funds. CORTELYOU left the cabinet to be manager, and it has been understood that he would return to the cabinet as soon as possible after election. To pay money to him was the very next thing to paying money to the government itself. When a railroad was invited to contribute, its officers could say: "We have very important postal contracts. We know CORTELYOU was slated to be Postmaster. We paid up." That was the situation, and its weaknesses are obvious. That the Democrats should not have made the most of it was hardly to be expected. They certainly worked it for all it was worth, yet we doubt if the claim that the late Secretary of Commerce was chosen manager because he knew the secrets of the corporations affected many votes. Plenty of confirmed Democrats believed that story, but no voter who was intelligently doubtful did. The facts suggested the inference, but they did not compel it, and very few, if any, discriminating doubtful voters accepted it. The great fact that the trusts and the concerns that find a profit in the DINGLEY tariff expect, and are expected to, put up money to support the DINGLEY tariff affected many votes, but we can't believe that the baneful of CORTELYOU as a black-mailer was really worth the trouble that was spent to rig it out.

On Sunday, October 30, Dr. McARTHUR, a Baptist preacher in New York, said in his evening sermon (on Church and Politics): "Speeches have been made recently that are a reproach to American citizenship. I mean criticisms of President ROOSEVELT and Secretary HAY. . . . There is a man in our State to-day, a candidate for a high office, whose statements reflecting on Governor TAYLOR, ex-Secretary ROOT, and others, show merely ignorance. His very misstatements rob him of his power." Dr. McARTHUR seems to have meant Judge PARKER. That Sunday night our reverend brother evidently believed, on the word of various members of President ROOSEVELT's cabinet and other eminent citizens, that

Judge PARKER had emitted a series of gross misstatements, that showed him so ignorant and so credulous, as to make him appear incompetent to be President. A good many thoughtful men received this same impression in the week ending October 26. Judge PARKER had said, for example, that the Philippines cost \$650,000,000 and 200,000 lives, and that the islands, politically and economically, were in a forlorn condition. Secretary TAYLOR had replied that the estimated cost in money was about \$450,000,000 too large, and the estimated cost in life was 195,000 too large, and he offered Governor WATSON's embold assurance that the Philippines were doing very well in all particulars, and that Judge PARKER had been grossly deceived. That was enough for the time being for a great many people. TAYLOR had said it, and TAYLOR was a good man. HAY had said it, and HAY was a good man. To doubters who questioned whether Secretary TAYLOR's figures were conclusive, or whether the Philippines were quite as prosperous and contented as Governor WATSON's solicited statement seemed to show, the answer was: "Do you think TAYLOR would lie? Do you think WATSON would lie? Can't you take HAY's word?" For Dr. McARTHUR—for many men who knew the character of HAY and TAYLOR and read their words, and did not get hold of Judge PARKER's own words, and discover the authorities on which he based them—it seemed obvious that PARKER's statements showed "merely ignorance."

Now the fact is that the Judge was not far out in his statements; many of them were disputable; some of them, doubtless, were partly erroneous; but they all had some basis, and they were all arguable. No more than that can be said of the counter-statements of HAY and TAYLOR. The Judge was a lawyer candidate arguing against the Administration. The other gentlemen were skilled advocates arguing for the Administration, putting their best foot forward, and hammering the rival lawyer at every fair chance. Counting in the indirect expenses (travel increase, and so on) fairly attributable to our possession of the Philippines, HAYEN knows what is the total sum they have cost us, but it can easily be computed to be double Secretary TAYLOR's estimate. Counting all the deaths directly and indirectly due to our forcible acquisition of the Philippines—of course including the Filipinos who died both in battle and of diseases consequent to the war—we candidly doubt whether Judge PARKER's estimate was excessive. We hope the condition of things in the Philippines isn't quite so bad as Judge PARKER's authority, Mr. WALLIS, makes out, but though it is just as good as Judge TAYLOR and Governor WATSON and the present Administration can make it, it is very, very far from being satisfactory.

Dr. McARTHUR was indebted to a certain extent—and so were many others—for the high personal character of the gentlemen whose statements he had read. Mr. ROOT once said in a public address that when he became Secretary of War he took the armor for his client. So he did, and worked hard for it, and defended it from aspersions as though he were retained as its advocate. In such matters as the water-cure scandals he was on the side of the army and made its case appear as well as he could, and admitted the truth of no accusations against it until he had it. In like manner, in the campaign just closed, he and Mr. TAYLOR and Mr. HAY and Mr. KNOX and Mr. MOONEY have been on the side of the Administration, and have defended it against attacks, and have made such counter-arguments as they thought expedient. It was all right. They haven't made any pretence of being on both sides at once. They have been valiant and efficient in their cause, and worked like good and able lawyers to make their side win. There isn't any other way to carry on a campaign than to speak up for your own side and hammer the adversary, making his statements appear as inprobable as you can, and his intentions as ruinous and discreditable as the obvious facts allow. That is what both the Republican and the Democratic orators have been doing, and those that brought to the work the most brains, the best language, and the highest personal reputation have done it to the best advantage.

It has been a fair fight. Lies have mostly failed. Shanders have prospered little. In the Presidential contest there has been very little personal vilification, but there has been the

usual give and take between speakers. When the Judge finally jumped into the ring, he doubtless expected to be thumped, and he was not disappointed. When TART and HAY climbed over the ropes, depend upon it they were not looking for any ingenious man of God to declare from the pulpit that they were too good to hammer. Certainly they gave quite as much as they got, and have nothing to complain of. And as for the Colonel, if he had a sorrow it certainly was not that the lofty office which he holds did not protect him from criticism while he was trying to get a better grip on it. Not at all! If he could only have been in with the rest, getting home with his boots on the heels and slats of various adversaries, landing on their solar plexuses, and upon clinching with one of them and tearing up the sword, what a happy, happy Colonel he would have been! Ah, the *gaudium ecclesiasticum*! Dr. McKEWEN doesn't seem to understand about it. All the fighting-man asks is a fair fight and a just and sober umpire.

The *Globe* persisted to the end in the contention, repeatedly and feelingly expressed, that it was grossly improper to suggest anything derogatory to the virtue, probity, or discretion of the President of the United States. Its aspiration was lofty but impossible. Candidates are bound to be overwhelmed, no matter who is President. Yet we do not doubt that the *Globe* is of the sane opinion still, and will continue to think exactly the same in 1908.

Discussion of the trusts for the purpose of influencing votes ceased for the time being on Tuesday, but the trusts will still be discussed by persons of inquiring minds who want to know. Mr. JAMES BYRNE CLARK, Professor of Political Economy in Columbia University, considers in the *October Century* the real dangers of the trusts, and the possibility of regulating them into innocuousness. The greatest of the real dangers Mr. CLARK finds to be the alliance of the trust with the political machine. Appreciation of that danger brought Judge PARKER many votes, and will bring many more votes to some future party that deserves them better. At present the trusts (like the railroads) are compelled to be in politics. Self-preservation constrains them to it. But sooner or later, Mr. CLARK thinks, the people will regulate them. And how? He says that to make the trusts innocuous four things must be done. First, stop discriminations by railroads. Equal rates for car-load loads of goods of a certain kind will have to be established. Second, stop the flooding of particular localities with goods offered at cut-throat prices to kill local competition. This process is euphemistically called "cleaning up a territory." The trust stories have made us familiar with it. Third, stop the scheme of selling one kind of goods cheap to crush competitors who make only goods of that kind. Fourth, rule out the "factors' agreement"—the refusal of the trust to sell goods to a dealer at a living price unless he will promise not to buy similar articles of a competitor. "It is a hard and up-hill road," says Professor CLARK, "that Democracy must travel in its efforts to regulate trusts." It is indeed if the last three of his four necessities are to be accomplished. He admits the difficulties of the path he points out, but declares there is no possible doubt that Democracy must travel by that route, or a farther and far worse. Socialism is the alternative.

The opinions of the professors on these subjects are interesting. There has been more discussion of living issues in the campaign just closed than the country has seen for twelve years. The discussion will not all stop. A great many voters are sufficiently interested in these issues to wish for fuller information. They want to know what the trusts are really doing to them, what the tariff is doing, how conditions can be bettered, and what it will probably cost to better them. If they think the proposed betterment is worth the price, they will eventually go in for it, and once they get started they will not be scared off by the assurance—which will be well founded—that to dock the tariff and shake the trusts will, for a time, wear money into its hole and check prosperity.

Attempts to investigate and describe the condition of the Philippines tend to result in a blight on the reputation of

the investigator analogous to that suffered by the presumptuous souls who try to plumb the depths of spiritism. There is a belief that there are existing facts of importance about the Philippines, just as there may be facts of great importance about the world of spirits, but whoever claims to have got hold of some of them is apt to be set down at once as "cracked," and not worthy of attention from serious minds. The reason, doubtless, is that what we have been able to learn so far either about the spirits or the Philippines has been disappointing. It is felt that the spirit-land and the Philippines are both domains permeated with illusions, and that folks who think they know about those must be treated with charity or with impatience, according to their standing in relation to other things. An effort to learn something about spirit-land has been imputed to Professor WALTER JAMES and to Mr. ANNAH LANG and to Professor HYDEOR. We treat them all with forbearing respect because they are men of note, the first in philosophy; the second in literature, scholarship, and book-writing; the third in pedagogy; but we shate our consideration for Mr. HYDEOR a little because we think he tries to know too much. He has just come out with a new spirit story about systematic, instantaneous thought-transference across the Atlantic, which, being outside of our experience, makes us speculate anew about the status of his discretion.

In like manner we respect Mr. TART because he is a statesman, and Governor WHITT because he is so honest and so a faithful administrator, and Mr. SCHERMAN because he is a college president, notwithstanding they assume to know something about the Philippines and the condition of the Filipinos. But when Judge PARKER's authority, Professor WILLIS, claims to know something too, evidence is submitted that he is the sort of man one might expect; that he is young (only thirty); that he is a reformer and prone to have illusions, as was demonstrated in Washington, where he once figured as a newspaper correspondent who wanted to know too much. The *Sun* discovers that he is a person with a gift for "butting in," whose characteristics are gullibility and meddlesomeness, and his specialty fly-gobbling and misstatements. It may be true—we don't know. For our part, we had far sooner credit Judge TART's and Governor WHITT's hopeful ante-election opinions than WILLIS's doleful ones. It is pleasant. But if we had a confiding young friend who believed he had special knowledge about the Philippines and applied for advice about disclosing it, we should say to him: "Let it perish with you. If you divulge it, it will impair your reputation for sense, even if it doesn't blast your character."

SOME of the newspaper comments on President ROOSEVELT's proposal of a second peace conference are misleading. It is not true that, in the note addressed to our diplomatic representatives in foreign capitals, Secretary HAY, either explicitly or by implication, endorses the establishment of an international congress to meet periodically in the interest of peace. In the invitation, the text of which is published, there is not a word that can be construed as advocating so visionary a project. Mr. HAY is at pains to point out that in suggesting a second conference he is but carrying out an express provision of the meeting held at The Hague in 1899, which recognized that it left temporarily unsettled certain specified questions relating to international law. The present war in the Far East has emphasized the importance of coming as quickly as possible to an agreement concerning those questions which relate, first, to the rights and duties of neutrals; secondly, to the inviolability of private property in naval warfare; and, lastly, to the bombardment of forts, towns, and villages by a naval force. Among the matters obviously affecting the rights of neutrals are the matters to be made between absolute and conditional contraband of war and the inviolability of the official and private correspondence of neutrals. It will be remembered that, after the outbreak of the present contest, Russia propounded the principle that food and cotton, together with certain other articles, should, under all circumstances, be treated as contraband, but subsequently, in deference to the protest of neutral powers, she agreed that such commodities should be placed in the category of things conditionally contraband. It will also be recalled that not only the private correspondence of American citizens, but also an official communication of our Navy Department to an Amer-

jean war-ship, was seized on board the steamer *Calecho*. Here, again, our remembrance has been met with an expression of willingness to respect hereafter our official correspondence.

Attention is also directed in Mr. Hay's note to the fact that the treatment due to refugee belligerent ships in neutral ports requires precise definition. That, notoriously, is a matter about which there has been some difference of opinion, when Russian war-vessels have taken refuge in Chinese, German, and American ports. To suggest to foreign powers the expediency of declaring the inviolability of private property in naval warfare was made the President's duty by the resolution adopted by our Senate and House of Representatives on April 28 of the current year. The resolution advocated the exemption of all private property at sea, not contraband of war, from capture or destruction by belligerents, and pronounced it desirable that the President should endeavor to procure the adoption of the principle by the chief maritime powers. Not content with a precise indication of the aims of the proposed conference, Mr. Hay was careful to repel the imputation that an unavowed purpose of the meeting was to interpose in the conflict between Russia and Japan. He instructed our representatives to remind foreign governments that at the time (August 24, 1893) when the Emperor of Russia sent forth his invitation to the nations to meet at The Hague, no treaty of peace had been concluded between the United States and Spain; yet the Hague Conference, when it assembled, assumed no function of intervention or even suggestion with regard to the settlement of the dispute between Spain and the United States. Under all the circumstances, we are unable to see why Mr. Roosevelt's invitation should not be accepted by all the signatories of the Hague Convention; and the resultant of the reply understood to have been made by the St. Petersburg Foreign Office cannot be reconciled with the step taken by the U. S. while our own quarrel with Spain remained as yet unsettled.

Although we have, as yet, no complete official reports from Tokyo, nor from St. Petersburg, of the casualties suffered in the fiercely contested battle of Shaho—we have not even received full and trustworthy data regarding the losses incurred in the preceding battle of Liao-Yang—it is reasonable to conclude from the data thus far forthcoming that the aggregate number of killed and wounded in the latest action, or series of actions, which have taken their name from the Sha River, did not fall much, if any, short of sixty thousand men. This would represent a loss of about twelve per cent., if it be true that the total number of combatants who either were engaged, or might have been brought upon the field at the option of the commanders, was about five hundred thousand. We shall not ask the reader to review gruesome statistics, but students of military history are aware that the percentage just named, appalling as it is, was surpassed considerably in some of the battles of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, and has even been exceeded in comparatively recent times. What is likely to strike the chronicler of the pending contest as exceptional is the fact that, sanguinary as was the fighting at Liao-Yang and at the Shaho, it was in both cases indecisive as regards the outcome of the campaign. Unquestionably the Japanese gained a signal success at Liao-Yang, for they drove the Russian commander from that place, which had been carefully fortified with a view to prolonged occupation. General KUROKI, however, merely withdrew to Mukden, and proceeded to form a new line of defence. The battle of Shaho, also, must be reckoned a victory for the Japanese, because they repulsed an advance of the enemy, which was ostensibly intended for the relief of Port Arthur. The Russians, nevertheless, held Mukden, and seem likely to continue to hold it for an indefinite period. Meanwhile, they are being reinforced at a rate variously computed by eye-witnesses at from four hundred to a thousand a day. The hope of relieving Port Arthur by land is now avowedly abandoned, and can hardly have been entertained seriously, for, even had Marshal OYAMA been beaten, and General KUROKI had been able to reach the Liao-Tung peninsula, he could never—so long as the Japanese control the sea—have crossed the narrow isthmus connecting that peninsula with the promontory on which Port Arthur is situated. That the fortress will hold out until the arrival of Russia's Baltic fleet in Far-Eastern waters must be accounted improbable, in view of the

straits to which the shrunken garrison is reduced, and of the remarkable progress lately made by the Japanese in the reduction of the defensive works.

That the Baltic fleet will reach the Yellow Sea without again perpetrating some grave violation of the rights of neutrals is probably too much to expect, in view of the extraordinary orders said to have been given to its commander by the Russian Admiralty, and of the pale-stricken condition of its officers. If it be true that Admiral ROZDZEVSKY was directed to fire at any vessel which he might encounter, and to which he should see fit to impute hostile intentions, the blame for the assault on the British fishing-craft in the North Sea must be shifted from his shoulders to those of his superiors. It must not be clear to the Admiral that, if he carries out such orders, he is likely to be made a scapegoat for the sins of the Russian Navy Department, and we should, therefore, not be surprised if the report that he has offered his resignation should be confirmed. As for the subordinate officers in the Russian fleet, there seems to be no doubt that they had been in a state of panic, if not of intoxication, since they left the Baltic, for it turns out that they had fired on a Swedish merchantman, and also on a German vessel, before they found themselves enveloped, as they imagined, at night in the North Sea by a squadron of hostile torpedo-boats disguised as trawlers. We are told that rumors had been current for some time at St. Petersburg and Cronstadt that Japanese naval officers had been seen in English and Swedish ports trying to equip steam fishing-smacks with apparatus for discharging torpedoes. Moreover, Admiral ROZDZEVSKY, who, hitherto, has been regarded as a man of veracity and honor, asserts that on the night of October 21-22 his fleet was actually fired upon by one or two torpedo-boats, possibly, in our opinion, his own, and that some of his men were wounded.

This is obviously an assertion which is capable of proof or of refutation at the official inquiry which is to be instituted by the Russian authorities at Vigo, and before the international commission which subsequently will review the evidence. According to one theory, which is not devoid of probability, the torpedo-boats, which the Russian Admiral says he encountered, belonged to a detachment of his own fleet, which had got separated from the main body, and rejoined it unexpectedly during the darkness. On the face of things, at all events, there are two sides to the story, and it would have been the height of folly for the British government to have rendered a war with Russia inevitable by insisting upon conditions to which no self-respecting nation could accede. Such conditions, we mean, as the immediate return of the Baltic fleet to Russia, or the demand that the Russian Admiralty should summarily punish Admiral ROZDZEVSKY without waiting to hear what the latter might have to say in self-defence. The only reasonable method of dealing with the North Sea incident was that which the British government had the good sense to adopt, namely, recourse to the international court at The Hague, under the convention which provides for the appointment of a commission.

In that one of REYNOLD KIRLAND'S Pynost stories which is entitled "Their Lawful Occasions," the torpedo-boat which figures as hero does its work under cover of a fog and a trawler. Now of course the Russians and the Japanese, as well as every one else who is interested in war, read Mr. KIRLAND'S stories. The one in question was enough to make Admiral ROZDZEVSKY suspicious of all trawlers, as well as to make the Japanese appreciate the news to which British trawlers might be put. Is KIRLAND to blame for that North Sea blunder?

Before these lines meet the reader's eye—that is to say, on Sunday, November 6—one of the most important general elections that have occurred in Italy, since it became united, will have taken place. The Giolitti ministry, rebelling at last against the insupportable exaction of its Socialist allies, has resolved to throw off their yoke, and has called upon the friends of order to give it a compact and homogeneous majority. There is no doubt that those who desire to see Italian society continue to be organized on the basis of individualism greatly preponderate in the qualified electorate; but, unluckily for statesmen of Conservative or even Moderate views, a very large fraction of the registered voters

who, naturally, would side with them, have, since the occupation of Rome, refrained deliberately from going to the ballot-box. So long as Florence remained the capital of the grand-ducal House of Savoy, and so long as the Papacy, although dismembered, retained a part of its former temporal dominions, the Catholic electors habitually exercised the franchise in the Italian manner, and thus enabled the leader of the Conservatives, or of the Right—the late Signor Mancini—to exercise great influence in the Chamber of Deputies, even if he did not secure, as he often did, a majority. But, after the seizure of Rome and what was left of Pius's Patrimony by Italian troops in the winter of 1870, Pius IX. issued the memorable injunction *non expedit*, whereby he declared it inexpedient for faithful Catholics anywhere in Italy to recognize the existing conditions of things in the former states of the Church, by taking part in Parliamentary elections. From that day to this the fact has been scrupulously adhered to. The Catholics, who constitute about half of Italy's registered electorate, have voted for municipal and other local officials, but not for members of the Chamber of Deputies. The result has been that Parliamentary power has gravitated steadily toward the Extreme Left, and, for some time, has been in the hands of a coalition of advanced Radicals and Socialists.

Fortunately for the maintenance of the existing social, economical, and political institutions of Italy, the coalition between Radicals and Socialists has not been broken, and the former have shown a disposition to put up candidates of their own in many districts. The Conservative and Moderate parties have also received encouragement from an unexpected source. Throughout northern Italy, where the scenes of disorder and riot which marked the recent Socialist strike have been met with peculiar indignation, the Catholic voters have held a number of meetings, and have resolved that, while not calling upon Pope Pius X. formally to recall or suspend his predecessor's prohibition, they would disregard it on this occasion, and would support the candidates who seemed most likely to defeat the Socialist nominees. The effect of this converted movement should be that, even if Signor Giolitti did not secure a sufficient number of supporters at the first balloting on November 6, when no nominee would be declared elected unless he had a majority of the votes cast, he is almost certain to obtain the desired preponderance at the second balloting, which will take place later, and in which only the two candidates who on the first trial got the largest number of ballots can be voted for.

November is likely to prove a month of exceptional interest in France as well as in Italy. Although, on October 28, Premier Combes was nearly beaten on a motion arraigning General Astier's administration of the War Office—the national government majority of a hundred being cut down to four—he was not deterred from fulfilling on the following day his promise to introduce a bill for the abolition of the Concordat which was concluded between France and the Papacy in 1801, and has been operative ever since. The bill is not sufficiently trenchant and merciless to satisfy the Socialists, who have demanded not only the confiscation of all the buildings and other property which the Roman Catholics were permitted by the Concordat to acquire, but also the immediate and total suppression of the stipends hitherto paid by the state to the bishops and clergy. What these irreconcilable enemies of religion desired was to leave Christians without any consecrated places to worship in, and their pastors without any means of support. The scheme devised by the Prime Minister, on the other hand, evinces a shrewd intention of instituting as little sympathy as possible for his prospective victims. He has provided, accordingly, for a period of transition, arranging that an annual stipend of eighty dollars shall be paid from the public treasury to every parish priest for four years, at the end of which time it is assumed that a system of voluntary subscriptions will have been organized. Pensions will also be allotted to the present bishops and other living dignitaries of the Church; but their successors, like the priests, will have to depend upon private contributions. It appears further that the existing church buildings may be used for a definite term, by the expiration

of which, however, they must be either leased or bought from the government.

Whether the French peasant, who is proverbially thrifty, not to say niggardly, can be prevailed upon to put his hand in his pocket and give his priest the meagre dose hitherto forthcoming from the public treasury, is, of course, the problem to be solved. M. Combes has professed to promote a solution acceptable to Catholics, by inserting in his bill a provision that, in every agricultural district, taxes shall be reduced by a sum exactly equal to that hitherto expended therein by the government for religious purposes. It will not, therefore, cost the peasant a sou to make good what his parish priest loses by the abolition of the Concordat. The anti-clerical predict, however, that Jacques Bonhomme will prefer to put the remitted taxes in his stocking. Different opinions have been expressed by members of the French Episcopate concerning the ultimate outcome of the divorce of Church and state. Some take a gloomy view of the future; others, alive to the progress which Catholicism has made under the voluntary régime in the United States and England, look forward with unshaken confidence. Meanwhile it is well to remember that the bill has not yet become a law, and is certain to encounter the most violent and stubborn opposition in both Chambers. We presume, however, that it will pass the Chamber of Deputies; but, while it is pending in the Senate, the government headed by M. Combes may be beaten in the popular House on the income tax, which, although it proved fatal to the Bourgeois cabinet, seems likely to be the next measure to be introduced.

America has acquired a new object of interest in our Subway, which was opened to the public on October 27. It works, and New York likes it. Just how much it likes it is too soon yet to say. As yet folks ride in it by the hundred thousand for fun, for it is the best fire-proof show that was ever offered. Its machinery, like all new machinery, cracks a bit at the start. Its trains do not yet make schedule time, and may not do so for weeks to come. We don't know yet how we shall like the Subway air, nor how hot it will be in summer, nor how our taste in transportation will finally adjust itself to the choices now offered. But already it is far beyond doubt that the Subway is going to be a great boon to New York. Its express trains are by very much its most popular offering. They are available at all hours and for a greater or less distance to nearly all the patrons of the road, whereas the express trains on the elevated roads only run in the morning and evening, and only carried passengers who lived far up-town. Travel on the surface or above it is more agreeable in the long run than travel underground. The Subway will not keep the patron who draws from the surface or elevated roads except as it can offer quicker transit or increased comfort. Meanwhile its immediate effect in diminishing travel and increasing comfort on the surface and elevated lines is marked, and greatly appreciated.

There is general disgust that the neatness and prettiness of the Subway stations are to be destroyed by unsightly advertising signs. These abominations have long disfigured the platforms of the Elevated. They have no business there, and are still less tolerable in the Subway stations, which but for them would be decidedly pleasing.

The sprinkling of streets in New York—especially of asphalt pavements—by a private corporation paid by subscription is a nuisance. The sprinklers leave the pavements in a sloppy condition, perilous to horses and disagreeable to pedestrians. No responsible official is answerable for their work or for the condition in which they leave the streets. Far better put the whole care of the street surfaces in charge of the Street-Cleaning Department, where it properly belongs. Major Woonnar is both zealous and efficient. Consign it to him and his men, and to them alone, to wash the streets, sweep them, and sand or sprinkle them when that is necessary. Then if the work is not done to our taste we shall have some one who is accountable. With two sets of men slopping water over the streets, responsibility for results is hopelessly divided. Give the Major the whole job!

Judge Parker's Campaign

THE last work of the campaign was marked by a change in the betting on the prospects of the candidates, a change which was coincident with a revolution in the attitude of the Democratic managers. We do not hesitate to say that if the revolving had taken place two or three months earlier the result of the contest might have been different. We are by no means sure that the enthusiasm aroused all over the country by Judge PARKER's many letter to the St. Louis convention did not exercise an unfortunate effect on the Democratic party and its standard bearer. The deep, but necessarily transient, impression made by that letter on the American people led a great many Democrats, including Judge PARKER's most ardent advisers, to consider the fight was already won. They took for granted that a large majority of voters, including not a few Republicans, sincere admirers of Mr. McKINLEY's devotion to constitutional ideals, were profoundly distrustful of Mr. ROOSEVELT, and that all they needed was to recognize in his opponent an unflinching upholder of the gold standard, and a man of order, judicial temperament. Acting on this assumption, Judge PARKER, or his advisers, no longer professed the St. Louis platform as the nominee's speech of acceptance and letter of acceptance as to leave little to choose between the programmes of the Republican and Democratic parties, and to cause the battle at the ballot-box to turn almost exclusively on the official record and personal temperament of Mr. ROOSEVELT. Only once in our political history on a Presidential election has such a close approach to certainty, to have proved upon so narrow an issue.

We refer, of course, to 1872, when, before the day for voting arrived, almost all Republicans and a large minority of Democrats had arrived at the conviction that, by his record and by his temperament, HORACE GRANTY was unfitted to discharge the functions of Chief Magistrate. We scarcely need recall the result. GRANTY obtained 286 electoral votes, against 62, or a larger majority than he had secured in 1868, when three Southern States were disfranchised. None of the lessons he perceived from the outset of the present campaign that a contest made to turn mainly, if not wholly, on the record and temperament of Mr. ROOSEVELT would inevitably insure to his advantage. After all it said, the principal offence of which he was accused is the crime of being a young man. That is not a charge which could be expected to ring him with as elaborate, a large majority of whom are under thirty years of age. Mr. ROOSEVELT's misdeeds had been those of a young man—mistakes of judgment, not of aim or heart. It is absurd to suppose that, when he impudently invited to his table BROOKS WASHINGTON, the most distinguished living representative of the colored race the President had any deliberate intention of humiliating the white people of the South. It is a matter of history that such an invitation was extended to a colored man by THOMAS JEFFERSON, and, however, when the letter was read Mr. ROOSEVELT knew better than Mr. ROOSEVELT himself that what would attract no notice eighty or ninety years ago under the slavery régime cannot be done with impunity today, in view of the conflict of races at the South. No body who has any intimate acquaintance with Mr. ROOSEVELT, and is aware of his earnest desire to act rightly and wisely, believes that the BROOKS WASHINGTON incident will ever be repeated. It is equally obvious that the President's intervention in the anti-slavery fight, after establishing, in our opinion, a dangerous precedent, was prompted by sympathy for the suffering caused among the poor of our seaboard cities, by the dearth of their necessary fuel. Much the same thing may be said of Pension Order No. 78. We have pronounced it, and still regard it, as a reprehensible stretch of Executive authority; yet, unfeignedly, it had no selfish, but a generous, motive. For the creation of the Philip Jones Mr. ROOSEVELT was not even aware of his responsibility. He found in the islands the flag for which he had risked his life, and a soldier could hardly be expected to find it in his heart to pull it down. All that could be done to reconcile the happiness and progress of the islanders with the maintenance of our own integrity he unhesitatingly did. He upheld with zeal the enlightened and philanthropic views of Judge TAFT, when the latter was Governor-General of the Philippines, and, to insure the continued application of such worthy principles, he made him Secretary of War. Mr. ROOSEVELT also did his best to buy the canal belt from Colombia, but when he found himself baffled by trickery and extortion he did not make, yet, when he found it ready-made, he seized an opportunity of slaking his country's age-long hunger for an inter-oceanic waterway. It should have been foreseen that every one of these acts, though justifying childing and rebuke in a circle of elders, would be more likely to evoke enthusiastic commendation than indignation or resentment, if discussed before a popular audience.

What Mr. ROOSEVELT may do hereafter we know not, and, certainly, we shall not withhold criticism when he deserves it. For some time, however, we have been convinced that a contest permitted to turn on what he has done already could have but one result. It was a fundamental and fatal blunder for the Democratic managers to offer the people nothing but a choice between

two Republicans, in the hope that they would prefer a middle-aged man of judicial temperament, whom they had never heard of, to an impulsive, high-hearted young man, thoroughly known, and endeared not only by his virtues, but by some of his faults. Those who are wise after the event can now see clearly that a comparison of personalities should have been excluded rigorously from the canvass. The questions of philosophy and of politics should have received but cursory attention, unless the Democratic managers were prepared to take the splendid and electrifying stand which Mr. CLEVELAND took in the case of Hawaii. A discussion of the constitutionality of the President's intervention in the anti-slavery strike should have been recognized as a boomerang. One had but to mention it to cause a dereliction in the later days of the Democratic campaign. It is not necessary that the managers should have been judicious to say as little as possible about Pension Order No. 78. Was it reasonable to suppose that any old soldier, or any friend of old soldiers, would vote against Mr. ROOSEVELT because he had said that the attainment of a greivance advanced age was of itself *prima facie* evidence of disability to earn a livelihood?

The Democratic managers, from the outset, should have forced their opponents to meet them on a very different field. Republican newspapers and campaign speakers should have been nailed to the cross of the only issues that touch the pockets and inflame the feelings of the people—the issues of the monstrous DOLNEY tariff and of the lawless, plundering trusts. *In hoc vinum riuus* would have been inscribed on Judge PARKER's banner had he known how to bear it to victory. Had he demanded an immediate and a reasonable incremental reduction of the DOLNEY tariff, the admission of all raw materials used in manufactures to the free list, and the prompt ratification of all the reciprocity treaties hanging up in the protectionist Senate, he might have started a tidal-wave which not even such Republican strongholds as Massachusetts, Michigan, and Iowa could have resisted, and which almost certainly would have overwhelmed Illinois and Wisconsin, as well as the so-called doubtful States. As regards the trusts, he should have pointed out how farcical were the proceedings in the Northern Securities case, if they were to have an acquittal, and what lay behind the administration's promise that it would not "run amok." To what end has the antitrust act been adjudged constitutional, to what purpose was supplemental legislation enacted by the last Congress, if the powers of the Federal government, thus tremendously enlarged, were to exhaust themselves in a suit against a few obnoxious corporations?

The Democratic managers should have been confined themselves to an interpretation of the St. Louis platform that practically invited the American people to choose between two Republicans. Having made up their minds to ask the voters to choose, not so much between principles and policies as between two personalities, they should have forced their own agonies into the foreground. It is beyond doubt that Judge PARKER's campaign was a failure. He was not the man to captivate the people's heart; these things have been, and always will be, nature's prerogative to the good-will of the people. They ought to be. It is impossible that, at the age of fifty and upwards, a man should possess such visible consistency of disposition, unless he has a sympathetic heart. It consequently, seems to us that Judge PARKER's managers made a second and fatal blunder when they told him back from a personal estimate. It is true that many members of the Presidency have refrained from exhibiting themselves to their fellow citizens during a campaign. But they were men who were already well known; indeed, few well known in the opinion of some sceptical supporters. Then, again, there have been nominees for the Presidency whose appearance would undoubtedly have repelled many a prospective adherent. Such a man was SAMUEL J. TILNEY. Judge PARKER, on the other hand, is a man the very sight of whom excites the curiosity of the people. He has no convincing proof was furnished in Madison Square Garden on October 31, when the mere mention of his name before he entered the hall was greeted with applause that lasted fifteen minutes. It might have been supposed that the plauditory capacity of the audience was then pretty well exhausted. But when, subsequently, some one on the platform yelled, "Judge PARKER is here!" twenty-five minutes before the closing of the campaign in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, had been made throughout the doubtful or semi-doubtful States during the preceding two months, the result might have been very different. This, at least, we are able to affirm, that, if the full returns shall show that ALTON BRINSON PARKER has carried the States of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, or any two of them, or even one of them, provided that one be his native State, he is predestined to become the candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency in 1908.

John Hay's Great Speech

THE culminating speech of the campaign on the Republican side was delivered by Mr. JOHN HAY on October 20 in Carnegie Hall, New York city. It was the culminating speech in respect of voting efficiency, as well as of literary form, and it ended with an eloquent appeal to Mr. ROOSEVELT's native State not to let it be said that it fell away, when almost all the rest of the country north of the Potomac and the Ohio remained faithful to the President. If the speech be carefully scanned it will be found an effective, if not conclusive, reply to the arraignment of the party in power, as this was originally framed by the St. Louis convention, and as it remained substantially unmodified in the nominee's speech of acceptance and letter of acceptance. It will be remembered that this arraignment, in the form which it retained up to the last two weeks of the campaign, made next to nothing of the tariff issue or of the issue of the trusts. Mr. HAY's speech will be searched in vain for more than a faint allusion to the trusts, apparently because, when it was penned, the author assumed that the issue would play no part in the contest, inasmuch as, until the fight was nearly over, Judge PARKER had shown himself inclined to rely exclusively upon the common law, as a remedy for monopolistic combinations of capital, although most Democratic, as well as Republican, lawyers have hitherto taken for granted that, in order to deal effectively with monopolies, the defects of the common law needed to be cured by drastic Federal statutes. Inasmuch as the Republican administration had demonstrated an elemental statesmanship, and, having secured them, had endorsed them in the Northern Securities case, Mr. HAY evidently thought that, if the trusts were an issue at all in the campaign, they constituted an impressive Republican asset, and it would, therefore, be superfluous to waste words upon them. To the tariff the Secretary of State devoted a paragraph, but here too he seems to have supposed that not much had been or could be made of the issue by the opponents of his party, and that independent or hesitating voters would see but little to choose between the moderate and gradual revision advocated by Judge PARKER and the Republican admission that a revision of the existing schedules might be expedient from time to time. We are far from concurring with Mr. HAY in accepting as too evident for argument the Republican assertion that tariff revision, when needed, must be made by its friends. The outcome of the last experiment in revision by the friends of protection—the experiment made in ANTHONY's administration—was not to lower, but, upon the whole, to increase the rates of duty. Mr. HAY should not credit independent voters with short memories. We are not struck, either, by the appearance of the maxim quoted from old English law: "A child should not be given in charge to a nurse that loves it." Would an able and judicious adjuster of epithets as is the Secretary of State describe as a "child" or as a "nurse" our iron and steel industry, which, at this moment, is tilting some of its products (in Canada for right) at rates of duty which are less than the price which it exacts for them from American citizens?

If, then, the only conspicuous features of Mr. HAY's address had been his reticence with regard to the trusts, and his cursory allusion to the tariff, we certainly should not have deemed his deliverance worthy of our admiration. As a matter of fact, the whole strength of the speech was levelled at the points originally made in the Democratic platform or by the Democratic nominee. What Mr. HAY undertook to answer were the charges of extravagant expenditures, of lawlessness and weakness on the part of Mr. ROOSEVELT, and of the renouncement of American ideals through the retention of the Philippines. In regard to every one of these accusations Mr. HAY took defiant ground. Except that he denounced as grossly magnified the figures purporting to set forth the cost of keeping the Philippines, he admitted that every one of the acts imputed to the Republican administration had been performed, and not only gloried in the performance, but declared that the party, if retained in power, would continue answering in the same course. Mr. HAY combined as "parasitic levity" Judge PARKER's latest proposal to issue forthwith a proclamation of an intention immediately to renounce the Philippines. Such a proclamation, the Secretary continued, would cover us with indelible discredit, because it would signify an abdication of our position in the Pacific, the surrender of our commercial prestige in the Far East, a base betrayal of the loyal and intelligent Filipinos who have trusted us, and a direct invitation to an insidious war and foreign invasion. If it be said that, while we should relinquish control of the Philippines, we should, at the same time, remain responsible for their acts—extending even then the angle of our protection, and standing between them and a hostile, covetous world—Mr. HAY replies that such a proposition is lacking in common sense. Is not this, however, precisely what we have done in the case of Cuba? Have we not, in return for a couple of coal-stations, agreed to defend Cuba against hostile aggression? In these very real reasons in the forum of morals why should not treat the Filipinos as generously as we have treated the Cubans? Mr. HAY tries to show that there is such a reason. He asserts that there is no analogy between the two cases: that we

have never owned Cuba, and have never claimed to own it, whereas the Philippines are ours by every sanction known to public law—by fortune of war, by treaty, by purchase, by occupation, by undisturbed and undisputed possession. As a matter of fact, we could have had Cuba by all of those titles, and if, after a certain term of occupation, we relinquished the islands, was it, or was it not, because we deemed ourselves under a moral obligation to do so, having declared, in a joint resolution of Congress that: "The Cubans were, and of right ought to be, independent. We should like to get a candid reply to this question from Senator KILGORE. Is it not true, as a matter of history, that when our treaty of peace with Spain was signed, the Filipinos under ANTONIO were at least as independent, and as deserving of independence, as the Cubans had proved themselves to be in 1898? Is it not true that when the treaty was signed the Filipinos had the last considerable armed force of Spain pined up in Manila, and protected from capture only by American troops? Is the moral duty to recognize the independence of a people who have practically gained it for themselves, only binding upon us Americans when we have pledged ourselves thereto beforehand? Was, we repeat, our concession of independence to Cuba due to the possibly regretted circumstance that we had previously promised to make it, or was it due to our honest recognition of the solemn principle on which that promise pretended to be based?

With regard to the charge of extravagant expenditure, Mr. HAY challenged the opponents of his party to specify the channels in which extravagance should be made. They certainly do not seem pointed out, to diminish the appropriations for the irrigation of arid lands, for the improvement of rivers and harbors, or for coast defence. The Democratic nominee had ultimately said, indeed, that the regular army might be reduced if the Philippines were abandoned, but he had shrunk from pronouncing explicitly in favor of diminishing the navy. On the whole, Mr. HAY was doubtless justified in assuming that independent voters had not been deeply impressed by Judge PARKER's promise of economy. It was right, also, in thinking that much more could be made of the Panama affair so long as the Democrats proposed to retain the canal, the acquisition of which they denounced as a violation of international law and a breach of the treaty concluded with New Granada in 1846. Touching this flagrant inconsistency, Mr. HAY was particularly effective. He pointed out that, in the very same breath with which the Republican administration had been accused of being on the isthmus as the result of violence, bribery, and treachery, the Democrats had declared themselves not only of staying there, but of going right on and reaping the fruit of their opponents' industry by building the canal. Up to the time when the Secretary of State made his speech there had been no hint of restitution in any of Judge PARKER's utterances. So far as could be judged from the words of their nominee, the Democrats were perfectly willing to act as receivers of stolen goods, rilling up, meanwhile, sanctimonious eyes, and thanking heaven that they were not as those wicked Republicans. The whole party dealing with this matter is evidently clerical, because the inconsistency of the Democratic position was flagrant. But what could Mr. HAY have said had ex-President CLEVELAND been the Democratic nominee, and had he announced a determination, if elected, to give back the canal belt to Colombia and to postpone the construction of the canal until we could obtain a concession with clean hands?

To the charge that Mr. ROOSEVELT is "lawless," his Secretary of State rejoined that every act of the President's which is thus stigmatized had been performed after careful study of the law, and after consultation with the best lawyers. That is probably true, if the best lawyers are Republicans. It is also true that every act of Mr. ROOSEVELT's which has been brought to the test of the courts has been triumphantly approved by our highest judicial authorities. Nobody knows better than Mr. HAY, HOWEVER, that the constitutionality of neither Mr. ROOSEVELT's Interposition in the anthracite coal strike nor of his issuance of Pension Order No. 78 has been brought to such a test.

To the accusation that Mr. ROOSEVELT, in the capacity of elected Chief Magistrate, would be dangerous to the peace of the world, and would be likely to embroil us in a policy of adventure, because he is by temperament a war fuel, a fire-eater, it must be confessed that the evidence thus far adduced by his opponents has been weak. The Secretary of State had much the best of the argument at this point when he defied the President's critics to show that he and his predecessors had done more to increase the interest of universal peace than any other two Presidents had done since the formation of our government. It is true that they had composed more difficulties by friendly negotiation, and made more troubles advantageous to both signatories, than any other two Presidents in American history. It is indisputable that Mr. ROOSEVELT gave to the Hague Court of Arbitration the breath of new life as a world-breathed it, and that only the other day he was so kind to send his predecessors' most civilized papers and notes in conference at the Hague to concert measures for the peace and welfare of the world. In view of these facts, it certainly is difficult to convict Mr. ROOSEVELT of intentions dangerously bellicose.



**VICE-ADMIRAL ROJESTVENSKY. COMMANDER OF THE RUSSIAN
BALTIC FLEET WHICH ATTACKED THE BRITISH
TRAWLERS IN THE NORTH SEA**

At midnight on October 21 a fleet of British trawlers in the North Sea was fired on by Russia's Baltic fleet on its way to the Far East. One of the ships was sunk, two of the fishermen were killed, and many injured. Immediately after the occurrence the British Foreign Office asked to St. Petersburg a demand for apology and reparation. It has been agreed to refer the matter to an international commission, which will meet at The Hague and investigate the facts in the case. Their findings will be submitted to the two governments. Admiral Rozhatskiy's fleet, which was temporarily detained at Vigo, on the coast of Spain, by order of the Czar, sailed from there on November 1, arriving at Tsingtau November 2.



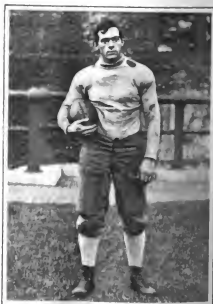
Captain Harlow of Harvard



Captain Hogan of Yale



Captain Foubler of Princeton (Putting on the Ball)



Captain Stangland of Columbia

SNAP-SHOTS OF FOUR LEADING PLAYERS IN THE FOOT-BALL WORLD—CAPTAINS AT HARVARD, YALE, PRINCETON, AND COLUMBIA

The most important game of the season, with the exception of the Army and Navy game at Philadelphia on November 26, will be the Harvard-Yale game at New Haven on November 19. The most important games usually played here have been the Harvard-Princeton game at Cambridge, the Yale-Columbia game in New York, and the Princeton-Cornell game at Ithaca—all on October 27; and the Yale-Brown, Princeton-West Point, and Harvard-Dartmouth games on November 6. The Yale-Princeton game occurs at Princeton on November 12. The photographs on this page show the captains of four of the principal eleven—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia—in the field.



McGrathin, the Columbia Quarterback, making a Run from a Kick-off



Columbia attempting to go through the Yale Centre

SNAP-SHOTS OF THE YALE-COLUMBIA FOOTBALL GAME AT AMERICAN LEAGUE PARK, NEW YORK

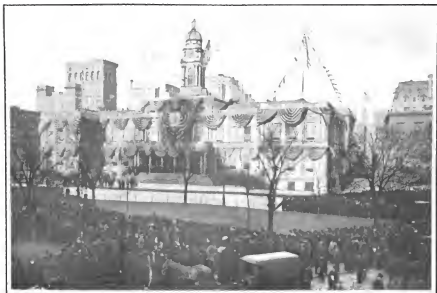
More than twelve thousand persons saw the Yale football eleven defeat Columbia by a score of 21 to 0 on October 20 at American League Park, New York city. On the same day Harvard was beaten by Pennsylvania at Cambridge by a score of 11 to 0. The football situation this fall is unique, each of the three big Eastern teams having been defeated once. The victory of Annapolis over Princeton, West Point's defeat of Yale after losing to Harvard the week before, and the result of the Harvard-Pennsylvania game make the probable outcome of the Yale-Princeton and Harvard-Yale contests a matter of much uncertainty. Up to the present time Pennsylvania is the only one of the big teams in the East which has not been beaten.

Photographs by Foxfield



HENRY WATTERSON

Colonel Henry Watterson, the distinguished editor of the Louisville "Courier-Journal," is the subject of an interesting personal sketch published on the opposite page of this issue of the "Weekly." Colonel Watterson was a staff officer in the Confederate army during the civil war. He was a member of Congress from 1875 to 1877, and has served as a delegate-at-large from Kentucky to six national conventions. Among his published works are a history of the Spanish-American war and a life of Abraham Lincoln.



Photograph by F. H. Taylor

The Crowd in City Hall Park during the formal Opening of the Subway

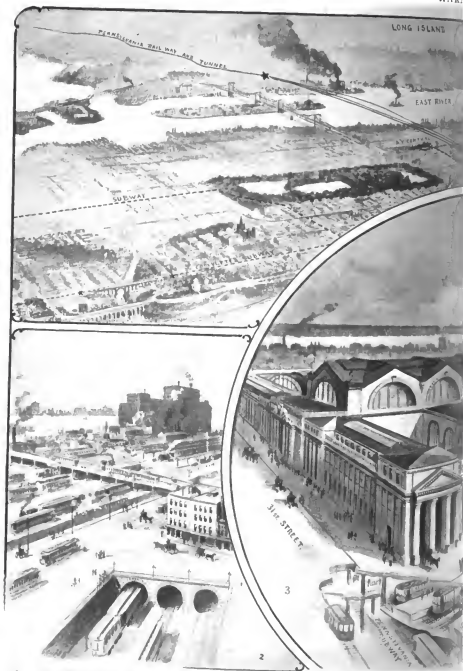


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Mayor McWilliam starting the First Subway Train with the Police Controller presented by Mr. August Belmont

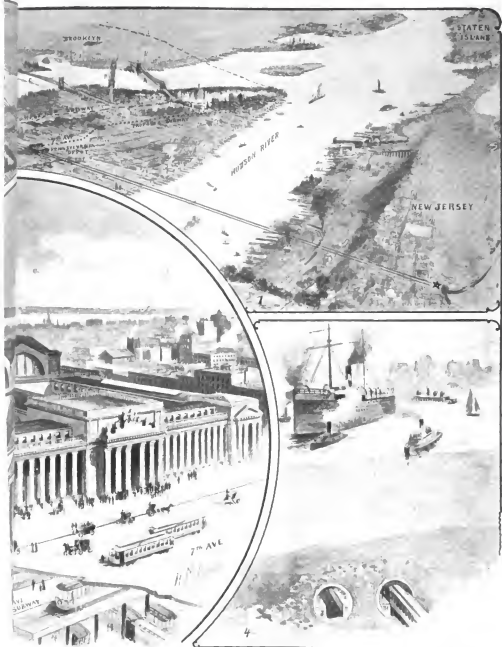
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT THE OPENING OF NEW YORK'S NEW SUBWAY

New York's new rapid transit subway was opened to the public on October 27. Between seven o'clock in the evening and midnight, 150,000 people were carried over the completed portion of the West Side branch. After appropriate ceremonies in the City Hall, during which speeches were made by Mayor McWilliam, Alexander E. Orr, August Belmont, John R. Wellwood, and William Barclay Parsons, the first train was started over the line, and was run to the 14th Street station by Mayor McWilliam.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF NEW YORK'S R

The main features of the transportation plans of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which provide for a tunnel beginning on the Jersey shore, running under the Hudson River, below the city, in all a distance of a little less than six miles. The New York terminal will be the most extensive railroad terminal in the city and will cover an area measuring approximately 460 feet north and south by 1800 feet east and west. In the drawing, 1, the tunnel entrances; 2, the Manhattan terminal; 3, a section of the tunnel under the Hudson River.



RAPID TRANSIT PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

1 station in Manhattan and through connections with the Long Island Railroad system, are shown in the sketch of Manhattan to the new station, to and under the East River, and from there to the exit on Long Island. It will be situated between Seventh and Ninth Avenues, Thirty-first and Thirty-third Streets, rowing, 1, is a general bird's-eye view of the route; 2, Long Island City, looking toward New York, and showing B, C, and D represent, respectively, the Brooklyn, Manhattan, Williamsburg, and Blackwells Island bridges.



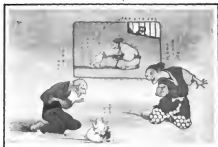
From newspaper copyright, 1914, by H. C. Watt Co.

PHOTOGRAPH OF A WRESTLING MATCH IN TOKYO HELD FOR THE BENEFIT OF WOUNDED JAPANESE SOLDIERS

The photograph is a snapshot taken recently at Tokyo, and shows a Japanese wrestling match held at the Red Cross Hospital for the benefit of wounded soldiers from the front. The wrestler in the right is the Japanese champion (Utagarashi); his opponent is a Russian, his rival for the championship, and the second best wrestler in Japan.



The Farmer (Old Japan) rescues the Egg (Korea) from the Chinese Zepher



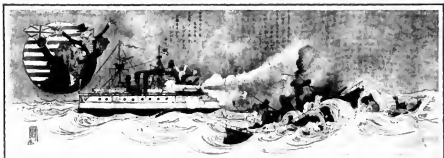
A Chicken (Korea) is Hatched from the Egg, while the Badger (America) looks greedily in at the Window.



The Badger (America) suggests to the Eagle (Russia) that the Chicken would make a good meal.



Whereupon the Eagle (Russia) makes off with the Prize



The Igniting of Hostilities—Young Japan (in the form of a White Rabbit) Blisks the Eagle's Man-of-war



The Rabbit pursues his Enemy on Land



Peace—the Eagle and Badger restore the Chicken to the Farmer

THE STORY OF THE WAR, PICTURED BY A JAPANESE ARTIST

The drawings are based on a popular Japanese fable, a description of which is given in detail on page 1755 of this issue of the "Weekly"

Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

ABOUT three years ago I had the pleasure of introducing Dr. Robertson Nicoll's wise and helpful volume of essays, *Letters on Life*, in these columns. Many of these essays were reprinted from the *British Weekly*, where "Charles Chest" is the pseudonym of Charles Chest, now a famous pen-name, and belongs to Dr. Nicoll, who is the editor of the *British Weekly*. In reviewing his work, I called his little volume of essays *Life* as that of "a transitory of the common." The phrase recurs to me after reading Mrs. Dehland's new published. The title is *The Common Way*, which has just of thought that follows it. It is the sort of title that sets like a lion's "or - criticism," of letters of introduction, as an old friend of mine, and directly, innocently, seriously turns them about and back of them and through them. She gently leads us by a way we know not into a shining pathway that grows familiar, and we realize that our eyes have been opened to discern the truth and beauty that he in vain along life's common highway for him who has eyes to see. She translates the commonplace into a new tongue that unfolds its wonder and sources of power and strength. A few weeks ago I quoted Dr. Nicoll as saying: "Imagination is the power to see clearly, the power to understand - perhaps the greatest gift which God has in all his big box of gifts," and recalled the moral of one of Ian MacLaren's stories that we do not sin against our loved ones through lack of love, but because we do not imagine enough. Mrs. Dehland reiterates this truth again and again in these essays: it is the great desideratum in dealing with the practical problems of life. In a very large sense we are saved by imagination. "We must have imagination," says Mrs. Dehland. "Unfortunately, we are not all born with this heavenly vision; in fact, we are, most of us, born without it, as witness the innate cruelty of children." Nor must it be thought that Mrs. Dehland is an illigal quack. No one can read "Acquaintance with Grief" and entertain the notion for a moment. She knows, as well, this type of opinion we have in mind to fall into that extreme; indeed, in one of her happiest essays, that on Love and Quarrelling, entitled "Love my Day," she pillories the "blasted optimism" that leaves him without a leg to stand on. A wide knowledge and observation of human nature, and a ripened experience of life have bred in her a sure insight and practical wisdom and a boundless felicity and fervent sympathy with her kind. Imagination in her is anchored in common sense. Whether she is writing of "Anxiety" or "The Tyranny of Things," "Concerning Church-going" or "Concerning Christmas gifts," her counsel is wise and helpful, business and comforting, because it is brought down to the level of every day's most common need. It is the same uplifting truth and moral stimulus that one finds in Mrs. Dehland's stories, and that makes them so vital and exhilarating. There is always a tonic quality in her works; it is partly an effluence of her philosophy of life, and in large measure an emanation of her honest and loving personality. One feels that life has grown to the making of these chapters in practical philosophy: that the writer has herself trod "the common way," and learned to walk therein with patience and courage and tenderness. Many a reader will feel like sending the author a message of love like that she has been the ideal of a Christmas greeting: "I want you to know that the patience and courage and tenderness manifested in your book will help me to live more bravely and courageously and lovingly as I go on with the days." And, by the way, there could be no better kindness than to distribute this little book widely and to disseminate its doctrine of love and friendship and human kindness at Christmas-tide.

While Alice Mayan Rice and George Moders Martin have been rubbing elbows with neighborhood characters in their own town, a young poet in their immediate circle has been living in the far away past and dreaming its visions into poetic dreams. A year and a half ago Mr. Cole Young Rice made his first appearance with *Pharos In Town*, a tragedy of the fifteenth century as well as showed a remarkable sense of dramatic construction as well as poetic power and strong characterization. These were lines that stayed in the memory after the book had been put away. I remember:

"I am adrift on before
Her foot's last print, and cannot breathe or pray,
But where she's some time been and left a heaven."

And again:

"She is set in the centre of my need
As youth and fiercest passion could not set her."

Lately Mr. Rice has launched a second example of the poetic drama called *David*. It is the fascinating story of the young shepherd King of Israel, which furnished the theme for a spectacular play in New York last spring, now appearing in Boston, and also forms the subject of a prose drama, recently published, by Miss Florence Wilkinson. For Mr. Rice's *David* opens in the Hall of Judgment in the palace of Saul at Gibeah. Against the gloom and despair of Saul with his gloating mocking and challenging to combat, David, with his harp, casts his lyric note:

"Flinging enchantment on
The palace air
Till he repagions to him
All who breathe."

It deepens to a tragic note when Michael, who loves David, discovers that he is the Anointed. The act closes with David rushing forth with his sling to meet Goliath. Act II, widens the breach between David and Michael, and draws the numerous fault of Saul's "sins with a sword hand," against the young favorite of Israel. Act III, finds David in the rocky fastnesses of Eggeah, where he drinks to the bitter draught of love's treachery, and does from the temptation to slay Saul and succumb to the spell of Michael, whom he believes guilty of perfidy. Act IV, is passed in the House of the Witch of Endor, in Mount Gilboa, where Saul is enchanted against the Philistines. Saul and Jonathan are slain; David and Michal are reunited, and we leave them in the full brightness of the sun.

It will be seen even from this cursory sketch that Mr. Rice is skilled in marshalling the coldest series of this carefully handled story and giving them full dramatic effect. With his instinctive dramatic power and constructive ability he also combines a knowledge of the exigencies of the stage. If one were to offer any criticism it would be that he has yet to master the necessity of clear, cogent, articulate speech in his lines in order that they shall carry his meaning with simplicity and ready intelligence from the actor to the audience. It cannot be denied that in the reading his lines suggest the intent of the drama forcibly and convincingly, and that there are frequent passages of beauty and winning grace. But I take it that Mr. Rice has an ultimate eye on the stage, and the rendition of his lines and, therefore, he made to suit articulate speech and swift and clear apprehension. Mr. Rice has given strong evidence of possessing the dramatic imagination and the skill to use it to fine and artistic ends that it would be a pity not to pursue every means of developing and perfecting these rare gifts to a definite and practical end.

Mrs. Margaret Dehland, Author of "The Common Way"

THE SWAY OF MANHOLD

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

TO big Donald Ormsby, mining for gold in the depth of his cavernous tunnel, the volatile joy possessing all his nature was at last a force dominating satisfaction. His heart had been beating in ecstasy for days, despite the hardships of his toil, despite the gloom of this hole in the earth where he labored.

This afternoon he could not work. He leaned on his pick and thought how beautiful was all the sunlight, all the sky outside his mine. He thought of Hilka, far more beautiful than day or loveliest heaven itself. He spoke her name in a whisper, and a keener elation surged in his being. Then he presently reflected she would be at home, alone, on such an afternoon as this, and excitement claimed him for its own. He dropped his pick and, gazing for a moment at his candle, abruptly turned and hastened down the long, irregular corridor formed by the tunnel, and so came out in the sunlight, blinking his eyes in the dazzling glare.

What a type of youth and strength he presented, in his wrinkled boots, his faded trousers, and his flannel shirt! He wore no hat; but thick hair was crumpled picturesque on his head. He was handsome, in a healthy, rugged, youthful way. A clean color gleamed in his face, and a light of alertness and humor burned in his eyes.

Yet when he came to the door of the gray little cabin, where Hilka made her home with her uncle, his strength died in panic from his muscles, and his heart could have given a lustier knock than he gave on the panel with his fist.

"Come in," called a voice, and he entered the house, to find that Hilka was back in the kitchen, making bread.

With her sleeves rolled up to her dimpled elbows, her face brightly flushed, her hands in the flour, and a wisp of her hair across her face, she was far more beautiful than even Donald had imagined.

"Why—it's you," she said. "I thought it might be Mrs. Croome."

"Nay—a bigger sort of a chicken," said Donald, and desperately wondering how he should bring about the subject on which he had come to speak, he added, "Maybe you're sorry it isn't Mrs. Croome?"

"Haven't got time to think it over," answered Hilka, kneading a spongy big loaf with her white-knuckled hands. "Busy."

"So was I," he told her, as the color momentarily left his face.

"Suppose I ought to be working right now, but I couldn't strike a lick." She suddenly knew what was coming—why he was here. The red

burned deeper in her cheeks. Her heart in her bosom fluttered as if his hand encompassed it already.

"Were you tired?" she asked, in apparent calm.

"You know what was up with me," he answered, in a shaking voice. "I had to come and see you, Hilka—just had to come."

He had stepped so close that she trembled. Her one wild thought was of flight. She wished he was here, she needed the touch of his hand, the sound of his voice, for Donald's power not only swept upon her nature as it always had before, but it came with an added urgency that was frightening.

"Well—I'm very busy," she faltered. "This—this isn't any time for company."

"But I ain't company," Donald protested, suddenly catching her two soft hands and holding them hungrily against his breast.

"Hilka-giel, I can't be company any more. I love you—that's all there is about it! I love you! I want you all for my own! I love you so much I don't know how to hold it. I can't do a

thing all day long but stand right still and think of you and let myself be crazy!"

He held her hands with fervid strength. His eyes were aflame; a seductive beauty, of fire and manhood, illumined his face.

Alarmed and the smothering pulse of her nature lashed in Hilka's heart for the mastery, Love could have flamed to meet this man's, but her love for Hugh stood out in tumultuous protest.

"Don't—let me go—you hurt my hands!" she stammered, as she tried to meet his gaze. "I can't! I can't! You hurt me. Let me go!"

She wrenched her hands from his and started back the moment his grasp was relaxed.

"Don't—don't say any more," she begged. "I didn't want you to come and—say—all this. I wish you wouldn't, Oh, I wish you wouldn't!"

"What's up with you?" he asked, his fire slightly hardening as he felt the rebuff in her manner. "Do you mean you don't want me to love you?"

"I'm sorry—I'm sorry if you do," she replied.

"We might be friends—if you wouldn't be so rough."

"Rough?" he repeated, an anger coming upon him with a divination of the full significance of her manner. "Rough? So that's the game? It's Willis—the preacher! Hugh Willis, with his nice soft hands and pretty voice and green eyes! Willis!—a preacher! I could break him in pieces to wear my pistol! A preacher!"

"He's a man," said Hilka, flushing with indignation. (Continued on page 1744.)



Drawn by Fletcher C. Rowland

"If he fights that Croome gang, he's in for a good chance of dying"



Mr. Pennington and "Kundry" (Madame Mara) in the Temptation Scene in the Second Act



The Temple Scene in the Third Act—the Death of "Kundry" during the Adoration of the Grail

SCENES FROM MR. HENRY W. SAVAGE'S PRODUCTION OF "PARSIFAL"—THE FIRST PRESENTATION OF WAGNER'S MUSIC-DRAMA IN ENGLISH

Wagner's "Parsifal" in an English version, is now being performed by Mr. Henry W. Savage's opera company at the New York Theatre. It is the first time the music-drama has ever been given with anything but the original German text. A full description of the story of "Parsifal" was given in the January 16 issue of the "Weekly," at the time of Mr. Coaried's production of the work at the Metropolitan. The reader is referred to page 1739 for a review of Mr. Savage's production



Photograph by Geo. J.

**MME. GABRIELLE RÉJANE, THE DISTINGUISHED FRENCH
ACTRESS, WHO REAPPEARS IN NEW YORK THIS
WEEK AFTER AN ABSENCE OF TEN YEARS**

Madame Réjane reappeared in New York at the Lyric Theatre this week, after an absence of ten years, in a three-act play by Georges de Porto-Riche, "Amouran," and a one-act piece by Verlaine and Halévy called "Lodovique." During her engagement she will also appear in "La Pausette," which was produced in New York last year, with Marie Trépoigt, under the name of "The Marriage of Kitty"; and in "Zola," "La Robe Rouge," "Le Bonheur," "La Pausette," "Jacqueline," "Dorcas," "La Douceur," and other French plays.

The Theatrical Shooting-Gallery

By James L. Ford

IN a certain Coney Island shooting-gallery revolving targets—rotating images of the cat, the owl, the lion, and the goat—except the skill of the marksmen, while offering rewards of Coney Island cigars in quantities that vary in accordance with his success. They are difficult to hit, these swiftly moving animals, and not unlike the fickle, ever-changing quality called variously "popular taste," or "sympathy," or "appreciation," that the marksmen of the stage may aim at. The cat, who is good for two cigars when hit, always seems to me to stand for the feminine element in the public—I say this with no disrespect,—while the goat, whose whickers alone offer a wide exposure to the marksmen's bullet, may be said to typify the commonplace, unromantic masculine auditor, and is good for only five cigars. The owl, which is the easiest of them all, brings but a single cigar, and represents the hypercritical, snobbish, cultured, but densely ignorant, element, which is, as every theatrical manager knows, the very easiest kind in the town and the least important.

Quite as elusive as the cat, the owl, and the goat of the shooting-gallery is that popular taste which each one of the three embodies, as a measure, and which the dramatist or manager must hit to achieve success. There are some men who have learned the knack of hitting one, two, and even three of these revolving targets with the same shot time after time without a miss, no matter whether the fact that they aim be that of tragedy or comedy or farce.

Belasco's Three Hits

Mr. David Belasco is the most notable example of this sort in modern theatricals, for whether it be Mrs. Carter in tragedy, Miss Cushman in comedy, or Mr. Warfield in character study, his aim is true and sure, and the clear ring of the bull-eye whenever he fires shows that he has struck its very center.

"The Music Master," the most recent example of this dramatic rifeman's skill, rings absolutely true so far as this quality of sympathy is concerned, for there is never a moment in the play when the sympathy of the audience, and especially the feminine part of it, does not go out to the fine old German musician in his troubles. Mr. Warfield is an actor who is never content to stand still, and it is safe to predict that in time his present personation will become as mellow and finished as the flower character in which his talents found expression for so many years. It is pleasant to note that in the strongly dramatic scene at the close of the second act—a scene in which he may be said to raise his voice for the first time since he placed himself in the hands of Mr. Belasco—his notes ring as clear and as bell-like as though he is a real German and a real man as well in "The Music Master." He is not quite a musician, nor will he be one until the dissonance of his pupil bring to his face that ring of mingled pain and dumb protest that every one who ever undertook five-finger exercises is familiar with.

But now and then even an experienced and skillful marksman misses his aim in a way that is unlooked for and disconcerting. A noteworthy case in point is that of the often fortunate but variable marksman, Mr. Clyde Fitch, who early in the season skidded into one of the Broadway shooting-galleries, (naturally took aim at the revolving cat which may be said to typify the feminine part of a New York audience, and discharged his trusty rifle; only to learn that not only had he failed to make a bull-eye, but had so far missed his aim as to have excited the ridicule of the bystanders. The play dealt with the marriage of an American girl to an English duke, and in its presentation he laid bare in all honest sincerity the natural outcome of such a union. He revealed the English code in his very worst possible light. He was careful, also, to point out in colors that can be readily noted in recent matrimonial history. Indeed, he kept very close to what has actually happened when he showed the manner in which the titled husband took money from his wife and the use to which he put it. He took pains to suggest that though he is a carefully prepared male world hit the revolving target squarely in the center, but, to his surprise, the cat turned indignantly away and would have none of his anti-dual sentiment.

A Failure by Clyde Fitch

His failure to score with "A Woman of Dishes" has been variously attributed to the dullness of his story, the utter incapacity of the woman who assumed the part of the cat, and the fact that the play did not to the end arrive at any definite or satisfactory conclusion. All these were doubtless contributory agents to the catastrophe, but far more important than all was the fact that the chief motif of the play was one that could not possibly win the sympathy of an average audience. We have only to recall the frenzy that takes possession of a large part of our feminine population who one of those widely advertised International matches is "palled off" at some fashionable house of prayer, to comprehend the fact that down in the bottom of her heart the average New York woman approves of such a marriage, and recalls the distinction that the purchase of an ancient and much-sought-after title confers upon one of her own countesses.

Nor is it reasonable to suppose that a woman who has sacrificed the fortune from the neck of her dress and her shoes and the hair from behind her head is a mad scoundrel to catch a glimpse of the heels of the matrimonial bridegroom as he passes from his

carriage to the church door, will sympathize with any attempt to belittle such a union or to prove that this boarding-house god is one who is lost of clay.

Mr. Fitch's play proved a failure, but in its very lack of success, in the silent indignation with which hundreds of women resented its assault upon one of the most precious of their idols, it has taught a lesson that any manager of playwright can profit by. Most likely it may be to our regret that it did not, for that such a lesson has become an element too strong to be disregarded.

At another playhouse, a drama dealing also with aristocratic life, and taken from a novel which, more than any other book of modern times, shows the vanity of social ambition and holds mockery up to general ridicule, has, nevertheless, hit the bull-squarely in the center.

Mrs. Fiske's Revival of "Becky Sharp"

In a revival of "Becky Sharp" Mrs. Fiske has met with a degree of success that was entirely unlooked for, and has been variously attributed to her own rendering of the title role, to the magnificent performance of Mr. George Arliss in the part of Lord Steyne, and to the great interest which Thackeray's novel has always excited. These also are contributory causes to the success of the enterprise, nor should we lose sight of the fact that not only has Mrs. Fiske surrounded herself with a most excellent company, but that her own work as *Becky* is a very great improvement upon that of four seasons ago, when the piece was first given. She speaks with much greater distinctness, and in making public renunciation of many of her old sins of "naturalism" and "intellectual acting" into which she was led by the unwise praise of those ignorant advisers whose favor may be won by the very worst of the art, she has found their fitting symbol in the one ring of the shooting-gallery. But just now Mrs. Fiske seems to be aiming at the cat and the goat, and with an intelligence and good-will that manifest themselves in many ways, notably in the excellent company with which she has surrounded herself and in her willingness to permit them to earn their salaries. These are elements in which she rises almost to great heights; but although her characterization is marked throughout by that shrewd good nature which Thackeray made *Becky's* distinguishing trait and by a charm which I, for one, can believe to have sustained the greatest actress whose favor she has received, it would far better were it not on precisely the same line from first to last. In the great scene in which *Becky* attacks Steyne, she enters most forcibly, by swiftly uttered French prayers, and by the silver dissonance indicated in her own attitude, and she is a real woman who sees that social selfishness which has reared with so much skill and pains come crashing down in sudden and hopeless wreck.

When Thackeray wrote this scene, and under a sudden impulse, recorded the fact that for the first time in his life *Becky Sharp* admired her husband as he stood before her, strong, brave, and victorious, he laid down his pen and exclaimed, "There, my boy, is a stroke of genius!"

Skillful as Mrs. Fiske is in portraying her terror, she somehow fails to convey the idea that for once she utters the word, "stupid, adoring *Becky*," the gambler, swindler, and pedophile whom Charles Kingsley said he would rather have drawn than any other character in the whole range of English history.

A Shot with "The Harvester"

Mr. Otis Skinner has, I am told, received three fine Geneva cigars as a reward for the well-directed shot at the owl which he made in his play, "The Harvester." He has achieved what might be termed a half way success with "The Harvester," but he may console himself for his failure to secure greater rewards by reading those critical essays in which he not only describes his play as "a charming poetic idyll"—a term which with the cat and the goat know to be synonymous with an evening of boredom,—and declares that he deserves the cordial support of the public in his effort to establish the "poetic drama," those well that phrase sounds on a luck given over to the consequent, if jocosely, frivolities of the flippant brothers, the rule overmakings of Mr. Hamstead's variety acts, and the "mere popular success" of "The Music Master."

It is sad to see as fine an actor as Mr. Skinner trying to build his life into a part that offers nothing except what the owl calls his "virtuoso appearance," and to hear almost worthless lines hit in a voice worthy of *Roscoe*, especially when we remember that last season in this same shooting-gallery, in association with one of the finest of American actresses, this same dignified and capable player hit the owl, the goat, and the cat at a single mark. The real fault with this Canadian harvester is that he does not do anything on the stage that is worth looking at. He tells the audience that in the harvest-field he sings and leads all the other harrowers in their merry toll, and if we could only hear him sing, we might be wiser. We are wiser, perhaps, to hear him say, "I may add that unless the farmer, even him work and leave the voice that inspires the others to diligent toil he will not pay him his wages on Saturday night, and that is something that the manager should remember when he asks two dollars for the picturesque appearance of his cat and the recital of what he does when the audience is not looking.

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(Continued from page 172.)

digitation. "He wouldn't treat a woman like this, whatever he did."

Donald looked at her almost feverily. "You don't deny it?" he said. "That sickly preacher?"

"You might be sick yourself," she answered, hotly. "When he's well he's as muddy as any one in all this camp. You haven't the right to talk like this. You ought to be ashamed. I wouldn't have thought you could do it."

Ormsby was for a moment ashamed, but he was angered—as deeply angered as a wounded grizzly bear. His face was a force, elemental, savage, dominant. The hatred suddenly stirred by jealousy within him at a thought of the slowest Willis was utterly impersonal, illogical, and wild. Yet there was infinite tenderness latent, if not yet absolutely developed, in all his love for the girl.

"I didn't mean to jump on Willis," he said, in his way of apology. "He's all right, as far as a preacher goes in the mines, but—you don't love him better than me—not when I love you with all my might?"

"I wouldn't love you—I couldn't," she answered, still in the heat of her anger.

Her words seemed to stun a something in his breast. He looked at her blankly for a moment. His face became pale; his hand was shaking.

She felt her nature respond to his sudden anguish depths herself.

His passionate resentment matured for a moment, but as strength was the dominant element of his being, he spurned the pain and scoured the anger that her words had won to his heart.

"I might have known it," he said, as he drew off his hands of the floor rubbed upon them from the contact with hers. "Oh, hell! I don't see why I didn't stick to work!"

Without, neither need he turned and left the house, and striding boldly across the hill, came at length again to his tunnel. Angrily he entered the lowing black mouth and felt his way along the walls to the end of the hole, where his candle was still burning as he left it. In all his fierceness he caught up his pick and banged the rock with blow on blow of the ringing steel.

In the mean time it might have afforded him a species of gratification to know that the fates that day were in a mood to fling not only hatred, but troubles as well, in the path of the man who had come to preach in the camp.

Silverdred was like an isolated herd of rabbits, stores, schools, and mounts of earth, scattered at random on the mighty slope of a mountain in a cold and barren universe of piled-up earth and adamant. It was thirtyodd miles from its nearest of kin, another camp by the name of Crocker Gulch, which was rougher, poorer, and therefore possessed of a population even less conventional.

This Saturday afternoon four ranchmen delegates from the neighboring settlement arrived in camp, and having partaken of whiskey fairly a-swarm with gams of unred and ingenuity, were eager to exercise their prowess in the line of creating excitement. They were housed at the Goldfarb saloon, however, and the day had gone by and the evening was come before they were finally patronized by Chance.

The room of the Goldfarb tavern was filled with miners, teamsters, millmen, bankers, and gamblers, grouped about the tables, or lined up thickly against the bar, where the four rough citizens from down the Gulch were holding carnival.

The place was alive, gloriously abuzz with lights, and stifling as to fumes of smoke and drink, when at length the door was opened and in three cases Hugh Willis, preacher of the camp, in

swath of Tommy Todd, the cobbler, who held the key to the warehouse used as a church.

The men who turned at his entrance beheld a smooth-shaven man of medium height, slender, pale from recent illness, bright of eye, fearless of aspect, handsome in a way of refinement and elegance quite exceptional to see, and with features chiselled in a manner that imparted a positive exaltation to his countenance.

He looked about in the company to find the cobbler, who was leader of the visitors from Crocker except a trio of comrades from his line of vision and scrutinized the younger man aggressively.

"Here, you—my friend—come and have a drink," said he.

"I reckon you're needin' a drink," said the cobbler, who was staggered into front of Willis, heavily—a bulky, powerful lump of semi-intoxicated heathen.

"I mustn't be tempted to-night, but thanks all the same," said Willis, pleasantly. "I can't remain but a moment."

"Can't, huh? Can't remain? Can't drink? Well, you can't preach again till you drink with me; savvy that?" replied the visitor.

"My name a Blodt, and preachers a me food. I reckon per haps if you want to preach again you'll come and have a drink."

"I reckon otherwise," said Willis, quietly, "but he had become paler than before, but a bright flame of color now burned upward in his face, making it singularly radiant.

"I don't propose to drink with you, and I do propose to preach to-morrow," he said.

"The hell you say!" answered Blodt, in wrath, as he stepped between Willis and the door, to prevent his man's escape. "We'll see about that preachin', friend, for I'll be here to-morrow mornin' myself. I've got my 'pinion of a camp which lets a preacher hang around it more than a week. Say, boys, what does he do for his honest livin'?"

"Does some mine and cooks the richest doughnuts ever strack this side of the Mississippi," answered a half-breed, lowered.

"Cooks 'em for two bits a doze."

"Is that enough to drive you lands and gabotte in church and preachin'?" demanded the man from Crocker Gulch.

"Is that just only exercise for havin him stay into camp?" answered the man.

"He best Zine Pratt and Baldy White in a foot-ore all to pieces," answered the man, apologetically. "Some of the boys agreed to go to meetin' if he'd show himself a man, and he done it up first rate."

"Best a pair of limpin' rabbits, did he, in a meet?" inquired Mr. Blodt. "That all?"

"Cleaned up me and Navy Jones on pistol-shootin', slick as grease," intercalated a teamster, quietly. "He never set on odds, and went into any fair-and-square proposition, barrow gambling."

"And what's all of that amount to, anyhow?" demanded the visitor, itching for trouble. "Kid's play, that's what it is. We'll get up something decent soon to see how solid he stands. Look here, my friend, kin you do any regular fightin'?"

The time had been in the life of Hugh Willis when the man's insolent leer and challenge would have met with a knock-down blow; but he merely narrowed his eyes to-night and looked at the fellow before him coldly.

"You don't belong in this parish," he said. "Stand aside!"

Partially obeying this sharp command, the bulk of a rufian saw his man about to escape him. He hurled abruptly sideways to lay his hands in violence upon the preacher's arm.

But Willis dodged him swiftly, knocked his leg from beneath him with a dexterous turn of his foot, and sending him sprawling to the floor stepped across his prostrate form and gained the door.

The howl of delight that ensued was punctuated fiercely as the Crocker man arose, cursing and laying about him in fury.



"Don, don't stop to talk, Thuy'll kill him!" she cried

and starting at once in pursuit. The first man he struck, however, was a friend as large as himself. This individual promptly stopped him with a sudden fist, and they instantly clinched for trouble.

By the time the two had begun to comprehend their previous relationship their noses were bleeding, their clothing was torn, and their anger towards the preacher was past all appeasing. It was when they shook each other by the hand and took a drink with the company, however, that the minister was brewing thickest for the morrow.

"You can see the preacher ain't no slouch," said one well-intending convert. "No telling what he might not do if he'd only once turn loose."

"We'll turn him loose to-morrow, don't you fear," replied Mr. Hildt, far more dangerous now in his evening than he had been before in his day. "I know the way we made a preacher fight at Redhorse Creek one Sunday, and I'll bet I'll make it work again. And when we get him on the fight—he'll have to clean out four of us before he opens up his yawp to preach again."

"Four of you? What's the matter with some of us regular citizens (them) here in camp?" inquired the gambler who had spoken up before. "I'll back two or three good men we've got ourselves."

John Morse, the uncle of Hilda, left his seat and studied the company in idle contempt.

"Four of these grizzles—enough!" he said to himself, and leaving that he went home and related what had happened to his niece.

"I reckon Hugh will have to quit the camp," he added, at the end. "I've heard of preachers being driven out before."

Hilda had looked at him throughout his recital with eyes a trifle wild. A flash of color had been flashing in her cheeks.

"Quit the camp—go away!" repeated, paling peculiarly. "Hugh Willis stand by and let a number of ruffians drive him away? He'd die first!"

"If he fights that Crowbar gang, he's in for a mighty good chance of dying; no mistake about that," agreed her uncle. "The men is weak and sick. He doesn't stand a show on earth."

"And you men let these hair-drunk brutes from Crowbar Gully—" started Hilda, arousing; but Morse interrupted.

"We didn't let. It wasn't a matter of let," he said. "A mining-camp is a tough sort of place. Hugh knew that when he came. He had to take it as it was; and he'll have to take it that way now, or pull up stakes and git. He had some friends—he had plenty of friends in the crowd to-night, but the gang for the most part likes to see a fight. They'd like to see him show his mettle; and not a voice could be raised to stop a game like this when once it gets a start."

"It's shameful!" cried Hilda. "He won't! He wouldn't stop in such a thing! He'll never fight them! They can't drive him out, and they can't make him fight!"

"I don't know," said her uncle. "He's a man."

"He is a man!" said Hilda, hoarsely. "That's the point. He'll never let them win! I know he'll be too clever for them all. He's got to be clever—he's got to! If he ever lets them drive him away—he could never come back. No one would ever want to see—his face here again."

"No one," agreed her uncle.

"No one," she repeated, and she knew that she even included herself. She hated the thought, however, the moment it came. He would not permit the brutes to drive him forth—to brand him a coward. And yet—how could he so demean himself and his calling as to fight these drunken ruffians?

"He'll surely know something to do," she said again, and vainly she considered what any man could do in such a position.

That he did not come to see her as the evening passed gave her cause for new anxiety. She wrung her hands as she passed in darning her uncle's stockings and wove she worked into heels and toes, and wove she went into dreams all night.

In the morning Hugh Willis prepared as usual to hold his customary service, Colony

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From Subscribers

Cassius M. Harris, Iowa, October 29, 1904

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Mr. N. — Will you allow a dyed-in-the-wool Republican who has voted the party ticket in every national election since 1872 to voice his appreciation of your platform, "No Hambug," and of the able and felicitous support you are giving it? I own that you occasionally get on my partisan nerves, or with your pungent quill find a sensitive spot in the thinnest hide of my Republicanism, but down below the smarting cuticle there is usually the wholesome feeling that, after all, you are right. Of course, you, I and a billion for my part, are in the fact that you are more intelligible in showing up the humbug of the Democrats, and find, as it seems to me, more good occasions for directness.

I may add that my acquaintance with HARPER'S WEEKLY dates from away back in civil-war times, out on the prairies of Kansas, when my mother used to brighten the walls of our little pioneer cabin by pasting on them the saved-up copies of the WEEKLY, picture-side only. Many a time I used to linger over those stirring war-time pictures when I should have been splitting my kindling wood or hunking over for the ration. The pleasure of those days was my father's. He would sit there, in his infirmity, still as a statue, and the young folks would sit regularly ever since, but I wish to assure you that I have never found it safer, stronger, brighter, or more rationally indispensable to me than it is at present.

1. *Am. J. Math.* 87 (1965), 1131-1142.

Received 25 May 2006; accepted 11 June 2006

$\mathbb{P}_0, \mathbb{P}_1, \dots, \mathbb{P}_n, \mathbb{P}_{n+1}, \dots, \mathbb{P}_\infty$ and $\mathbb{P}_0, \mathbb{P}_1, \dots, \mathbb{P}_n, \mathbb{P}_{n+1}, \dots, \mathbb{P}_\infty$

Now all the questions were asked: "Why is the editor of *Harvard's Weekly* like Judge Parker?" I think the answer might well be, "They both are." The English language is so rich in metaphors that it is not surprising to find a devoted reader of your columns for some time. But I have, during the past few months, repeatedly asked myself what your politics are. You are certainly not a Republican, and you are certainly not a Democrat, so, but what do you honestly think about the Republican party in the present campaign? In one column you support "Ball and Clay" while in another you support "Mr. Hughes." You say Mr. Ellinger, what are your politics? I would really like to know.

I liked you to judge Parker because when a fellow journalist asks some pat question like "What are your politics?" I am sure the laughing stock of all creation, and leave your readers to darkness as to what your real opinions are. You seem to prefer D. B. H.

Keywords: 5-*H*-tryptophan; chloroquine; lithium; mood stabilizer

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Sau-... I suppose a note of appreciation from a mere learner will not count for much with you when you are complimented so highly by editors and other distinguished people. Still, I feel like adding my mite to telling you how much I enjoy your "Comment" and your "No Humberg" platform, and how much I envy the fun you must get out of such writers as you publish, as the ones headed "Certainly" and an "Extraordinary Profound."

Can't you publish more of the same kind?

I am, sir,

490 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS. - November 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:
 Sir.—For years I thought that George
 William Curtis would never be exceeded by
 any editor in your journal, but although
 was brought up a Republican in politics
 and still remain so, I read with a great
 deal of pleasure, if not profit, the editorial
 of HARPER'S WEEKLY of the present day
 and hope they will long continue. With

that the WEEKLY could be read by ten times the people that it is read by to-day.

3 mm, all

The World's Commerce

The world's commerce in the latest year for which statistics are available, as noted in the annual report of the Department of Statistics of the United States, Bureau of Labor, shows the total exports of all nations of the world to be in the latest year available, \$10,311,000,000, and the value of the total imports of all nations, \$11,809,000,000. This would give the total value of the world's imports and exports combined as \$22,120,000,000. Since all articles which were received in exports became in turn imports when they entered the country of destination, it would appear that the actual value of the service entering into international commerce was

The value of the articles forming the internal commerce of the United States was estimated at about 22 billions of dollars in a single year.

An Interesting Comparison

Thus while it has been customary to speak of the internal commerce of the United States as equal to the entire international commerce of the world, it appears from this statement that the actual value of the merchandise entering into the internal commerce of the United States is practically twice as great as that entering into the international commerce.

Europe, of course, supplies a very large proportion of the world's international commerce, both as to exports and imports. The exports of Europe amount to \$6,498,000,000, out of a total of \$10,515,000,000 exports of all the countries of the world, and her imports are \$8,361,000,000, out of a total of \$11,808,000,000 of the total imports of all the countries of the world. Thus Europe's total international commerce, combining her imports and exports, amounts to practically 15 billion dollars, out of a total of 22 billion of combined imports and exports.

Of the \$8,304,000,000 of imports from Europe, \$1,202,500,000, or 14.48 per cent, are from the United States, and of the \$6,498,000,000 of exports, \$467,858,000, or 7.20 per cent, are to the United States.

Typhoid Fever and Oysters

[illegible]

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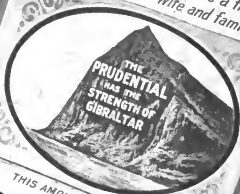
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVIII

New York, Saturday, November 19, 1904

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS SONS

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. XLVIII.

No. 2500

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COMMENT

On a guess was all right as far as it went. Its sole defect consists in the fact that it did not go far enough. We confess humbly that it never occurred to us that Maryland might go one way or the other by two hundred majority, or that Missouri, with Foss running for Governor, would vote for Roosevelt. We never knew much about Netami anyhow, and have never wanted to. It has no business to be a State. Still, its three votes become a part of the majority. With the exception of these States, the country voted as we guessed it would, — not as it should, perhaps, mind you, but as it would and did. The outcome, so far as we can judge, was typified once upon an occasion by an Irishman who, when asked what was the complaint which carried his mother-in-law to her everlasting home, replied that there was no complaint everybody was satisfied. In any case, we have observed no long faces, and all branches of business are pecking up.

The most effective words ever written in THOMPSON ROOSEVELT were those poured on election night:

WASHINGTON, November 5, 1904

I am deeply sensible of the honor done me by the American people in thus expressing their confidence in what I have done and have tried to do. I appreciate to the full the solemn responsibility this confidence imposes upon me, and I shall do all that in my power lies not to forfeit it. On the 4th of March next I shall have served three and one-half years, and this three and one-half years constitutes my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form. Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination.

We say "effective" advisedly. To the hundreds of thousands who had voted on faith these words bore the definite assurance that their confidence was not mislaid. That Mr. Roosevelt had determined upon this course was well known to his friends, but with commendable pride he withheld the announcement until a time when by no possibility could it be construed as a bid for political support. We cannot say that we approve of his position, for the reason that circumstances might arise which would put it in flat opposition to the welfare of the country and the desires of the people; nor in these times do we attach much importance even to the wholly misunderstood two-term tradition. But if it was to be done, that was the time to do it. If, in consequence, anybody ever had a freer hand to write his name full and large upon the pages of history, we cannot recall his name. But the main point is that all now know that the THEODORE ROOSEVELT whom they voted for is the THEODORE ROOSEVELT they thought he was.

There is no doubt that Judge PARKER was grievously disappointed. He and his managers were curiously deluded by a

certain conviction that he would be elected. There was no make-believe on their part. They felt absolutely sure of a result that would have been the most astonishing episode in American politics. It was, therefore, but natural, perhaps, that the Democratic candidate, while yet feeling keenly his disappointment, should have harked back, in his subsequent pronouncement to his party, to the causes which he had indicated with peculiar emphasis in the last few days of the campaign as the most potent on behalf of the Republican candidacy. "If," he said, "we would help the people, if we would furnish an organization through which they may be relieved of a party that has grown so corrupt that it would gladly enter into partnership with the trusts to secure money for election purposes, we must forget the differences of the past," etc. The plain implication from this assertion is that money contributed by the trusts constituted an important factor in the election of Mr. ROOSEVELT. The fact is that the funds disbursed by the two national committees differed very little in amount. The Republican fund was \$2,250,000; the Democratic fund was \$1,800,000. Neither of these amounts was excessive. Undoubtedly Mr. HARRIMAN gathered up a considerable amount of money to aid his Republican headman in New York, and so in all probability did Senator SMITH on behalf of his Democratic candidate for Governor in New Jersey, but so far as the national committees were concerned, there was no disbursement such as would involve the purchase of votes. Mr. ROOSEVELT was overwhelmingly on his own personality. Judge PARKER could not beat him, Mr. CLEVELAND could not have beaten him; neither, in our judgment, could the angel Gabriel. The people wanted a human being, forceful, resolute, patriotic, faultless maybe, but sagacious and appealing. They found what they were seeking in THOMPSON ROOSEVELT, and made his election so sure that the regret of a purchase is simply silly.

Judge PARKER chose his words with some discretion in dealing with the "corruptor" incident, but it would doubtless have paid him better as well as pleased him better to have declared frankly what everybody knew to be true, that the black-and-white insinuation was rubbish. As it was, the Republicans profited greatly by CLEVELAND's appointment, improper though it was. They got a good, clean man for campaign manager; they got the money of the business interests in due volume; and they had the final advantage of having their candidate ridiculously slandered for an act for which he might be justly censured. The slander killed the resource. Verily all things work together for the good of the candidate whom the people want.

We regret exceedingly to be obliged to record the impression that the Judge is not a good loser. On election night he sent the following despatch:

EIGHTH, NEW YORK, 2.30 P.M., November 4

The President, Washington, D. C.

The people by their votes have emphatically approved your administration and I congratulate you.

ALTON B. PARKER

This was usual, proper, and perfunctory. It was probably all that the Judge could find in his heart to say. He certainly could not consistently congratulate the people, but he could and did with manifold reluctance felicitate the winner. The reply was direct and to the point, as follows:

ALTON B. PARKER, ROOSEVELT, N. Y.

I thank you for your congratulations.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The recipient of the congratulations could hardly have said less. As a gentleman, he would necessarily have made a like reply to EUGENE V. DEBS. It must be noted, however, that it would be difficult to read into this single line any particular amount of enthusiastic appreciation. The fact, of course, is that Mr. ROOSEVELT felt keenly that, in the latter days of the campaign, the man whom he had formerly respected and regarded, in a personal sense, as a friend, had not played fair. It may be that in this respect he was unduly sensitive. The appointment of Mr. CLEVELAND certainly invited attack, but he knew that the accusation implied at least by the Judge was wholly unjustified, and he was certain in his mind that the Judge himself did not really believe it had foundation in fact, and

was making it for political purposes. His resentment, therefore, was natural, and was obviously shared by the people.

Mr. BAYAN behaved very well. He could not resist the impulse of human nature to brag a little over the fact that he received more votes than the conservative Democratic candidate, but he cooed gently, and insists rightly, so far as we can see, that the control of the organization should pass back from the East to the West. Upon this point, among the men who have been most active in the management of the Democratic canvass, one of the most influential declared on the day before election that unless Judge PARKER could carry at least his own State there would be no disposition to withhold from Mr. BAYAN control of the party. Another, stronger perhaps intellectually, but less potent financially, insisted that, whatever the result, an organization had been created which should be maintained at any cost and prepared to take instant advantage of expected extravaganzas of the Republican administration. Mr. HENRY is again a candidate for the nomination in 1898. Mr. DIES, in polling more than half a million votes, certainly established the fact that there is a nucleus, especially in the great cities of the West, of a Socialistic party of the German type, and as a result of these various and curious things we may reasonably expect that every act of the incoming administration, as well as of the new Republican Congress, will be subjected to the sharpest scrutiny, and will need more than in many years to be carefully considered. Meanwhile, stocks are going up far more rapidly than they ought to go, and, unless the tendency is checked, the inevitable slump within the next four years will greatly encourage, if not materially aid, the growing radicalism within the nation.

The solemn editors fulfilled our pleasing anticipations almost literally. The *Times* recalled, as we indicated that it would do, the fact that Mr. ROOSEVELT once upon a time did have a character, and added that "no one can deny the convincing evidence his career affords of great personal ability, profound knowledge of the temper and purpose of the American people, and extraordinary hold upon their confidence and admiration, and an almost unprecedented command of the elements of success in a democratic nation." It also points out how he may achieve a great success by reforming the tariff, and plainly intimates that in so far as he shall follow the suggestions freely offered he will receive the support of a truly moral journal. The *World* did not reprint its strenuous editorial of some time ago commending Mr. ROOSEVELT's action in the Northern Securities case, in conformity with our suggestion, but it refers to it with the utmost satisfaction, and recalls to his mind with particularity the fact that *it*, the *World*, gave such ample recognition to that achievement, and that it praised him for keeping the peace in Venezuela, and that it defended him against the criticisms of his hospitality to BOERER WASHINGTON. It then adds, as we said it would, that it "will sustain him when he is right, and criticize him when he seems to *it*, to be wrong," etc. Poor Dr. McKEE was the hardest time of all. The best he can do is to write a few thousand words upon the topic entitled "Where the *Eagle* was Right and the Party was Wrong." Demands upon time prevent the perusal of the essay, but if it refers to the conclusive evidence adduced by the *Eagle's* postal-card canvass of the overwhelming success of Judge PARKER, the average mind might be tortured by a suspicion that the good Doctor disingenuously reversed his adjectives. The *Springfield Republican* tells vaguely "How it happened." The *Evening Post* cheerfully grumbles, and there you are. We have not yet mustered sufficient courage to attack the comments of the *Sun* upon the result in New York State.

We venture a prediction that President ROOSEVELT will revise the tariff in the interest of the people.

One of the most cheering features of the election is the obvious fact that voters have learned to differentiate between candidates and how to split tickets. If anybody gifted with omniscience had said on the day before election that Mr. HENRY would receive 100,000 votes in the State of New York less than Mr. ROOSEVELT and yet be elected, he would have been regarded as insane, and yet that is what happened. The fact that Mr. OWELL's candidate was elected may seem to

his friends sufficient justification for the hypocritical congratulatory telegram that he sent to the President, but as a matter of fact Mr. OWELL received a rebuke which was most scathing, and in any normal condition would have been crushing. The popularity of the national candidate was so overwhelming that it saved the boss. Nobody appreciated better than Mr. ROOSEVELT himself the blight put upon his own high-minded candidacy by Odellism, but he stood squarely by his original determination not to interfere, and his faith that the people would not confound his ideals with the sordid motives of the Governor-Chairman was amply justified. If the President has sent a gratifying reply to the fulsome communication from Mr. OWELL it has not at the time this is written been published.

We remarked some weeks ago "Give the excessive tariff time and it will feth Massachusetts." The untimely result in that State seems to warrant the accuracy of the observation. Mr. DWIGHT made his fight on the tariff. Some local issues were involved, but the main point of his candidacy rested upon undue and unjust exactions. As a consequence, Mr. ROOSEVELT received nearly 90,000 majority on the same basis as he swept the country—that is, upon his personality and the popular confidence in his integrity and ability, and Mr. DWIGHT was chosen Governor by nearly 40,000, a difference of fully 120,000 votes. Similar results were reaped in other States. While Mr. ROOSEVELT carried Colorado, West Virginia, Missouri, Minnesota, and Nebraska by substantial majorities, a Democrat was elected Governor in each State. Even in Rhode Island, where Mr. ROOSEVELT had 10,000 majority, the Democratic candidate for Governor was beaten by only a few hundred. All this is encouraging in showing that the electors have learned when and how to discriminate. Party ties have ceased to be binding. The man and specific principles have become essential to political success. Nothing could be more gratifying.

And Missouri! A great, big, jagged chunk blasted out of that stubborn boulder, the Solid South! Would that while he was about it, President ROOSEVELT had carried the other Southern States and given us a united country, that could in due time break apart on new lines. There were only twelve States left. If it had been a convention, instead of an election, the motion to make it unanimous would have been carried with such a roar that the dissenting voices, if there were any, could not have been heard. So long as things were going the way they went, we would have been delighted to see the President sweep Mississippi. And, by the way, now that he is in for four years more, and will not be a candidate again, cannot the remnant of the once solid South bring itself to take a more indulgent and hopeful view of his character and purposes, and try to coöperate with him in promoting the realization of any sound intentions he may disclose to do the South good? Mr. ROOSEVELT will want to give the country a successful administration. After such a victory he can afford to be extremely gentle and forbearing. He will want to be President of all the people, and he will doubtless prefer not to be regarded with bitterness even in twelve States out of the forty-five. The South will do well to take a fresh start with him, and letting bygones go, try again to work with him as it might have worked with McKINLEY.

NEW PALMER, November 3.

President Roosevelt, U. S. A., Washington:
Sincere congratulations. May Heaven give you prosperity.
Tum quod bonum felix faustumque sit populo Americano.

WILLIAM L. R.

May time be what is good, happy, and prosperous to the American people.

Oh, shucks!

Colonel WATTS' summing up on November 4 ran over four of the long columns of the *Courier-Journal*, and was all edifying and delightful. There are other men in the country who can write four-column editorials, but MARIE HENRY'S piece has the peculiarity that they get themselves not only written, but read. In elucidation of his views on blue-grass brother marshalled CHANCER KENT, GOLDWIN SMITH, Lord BYRON, Lord ACTON, JEFFERSON, ROBERT BROWNING, Doctor JOHNSON, BEN JESSON, MACHIAVELLI, THOMAS MOORE, HORACE,

RAGHOUT, BECKLE, KIPPLIN, WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, AGASSIZ, and McKINLEY, and various documents and monuments of antiquity besides. But all mangled the current of his philosophy flowed on, adored but unimpeded by its rich freight. The papers say that Colonel WATSON is going abroad now for a long rest. He began his political career by being born early in 1840, just in time to take part in the great hard-cider and log-cabin campaign. The only thing that can break him of the habit of electing Presidents would be to turn from political polemics—as DOANE did at about his age—and write some books that might live.

DOANE was led to the trough, but would not drink. Again the unspeakable ASSICKS is bent.

The late Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of New York seems a likely young man and worthy of the confidence of the voters, but wasn't it ill-advised to recommend him to college men as a college man, and to members of the Psi Yu fraternity as a Psi Yu? It turned out that Governor ORELL is also a Psi Yu, which turned what was rather a silly impropriety into a luscious joke. The recommendation of another circular signed by excellent names was that Mr. HARMON was "a representative college man." To our mind it was an injurious recommendation as far as it went, which was not far. The very thing that college men who go into politics should avoid is to be classified as belonging to any small group set apart from the mass of citizens. A candidate for a State office appeals to all the voters in the State. It is all right to commend him as a man of competent education, but a mistake to put him forward as the candidate of a group of men educated in a particular way. Moreover, college-bred men don't vote for college men as such. They vote, as a rule, according to their political convictions. When they go to football games they go as college men, but when they go to the polls they go as citizens. The first thing for a college-bred candidate to do is to get out of college. That is well understood by Mayor McLELLAN, who was, not long ago, the object of some amusing criticism because he had never run for office as a graduate of Princeton.

After all, even the cry of "breakers ahead" isn't enough to make folks abandon a ship with competent officers for a raft with a green crew.

Just a word of warning to our Republican friends. THOMAS ROOSEVELT has won an enormous victory. In your natural enthusiasm over his huge success, don't boil over too much! Don't do to him what the American people did to GEORGE DOANE! Don't make an impossible hero of him! Keep down your raptures. He is a good man and has a big man's work ahead of him. Give him a chance to do it, and help him to do it wisely. His administration will have no immediate opposition of sufficient strength to curb it. If it needs to have the brakes put on, some of you will have to help twist them.

Secretary TAYLOR lifts the "Recessional" made in his after-election remarks. "The danger in the case of such a victory," he says, "is that it may lead to a relaxing of the self-restraint that is more certain to be exercised when the danger of a political change is more probable. It is no unknown thing to have a majority as large and sweeping as this, followed by a defeat equally emphatic at the next Presidential election." Evidently there is a three-hundred-pound weight on the right side of the balance.

Those Republicans who were going to vote for PARKER for fear ROOSEVELT would get too many votes didn't do it. You can't depend on such voters. They are blinde to panic.

In an editorial discourse the day before election our Republican neighbor, the *Globe*, inquired of Judge PARKER and various newspapers, "Do you think it paid to accuse the President of the United States of being a deliberate and wholesale blackmailer?" We won't discuss whether it paid or not, nor even deny (as may so reasonably be done) that Judge PARKER made such accusations. But the *Globe's* inquiry serves very well to introduce discussion of the reason why it has irritated so many observers to be told that the present

President of the United States is entitled, by virtue of his office, to reverential treatment, and must not be accused, even when a candidate for reelection, of conduct inconsistent with the loftiest virtue. It has always been taken as a matter of course that the President of the United States is entitled, as such, to the respect of all men. The office is one of the highest dignity. Not to show respect to the man who occupies it is not only bad manners, but implies in an offender an inability to appreciate his country's greatness which amounts to a defect in patriotism. All Presidents, so far as we know, have been treated with respect. But since Mr. ROOSEVELT succeeded Mr. McKINLEY there has been a very perceptible softening of the demand for increased veneration of the person of the Chief Magistrate. Whence it came we do not know. Mr. ROOSEVELT is not at all a formal person; his address is extremely friendly unless he has reason to make it otherwise; his manners are easy. Yet out of his immediate environment has proceeded this new gospel of increased veneration for the President of the United States.

It makes some citizens laugh and others swear. Certainly the White House is no place for barroom manners. When GUN-BLASE BALL STONE was elected Governor of Missouri his constituents were assured that when they visited the executive mansion they were welcome to spit on the floor. It does not seem desirable that the democratic sentiment should find that form of expression in the White House or the President's offices. Indeed, the White House has been conducted in the last three years very much to the admiration and liking of almost every one. Its generous hospitalities have been guided by excellent taste, and the faults that have been found with its management have been either ignorant or spiteful. And yet there does exist this noticeable irritation at the co-existence of some masters of etiquette upon the defence that is due to the President of the United States. They tell us that we are a world power now, and that we owe it to ourselves to remember that our President is one of the greatest potentates on earth, if not the greatest, and to give evidence of our own reasonable self-esteem by the deference with which we treat him. To which the objectors retort, "Why, that's imperialism." And they don't make that retort for the mere purpose of answering back, but because it expresses a real feeling.

There is a real reason why it makes us cross to have the *Globe* talk about what is, or is not, due to the President of the United States in the person of THOMAS ROOSEVELT. It is not because deference is not due to the President, for it is due to him—though his friends can't plead privacy for him when he happens to be a candidate. The trouble about Mr. ROOSEVELT is that instead of his personality being merged into the office, the office comes very near being merged into his personality. He is the President, but still more intensely and conspicuously and continuously he is THOMAS ROOSEVELT. Was that impetuous letter of denial at which the country chuckled five days before election the letter of the President of the United States? Of course not. It was the letter of THOMAS ROOSEVELT, and highly characteristic of that gentleman. And it is apt to be THOMAS ROOSEVELT who reviews war-ships, THOMAS ROOSEVELT who ranks his friends, the same who defies his enemies and performs many of the official acts which are included in the duties of the President.

He can't help it, being built that way. Neither can we. But our brethren who rub it into us so much that the President of the United States deserves our awful consideration might as well realize first as last that though there is a basis of propriety in what they say, President ROOSEVELT will never excite the degree of reverence which they enjoin, unless he succeeds in sinking his personality in the Presidential office. And that he will probably never do. None of the above reflections, however, should be understood as endorsing or extenuating that "blackmail" suggestion. That was folly; folly not because it was aimed at "The President of the United States," but because it wasn't true. If it had been true and could have been proved it would have been a lawful campaign missile, but it was inconsistent with the candidate's character, and it was unsupported by a shred of ev-

timony. It made thousands of voters angry, and remains now the one prominent feature of the campaign that decent Democrats regret.

Perhaps HARPER'S WEEKLY is conducting a growing contest.—*Archibald (Wm.) Johnston.*

That is all it was. We didn't really know.

The encouragement which the Democrats can derive from the election is exclusively of the darkest-just-before-the-dawn order. We see the announcement that Mr. THOMAS WATSON and Mr. WILLIAM HILBERT are going to hold a conference in New York this week. The announcement included Mr. HAYES, but he has excused himself. Of course they will climb to be the dawn. They are just about enough of a dawn to make conspicuous the morning star of Missouri, JOSEPH FOLK, elected Governor by a comfortable majority in a State that chose ROOSEVELT electors and a Republican Legislature. FOLK's election is the great source of the idealists, as DUBOIS's success in Massachusetts is the great Democratic surprise.

DUBOIS carried Massachusetts by 35,000; ROOSEVELT by 80,000. Obviously Massachusetts men can split their tickets. Presumably their efficiency in it is due to the high average of education in the Bay State. But MISSOURI gave ROOSEVELT 15,000 and FOLK 10,000, and eliminated COOK, who ran for Secretary of State on FOLK's ticket. Missouri at a pinch can split a ticket, too, though her educational qualifications are not so distinguished as those of Massachusetts.

The people of the United States have spoken for THOMSON (ROOSEVELT) and the policies for which he stands as they have spoken for no other man in our history since WASHINGTON.—*The Tribune.*

How is this, neighbor? Is he to be THOMSON ROOSEVELT when he wins, and "the President of the United States" when he is criticized? If it was ROOSEVELT who won, it must also have been ROOSEVELT who ran.

During the few days preceding the Presidential election some curious possibilities were suggested which are worth noting, because they will recur four years hence. Directing attention to the fact that the number of electoral votes based on the last census (1870) is an even number, some one pointed out in the New York Times that, conceivably, the electoral votes might be equally divided, in which event, under the Constitution, the choice of a President would be made by the House of Representatives, and Mr. ROOSEVELT would be chosen, because each State would have but one vote, and that vote would be determined by the majority of its Representatives. The Republicans control a large majority of the State delegations in the present House. The writer in the Times went on to show that what was conceivable was by no means improbable. If, in addition to the 151 electoral votes, which even Republicans assigned to Judge PARKER, he should be credited with those of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Indiana, Colorado, Montana, Nevada, and Idaho, every one of which States are doubtful, with the possible exception of the last named, he would have exactly 238 votes. This computation gave to ROOSEVELT not only the States which he seemed certain to carry, but also West Virginia and Maryland, both of which were swept by McKINLEY at the last two Presidential elections.

Another interesting fact was pointed out in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, namely, that conceivably the Presidential election might be determined by women or aliens. Unquestionably women can vote in four States, to wit, Idaho, Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah, which collectively have fourteen electoral votes. It is also indisputable that aliens who are not yet naturalized, but who have merely declared their intention of becoming citizens, may vote in such possibly close States as Indiana, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Oregon, and South Dakota. In at least one State aliens need have announced such an intention only thirty days before election day. It is also quite possible that a close election might be decided by persons who are unable to read or write. Illiterates

can vote in Delaware, Indiana, and Illinois, as well as in a great many other States. What was true this year will be true at the end of 1898.

While Mayor McCLELLAN was up the State, "trying to save the Constitution" he says, the local Goshu snubbed the outer surface of New York's City Hall. The Mayor is sorry. He didn't help the Constitution any, whereas if he had stayed on the bridge he might have saved the City Hall.

It will be remembered that the arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain, which was negotiated by Secretary OLNEY and Lord PALMERSTON, failed to secure the two-thirds vote in the Senate needed for ratification. We take for granted that Secretary HAY would not face the risk of a similar humiliation, and feels assured that two-thirds of the Senators will sanction the arbitration treaty with France, which was signed the other day by himself and Ambassador JESSUP. This is only the first, we are told, of several treaties, substantially identical, which will have been signed before the Fifty-eighth Congress re-assembles in December. It is said that Mr. HAY has in view an agreement for arbitration with Germany, with Italy, and with more than one other country on the continent of Europe. If all of these should be ratified, he will probably crown his endeavors in the cause of peace by re-submitting an arbitration treaty with Great Britain. There is no doubt that the feeling of the American people, which, as a rule, is reflected in the United States Senate, is very much more friendly to Great Britain than it was at the time of the rejection of the OLNEY-PALMERSTON arbitration treaty. For this change of sentiment there are several reasons, the first of which, in order of time, and the most potent in respect of influence, was the sympathetic attitude of the people and government of Great Britain during our war with Spain. There is no doubt that but for the firm refusal of the SALISBURY government to take part in such a repressive movement, our desire to liberate Cuba, which, after the destruction of the battleship *Maine*, became vehement, would have been checked in the spring of 1898 by a concerted protest of all the great European powers, which, in effect, would have been tantamount to a writ of prohibition. There is reason to believe that Lord PALMERSTON was inclined to combine with the representatives of other foreign countries in putting pressure upon our government, but we know that a very different view of England's interest and duty was taken by the British Foreign Office.

Those Americans who happened to be on the Continent after the outbreak of the war with Spain are not likely to forget the shameless manifestations of hatred of the United States with which the Paris press was rife. For twenty-four hours after DEWEY's victory in Manila Bay, and after the destruction of Cervera's squadron, we were told that the miserable Yankees had been annihilated. After our naval victory off Santiago could not be denied, however, the Frenchmen began to hedge, and have since reminded us effusively of the services rendered to the cause of American independence during our Revolutionary war. We have not forgotten those services; nor, on the other hand, the outrageous treatment to which American merchant vessels were subjected between 1793 and 1812; nor the difficulty experienced, even by ANTOINE JACKSON, in extorting a recognition of the debt owed to us by France from the government of LOUIS PHILIPPE. We remember everything; but we are magnanimous. Magnanimity, however, does not forbid us to recall the feeling of relief with which, in the spring and early summer of 1898, American travellers left the Continent and landed in Great Britain. It was like quitting an enemy's country for the house of a friend.

The subsidence of Anglophobia in this country is also due in part to the singularly improved relations of the Unionist government to the Irish people. Almost all fair-minded Americans concur with Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN in thinking that, with the exception of the splendid act performed by the Czar ALEXANDER II., history has no record of a more impressive determination to repair the errors of the past than was afforded by the BALFOUR government, when, although staggering under the cost of the South-African war, it appropriated from the British Exchequer an immense sum of money for the purpose of enabling the Irish peasants to become the owners

of the land they till. Contributory also to the present feeling of good-will and confidence was the decision rendered in the matter of the Alaska boundary—a decision made possible only by the absolutely impartial attitude of the British member of the International Commission. When we call these things to mind, we understand why Americans have begun to feel that blood is thicker than water, and why an arbitration treaty, which would have had no chance of obtaining the sanction of the United States Senate eight or even seven years ago, has now a fair prospect of being ratified.

There is, of course, one objection to the arbitration treaty which has been negotiated with France, and to any other similar agreement. It does, so far as it goes, distrust the Senate of its share in the treaty-making power. It is true that the treaty itself excepts from the questions that must be submitted to arbitration those affecting the vital interests or national honor of either signatory. But the treaty leaves it to the Executive of each signatory to determine whether the vital interests or honor of a nation is affected. It is conceivable that, touching this grave matter, an American Secretary of State and the American Senate might hold different convictions in a given contingency. If, however, a general arbitration treaty had been ratified, the Senate would have renounced the veto power in any case which in the judgment of the Executive might fall under it. It will be observed that we have raised the question whether, under the Constitution, the Senate has the right to sanction in advance a general arbitration treaty. The inquiry obviously goes to the root of the matter.

In view of the official account, telegraphed from Tokyo, of the boobying operations from October 30 to November 3, inclusive, it would not be surprising if Port Arthur should be taken before these words meet the reader's eye. It has been for several reasons a memorable siege, but to speak of it as unprecedented, either in respect of duration, of the casualties incurred, or of the number of soldiers surrendered, would be absurd. The siege may be said to have begun on June 7 of the current year, and up to the present hour has lasted a little over five months. The siege of Vicksburg was considerably more protracted, if we count from the beginning of the earlier and unsuccessful operations, while Petersburg, to which Grant laid siege on June 9, 1861, was not evacuated until April 2, 1865. The defence of Sebastopol was maintained for eleven months, and the defenders did not capitulate, but withdrew by a way which had been kept open. The famous and successful defence of Gibraltar by the English garrison against the combined fleets and armies of France and Spain lasted about three years. The casualties suffered by the Japanese before Port Arthur have not been much known officially, but they almost certainly fall short of the losses incurred by the French and English before Sebastopol, which were computed at 60,000. General STROUSS has declared that his soldiers will fight to the last man. Even should the vault be fulfilled, they will do no better than the Greeks did at Thermopylae, or than the Texans did at the Alamo.

Nobody would now blame the Russian commander if he should capitulate, but it is improbable that he has much more than ten thousand soldiers to surrender. The Confederate General PEMBERTON surrendered upwards of 30,000 soldiers at Vicksburg; General WERDNER, 40,000 at Lim in the Austro-Italian campaign; and Marshal BAZINE more than 75,000 at Metz. The record of the siege of Port Arthur appears to demonstrate that the defences of the place could scarcely be improved upon from a military point of view, and that the fortress might have held out much longer had it been more strongly garrisoned and more amply provided with food, supplies and with munitions of war. It could not even have been besieged had the Russians retained, as they expected to retain, control of the sea. That section of the Liao-Tung Peninsula on which Port Arthur and Dalny stand is practically an island, for the neck by which the promontory is connected with the mainland is only about a mile wide, and could be raked by battle-ships stationed on each flank. For a time after the capture of that isthmus by the Japanese it was a question not easily answered whether Port Arthur should be reduced by starvation or by assault. The large force

required for the prosecution of assaults would have been invaluable to Marshal OYAMA in his duel with General KUROKI. From the moment, however, that Russia's determination to dispatch her Baltic fleet to the Far East became known, the capture of the harbor, and of the war-ships which had taken refuge there, became indispensable. We note, finally, the interesting fact that the glory of the defence of Port Arthur, like that of the defence of Sebastopol, does not belong to a man of Russian descent. General STROUSS is said to be of Swiss, as General TOTLIEN was of German, extraction.

At the hour when we write, the outcome of the recent general election in the Dominion of Canada seems to be that the Liberal government, headed by Sir WILLIAM LAMONT, will have a majority of at least seventy-four in the next Ottawa House of Commons, or twenty more than it had in the last House. The fact that Mr. ISIDORE TUTT is no longer a member of the ministry has had but little, if any, effect on the Premier's control of his native province, Quebec. In the maritime provinces the Liberals are reported to have made a clean sweep, and they hold their own in Ontario, although there, at general, as contrasted with provincial, elections they have long been in a minority. In the Northwest, and in British Columbia also, the Liberals are now preponderant, although there, if anywhere, some influence should have been exerted by the fact that the Conservatives of Canada are much more outspoken than are their Liberal opponents in advocacy of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S preferential policy. So far as the United States are concerned, the renewed triumph of Sir WILLIAM LAMONT indicates that a reciprocity treaty, for which there is a strenuous demand in some of our border States, might be negotiated, provided we do not exact concessions fatal to Canadian manufacturers. The latter are determined not to be driven out of business by either American or British competitors, and the recent election would have had a very different outcome had they not been convinced that in the Liberal Premier they have a friend. So long as Sir WILLIAM remains in power it is extremely improbable that Canada will assume any larger share of the military and fiscal burden of the British Empire than she now sustains, or that, in respect of tariff concessions, she will go beyond the preference of 33 1/3 per cent. now granted to British manufactures. The preference is ostensible rather than real, because so many articles of American origin are on the free list that the aggregate imports from the United States are increasing much more rapidly than those from Great Britain. The almost simultaneous victory of the Boer government in the New-Foundland general election is also discouraging to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, for Mr. BOER is not only opposed to the annexation of the island to the Dominion of Canada, but is earnestly desirous of bringing about reciprocity with the United States.

Sundry scientific gentlemen have analyzed the Subway and discovered it to be seriously lacking in oxygen. We are their debtors. Will they add to our obligation by disclosing how far the deficiency of oxygen is repaired by the aroma of peanuts which pervade so profusely in the Subway cars in the hours when our citizens ride for pleasure?

Stung!

From the Potsdam (N. Y.) "Courier Freeman"

"We should have to have to be as fair as the Brooklyn Eagle."—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

We should say so. In fact, it goes without saying. It is many years since HARPER'S WEEKLY made any attempt to be fair. The late GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS was no outlier as they make 'em, and the WEEKLY finally went into the bag. Given HARPER a short time ago handed it out by the feet and presented it to our eyes for the public, which undignified, and it might be said indecent, posture it has since maintained. "Col." HARPER is a man without a country, and the WEEKLY is a journal without principles. It assumes the attitude of a pester about the things of life, but its jests always turn out to be blasphemy. Its apparent fastidiousness is generally a libel on something, and its editorialists are writers with the art purpose of adding to the sum of evilness and evil. It has no God, no party, no flag, no friends. The reason for Col. HARPER'S unpopularity has not yet been told, but his actions indicate dyspepsia or the long tortures of a hidden crime.

The Significance of the Election

It was a landslide for THOMAS ROOSEVELT. He has 343 electoral votes against 132 given to PARKER. He asked for a vote of confidence, and he got it, with overwhelming emphasis. Several causes contributed to his success, the chief of which was his personal popularity. In his native State, although he was running against a New-Yorker, he received a larger plurality than was obtained by McKINLEY in 1900. In Ohio his plurality is much larger than McKINLEY secured in 1900 or 1896. In Pennsylvania his plurality exceeds every that returned for McKINLEY, though twice the latter received nearly 300,000. In Illinois and Indiana, it not alone, but majority and close majorities. In New Jersey he has beaten the record made by McKINLEY four years ago. He has swept Minnesota, although that State is reported to have chosen a Democratic Governor. He has carried Massachusetts by a very large plurality, although that State has elected a Democratic Governor, who made his campaign on the labor issue and on the demand for the free admission of raw materials of manufacture. He has gained the electoral votes of Colorado and Montana, although in both States a Democrat has come near capturing, if he has not captured, the Governorship. Mr. ROOSEVELT got the woman vote. Every one of the four States in which women possess the franchise—Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming, and Utah—gave him a plurality, although BRYAN carried all four of them in 1896, and two of them in 1900. He must have got the union-labor vote, truly on that assumption can be returned from Massachusetts, New York City, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana. He carried the vote of the Democrats, by nominating ex-Senator DAVIS, appeal to the local pride of West Virginia; that State preferred Mr. ROOSEVELT to her own son. In spite of a franchise law devised for the express purpose of cutting down the negro vote, Mr. ROOSEVELT has carried Maryland. In the teeth of the race issue, which might have been expected to tell against him, he carried even Missouri, despite the strenuous efforts of the Democratic administration for Governor, gave to the Democratic ticket. Wherever we look, the proof of Mr. ROOSEVELT's personal ascendancy is unmistakable. It would not have been in the least surprising had he read in his astounding majorities the promise of a third term. Far from evincing exultation, however, he no sooner learned the verdict of the ballot-box than he announced that, under no circumstances, would he be a candidate for, or accept, another nomination for the Presidency.

Assuming, then, that the potential personality of THOMAS ROOSEVELT will be eliminated from the next Presidential contest, we are led to inquire what light this election throws on the prospects of the Republican party. Unquestionably his nominee's popularity, cooperating with other circumstances, has given the Republicans hope and power. As the Fifty-eighth Congress they have a majority of 31. If the Fifty-ninth Congress they seem likely to have a majority of 41. The ROOSEVELT landslide has given them preponderance in so many State legislatures that they need not apprehend any material weakening of their majority in the United States Senate for four years to come. Nevertheless, for the Republicans, this election, which, superficially, is so auspicious, is not devoid of warning. That, even in the face of an avalanche, a Democratic shocker has managed to ruin the Governorship of Massachusetts hints something ominous to the strength of the conservatism in that State. The fact, also, that a Democratism chosen, or some near being chosen, Governor in Minnesota, notwithstanding the tremendous plurality given to Mr. ROOSEVELT, indicates that uncontrollable forces are at work in more than one reputed stronghold of Republicanism. If the high conservatism, who, after having done so in the Republican campaign, have granted that their people have authorized them to persist in rejecting all entreaties for tariff revision they will have misinterpreted the verdict rendered on Tuesday at the ballot-box.

It seems to be a fair deduction from the returns that an Democrat, not even Mr. CLEVELAND, could have beaten THOMAS ROOSEVELT. Mr. CLEVELAND's nomination at St. Louis was impracticable, except by a stampede, because he was equally unappealing to Mr. BRYAN and the business class, who, between them, control two-thirds of the convention. That this should have been the case is probably well for the ex-President's reputation, for even those who would have liked to see the Democratic standard placed once more in Mr. CLEVELAND's hands must now recognize that, in all likelihood, he would have failed to carry it to victory. Events have shown that the reconsolidation of the Democratic party under conservative leadership was not possible at this time. Unquestionably the Democratic campaign fund would have been much larger had Mr. CLEVELAND been nominated at St. Louis. As it was, a trick of the money needed for legitimate expenditure tied the hands of the Democratic National Committee, and moved the Democratic Congressional Committee to disband practically at an early stage of the canvass. This fact accounts to some extent for the weakening of the party's position in the House of Representatives, but it does not explain why PARKER should have lost States which BRYAN carried, and should have secured fewer electoral votes than were gained in 1896 by BRYAN, who had an even smaller cam-

paign fund. The former slave States, with the exception of Delaware, West Virginia, Missouri, and perhaps also Maryland, remained faithful to the Democratic nominee, as they had in 1900. It was the delegates from those States who rendered it possible at St. Louis for the conservative element of the Democratic party to regain temporary ascendancy. Yet, even in 1896, because it is improbable that the Southern States will again put much confidence in the promises of Eastern Democrats. They were told that if such a man as Judge PARKER were nominated, an ample campaign fund would, for the first time in twelve years, be forthcoming, and that such States as New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Indiana could be relied upon to return to the Democratic fold. The guarantee was based on the assumption that a conservative nominee could count upon the vote not only of gold Democrats and of independents, but also of all those radicals who had twice supported Mr. BRYAN. It is probable that Judge PARKER got almost all of the votes of those upholders of the gold standard who, previously to 1896, were ranked as Democrats. It is also probable that he got, not all, but a large majority, of the independent vote. He certainly had the support of almost all the independent newspapers. It is equally certain, on the other hand, that he lost a great many votes which in the two preceding Presidential elections had been cast for BRYAN. We have, indeed, no desire to dispute the sincerity of the assurance given by Mr. BRYAN to Judge PARKER. There is no doubt that, in Indiana and some other States, he did a great deal of zealous work. But he was unable to control all of his former followers. Some of them evidently had changed their mind this year, and this year, too, did WATSON; even more, perhaps, voted for ROOSEVELT. We shall not be at all surprised if, when the full returns are before us, we find that PARKER's aggregate popular vote falls short of that cast for BRYAN in 1896. Such a falling-off, if it shall prove to have occurred, may be explained only in one way. It would mean a far-reaching election on the part of the Bryanites; the outcome of a divided electorates to punish the gold Democrats for their success eight years ago.

The reconsolidation of the Democracy, which was effected in 1832, was complete and triumphant, although in the State of New York, four years before, the party had been split asunder by the Barnburner revolt. The attempt to bring about a similar reconsolidation this year failed, partly because the secession in the party was of longer duration and partly because the gulf between the conservative and radical elements of the existing Democracy is almost, if not utterly, unbridgeable.

What of the future? We answer that if the Democratic nominee for the Presidency had carried New York, though losing every other doubtful State, his friends would have had some chance of maintaining an alliance with the Solid South, which might have enabled them to secure a majority in the next Democratic national convention. Even had Judge Parker been defeated, and the Unionism of the Empire commonwealth been saved by Judge FLEMING, such a combination as we have mentioned might still have been attainable. As it is, Southern Democrats may feel that they have been deluded by their conservative brethren in New York. They were told that Judge PARKER would be backed by a huge campaign fund, whereas his managers have notoriously suffered from a want of the sinews of war. They were assured that, with the help of gold Democrats, independents, and dissatisfied Republicans, who would rally to the support of a conservative Democrat, not only New York, but New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana would be wrested from the Republicans. As a matter of fact, the Democracy under conservative leadership has shown itself unable to carry a single Southern State. Under the circumstances, it is not probable that many, if any, of the Southern States will submit to a reorganization of the Democratic party by the friends of Mr. BRYAN. We expect to hear of a concerted move in that direction at an early date, and we do not at present see how the plans of the radical reorganizers can be thwarted four years hence.

It follows that we Americans are confronted by a serious situation. On the one side, radical and conservative men in the Democratic party are divided, and the party is split. On the other side will be arrayed a party resolutely and avowedly Populist, and that party may choose to be successful should the next Presidential election take place in a period of industrial and financial depression. Such an alternative might have been avoided had far-sighted men awakened betimes to the importance of enabling Judge PARKER to carry at least the State of New York. Such an achievement may have been impossible, but was a grievous error to let him poll fewer votes in his native State than were secured by BRYAN four years ago. It should have been foreseen that such a disaster might give a deathblow to the conservative reorganization of the Democratic party.

There may, and doubtless will, be a change of leaders, but the Democratic party will survive, in name, if not in substance. It has outlived two centuries. What is really startling and profoundly disturbing is the election of the day. It is the fact that the party should have obtained fewer electoral votes than Mr. BRYAN did in 1896; and, if it be true that the Democratic nominee has lost



**GENERAL PRINCE FUSHIMI, WHO HAS JUST COME TO AMERICA
TO REPRESENT THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN AT
THE ST. LOUIS FAIR**

General Prince Fushimi, who arrived in America November 9 to represent the Emperor at the St. Louis World's Fair, is in the direct line of succession to the Mikado's throne, coming next after the Crown Prince and the latter's two sons. He was in command of the Japanese forces at the battle of Nanshan, being chief of the First (Tokyo) Division. Prince Fushimi served also through the war with China.



"Phaser" and "Miss Parvater" following a strong scent



Four of Mr. W. W. Rockefeller's Beagles



The Winners in Class A-1, tall-mast Bitches between thirteen and fifteen inches. From Left to Right—1, "Thornfield Marie," A. Stubby Doubt; 2, "Phaser," J. B. Post, Jr.; 3, "Miss Parvater," Chandler Bernard; (Kneeling), "Rock Ridge Fiddler"

SNAP-SHOTS OF THE RECENT BEAGLE TRIALS ON THE ESTATE OF THE LATE W. C. WHITNEY AT WESTBURY, LONG ISLAND

The photographs are snap-shots taken during the fifteenth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club, held recently on the estate of the late William C. Whitney at Westbury, Long Island. The winner of the derby, held on the last day of the week, was "Rock Ridge Admiral," belonging to Mr. W. W. Rockefeller's Rock Ridge kennel; "Fanny" was second, and "Barnard Fiddler" third. The cap presented by George B. Post, Jr., was won by the otter from Mr. Rockefeller's kennel.

Photographs by Fredrick



THE AIRSHIP "CALIFORNIA ARROW" IN FLIGHT AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR

Captain A. T. Hildebrand's airship, the "California Arrow," has recently had several successful trials at St. Louis. During her first trial she performed some remarkable evolutions, moving 100 feet in the air against a wind blowing at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. In spite of the fact that the entire crowd of spectators, numbering 10,000, were restricted to the rear of the airship, the crowd was so close that the airship was visible from the rear of the crowd. The "Arrow" has a cone-shaped gondola of twisted Japanese silk, 24 feet long and 17 feet in diameter, with a capacity of 3000 cubic feet of gas. The net is 40 feet long, and has a light framework of white cedar.



THE LAUNCHING OF THE NEW SUBMARINE "SIMON LAKE X." AT NEWPORT NEWS

A new submarine boat, the "Simon Lake X," which is soon to be tested by the United States navy, was launched at Newport News on October 27. The "Simon Lake X" is equipped with twin screws, is 72.5 feet over all, and displaces 200 tons. She has an estimated surface speed of nine knots and a submerged speed of six knots. She submerges on an electric keel, and her periscope gives her commander a view of the entire horizon when the craft is completely submerged.

learned when a college student to play on the violin, he took great pleasure in performing on this instrument even in his extreme old age. He owned two first-class Cremonas, which were disposed of to New York upon his death; but I never heard what became of them afterwards, nor of the portable fiddle he gave me when a student. The latter was a small, serviceable one he had won in Paris in order to carry it about with him for practice. It was not a dudum, though its tones were none of the best. He played on it now and then, I thought best to return it to the estate after his death, although he had with his own hands made a present of it to me. His grandson, on hearing what course I had taken, told me I should certainly have retained it in my private collection.

The son of a staff member of Jefferson's household, who played the violin at balls and parties given at Monticello, gives these interesting reminiscences. "I knew Mr. Jefferson mightily well, and can see him before me at this moment. I commenced playing on the fiddle when I was a young man, and have played for all the weddings, balls, and parties in this neighborhood during two generations.

"Mr. Jefferson was himself a very good fiddler. But he never played long at a stretch.

"I was present at the meeting of Mr. Jefferson with General Lafayette at Monticello. I attended there when they went in a carriage to the banquet given to the general at the university. The carriage was drawn by four splendid bays, and there was no driver. They were ridden by postilion clad in gray roundabouts, without any brass buttons, though their caps had a large hall of lacy and buckles on front. Mr. Madison and Mr. Monroe sat on the front seats of the carriage, and on the rear seats Mr. Jefferson sat beside General Lafayette. The general sat on the right, and looked very low to the people as he passed along. I suppose there might have been five hundred persons present at the banquet, but folks here at Charlottesville thought it was the biggest crowd ever got together. I was at the banquet, and escorted the carriage along the entire route. At Monticello I myself never played; that was a privilege Mr. Jefferson allowed to my father only. But I went there very often, and saw and talked with him nearly every day. He always had a kind word to say whenever I met him; indeed, he was a universal favorite. He was rather a thin man, and his legs looked very small arrayed in stockings and knee breeches, but he stood perfectly solid and straight on them till his last illness. He was never a complainer, and only alluded to his great age in a laughing way. I recollect he and I were stood up together to compare our heights, and we found he measured half an inch more than I did, and I am six feet two inches. When the university was being built he rode on horseback to it, sometimes every day, and then again only two or three times a week. He would start from home at nine and stay at the university till ten, when he would return home to dinner, and after dinner go back and stay till dark, looking after the workmen and directing the operations. When he remained at home all day he would frequently look through a telescope at the building, which was his pet scheme towards the end of his life. I was present at its opening in 1825. He was very anxious about its future when he died, and directed by his will that his monument should bear the words, *Father of the University of Virginia*. During all the time I knew him he kept a shop filled with tools, and was very fond of experimenting in every way. He made things with the tools, and I have often seen him planing, sawing, and hammering about his workshop. Carpenters, masons, plumbers, blacksmiths, millers, etc., lived on his estate merely to supply the wants of his household. He knew all about gardening and flowers, and always looked after them very closely. A worker himself, he liked to see others working, and I suppose he never passed an entirely idle day in his life.

A librarian for the university was appointed by Mr. Jefferson in 1828, and the appointment, in his own handwriting, now hangs in its library. This gentleman, William Wertenbaker, died recently at an advanced age. His manuscript collection is now largely impaired to others, orally and in writing, but he preserved many copies of his correspondence. To his son he often talked concerning Mr. Jefferson, and many of his sentences were communicated by this medium to the writer. "Old man Wertenbaker," as he was called by the students, was somewhat of a character. He used to get wrathful over the printed inaccuracies and "pure inventions" concerning his hero. Even at Milton, in the vicinity of Mr. Jefferson's own birthplace at Ashland, he was the grand-

son of an emigrant from Germany who crossed the ocean in the same vessel that bore over the ancestor of that distinguished lawyer, William Wirt. Young Wertenbaker served in the war of 1812, and was to the day of his death in receipt of his pension as a veteran. He had just entered the university as a law student when I first met him, and I remember those him to be the librarian. He manifested to him by a Virginia artist now hangs in the library beside that of his great friend and patron. "The last visit Mr. Jefferson made to the university," the librarian was wont to tell his son, "was to review the progress and operations of the collection of books which constituted the nucleus of the present library. He manifested the warmest interest in getting everything rightly placed at an early date. With his own hands he helped to unpack the books and to place them on the shelves, in the order and way he had chosen for them in his mind. I attended when he appeared before the Albemarle County Court to have Kossuth's will put to record. When he entered the court room all hats were doffed, and all the spectators maintained perfect silence while he was present. With great solemnity he went through his part in the proceedings, speaking in a clear voice, and holding himself very erect. It was a grand sight in its simplicity. After bowing, on the termination of the ceremony, to the assembled magistrates, he walked out of the court-room, mounted his horse, and we rode back together to the university. To show his love of merriment and industry with business details he told the holders the precise spots in Albemarle County where the requisite woods could be secured for the building of his drawing-room at Monticello. Indeed, any matter suddenly brought to his notice would at once be discussed by him with a perfect knowledge of its smallest details. Now and then, when passing through Charlottesville, his horse would cast a shoe, and thereupon he would go to a blacksmith's, and while the horse was being shod, he would hold him by the ear in order to keep him quiet. He had many little ways like this, but no one ever took him but as a curiosity."

The glazier who worked on the university buildings was a particular friend of Mr. Jefferson. His son recalled Mr. Jefferson as the coldest heart of his boyhood days. "During the long period that my father was engaged on the job, it was my supreme pleasure to go to ride behind Mr. Jefferson on horseback to and from the university. Regularly at the same hour he would come riding by, and I would be waiting for him on a fence, to which he would ride up close, when I would jump on behind him. Many is the time that I plucked my hands in the expensive pockets of his old blue coat and pulled out apples and nuts! He would chat with me all the way, and I recollect I often made him laugh by my childish sayings. At the university he would move about among the workmen, inquiring after everything, giving directions, planning, etc., and I would keep close at his heels or by his side. My father often complained that I was in the way, but Mr. Jefferson never did. When ready to leave, he would call to me to jump up behind him, and drop me at home on his way back to Monticello. He never once missed his riding, and I have a very plain man in dress and speech, and went about the village just like any other citizen. He greeted all alike, familiarly shaking hands, and he was never addressed except by the simple title of 'Mr. Jefferson.' That I am in a hurry now, having to go to a deer hunt this evening," said the old glazier's son, as he left to join the members of the Charlottesville "Deer Association."

After the close of the Revolution many of the colonial families and customs held over in Virginia till a very late day. Inasmuch as he was, Mr. Jefferson observed them, and was among the last to abandon them. Thus, all agree that he wore knee-breeches after others had discarded them; the modern style of pantaloons, etc., was adopted by him only a short time before his death, and the change was not to his liking. Mr. A. H. H. Stuart, who was a secretary in President Fillmore's cabinet, has said that Judge St. George Tucker told him that long after the Revolution judges in Virginia watched in scarlet chinks, knee-breeches, and cocked hats to the court-mouse, preceded by the sheriff on foot and bearing a drawn sword—evidently a relic of the royal wry was preserved in the colony. Mr. Stuart was well acquainted with Mr. Jefferson, and believed that the best portrait he ever saw of him was the one contained in the "American State Papers," published by order of the government. The portrait on the currency, which was a reproduction of the painting made for the Jefferson family, by whom it was considered a good likeness—though a perfect resemblance of the great original will never be seen, for he lived in an unphotographic age.

The Shrine

By Louise Morgan Sill

DEAR, I have built in a wood
A shrine that is sacred to you,
And there would I dream if I could,
But there's duty to do.

Deep in the forest it stands,
Fragrant with balsam and pine,
Built not by arduous hands
But by fancy divine.

Out of its twilight your eyes
Look into mine, with a gaze
Eloquent, wistfully wise,
Of impossible days.

Yet, though my joy and my we
Faded with the dimness of years,
Still to your shrine will I go
For my laughter, my tears.

Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

WHEN *Tales of the Cloister*, by Elizabeth Jordan, was published three years ago it contained a story called "As Told by May Iverson." In that story there lay the germ of *May Iverson—Her Book*, which has just been published. There was something about May Iverson that teased and tantalized Miss Jordan's fancy. It seemed as if she could have a lot of fun with her. Nobody else had ever taken the girl of fourteen or fifteen with that itch for the pen which runs riot on paper and makes a ludicrous and sometimes pathetic showing of literary recalcitrance. Here was a new type that might be developed and made distinctive in fiction. The idea grew in Miss Jordan's mind from the suggestion of her early inspiration until at once May Iverson sprang into being, as she would say, and from that moment she took the pen in hand, as she would say, and wrote *Her Book*, which is "a faithful chronicle of our life at St. Catherine's Academy."

This chronicle unfolds a series of chapters recounting various experiences and adventures of May Iverson in a convent school. Miss Jordan merges her literary consciousness in May's personality, and the narrative is wholly written in the style and from the point of view of the schoolgirl. One can readily imagine the possibilities of humor and sentiment flowing from so naive and uncut a situation, and Miss Jordan has made the most of these. May and her chums are delightful company, and one is sorry to leave them. May, you must know, dreams of being a great author *some day*. "I've just begun my literary career," she confides to the reader in her opening chapter, "but I'm sure as well practice as it is little before I leave school." She is tormented with a mighty *sew* of the seriousness of her vocation, and her remarks *note* ever regarding the art of writing, its perils, its difficulties, its responsibilities, are full of unconscious humor, and are highly characteristic of her type. "Isn't it funny," she declares, "how much you have to say in literature before you get to your plot?" ... Sister Augustine says to go ahead and tell the story, and never mind the rest. That isn't just the way she put it, of course, but that was what she meant. I don't agree with her. I always want to know just how the thing began and all that led up to it." She quotes her chum, Mabel Joyce, as saying that "when two human beings have gone together through a great, uplifting illuminating experience like ours, it should be given to the world." Mabel and she are just fourteen! She has, like all young adolescents at heart, a trick of ratcheting and caricaturing, all manner, the high-sounding phrases and dwelling portentously on the heroic and tragic. In "The ordeal of Mabel Joyce," she approaches the crisis of her story thus: "Already Mabel's doom was upon her, and she was in experience and suffer and have her soul crushed, just as she had long desired. But I am sure she would not have chosen the time or the day it was done if she had been asked. Thus it is with life. Thus it is with humankind in the relentless grasp of destiny. Little do we ask what's coming," she adds, "told me to put that in here. So Mabel and I are writing this book." The air of tragedy with which May Iverson invests her story is mitigated when the reader discovers that it is, after all, a girlish affair, serious enough in the contemplation to young fourteen, but having none of the grandeur that tragedy in it to the mature author. And so it is with all May's observations of life about her, and the experience she relates of her school life within the scope of her little world, just skimming on the borderland of imagination, unadorned and unswayed by stern reality, without knowledge of the actual world, beautifully innocent and healthily happy. In the closing chapter, "What Dreams May Come," there are recollections of the coming conflict, when dreams are tested and proved, lost and won, wrought into the flow of the actual, but they are only premonitions, and the dreams still lull and comfort the girls in their unmarked security. A look into the future brings prosaic thoughts to May; "suddenly, just as

if some one had made a picture of it, that old house by the sea came before my eyes—the one, you know, where I am to live when I become distinguished and queer and have to be by myself and write novels. It looked so cold and lonely that I shivered and got close to Mabel. I could hear the waves beat upon the rocks, and see the gulls hovering over the water, and hear my own footsteps echo as I strode in *lumpy* down my desolate marble halls. Big tears rolled down my cheeks, but it was so dark no one saw them, and I remembered that if I was to be alone all my life I might just as well get used to it now and begin to bear my troubles without telling the girls. It didn't cheer me a bit to think of all the books I was going to write or the friends I was going to have, for I remembered that probably none would be interested in their own husbands and wives in the selfish way people have." Happily, Mabel blossoms giggled just then. "Dear, dear Mabel," is the tolerant comment, "we must make allowance for her youthful frivolities, but they try even our stanch hearts at times." Dear, dear May—she has no suspicion that she herself must have been very trying at times with her dreams and labors and self-adoration of the Artistic Temperament. But to the spectator she is a de-

lectable creature, sufficiently real to create the ethereal dreams of youth with a good natural supply of unassumed tolerance at the fond recollection, and dwelling just enough in the realm of fancy to make her the laughing-crippled of our own childish fancies and follies.

An unpublished letter by the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is a rare treat that will be welcomed and appreciated by my readers. It was sent to a Scottish minister, now resident in Edinburgh, who had written a review of Holmes's *Life of Hawthorne* for a Dundee paper. It recently came into the hands of Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the editor of the *British Weekly*, to whom I am indebted for its publication here.

DUNDEE, Feb. 20, 1878.
My dear Sir:—You very kind letter and the generous criticism which it enclosed have been lying on my table a week waiting for the leisure moments which the briefest answer demands. A writer ought not, I suppose, to treat a critic for his good opinion and his favorable judgment. He is supposed to be like Judaea with her balance, but with out her balance—no, but by no means blind. Yet we cannot help feeling differently to those who speak well of us, and those who are eloquent in exposing our defects.

I have felt very sensitive about this Memoir, which was in some respects the most difficult and delicate task I had ever undertaken. It has gratified me very much to find that it was kindly received by the family of Mr. Mother and the friends whose opinion I especially cared for. All the criticisms I have seen, both American and English, have been quite as favorable as I had any right to hope for. I have read your own with great pleasure, and I must follow the impulse I have spoken of, and thank you most cordially for it.

Nothing but secrets have ever come to me from Dundee—it is made in on my table daily. One of the prettiest of women, Mrs. Caird, also of Dundee, has screened the anonymity of my library with her gracious presence. And now comes your letter, with your criticism, sounding as mellifluous in me, as I read it, as our famous old time "Dundee" used to sound, as we sang it to the words:

"Let not despair or self-reverence

Be to my bosom known;

O give me tears for others' weeps,

And patience for my own."

I am very sorry that you did not look in upon me while you were in Dundee, and I trust if you visit us again you will not forget to remember that I am at Number 280 Beaton Street, where I shall be most happy to see you.

Believe me, my dear sir, very sincerely yours,

GILBERT WENDELL HOLMES.



Elizabeth Jordan, Author of "May Iverson—Her Book"



Carr

Backus, H. C.

De Mott

D. C. Hall

Kilmer

The Yale Football Squad of 1914.
Photograph by G. H. P.



Charles D. Rufferty, the Yale Coach



C. H. P.

H. C.

H. C.

H. C.

H. C.

H. C.

H. C.

The Harvard Football Squad

THIS WEEK'S HARVARD-YALE GAME AT NE
SUBSTITUTES ON T



Ham Blaney Kester Smith Hagen Capt. F. Kelsey D. Smith Kester Hils Elin Johnson Gledy Quill Harrison
 Pick the 'Varsity Team' was chosen
 from the Freshmen



Kramer Hickey Fisher Stevens
 from
 and Kahlilady
 by Pick



Edgar Wrightington, the Harvard Coach

EW HAVEN, NOVEMBER 19—PLAYERS AND THE TWO TEAMS



On the Summit of Mont Blanc

An Ascent of Mont Blanc by Americans

By S. E. Hilles

AFTER a varied European trip my son and I found ourselves recently in the beautiful village of Chamonix, having planned to make the ascent of Mont Blanc.

A thunder storm had cleared the air for us, and the guides—Gaspard Blazet and Paul Hueton—promised us good weather for the morning. After putting socks into our stoutest shoes, and securing spectacles, woolen caps, mittens, sweaters, leggings, and dark glasses which completely covered our eyes (very necessary on the higher levels—if one may speak of levels where there were almost none), we started out the next morning to climb to the summit, if it could be done.

The 200 guides in the Chamonix Valley have a regular organization, so that, after registering our names with their secretary in the village, we left Chamonix about half past eight. Our path lay up through the woods to the left of and gradually reaching past the lower end of the Glacier des Bossons, to the crêtes at Pierre Pointue. Here vegetation ends, as also does the trail for donkeys, who carry supplies thus far. Those of a liquid nature are taken up in rustic flattened barrels, secured open each side of a frame upon the animal's back. Luxurious travellers can ride up this steep trail to Pierre Pointue; we chose to walk all the way.

Reaching Pierre Pointue about 11.30 a.m. and passing only for breath and a little refreshment, we were now joined together

young Simond the porter, my son, Gaspard Simond, myself, and Hueton. The next reach would involve more dangerous climbing and must bring us to the cabin at Grande-Maison, the famed but humble hostelry on a projecting Aiguille, or spur of rocks, which has been the temporary shelter of many a noted alpine climber.

The trail led zigzag, across and back, over snow and ice, and sometimes in the track of avalanches, where our guides would not permit us to talk, anxiously watching the overhanging masses of ice which any loud sound or false step might possibly start on their downward and destructive track.

In alpine-climbing there are several requirements for success. I scarcely know which to name first; but, independent of dexterity, "wind" and good heart-and-knee action might bring us to Pierre Pointue; beyond that, nerve comes into play much of the time, and it is perilous to measure the depth of the chasms one crosses, or speculate how far one would fall in case of a slip; such questions would be more safely left until one gets down again.

While to such inexperienced mountaineers as ourselves the climb to Grande-Maison brought running perspiration, which wet our underclothing through and through, we reached our projected point for the night at 3.30 in the afternoon, and were glad to get beside a kitchen fire to dry and a little and to get some warm food.

Here, on this lonely spur of rocks, our host and hostess, Mr. and



Crossing a Crevasse on the Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc

Mrs. Balmet, brave the dangers of the situation during the season, with no other help except as guides may come and go. It is possible that Balmet is a descendant of the famous Balmet who first ascended the mountain in 1761, and whose statue, with that of de Saussure, adorns one of the streets of Chamonix. De Saussure, with eighteen guides, including Balmet, made the ascent the following year.

The hotelery, too, I was told, caused by the town or association of guides, I forget which, and rented by them at what seemed a high price: this, with the fact that all supplies must be carried up on the backs of men over three or four hours' climb from Pierre Pointe is, naturally, full justification for their scale of charges. I was amused at their locking the outside doors at night—apparently a superfluous operation: for the chances of burglary were so remote as in any place I can imagine being in, and one might almost think a burglar entitled to anything he could carry off. My son suggested that the turn of the key was for the protection of possible sleep-walkers inside, for the cabin is about one hundred feet up on almost precipitous rocks, and a step too much in almost any direction from the house would have been decidedly dangerous.

We retired early, but sleep was difficult. The chattering of the French guides in the next room, with only a board partition intervening, the stillness of the Alpine night broken only by the occasional revelations of some falling rock or ice—more than this, the wonder growing in one's mind over the question how in the world one would get down again—made sleep almost impossible.

Waking at half past one, to get the full benefit of daylight, and taking only coffee and rolls for our early breakfast, we started a little after two o'clock by lantern-light, and, of course, roped together again.—our track leading across the Glacier des Bossons. Far below us in quiet slumber lay Chamonix, really identified by its five-fingered lines of lights, like a five-pointed star or the skeleton of a leaf with the longer portion or stem towards ourselves. By half past three the sun was lighting up the mountains to the east, and soon we could see it shining upon the highest peaks overlooking the Chamonix Valley, the luminous climb led, in perhaps three hours, to a comparatively level space known as the Grand Plateau, 12,900 feet high, or a lift of about 3500 feet from Chamonix, which is 3415 feet above the sea.

This plateau lies below the higher masses and ridges towards the summit, and owing to the confirmation of the mountain is somewhat shut in, the air lacking the freshness of the more exposed positions. This feature, with the altitude and the fatigue, gave me new sensations—a feeling of faintness after very few steps—so that frequently I seemed compelled to throw myself upon my face, my alpenstock underneath my body. After one of these rests, Breton called "altes" with more than usual earnestness; and the two guides each took a hand to assist me to rise, when, almost

out slipped my alpenstock and went gliding swiftly down a declivity some 500 feet away.

Time was precious, as I was given the axe of young Simond the porter, with which to complete my journey, hoping to pick up my stick on the way back, as it had lodged where we could see it.

The alpine axe, which chiefly resembles the axe used by ship-carpenters, is provided with a handle about thirty-six inches long, ending with the usual sharp-pointed prong of steel.

My inexperience gave me increasing trouble, but as hopes were held out of "better air on the Bossons," I climbed mechanically on, with frequent rests, getting materially better, as the higher and more exposed situations were reached. Breton later counselled me for my difficulties by saying that the guides frequently become ill on the Grand Plateau.

The old route to the summit led to the left up the Aiguille du Midi, where permanent ropes were formerly relied upon to cover several especially dangerous places; the present trail, however, leads to the west.

About half past ten we reached a rocky projection to the west of the summit, where is the lonely cabin of Col des Bossons (14,312 feet high). We ate a light lunch under the shelter of a near-by rock, and could then really see much of the high and narrow ridge up which we must still climb. The day was passing, and if we were to reach the summit our safety lay in going alone. "We five go to the top," said Breton; so up the ridge of the Dromadaire we filed, stopping, where possible, in the footstep of a French party who had also spent the night at Grande-Mulets, passing on to the Grand Plateau.

The view of other peaks became more interesting: immediately to the west was Dome du Gontier; to the east, Dome du Midi and the other peaks of the Mont Blanc range; and across the Chamonix Valley was the Breuvet; but one felt, more than ever, the necessity of concentrating mind and body upon the next step, for a misstep or a slip here by any one of us meant, perhaps, the destruction of the whole party: we dared not attempt to measure the distance down on either side of the steep and terrible slopes of ice and snow. Once, in winter fatigue, I buried my axe in one side of this narrow path and threw myself down for a rest below it, receiving a merited rebuke from Breton. A slight downward slope of perhaps twenty feet (the first on our entire upward climb) with a small interesting spurs before reaching the next and final ridge, gave our resting-places.

The next ridge, Tourrette, though not such steep climbing, afforded an even narrower footing, the available path being only from six to ten inches wide for a considerable distance, but the summit was near, and we pressed on.

It was an almost perfect day, with no clouds on the summit and almost none in the sky, except a heavy storm below us to the northwest; the air was but little cooler than in the valley, and the wind was light. At a quarter past one in the afternoon



Almost at the Top—a difficult Crossing

of the second day we stood upon the summit of the ridge. Just below us, and partially sheltered by the ridge, was the cabin, or "observatory," 115.82 feet above the sea, established in 1893 by Dr. Janssen.

We had reached the highest point in all Europe. Simond, the guide, faced Chamoni impressively, and, removing his rap, said, "Adieu, Chamoni." Would we ever get down again? The desire to stretch one's self level made us prefer to lie inside of the cabin for a part of our short stay; but thoughts of the descent and the shortness of the remaining time were not to be put aside, and soon the "alps" of the guides sounded in our ears.

Unlike the Jungfrau, the Aigle, or other European mountains,—including even Vesuvius,—which have been conquered by the most era engineers and now near the harness of a railway to or near their summits, Mont Blanc is an absolute monarch, and no mortal may set the limit of its reign. The Githas and Vauds of old, the armies, the thousands of day-laborers, once pour down through the Alpine defiles, but Mount Blanc through all such changes is monarch still. Its snow-capped peaks rising far above all else, and the vastness down its sides—more to be feared than any of its other dangers—defy the skill and courage of man's climber.

On the way up I asked Breton if his father was living. "No," he replied: "he was but thirty years ago with a party of nineteen who were overtaken by a storm on the summit." Our hostess at Grand-Mulets had also surprised me by telling me on my arrival that we were the second party to make the ascent this year; one other, an earlier party, had, however, gone up a few days before, prior to the opening of the cabin at Grand-Mulets, thus causing her notice.

But now for the descent! Again we were roped together, this time closer together, for the ice is free to be trodden for a space than the toe; the porter took back his axe and the lead of the party, while I had only the rope, my feet, and my head to depend upon. Next after the porter came my son, then Breton, then myself. "You are the last," said Breton to me, and I knew that meant that he was to hold me all if we slipped. The porter and Breton took turns in carrying the handles of their axes to the left in the ridge of snow, while we walked the 800 to 1000 feet along the first ridge (Tourette). The danger of the situation moved us in the rebel and slowly we crept along. As we neared later, some of our Chamoni friends, perhaps six miles away and more than two miles below us, watched our steps through glasses while we descended—minute black specks moving on the

face of the dazzling white snow. No slip occurred, and after a short rest behind the rock at Col des Fleurs, we fell into a quiet step down the other tracks on one edge near Grand-Mulets sliding down perhaps 150 feet on the firm crust of the snow. Here we recovered the lost alpenstock, which we had traced by its track in the snow. As we progressed down we found the road more and more softened with the unusual mildness of the atmosphere, and for perhaps two miles we broke through at almost every step and plunged into the snow to our knees, and sometimes to our waists, often halting to preserve our equilibrium, and, when the rope lightened, having to ask for time to get our legs untied. This portion was not dangerous, but very fatiguing, as only those know who have tried similar tasks. The groves of legions perched variations, their loose tops folding the wet snow, which otherwise might have dropped free.

We had expected to get down to Chamoni late that night but on reaching Grand-Mulets about six o'clock, tired out and hungry, it was too late to attempt it. We were safe, and the wind and night was spent in this primitive, but welcome resting place. In my own case, a hot-water bag warmed off what might have been a dangerous chill from wet garments not removed quickly enough. As we all desired to reach Chamoni as early as possible on the following day, we again started on the descent at 5:30 in the morning, this time finding, in crossing the path of avalanches, that a considerable amount had fallen since our ascent the day previous, shattering part of our tracks; also that new and large crevasses had apparently opened so that there was some danger as to our getting down to Pierre Pointe, especially when I lost my footing more than once and started down on my own account, the danger being not so much from a direct fall as from starting an entire avalanche. The previous day having been so mild as to have caused overflowing masses of snow and ice, Pierre Pointe was, however, reached about half past eight in the morning, and from there down the way was easy, except for the ankle-and-knee action still required, which was made a little easier for my tired muscles by constant use of my alpenstock.

Taking a short cut through the woods east of the stream issuing from the Glacier de Bossoms, we struck the main road, and at 10:30 on the morning of the third day we were once more at our hotel in Chamoni. Our faces looked sun-burned, our muscles weary, and our minds not disposed to discuss at once a previous plan of walking north to Interlaken over the Grand Pass, but interested to know that we were the first Americans on the summit of Mont Blanc for this year.

Stage Humor and Comedy

By James L. Ford

THE dissolution of the famous firm of Weber and Fields and the probable outcome of the keen rivalry that is certain to ensue this winter between the two one-act performers and friends is already a subject of such lively speculation among their patrons of every class that we are forced to believe that in setting up two establishments, instead of one, Lew Fields and Joseph Weber have increased rather than diminished the popular interest which has been theirs ever since they first plumed their names above the doors of their Broadway playhouse.

New York's intense pride in the peculiar quality of entertainment given on the stage of that respect little house, as well as on that of Harrigan and Hart, their interminable of a short generation ago, has long been a subject of wonderment and even of jealousy to those smaller communities in which life may be compared to a placid slow-moving stream rather than to the foamy, raging torrent that dashes over the rocks and quicksands of metropolitan life.

Those who swim in the safe and shallow waters are content with amusements that are far too simple and rational to satisfy those hard worked, keeled-up, misanthropic eyes whose days are spent in fierce battling with the raging New York torrent, and whom night time in a quest for that complete relaxation from toil and worry that is found only in some purely fanned and irrational entertainment of the kind that Weber and Fields knew so well how to provide.

In dull hours, when business is almost at a standstill and the citizens of the town have time to think, the popular taste turns naturally to the various drama, and the result is not infrequently a revival of classic plays. But when the commercial pulse is the swiftest and fortunes are piling up with marvellous rapidity, when new buildings are going up all over the town and one great public work succeeds another, then the overworked man of affairs asks nothing but pure diversion when he enters the play house door.

It was during the period of commercial stagnation that followed close on the heels of the panic of 1874 that "Julius Caesar" was given, with its great cast of Booth, Barrett, Davenport, and Bangs, on the very stage where Edwin Booth had sunk his entire fortune during the Irish times that followed the peace gaining to revive that the attention of the wealthier—I will not say the better—class of playgoers was first drawn to the amusing farces of Harrigan and Hart, which had long since established themselves firmly in the esteem of every headbuck and headless in town.

In like manner did Weber and Fields, who may be termed the

legitimate successors of Harrigan and Hart, take a firm hold upon the popular fancy during a period that has been richer than any other in the history of the town in general prosperity, in material development, in the rapid increase of its population, and in the

In many respects there is a close family resemblance between these two celebrated firms of funmakers. Both dealt exclusively in humor, each having its peculiar and unique brand, though in both the element of personal catastrophe invariably played an important part. Each one strayed its brief day across the brilliant stage of popular favor, only to end in a dissolution of partnership. Most important of all, each one was native to the New York soil, and found uncaring at its very roots in the rough subsoil of the New York street boy, without whose appeal no local entertainment can possibly obtain a sufficiently vigorous growth to attract the attention of Broadway.

Every local philosopher knows that the funny entertainment which wins general metropolitan favor springs direct from the soil, like a lusty plant, instead of descending upon us from above, like a fossilization thereby leaving its resemblance to the filly of the field, early strawberries, and other things that come high on Broadway. To be really successful, moreover, its stage and become the very fountainhead of current slang, and this slang is born in its own day and generation. For slang also springs only from the soil and not from on high. Old-time boys create very little slang that is worthy of the name, and college professors none at all; but those untutored creators of impulse, whose vocabularies are smaller than the imagination, are the ones who enrich our language with its gems of active speech.

Long, long ago the boys of this town founded a school of humor of their own—a school that showed plainly the influence of the song and dance on which they had been bred, and, ever too, that was genuinely native. It was a school of humor that was destined to wield a mighty influence on the local stage and one which gave us our most distinctive theatres. As for the very first of these, which school produced the great trio of Weber, Fields, and Bangs, when Saint Regisville with its two ten professors so far as work on the stage was concerned—we must go back to the time of the Grand Old Theatre. If we would here the true history of their beginnings.

The Grand Old Theatre was one of the institutions of the early set, and was the natural outgrowth of the taste for theatrical entertainments and especially for song and dance and for comedy that has always maintained such a strong hold on the youth of New York and had become a positive mania at the time of which I write. This playhouse was owned by the Backley Street cellar, was

(Continued on page 1772.)



FOUND: A SITUATION

By

E. S. Martin

BLISS CLARKSON had been a successful lawyer in New York. He had worked hard for thirty-five years, had earned great fees by honorable service, and, strange to say, had above more than ordinary success in the investment of his surplus funds. Good lawyers are not very apt to be good men of business for themselves, but it so happened that Mr. Clarkson had a sort of business instinct that served him as well in his own concerns as in his labors for his clients. He was not unduly interested in money-making, but when it came to a question of where he should put the money he had, he showed a very pretty talent for putting it where it would breed. Then he let it alone, and usually it did breed. His chief entertainment when he found in the practice of law, and being suited by a scale of living that he had adopted when his income was still modest, he stuck pretty close to it all his life. Evidently he was a fortunately constituted person, as men go, and yet he made one very serious mistake, for being well adapted to live happily and usefully, as well as profitably, on this earth for so many score years as human perishability ordinarily permits, he let his work crowd him a little too hard.

To keep alive and in the best working order in New York is a very fine art, which is practiced to admiration by many expert workers. It is a matter of so many months as ten, so many out of town but near by, so many weeks of clear rest in Europe or somewhere, so much horse exercise, so much golf, so many Saturdays away from the office. Age is a bad disease and finally a fatal one, and the sort of hard head-work that strains the nerves is another, and the man who works his wits hard in a great city has to fortify himself watchfully against both. Mr. Clarkson was duly kind and indulgent to himself, especially when his wife insisted, and he guffed on occasion, and had been seen on a horse, and he had rested himself, first or last, in convenient places all the way from the head waters of the Nile to the Sandwich Islands. He intended to be prudent, and he usually did what the duty of self-preservation seemed to demand. But sometimes crises in the affairs of his clients kept him up to his eyes in labors and responsibilities long after his rest-time had come. It is not healthy to go on after you are tired, and the older you grow, the more unhealthy it is. Mr. Clarkson did it once too often, and died at fifty-four, leaving a disconsolate widow, a boy in college, two grown girls, and about a million and a half of dollars. Half of this fortune went outright to his wife, the other half he directed presently go to his child.

The boy was a good boy, well born and well beloved, well schooled, and trained as soundly as intelligence and affection could compass. When the clasp of the good hand that had held his rebelling leg kept him in the path that had been marked out for him. He went on through college, graduated creditably, and took ship for Europe to join his mother and sisters, who had started earlier in the season. Julian Hatfield, a classmate, shared his stateroom. Judge and Mrs. Finch were aboard. He knew them,

as he knew several others of his shipmates, as family friends, and he and Hatfield found acquaintances of their own besides. To be twenty-one years old, and just out of a great college, and to have your face turned towards Europe with nothing more perplexing in hand for immediate consideration than how best to look at and enjoy the great world, is not at all a bad situation. James Clarkson liked it. The only thing that bothered him at all was the choice of an occupation.

"Charles," said Mrs. Finch from her deck chair to her husband, "what is that young Clarkson going to do?"

"I don't know. He's a joy and comfort to his mother, I hope. He's just out of college."

"Yes, I know. Well, what is he going to do next?"

"He hasn't told me. Why? His father left him enough to live on, and he has more confidence in him evidently from his mother. Do you think he ought to find a job?"

"What do you think?"

"Every good American has to have a job. That's one of our national defects. But there seems to be no urgent haste in James Clarkson's case. I'd like to be a young creature just out of college and on my way to Europe with money in my pocket; wouldn't you?"

"I dare say, and yet it seems to me rather a critical situation. The boy has no father."

"He's got a mighty good mother."

"I dare say she'll spoil him. We all love to spoil our boys. That's his good a boy to waste. I think you had better talk to him."

And the Judge, being a dutiful husband, sat down next to James Clarkson in the smoking-room that evening.

"James," said he, "are you staying long abroad?"

"Two or three months, Judge, anyway. I suppose it will depend upon mother's plans. She engaged her passage home in September, but she may change her mind. The girls will probably want her to stay all winter."

"I suppose Europe is a fairly good place for girls for a while, but delays are dangerous, and I have known delays in Europe to have pretty serious consequences to girls as attractive as your sisters. How do you feel about it, as the man of the family?"

"I haven't had a large experience in keeping girls out of mischief. I'd like to look about a bit over there myself."

"Have you any plans for the fall? Are you going to study a profession?"

"Father expected me to study law, but going into the law with father was one thing, and going into it on my own account is another."

"The law is still a respectable profession. Livings are still made at it; but I don't know that the problem of making a living proves very hard as yet on you."

"I have not suffered yet for lack of necessities. I'd just as lief study law, but when it comes to going down town and practicing it—What do you think, Judge? Would it pay?"

"Now make it pay, James, who have to find it isn't the only reality. There's medicine. I invited my son to study law, but he liked doctoring better. Have you any taste that way?"

"I have not discovered yet that I have a strong bent towards anything."

"Did you do any work in college?"

"I didn't hurt myself, but I worked decently. It pleased father to have me do it respectfully, and I got the habit of it."

"What do you think you learned?"

"A little about things in general. I scattered a good deal. Father was to have me get a general education and specialize later."

"Let's employ the method of elimination in your problem. You haven't got to do anything in a hurry. You won't be a doctor. I judge that you won't be any kind of engineer or man of science, nor go into the army or navy, nor go on the stage. That leaves you law, politics, diplomacy, finance, art, literature, newspapers, business, and the life of leisure. How about the life of leisure? Would that suit you?"

"I guess so for a while, but don't you think it's pretty dull in the long run?"

"They say it's very much helped out by sport."

"Do you think there is much in that, Judge?"

(Continued on page 1750.)



Mrs. Gilbert in "Granny," at the New Lyceum
Mrs. Gilbert is appearing at the New Lyceum Theatre in the production of "Granny," in which the distinguished actress, who is now in her eighty-third year, makes her farcical appearance in New York after a theatrical career of forty years.



Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern in "Romeo and Juliet"

At the Knickerbocker Theatre, Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. H. Sothern are appearing in the production of "Romeo and Juliet," which has been a great success. They have also appeared in a revival of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Knickerbocker Theatre.

TWO IMPORTANT THEATRICAL PRODUCTIONS IN NEW YORK



Miss Ada Rehan

Miss Rehan is writing a tour of the East in "The School for Scandal" and other classics. She will come to New York in February.



Miss May Irwin

Miss Irwin, who has not been seen in New York for several years, is appearing at the Hippo Theatre in a new comedy with music called "Mrs. Black is Back."



"The Rogers Brothers in Paris"

The Rogers Brothers' latest production is "The Rogers Brothers in Paris," at the Liberty Theatre. It is a musical farce of the kind in which these two comedians have become famous in New York and in the large cities throughout the country.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS IN NEW YORK

Correspondence

APPRECIATIVE

ROCHESTER, N. Y., November 3, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—Please let one red-hot, dyed-in-the-wind Republican thank you for the great service you have rendered the American people during the campaign now closing. You have been truly independent from July to November, and that in itself is an immense achievement. Your platform of "No Humbug" is worthy of emulation by all.

You capped the climax this week with your learned editorial due November 9, but it was in perfect good keeping with the hearty good humor that has permeated all your writings during the campaign. It has been extremely pleasant to be sure of getting every Wednesday three or four pages of kindly and amusing comment worth reading from first word to last.

I am, sir,

WILLIAM G. NASEL.

GOOD ADVICE

PURE WINGATE, NEW JERSEY, October 30, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—Would like to advise "Mr. Peppercorn, of Northampton, Mass.," to read *HARPER'S WEEKLY* conscientiously. *HARPER'S WEEKLY* has not only opened my eyes, but the eyes of a good many others, through the impartial statements of facts.

I am, sir,

FRANK WENKE.

REPLIES FROM MR. CHAMBERS

ROCHESTER, N. Y., November 1, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—Among various letters received commenting upon the series of sporting articles contributed by me to *HARPER'S WEEKLY* three might be answered, with your permission, through the columns of the *WEEKLY*.

First.—I have been criticised for saying that the drake quailed "quacked." It is asserted that the duck does all the quacking. In reply I can only say that the last quail I drove to my stands was a drake that came circling overhead, quacking loudly for full two minutes before dropping outward. Two witnesses besides myself can affirm this.

Second.—Mr. Carplin's pleasant note I enclose. By reading it you will see that at least one bird, the hawk, does take a pecking. This is news to me, and I fancy, will be to many. However, I must repeat that I personally never knew of any fish taking an

embryonic frog, and that I have yet to hear of a trout so conducting himself.

Third.—Several writers tell me that I slander the Florida quail; that the bird is just like the Virginia bird in every respect, including game qualities and table desirability.

In reply, my personal experience has been that the Florida quail of the flat woods is smaller than the Virginia quail, much darker in plumage, and not very desirable as food, being rather dry and tasteless. However, not being a culinary expert, I have no doubt that the bird might be prepared to suit the palates of the fastidious.

The Florida quail has always seemed to me to be a variety of night not even be a distinct species. That, of course, is for ornithologists to determine by structural examination and perhaps the test of breeding, if that be possible. One thing is certain—the Florida bird, superficially, differs from the Virginia bird.

Frank Chapman, the distinguished authority on ornithology and ornithology, associate curator in the American Museum of Natural History, New York, in his work entitled *Color Key to North American Birds*, says that the Virginia quail, *Colinus virginianus*, ranges from Dakota and southern Vermont in Georgia and eastern Florida. He then speaks of the Florida quail, giving it the name of *Colinus v. floridanus*, saying that it is "smaller and much darker; black bars below more numerous." The range of this bird is "Florida," and adds: "Typical only in southern half of peninsula, grading into No. 204" (the Virginia quail) "in northern and western parts of State."

I am, sir,

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., October 8, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—In "Shot out," by Robert W. Chambers, *Harper's Weekly*, September 3, 1904, why did Charley drop a dozen shells in his "ragged pocket" if he used a muzzle-loader?

I am, sir,

FRANK ROGERS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., November 5, 1904.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—"Charley" dropped a dozen shells into his pocket for the purpose of furnishing ammunition for his levelled gun. Charley was a shooting-out; his gun was in ordinary working order and knickerbockers; that also is why Charley pocketed the grouse, etc.

I am, sir,

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

Stage Humor and Comedy

(Continued from page 171.)

lighted by rambles, and charged six cents for admission. His performers were small boys of cultivated histrionic ambitions, and for a time it enjoyed a great degree of prosperity, contributing to the legitimate and variety stage of the country a number of meritorious performers, and among the seeds of one of the most original and notable schemes of amusement that has ever flourished in the town.

It should be remembered that this was a period when young persons of musical or dramatic aspirations enjoyed much better opportunities for giving expression to their talents than they do at the present day. In Hurry Hills and Harry Tildon's, which almost faced one another in East Houston Street, as well as in the various old-fashioned "free and easy" that were scattered about the town, the volunteer who could sing or dance or amuse an audience in any fashion always found a cordial welcome and substantial hospitality. Indeed, a fiftieth was conducted after the fashion of the "Cafe of Harmony," so well described by Thackeray, and its entertainments, given Wednesday and Saturday evenings under the direction of a professional chairman, enabled many a volunteer singer to make a desired reputation and secure thereby an engagement at Tony Pastor's. It was in this house that Edward Harrigan's earliest songs obtained their first metropolitan vogue. Moreover,insky was kept stirred as "amateur" night in every cheap East Side theatre; there a one-horse play which the custom-fall obtained—and more than one popular play of today made his first bow across the footlights of some dingy little stage on which he had earned the right to act by virtue of a sale of tickets among his friends.

It was because of the great number of these cheap places of amusement and the impulse that they gave to fledgeling, the singing of comic songs, and the reproduction of knockabout variety acts among the boys of the town, that the management of the Grand Duke's Theatre found itself at hand a vast array of eager amateur talent from which to select their company. I say remark is passing that the house was named in honor of the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, who was in this country at the time of its inception. The house had not been in existence long before two bright little Hackney lads named Dick and Sam Bernard made themselves prime favorites there, and developed a vein of comedy that was unique and amusing. Headed by the Bernards the little underground playhouse gained such a vogue that a rival place of amusement was established in the cellar of the house occupied by the late Joseph Tooker, well known in his day as a theatrical manager. The new house was called this

Two-Cent Theatre, and was directed by Mr. Tooker's son George, whose natural taste for the drama had been materially strengthened by his father's connection with the business of theatric. Young Tooker saw the Bernards on the stage of the Grand Duke's, noted their great vogue, and determined to find some one capable of rivaling them. Chance led him one day to a street water fountain in what is now the heart of the Jewish colony on the East Side. Tending this fountain was a small boy in knickerbockers who was known to clever theatrical ambitions, and who even then had a small partner with whom he doubled up in primitive variety acts whenever the occasion offered. The two lads were only too glad to join the Tooker forces, and it was in this way that Joe Weber of the undoubted and his partner, Lew Fields, entered the arena as rivals of the Bernards.

Other lads whose names figure on the play-bills of one or both of the famous houses were P. Dailry, one of the best of modern humorists; Arthur Dima, now a well-known comedian; and a young amateur who in later years acquired fame as "Chick" Coomes, a picturesque East Side character and one-time star of "the Broadway."

Bulk houses were devoted exclusively to a mixture of song and dance, variety acts, and primitive melody which, while highly suggestive of the stage humor current at the time, was a veritable Weber and Fields show of later years, in embryo.

In due course of time the two juvenile theatres went the way of all things earthy, and Weber and Fields began to seek wider engagements at East Side benefits and charity entertainments. It was not until after several years of this sort of work that they secured a professional opening at the Chatham Square Music Hall, where they reviewed the joint sum of twenty dollars a week, for a couple of seasons, in a version of "The Engagement" began January 1, 1880, and from that time until the opening of their house on Broadway they grew steadily not only in popular favor, but in the art of acting as well. In establishing themselves prominently in New York, they associated themselves with their old playmates and rival, Sam Bernard, and the town has seldom seen better examples of legitimate acting than were afforded in those scenes—that of the "Bridegroom," for example—in which the three appeared together as absolutely equal terms.

A circumstance that no one could fail to notice in this familiar scene drawn to the fact, that one of the three men was out of the bill. The others had divided his work between them, and paid up his own share readily and skilfully that the two produced precisely the same effect that three had.

(Continued from page 1725.)

"I think that if a man is going to make a business of any thing, it had better be work, for if he makes a business of play, what is he going to turn to for recreation? Besides, leisure and sport are pretty dear. Could you afford us?"

"I have got plenty enough to live on now."

"But you might marry and have children. It often happens so. I dare say you have enough to support a family, but I doubt if you have enough to support a family and an idle man too. To maintain an idle man to his satisfaction costs a good deal. And some of your money may get away from you. I have known that to happen, too. Be on the safe side, and try to qualify yourself to make a living. At any rate, work hard at something, and get interested enough in it to find a satisfactory occupation in your work. A working man can feel rich on an income on which a man of leisure feels poor."

"That sounds like good advice, Judge, but I don't yet see my way clear enough to know what I want to do."

"That isn't strange, for most men are pushed into their life's work by circumstances and necessity, and you haven't the point of need to help you."

"Father's plan was that I should study law."

"Well, study law, whether you practise it or not. It won't hurt you to learn some law, even though eventually you come to be a minister, or a banker, or a railroad man, or editor and go to a war. Law's a good subject; only, whatever you take hold of take hold hard."

"I'm going to look about a bit first."

"You can't do better, but don't do it too long."

The Judge finished his cigar and went out. Julien Hatfield came up and took the seat he had left.

"You look thoughtful, Jimmy." Don't think, it's bad for you particularly in vacation time. Has the Judge been scolding you?"

"The Judge talks of putting me to work."

"All in good time. What at?"

"To study law, for a starter."

"Law's a pretty long row. You could go back to the Law school, though; that would be fair sport, though they work like niggers there."

"I don't think I could. Mother would want me to stay in New York. I'd have to go to the Columbia School."

"I suppose they'd let you work hard then if you insisted. And after three years of it, when you're burned the ruddiness where are you?"

"Still in New York."

"Yes; and you go into an office downtown and get a job as clerk, and in the course of ten years or so you get to be managing clerk maybe, and years after that you get so you can make a living. And whenever you want to go anywhere you can't leave the office and if you don't work yourself to death you don't get anywhere and if you work yourself to death you don't have any fun. Better go into a bank or be a broker."

"A bank, yes, and about your novel hearing interest. As for being a broker, there's more in roulette and it's just as respectable."



"You might marry and have children. It often happens so."

"No, it isn't. There's no money in roulette unless you run the dice, and that isn't respectable. You may get pulled to roulette is illegal. But brokers who run a fair game can't be pulled. Every few days maybe they buy or sell something for a real investor, and that leaves all the gambles."

"I'm not going to be a broker, anyhow."

"I dare say you'll do worse. It's the easiest trade to learn there is, and you have money enough to try a seat."

"That's reason enough for not doing it. Don't you know the story of the Arkansas man and the sawmill?"

"Tell it!"

"He wrote to inquire the price of a sawmill that would do certain specified stunts and cut so many boards a day. The manufacturer wrote him that it would cost sixteen hundred dollars. He wrote back, 'If a man had sixteen hundred dollars, what is thence would he want of a sawmill?'"

"Please! Jimmy, you are not of an aspiring nature."

"Yes, I am, but stock-broking wouldn't help me realize my aspirations. I don't aspire to be a banker, nor to own railroads, and for the moment I am not hard put to it to make a living."

"What is your lay, anyhow?"

"Just to take notice for a while, and find out what's going on, and try to get ready to take hold somewhere. By the way, Julien, we must get to know those girls at the captain's table."

"The Markham girls? Very pleasing ladies. That's their aunt they're with. But they're getting along all right. They don't need us."

"Maybe not, but I am out to take notice, and I notice these girls."

"Sail in; your friends the Fishes know them. They'll put you on."

Now the elder Miss Markham was a grown-up person, no less than twenty-two years old, and with vested interests in life and society which occupied a good part of her energies, and left her with only a limited share of attention to bestow on a youth just out of college. But Edith Markham was four years younger, and in college herself.

"We had to wait for her," Miss Julia Markham explained to James. "Barnum takes no note of the wishes of relatives, and doesn't let out until it gets ready."

"Never mind. You'll have a good month of London left if you want it. My mother and sisters are to meet me there."

"We don't want a month, but I think we'll take a fortnight. We're going to Scotland."



"I think you had better talk to him."

"Now I hope my mother means to take me to Scotland. She is keeping my plans hid until I join her, under pretence of consulting me."

"I remember your sisters at Miss Perkins' school. You must remember them, Edith. They were nearly your age; a little older than you and younger than I."

"I beg to offer you my sympathy in having the responsibility of a younger sister. I have two, as you know, and only mother to help me raise them."

"I have plenty of help with Edith—father and mother, and at present Aunt Sarah; but still it is a charge."

"You are sending her to college, which is more than I can do for my sisters. What drove you to that? Was her intelligence so defective as to need further cultivation, or so rare that nothing less than all the knowledge you could satisfy it?"

"You'll have to ask her. It wasn't I that sent her to college. She would go, and being her father's pet, she did go."

"Ineffective intelligence," said Edith. "Scarce, not rare. That was the trouble, Mr. Clarkson. It was a case of a desperate appeal to art in help out nature."

"You are a sophomore now, aren't you? I never met a girl sophomore before. I beg your pardon, but you don't seem to me nearly so rudimentary as the men sophomores are. Do you know very much yet? Have you any class yell, and can you smoke cigarettes?"

"I know too much to tell. Don't trouble with me like that. I am a serious person. We all take education seriously at Burnmore. We are not frivolous like you men."

"Are you on the basketball team?"

"Not yet. Were you on the nine?"

"I am surprised that you should have to ask. Don't they let you read the papers at Burnmore? Try to remember seeing my picture in the Sunday Review."

"We don't take the Sunday Review at Burnmore, and I don't remember your picture. We only take grave papers, and no Sunday papers at all. Our papers only print pictures of politicians and labor leaders and people of consequence."

"Then I'm afraid you haven't seen mine. And indeed I dare say the Sunday papers will print your picture many times before they print mine again, for I have passed out of public life into eclipse, and you—when if you rescue the basketball team and that grade of illustration were pretty rare to ornament the 'society page' a little later. You see, a man jumps from college into outer darkness, but a girl emerges into the strong light that leads upon a baid."

"Do you hear that logic? That's dinner."

"In college girls take thought of anything so intellectual as food?"

"They have to. Soup, meat, and vegetables are required courses."

"And pie and candy electives, I suppose. I congratulate you both on your interest in all of them on shipboard."

Acquaintance ripens fast aboard an Atlantic liner. James found no better occupation than to chatter when occasion offered, with Edith Markham and sometimes offered several times a day for the three days of the voyage that were left. Edith was nothing loath to chat with James.

"Don't you like him?" she asked her sister.

"He seems a pleasant youth, and has more ideas than one would naturally expect in a man just out of college. Has he told you what he proposes to make of himself?"

"He had not, Edith said. As to that, she had neither inquired nor wondered; but the question being suggested to her, she turned it over in her mind. It is one of the two questions which consideration of a new grade inevitably larries. What is he in the first one, and when some conclusion has been reached about that, the other is bound to follow.

James gave himself an concern about Edith's future beyond its immediate department, but with those he did conceive him Sarah Markham, and recommended the one where his mother was staying. The plans of people bent on pleasure are easily adjusted to include anything that promises to be



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pleasant. The Markham ladies and the Clarkson ladies found each other profitable company in London, made some explorations in common, dined together sometimes, shared knowledge and swapped suggestions, and formal themselves united in a good deal of harmonious cooperation. A family party is usually improved by the infusion of suitable intruders, and two family parties that happen to be congenial may be mingled, to the advantage of both. The summer aims of the Clarksons and the Markhams were substantially alike; common acquaintances turned up daily, and, without merging, they drifted in relations of confidence.

So it came about without cost of such contrivance on James's part that he found himself on an August evening sitting in the twilight with Edith Markham in the window of a Princess Street hotel in Edinburgh. They were talking with the ease of familiar friends.

"How is Burnmore going to seem to you," he asked her, "after this pleasant, idle summer? Do you think you will ever get down to work again?"

"Oh yes, and I shall like it. The summer is doing us good. Father and mother start from London, you know, to-night, and when they get here I shall like it better still. But I shall be glad to go home with them."

"Burnmore can't be half bad, if you like it so well. What put it into your head to go there?"

"It might be a pleasant enough process for a good many years to come."

"Oh no! It would be—oh, it would be just disgusting. It would be losing one's own soul, and not even getting the whole world."

"Awful! But I wouldn't have to go headlong to the devil's den. I could buy a farm, and raise pigs and hens, and travel a little, and go hunting, and fish, and keep in physical health, anyway. Would you have me go into business and lose my inheritance trying to do something without learning how?"

"Why not learn how to do something?"

"I must, of course, but what? How are you going to stand off degeneration when you get through with Burnmore?"

"I don't know, but somehow. I'm not going to dawdle."

"Well, I tell you, I'm going to look around, and if I find anything that needs doing that's about your size, I'll let you know. And if you notice any likely job that's about my size, please remember me. It would be a high privilege to be of use to a lady in such straits as you are facing; and as for myself, you see my troubles are already on me, and it would be a work of mercy to thrust me a line."

"And meanwhile are you going to drift about and wait to be rescued?"

"Alas! I am not. I am going to take my mother and the girls to Paris, where they propose, as you know, to spend the fall or



"He was not pretentious, like you men."

"My teachers, kind, partly, and circum-stances. I planned yours up to go there. Didn't you always mean to go to college?"

"Yes; but college isn't so much a matter of course for girls yet."

"Do you think I could have done better?"

"Oh no, but you know plenty already, and you have three more years of studies ahead of you. Think how superior you'll be when you are completely educated. What are you going to do then?"

"I haven't got to that yet. You have been through college and are completely educated; what are you going to do?"

"I knew you'd come to that sometime. Everybody does. I have even come to it myself. I know I've got to find a job. It's different with a girl—with you at first. Even when you get out of college nobody will insist that you shall find a job. You'll just go on and wear tea, and shawls, and make calls, and shop, and dine, and go to dances, and adorn house-parties like the other girls."

"Isn't it a dreadful prospect? What would you do about it?"

"Don't ask me. I don't think it will be so bad. I think I would be a braver if it were not for my congenital convictions. You see, I am a working man's son, and suffer from the natural moral ineffectiveness of that derivation."

"Gracious! you wouldn't want to be idle, would you? Why, you'd never come to anything! You wouldn't even hold your own. You'd degenerate."

"Yes; that's the awkward part of it. Not but what degenera-

tion might be a pleasant enough process for a good many years to come."

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Music

New Works by Mahler, Elgar, Suk, and Dukas

The opening works of the season have been unanimously prolific in novelties of interest. Since the beginning of November we have heard new works by Gustav Mahler, Sir Edward Elgar, Josef Suk, and Paul Dukas—not very contemporary works, it is true, from the standpoint of historic musical importance, but variously noteworthy and suggestive.

Mahler's Fourth Symphony

Mahler's Fourth Symphony, which Walter Damrosch made the feature of his New York Symphony Concert on November 6, had aroused great expectation. Alas, Mahler has achieved high distinction as a composer of brilliant technical skill and original individuality; and it was a commendable act on Mr. Damrosch's part to impart one of his characteristic works—the Fourth Symphony. But it is to be hoped that this work does not represent Mahler at his best; for, not to put too fine a point upon it, the music is unambiguously dull—though there is no doubt of the subtlety and ingenuity of its technique. Mahler has resorted to the curious expedient of choosing for his thematic material the most barren and archaic of subjects—subjects of an eighteenth-century simplicity,—and subjecting them to the most complex and sophisticated treatment—bedecking the naive, Haydn-like themes with incongruous harmonic and orchestral adornments; recouping dissonances, chromatic progressions, staccato horn effects, elaborate cross-rhythms, and all the other paraphernalia of the contemporary time-spirit. The result can be adequately described only as an artistic anachronism of the most flagrant sort; it is music without point, without beauty, without individuality.

Elgar's New Overture

If Elgar's "South" is the South of Italy, and all that Italy means to the imagination,—as there is reason to believe it is,—he has not given a convincing account of it in the new overture. In the "South," which Mr. Damrosch placed on the program with the Mahler symphony, there is little of poetic or romantic suggestion in the music, little of the color and warmth, the rich and ample beauty, which belong among the characteristics of his subject. But perhaps it is not possible for the composer of "The Dream of Gerontius" and "The Apostles" to write eloquently of matters so far removed from the world of spiritual and ecclesiastical speculation.

Suk and Dukas

A symphony in E major (op. 14) by Josef Suk, the Bohemian, was played by Mr. Gerike and his band on November 5. It was not altogether a novelty, as it had been given some years ago by the Philadelphia Society. It was scarcely new, but it was a welcome reminder of the north revival. Suk is apparently little more than a colorless replica of his master, Dvorak, whose idiom,—romantic, constructive, and orchestral,—he employs with but a slight contribution of personal style.

Of the orchestral sketches by Dukas, "L'Apprenti Sorcier," which Mr. Gerike also produced, for the first time in New York, there is quite a different report to be given. Dukas is one of the liveliest of the school of brilliant young composers who give distinction and animation to the musical life of contemporary France. Slight as his subject-matter is,—merely an amusing fairy-tale of a sorcerer, an enchanted stick, and an impudent apprentice,—Dukas has found in it the inspiration for as charming a humorous as we can recall among the orchestral novelties of recent years. For this young composer (he is not yet forty) displays what Mahler, Elgar, and Suk have not displayed in their works,—personality, a rich and telling style—in a word, ideas,—without which the subtlety of the German, the earnestness of the Englishman, and the persuasiveness of the Bohemian have proved powerless and inconsequential.



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GENERAL NOGI, THE JAPANESE COMMANDER, STUDYING A WAR MAP AT HIS HEADQUARTERS BEFORE PORT ARTHUR

From photograph made before Port Arthur on September 23, 1904, by James Keating. Copyright, 1904, by Colburn & Underwood, N. Y.

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COMMENT

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT will be only fifty-four years old in 1912. Suppose the Republicans should be beaten in 1908, and four years later should implore him to lead them once more to victory, could he not deem it his duty to obey the summons, as GRANT would have done in 1869, and as, we cannot but believe, GARFIELD would have done this year? We should bear in mind that the popular objection is not so much to a third term as to a third consecutive term. If the series be broken, the danger of the Federal patronage being used for the perpetuation of personal power is, manifestly, eliminated. It might, indeed, be well for the people that the occupant of the Chief Magistracy for a second term should know that at some future day—not less than four years after he left the White House—he might be invited to return thereto, provided he had earned the respect and confidence of his fellow countrymen.

There is no doubt that Mr. ROOSEVELT received the largest plurality of the popular vote ever recorded for a President, for it must be remembered that in 1820, when MONROE got all but one of the electoral votes, the Presidential electors were chosen by the State Legislatures. The largest previous plurality—\$49,000 in round numbers—was given to McKINLEY in 1896; the next largest, to GRANT in 1872, namely, 763,000; and the third largest to McKINLEY in 1896, when he got 604,000. The fourth largest, namely, 406,000, was given to BUCHANAN in 1856. BUCHANAN, however, was a minority President. So was CLEVELAND in 1884 and 1892. GRANT and McKINLEY, on the other hand, were majority Presidents. ROOSEVELT, for his part, is not only a majority President, but his plurality will probably reach, if it does not exceed, two millions. In this respect his triumph is unprecedented, as also in the fact that he is the first Vice-President who became President by accident, and who afterwards was elected Chief Magistrate. It is almost, however, to speak of his majority in the electoral college as unparalleled, or to assume that the Democratic party can never recover from the defeat which it has experienced. In 1872 GRANT had 286 electoral votes against 63. Four years before, he had 214 against 80. In 1864, LINCOLN had 212 against 21 cast for McCLELLAN. In 1852, FRANKLIN PIERCE had 254 against 42 given to SEYMOUR. SEYMOUR carried only four States, and came within a hair's breadth of losing two of them. Vermont, indeed, he secured by only about five hundred plurality. In 1848, WILLIAM HENRY HUBBARD had 234 electoral votes against VAN RENEN'S 60.

This year ROOSEVELT will have 336 against 140, if we assume that seven out of Maryland's eight electoral votes are awarded by the State Board of CANVASSERS to PARKER. It is evident that the Democracy has survived worse defeats than it sus-

tained this year. In 1844, only four years after the tremendous rout which it suffered at the hands of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, it obtained for POLK and DALLAS 170 against 106 electoral votes. In 1876, only four years after its seemingly irreparable collapse under GARFIELD, SAMUEL J. TILDEN received 256,000 plurality of the popular vote, and was acknowledged by the Electoral Commission to have won 184 electoral votes against the 185 awarded to HAYES. For the circumstances, the vitality and elasticity of the Democratic party are indisputable. Its name appeals too strongly to the popular imagination ever to be surrendered. Indeed, its original name, Democratic-Republican, or Republican-Democratic, was so taking that the opposition had to borrow half of it in 1850. The future of the two chief political parties will be found discussed elsewhere.

Many and ingenious are the theories that have been advanced to explain Mr. ROOSEVELT's tremendous majorities of the popular and of the electoral votes. The primary, the fundamental, the decisive cause, undoubtedly—what the logicians call the *causa causans*—was the good times and the widespread anxiety lest prosperity might be checked. No overwhelming was the influence of this factor the almost any respectable Republican would probably have been successful this year, though he would not have gained the overwhelming triumph achieved by THOMAS ROOSEVELT. He would doubtless have lost some of the trans-Mississippi States. Another cause which contributed to the magnitude of the Democratic defeat was the failure of the Democratic managers to foresee, or to discover betimes, that the people cared but little about the Panama issue, or the Philippines issue, or the constitutionalism and imperialism issues, and were not deeply impressed by the difference between Mr. ROOSEVELT'S and JUDGE PARKER'S positions on the tariff. Every man and woman, on the other hand, was keenly alive to the fact that they were paying considerably more for beef and mutton than they had been a few years ago; and if the Democratic managers had from the outset concentrated their batteries on the trusts they would have lost no BAYAN Democrats, and they would have got a much larger proportion of the union-labor votes than they actually received.

When all is said, however, we deem it just to add that, although any respected Republican might have come out ahead this year, more than half of the popularity obtained by Mr. ROOSEVELT was due to his personal popularity. In no other way can we explain the extraordinary pluralities secured by the Republican nominee in California and other States on the Pacific slope; nor in any other way can we account for the fact that he carried States which elected Democratic Governors, such as Massachusetts, Minnesota, Colorado, Montana, and, greatest wonder of all, Missouri. The women turned out for him *en masse* in the four States where they possess the suffrage—Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, and Colorado—every one of which went for BAYAN in 1896. He seems to have got almost every negro vote in the doubtful States, although smiling TOM TOWNSEND strove to win over some of the colored brethren in Indiana. It is obvious that many BAYAN Democrats must have voted for ROOSEVELT, not so much from love of him as from dislike of the reorganizers who had supplanted their favorite in the control of their party. It is only, however, by union-labor votes, normally Democratic, that the victory, or the remarkable proportions of the victory, gained by Mr. ROOSEVELT in certain States is explicable. The fact that he got the Presidential electors in Massachusetts, while the Democratic nominee for Governor was chosen, is manifestly due to union-labor votes. The mixed result in Colorado is attributable to the same agency. There is now no doubt that the upset in Rhode Island, Maryland, and Missouri; the failure of the Democratic nominee for the Vice-Presidency to carry his native State, West Virginia; and the stupendous majority rolled up for the Republican ticket in Pennsylvania, should be imputed partly to the instinctive sympathy felt by union laborers for Mr. ROOSEVELT since his interposition in the anthracite-coal strike.

In an interview on November 12, Mr. WILLIAM L. DEXTER, the Governor-elect of Massachusetts, testified that during the

campaign he had been assured that 20,000 union laborers would vote for him, together with more than ten thousand who previously had voted for Socialist candidates. According to Mr. DOWD's informant, it was the first time in American politics that it had been arranged to throw the labor vote of a State almost solidly for one nominee. Mr. JAMES A. JOHNSON, Governor-elect of Minnesota, in an interview which took place on the same day, had nothing to say about the labor vote, but ascribed his victory to the fact that the people of Minnesota regard the Republican organization as a servant of the railroad corporations. They were evidently convinced, however, by the proceedings of the Federal government against the Northern Securities merger that Mr. ROOSEVELT, personally, could not be controlled by railway corporation influences. Mr. JOSEPH W. FULK, Governor-elect of Missouri, who was interviewed on November 11, recognized that Mr. ROOSEVELT's individual popularity was a great factor in the result, so far as Missouri was concerned. It is already probable that Governor FULK will be put forward not only by Missouri, but by many other States, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency four years hence.

A Massachusetts manufacturer who voted for PARKER has been holding an inquest, and reaches this conclusion:

ROOSEVELT has now the largest chance for good of any man in this world. Let him take what is shown to him by the Democratic doctrine, and go in for it, including a revision of the tariff by its friends. Lord JOHN RUSSELL did not do so much for England by a repeal of the Corn Laws as it is within ROOSEVELT's power now to do for the United States.

Secondly, he should enforce the laws against trusts which exist in other lands, follow the course which he undertook in the Northern Securities matter, but has not pursued.

Then let him give some reasonable assistance to the Philippines of independence at no distant day.

If, by such positions, he alienates the forces in the Republican party which have hitherto prevailed, he can form a new party of moderate Republicans and gold Democrats, and the Socialists, whether under BRYAN or under extreme protection leaders, may stick together and be completely licked in one hour.

If he does not take this course, the next period of depression will bring in a Socialist President, and the whole conservative fabric will be overthrown.

This is an intelligent diagnosis of the situation, though of course its accuracy is open to discussion. Was ever so much expected of a President as of ROOSEVELT? Much was expected of LINCOLN, but it was that he should do what the party that elected him wanted done. But a good part of the party that elected ROOSEVELT is expected to object to those things that our Massachusetts friend wants done. Yet we believe that he will try hard to do the first two of those things. He will almost surely try hard to have the tariff revised, and a great many Republicans will be with him. Whether such revision as they can accomplish will amount to anything, we cannot tell until we see it, but there must be a show of revision at least, if only to hold the present Republican voters together. The tariff has nothing to fear just now from Democrats, but in the very security of the Republican ascendancy the Republican revisionists will find their chance to free their minds and fight obstinately for what they want. This is the time of all others for free speech about the tariff by the friends of its friends. We don't doubt they will avail themselves of the opportunity.

The suggestion that President ROOSEVELT by striving for tariff revision might split his party is very interesting. No doubt he won't, but still, let us consider. Colonel WYTERSON holds, as many Democrats do, especially in the South, that the wreck of the Democratic party is due to Mr. CLEVELAND's failure to press the tariff issue in 1892. Congress of course would have denied him a tariff-for-revenue bill, but he would have kept alive the issue, and the Democrats could have gone to the country with it in 1894 and carried the elections, and Mr. CLEVELAND in 1896 would have been master of the situation and able to name his successor. As it was, the Democrats in 1896 instead of being united on tariff were divided on silver. Colonel WYTERSON believes that as the slavery oligarchy finally hustled the Democratic party off it had been sixty years in power, the high-protection oligarchy will some time bust the Republican party. But he does not

look to see it bust for some time to come, and until it does bust he does not expect to see a shadow of the turning that will bring the Democrats or their successors back to power.

The advocates of "stand pat" have faithfully brought it home to us that the tariff is dynamite and will do awful things if you touch it. It is the open season now for conjectures about the awful things it will do if let alone. We welcome Colonel WYTERSON's suggestions. If President ROOSEVELT, moved by a bold resolution to get so much of the dynamite out of the tariff as he can, runs up against the high-protection oligarchy, it is conceivable that he might eventually become the leader of tariff-for-revenue Republicans, as in 1848 an ex-President from New York became the leader and candidate of the Free-soil Democrats.

And hath it not been written that the voice of the people is the voice of God?—MARSH TRENTER.

It hath; but Bishop POTTER, in response to a direct inquiry in Cooper Union the other evening, said it is not always so. And if the Bishop doth not know, who doth?

One of the acts for which Mr. ROOSEVELT deserves praise is the promptitude with which he confirmed out of his own mouth the report circulated toward the close of the campaign that Mr. JOHN HAY had been invited, and had consented, to remain Secretary of State for the four years beginning March 4, 1905. In no more conclusive way could Mr. ROOSEVELT demonstrate that he has no intention of playing the "war lord" or of brandishing a "big stick." Laudable also is his determination to uphold with all the weight of his endorsement the request that will be submitted by Secretary-of-War TART to Congress on its re-assembling in December, the request, namely, that the duties levied in our ports on sugar and tobacco coming from the Philippines shall be reduced hereafter to only 25 per cent. of the DUTY rates, instead of the 75 per cent. now levied, and that all other products of the Philippines shall be admitted duty free. Such a fixed change would be calculated to impart a signal and beneficent impulse to the insular industries. Perhaps nothing, however, said or done by Mr. ROOSEVELT since his triumph at the ballot-box is more likely to gratify the whole American people, including his opponents as well as his supporters, than the announcement made on November 11 that Mr. GUSTAVUS COMMISSIONER of Corporations, has nearly completed his report on the operations of the Beef Trust; and that if, on the submission of it to the President, it proves to contain anything—as undoubtedly it will—that will give the government cause for action against any conspirators striving to circumvent the SHERMAN act, the Department of Justice will be ordered to attend to the matter in exemplary fashion. Thus all Mr. ROOSEVELT pay his debt to the union-labor vote, and justify the faith reposed in him by what some of his critics have been pleased to call the "common people."

Mr. "Ireneuil" WALK has made a faithful Commissioner of Pensions, and almost all the taxpayers are sorry to see him resign. No conscientious man of proved ability will want his job, and no other kind of man ought to have it. The President will have to draft somebody to fill Mr. WALK's place. We presume he will draft General BLACK, a good man, who used to be a Democrat, and compel the victim to serve.

With many apologies, and begging his auditors not to host him out of the room, Mr. MONLEY said at the New York Chamber of Commerce dinner:

I have seen nothing, as evidence during this run through some of the centres of your country, to make me believe that you would not have been just as great, just as mighty—I mean, in industrial competition—just as prosperous, just as strong, as you are to-day, if you had taken that worn-out shibboleth, as I am told—"No tariff excepting for purposes of revenue."

And they did not host him out of the room, but listened with "laughter and applause." After election folks will listen to any kind of sense that is interesting enough to gain their attention. Before election we are all credulous to one line of argument, and all incredulous to another. After election

the discriminative faculty begins to operate again. There was something more than good-nature in the friendly attention that was paid to Mr. Mowley at the Chamber of Commerce dinner. Mr. ALLEN it says, somewhat sadly, that if the election settled anything, it settled the tariff question for the present on the side of "stand pat." But evidently it didn't. Evidently many men are turning it over in their minds, and our leading merchants and financiers were glad to hear Mr. Mowley bear testimony for his side of it.

The opinion seems to be unanimous that while the President makes Hay, the sun will shine.

It has become a matter of routine, in our public life, whenever a consequential officeholder dies or resigns, for somebody to propose Mr. SEAN LOW as his successor. Whence the suggestion comes we know not, but its arrival is as invariable and inflexible as the rising of the sun. This time Mr. Low is "prominently mentioned" for Postmaster of this city. Senator PATTY pronounces the proposal "a joke," but we can hardly believe that in saying so the venerable Senator himself is serious. Mr. Low is anything but a joke. He is a solemn fixture. He never sought an office in his life; the office is always seeking him, for the reason that he is the one solitary being who is perfectly equipped for whatever position happens to be vacant. Sometimes it catches him and sometimes not. Last time it didn't; this time we hope it will. We cannot rest easy while Mr. Low's fabled probity is confined to private life. The public needs it, and always will. Moreover, we know him to be able personally, if appropriately he can be thus spoken of. We have doubted sometimes whether he is real, whether, for example, if he should happen to sit upon a tack he would jump. But, real or unreal, he is a necessity. We pray for his immediate appointment. We want to get him off our mind.

The opinion that since the late election every kind of Democrat is absolved of obligation to vote in future for any other kind of Democrat finds a reflection in a Washington despatch to the *New York Times*, which declares that the Southern Democrats are considering the expediency of flocking alone. A call, says this despatch, will soon be issued to Southern leaders to meet in Washington and consider the question of the political independence of the Southern States. The proposition is not, of course, to secede from the Union, but merely to let the Northern Democrats slide and cease to go to their conventions. Some of the Southern Democrats think the better way will be for them to wait in Presidential years until both the great parties of the North have made their nominations, and then to endorse the candidate they like better, or if they like neither, put up a man of their own and vote for him. There would undoubtedly be advantages in this plan. For one thing, the South would soon cease to be solid. For another, the South, pursuing this waiting policy, would be worth courting, and would receive polite attentions from all parties in the North. If no one knew, for example, what the affiliations of the Southern Democrats would be in the next election, it might seem less expedient to raise the question of cutting down the representation of the South to match the disfranchisement of some of the negroes. The very fact that such a proposition as this Washington despatch suggests seems reasonable enough to discuss illustrates the uncommon possibilities of our political Earth as it emerges from the recent deluge. Nobody knows what landmarks, if any, the flood has left; Colonel Noyt and his political family and a lot of the animals are afloat in a seaworthy ark, and we shall doubtless soon see the great investigator experimenting with ravers and doves to discover how things go. But as the great and lasting divisions of mankind date from the great clean sweep that antedates history, so new divisions in politics are likely to follow our political deluge.

Mr. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS is not so great a figure at this writing as he was last June. In the first half of the present year he attracted the attention of a large number of his fellow citizens, who examined him with recurring scrutinies to see what manner of statesman he was, and in what degree he seemed to measure up to the stature of the Coming Man. They do not look his way so much now, but they wonder

about him, and occasionally some one asks his fellow, "What's the matter with WILLIAMS?" The question is not a jocular exclamation, but a sober inquiry, and the answer is apt to be: "The trouble with WILLIAMS is that he is a cynic. He is not seriously enough in earnest. He does not care enough. His cynicism even takes the uncomely form of neglected raiment and an unshaven chin. It's a pity about WILLIAMS." We presume that when Congress meets again Mr. WILLIAMS will turn up in Washington and resume his duties in the halls of legislation. He is an able man who has been useful to the country, and doubtless will be again. But it would please his admirers to see him readjust himself a little to his environment, get some new shirts and neckties, scrape his face regularly every day, discipline his natural impulses, and acquire carefulness and earnestness. It is a considerable chase to be earnest, but that is part of the price of high efficiency. There is lots of earnestness that is not efficient, but there is very little efficiency that is not earnest. The admixture of earnestness would increase Mr. WILLIAMS's efficiency, and it need not spoil all his fun, either.

Colonel WATTERSON demurs to the description of himself lately printed in the *WEEKLY* on the grounds that it does much more than justice to his sporting features and much less than justice to his record as a very painstaking and hard-working newspaper man. He thinks a man who has played roquet not more than six times in all his life, who personally set the format of his paper to press for twenty-five years, who eschews clubs, lives in the country, and finds his solace in intellectual and domestic pleasures, ought to be painted in more sober colors than our contributor has used. The subject is one that Colonel WATTERSON knows better than we can. There is such a halo of romance around his young white head that it is hard for any one who is not his daily companion to see him quite as he is.

It now seems to be generally acknowledged in Great Britain that London newspapers were not warranted in the inflammatory appeals to public opinion by which they sought to make a *cassus belli* of the North Sea incident. As we pointed out at the time, the assumption that in the explanation given by him, Admiral ROUSSELEUX was guilty of a deliberate untruth, was contradicted by his reputation for uprightness and intelligence. Evidently, Premier BALFOUR, in the speech which he delivered when the war scare was at its height, went too far when he described the Russian version of the affair as absurd, and threw doubt on its veracity. But perhaps he devoted it prudent for the moment to bend to a storm which, if too stiffly resisted, might have overthrown the ministry. The storm has subsided, and all sensible Englishmen are now thankful that Parliament was not in session during the crisis, and that the helm of government was in the hands of thoroughly sane and cool-headed pilots. Lord LANSDOWN'S repute for wisdom, which could not be deserved as high when he assumed charge of the Foreign Office, has been notably enhanced by his judicious management of a collision which at one time threatened portentous consequences. No reasonable person doubts that the exact facts will be brought out by the Commission of Inquiry, which, it will be recalled, is to consist of five members,—an Englishman, a Russian, an American, and a Frenchman,—who, by a majority vote, will agree upon a fifth. We shall not be surprised to see it acknowledged that the Russian battle-ships had some ground for expecting to be attacked, and that, owing to a misinterpretation of signals, they mistook two Russian torpedo-boats for assailants. They are not likely to make a similar blunder hereafter, much less to fire intentionally upon vessels known to be neutral.

Meanwhile the fortunes of the Baltic fleet will be watched with growing interest. That part of it which will traverse the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal will be at liberty to coal in a French seaport on the northeast coast of Africa, not far south of the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb; again at the French port of Pondicherry, on the southeast coast of India; again at Saigon, the principal harbor of French Indo-China, after which it may, if it chooses, coal once more at a German port in Kiao-Chow Bay. That section of the fleet, on the other hand, which will proceed by the Cape of Good Hope

route can coal at a French port in West Africa; again at a port in Madagascar; and then go on to the rendezvous, which, as yet, is known only to the commanders. Whether the requisited fleet will put in at Kiao-Chow Bay depends upon whether Admiral Rozhdestvensky deems himself strong enough to cope with the force under Admiral Togo, which will probably await him off that harbor, or whether he thinks it more prudent to postpone the fight for maritime ascendancy until he can effect a junction with the Russian cruisers at Vladivostok, and with such war-vessels as may manage to escape from Port Arthur. In the latter event he would naturally divide his fleet at Seipon, and the two divisions would seek to reach Vladivostok by different routes.

Although, at the hour when we write, the remnant of the Russian garrison of Port Arthur still holds out, the Japanese commander of the besieging force has been authorized to offer generous terms, and a surrender is expected to take place quickly. What is left of the fleet is expected to follow CORYSEA's example, and, at the last moment, attempt a sortie from the harbor, in which case it will probably suffer CORYSEA's fate; though, as the vessels are much more numerous, a few may succeed in reaching the high seas, and ultimately make their way by a circuitous route to Vladivostok. The downfall of the fortress will set free a large part of the besiegers, who have been variously computed at from 15,000 to 55,000 men. As about 15,000 would doubtless be retained for the occupation of Port Arthur and Dalny, the number of soldiers who would be at liberty to join the Japanese army at and around Liao-Yang would range from twenty to forty thousand. Inasmuch as the railway from Port Arthur to Liao-Yang is in Japanese hands, they could, of course, be sent swiftly to the front. Such a reinforcement, coupled with the additions which are known to have been made since the battle of Shaho, would undoubtedly give Marshal OYAMA a considerable preponderance over General KUROKI. When that hour arrives, provided the Japanese stores of ammunition have also been duly replenished, we may expect to hear of a third and even more desperate battle.

MISS KATE CARW is a clever, cynical, and cheeky young woman who makes and illustrates interviews with conspicuous people for the *Sunday World*. We recall with infinite zest the picture she drew a while ago of Secretary TATE with his great good nature and splendid "ha, ha." Also at the end of the campaign she did tired and injured Chairman CLEVELAND most graciously and sympathetically. We have never seen the lady, but this is the way she herself thinks she looks. It is probable that her auto-portrait accentuates her peculiarities, but if this is how she would like to have the public think she seems, we can see no good reason why anybody else should complain. Miss CARW's latest victim was Governor-elect HOBBS, who apparently became very uncomfortable and cross under her ingenious old-maidish scrutiny. In the first place, despite the fact that the levin caricaturist had gone all the way to hogwash Oleas in pursuit of her quarry, he tried not to see her at all. In this, of course, he

failed. He surrendered at 1 P.M., and, hustling into some sort of reception-room, "shook hands quickly but flabbily."

Then comes the inevitable, yet interesting, personal description of our next Governor: "A fat little man—as fat as if he lived on butter and cheese and bacon—dressed out in a dark-brown velvet smoking-jacket which had all the haughty splendor of a Christmas present, a waistcoat which a haberdasher would describe as 'chaotic,' a puffly, purple Ascot tie; trousers of black relieved with fine white stripes, and a

pair of comfortable red Morocco slippers." Having taken in and sketched—in her mind—the portrait reproduced herewith, Miss CARW congratulated him upon his election, sharpened her pencil along with her wits, much to his obvious discomfort, and proceeded to ask pointed questions. But the attempt was futile. Although she spoke "mildly," yet, we assume, firmly, "he was very fidgety" and "a little choky and short of breath." There was nothing to say, and he "didn't want to be bothered."

That, however, was a matter of slight concern to an experienced interviewer, and, "finding his irritation amusing," Miss CARW made "a dignified little speech," though still in vain. "None, none!" was all she could get out of him, hurrying a statement that Governor OLEAS is "a splendid man and a splendid Governor," and that his own chief duty in Albany would be "to discharge the officials of the executive department." This, of course, was not what Mr. HOBBS meant to say, and it was unbecoming in Miss CARW to quote literally and mischievously, when she knew perfectly well that he was too embarrassed to put into words a perfunctory intention. However, the relief obviously experienced by the Governor-elect at the departure of his persistent inquisitor must have compensated for much of his discomfort. The impression created by Miss CARW's slightly malicious amusement is not altogether pleasing, but we apprehend that after Mr. HOBBS becomes Governor and gets used to the interviewing audience he will appear to better advantage, even though in less striking attire.

A different sort of picture is painted in the *Sea* of the incoming Governor of Massachusetts, whose election astonished even himself. Mr. DOUGLAS was only five years old when his father died. Two years later, in conformity with the custom of past people in those days, he was bound out to his uncle, a shoemaker, during his minority, and learned his trade. Becoming of age, he got a job in a factory in Brockton, and two years later married an attractive girl, who became a thoroughly sensible woman. After a time he became foreman, and, at thirty-one, had saved a few hundred dollars. He then went into business for himself, employing five hands from the beginning. His product found a ready sale, machinery was introduced as rapidly as possible, and there came to this steady-minded man the idea that made his fortune. It was nothing else than to individualize his brand and advertise it as none had ever been advertised before. The result was amazing. Last year he sold nearly seven million dollars' worth of shoes. Of course, in doing this, he has become rich, but better yet, he himself has grown with his business. During the campaign we noted the fact, surprising at least to us, that the most telling tariff speeches were being made by Mr. DOUGLAS. And his knack at advertising had taught him how to make a canvass. All over the State he plastered big placards showing his familiar shoes, and underneath the words: "I sell these shoes for \$3.50. If I could get my raw material free of duty, I could sell them for \$3." This direct, homely, convincing way of driving truth home, along with his reputation for generous treatment of his employees, elected him.

Mr. DOUGLAS bears his exceptional honors as modestly as might have been expected. It is easy to see, however, that he is not wholly self-made. He has had assistance from the



New England girl who joined hands with him thirty-six years ago and promised to help. "We did not believe," Mrs. DUNLAP said on the day after election, "that Mr. DUNLAP would be elected. It is most surprising. The people must have known that he would do the best he could for them. He has always done right, and I know he will do the best he can always. I feel, in a measure, as though I had lost something. It will take a year away from me. I have always had my husband. He has not been a club man; he has been a home man. We must not consider ourselves too much, though. If we had, we would have urged him more strongly to run for the office, but still I am glad the people have elected him. It will be a sacrifice for us, even though it is an honor. We are glad he carried Brooklyn. That was really all we cared for. I never wanted to be the Governor's wife; I just wanted to be Mrs. DUNLAP." We have become so accustomed to silly, priggish talk from women whose husbands attain high public places that the genuinely American note struck in this simple, modest utterance is as refreshing as a moonday shower. It carries us back to ANNE ARDEN, MARTIN WASHINGTON, and the other real women who did as much as the men of their day to stamp out folly and frivolity and make this the great, wholesome, unpretentious republic it became.

The Episcopal convention to would be divorcees: Better hate than serve.—*Life*.

A grim jest, but uncomfortably accurate.

On November 14 a mass-meeting of Episcopalians was held in a church in New York to start a campaign in favor of action by the next Episcopal general convention in 1907 to prohibit Episcopal clergymen from marrying divorced persons during the lifetime of their divorced spouses. It appeared at the recent convention in Boston that a substantial majority of the delegates favored such prohibition, but because of certain technical rules which govern how the vote must be taken by which a canon is to be changed the opponents of remarriage failed to carry their point completely, though they did gain a good deal. Disappointed at failing of complete success, they are already in training to win a sweeping victory next time. The chief point made at the meeting last week was that divorce was making such alarming progress in our country that everything possible must be done to make it less prevalent. The Episcopalians at least cannot do a great deal, but they want to do what they can. The chief service of which they are capable is to make divorce somewhat less agreeable to polite and scrupulous people. There is no doubt that the Episcopal Church is the most fashionable Church in the country. That statement must not be understood as one of disparagement, but merely of fact. That Church seems to suit people of wealth and fashion rather better than even the exceedingly respectable Presbyterian Church. It suits the taste and feelings of many persons who, so far as their religious convictions go, would find no special grounds for preferring it to the other leading Protestant bodies. Being a Church that appeals to leaders of society who set the fashions, it is especially solicitous that its influence with such persons, and through them with a great many others, should be as favorable as possible to sound morals and right living. It wants its example to be as good and as useful as possible, and that is a thoroughly creditable and patriotic aspiration. And it is moderate in what it attempts. It does not propose to forbid divorce or to visit harsh penalties on divorced persons. As represented by a majority of its authorized spokesmen it only asks that it shall be excused from marrying a second time persons who, having already once been married, have not been released by death from that former compact.

This is a reasonable enough desire, and if the Episcopalians can agree to realize it, we don't see why anybody should complain. They will want the other Protestant Churches to follow their example. If they should—which won't happen right away—a legal remarriage will still be obtainable by persons who have secured a legal divorce. The divorce laws in this country will never be made unduly strict. Public sentiment will never condemn that, though it is very much to be hoped that sometime the divorce laws of the several States may be brought much nearer to uniformity than now. Divorce in the United States needs no encouragement, but the con-

trary. At the meeting last week Bishop GAZZARD declared (so the newspapers quote him) that in this country there were 23,000 divorces in 1900, and 60,000 in 1903. Mr. LEAN declared that in thirty-four years there had been 700,000 divorces in the United States. That seems an enormous number, but if the present increasing rate reported by Bishop GAZZARD should be maintained, there will be far more than that number in the next decade. We wonder a good deal about these figures. When the papers report that two or three million shares of stock have been sold in a day on the Stock Exchange we know that a great many of the shares which make up the total of transactions have been sold (and counted) several times in the course of the day's work. Picking up a morning paper, we observe a record of the case of a woman thirty-one years old who is trying to get quit of her seventh husband. She will doubtless succeed, and the husband says she will probably marry seven times more. We infer from this case that the divorce statistics are considerably swollen by persons who have the divorce habit, and that each case does not necessarily imply a serious failure of matrimonial hopes.

But undoubtedly there are far too many divorces. Bishop PORTER, who has very liberal ideas on the subject, and has been especially desirous of fair play for "the innocent party," declares in his pastoral letter that it is in vain that our people concern themselves about such matters as municipal improvements, "if these moral sewers which we call the divorce courts are not flushed from time to time with the tide of a purifying and cleansing public sentiment." Yet in this very phrase that Bishop PORTER uses there is perhaps a little more truth than he took note of. No doubt the divorce courts are moral sewers through which a lot of filth constantly flows. It is argued that it is at least as well for the public health to let this current go the way it is going. A newspaper (the *San*) lately reported that a London journal which incited a discussion of the marriage question by voluntary correspondents, got in a great mass of correspondence so many letters that were unprintable because of their "horrible" contents that it stopped the discussion. That would not happen here, and it is the testimony of very well qualified foreign observers that morality in the United States is at least as high as in the best European countries. There is a strong argument, therefore, for letting the divorce courts alone (except so far as to make the laws of all the States more nearly similar), but it does not apply to the Churches.

Possibly the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY is now well informed as to the location of Secretary SHAW.—*Burlington (Iowa) Herald*.

He is in Washington, D. C., at present, but you need not be surprised if you see him out your way before long.

The report that the Pope had been inconvenienced by bad heart action transpired within a short time of the news that a very rich American lady had renounced her connection with the Roman Church, but it is very unlikely that there is more than a fortuitous association between the two items. The action of the Marquise des MORSTRENS in announcing publicly with a good deal of emphasis that she has quit the Catholics is unusual, and excites special interest because of her large gifts to that Church in times past and the honors which were bestowed upon her in recognition of them. When hereditary Catholics quarrel with their Church they usually come back to its fold in the end. This lady's case is not of that species, but is an example of the recurrence of a born Protestant to Protestantism. What is in the blood usually tells in these matters more than what is at any given time in the mind.

It would be a good idea if HARPER'S WEEKLY would still keep at the head of its editorial columns: "Platform, no hunting." It is well to be constantly reminded that there is no place at any time for hunting in discussion of our political affairs.—*Springfield Union*.

It is no longer necessary. That sturdy platform has become an established institution and lives in the hearts of our countrymen.

The only paper in the country that ground the PABER vote was HARPER'S WEEKLY, which, for once in its life, hit the nail on the head.—*Jacksonville Times-Union*.

The Future of the Two Chief Political Parties

THE colossal anomaly by which Mr. ROOSEVELT has been elected President—colossal, but not, as we point out elsewhere, unprecedented, except in respect of the popular vote—may, we apprehend, determine the attitude of the Republican party for some years to come. The cadre of Republican Senators, who for a good many years have shaped the policies of their party, and who a year or even six months ago would gladly have not forward some other candidate for the Presidency, if they could have relied upon controlling the Chicago convention, will not be in the least disposed to give Mr. ROOSEVELT credit for the whole, or even most, of the triumph achieved at the ball-box. Of course, as we have elsewhere shown, Mr. ROOSEVELT does not deserve credit for the whole of it, but indisputably he was a far more potent factor in the evolution of the result than is likely to be acknowledged by the Senatorial cabal. That this should be so is unfortunate in the eyes of those who believe that the Republican party has a great part to play in the twentieth century as it had in the nineteenth. That the drift of events has made it, originally radical, a distinctly and no doubt permanently conservative party, will scarcely be denied, nor is it, indeed, to be regretted. A conservative party we might always have, if only to balance and check its radical counterpart. There is all the difference in the world, however, between a large-hearted and a cynical conservatism, between a conservatism that disdains, even amid the gaudy glories of triumph, when and where it may do well to yield, and the stiff-necked conservatism that, because it refuses to bend, gets broken. If, during the ARTHUR administration, the Republican leaders had listened to the Chief Magistrate and to his prudent associates, they would have subjected the protective tariff to a genuine revision at the hands of its friends, and thus they probably would have averted the defeat of their party in 1894 and in 1898. As it was, the judicious recommendations of the Tariff Commission were rejected, and the sham revision on the whole resulted in a substantial increase, instead of a reduction of duties.

It will have been observed that hitherto the same Republican leaders or their successors have paid very little heed to Mr. ROOSEVELT's suggestions relating to the tariff. They long refused to make any concession in favor of Cuba's sugar and tobacco. What they did ultimately make was *jeune* in itself, and coupled with a stipulation that an similar concession should be made to any other sugar-producing country, a stipulation that practically prevents the conclusion of reciprocity treaties with France, Belgium, Germany, Austria-Hungary, or Russia. Again, Mr. ROOSEVELT, and his representatives supervising Philippine affairs, did their best to stimulate in the archipelago that industrial activity which lies at the root of prosperity and progress, but all they could obtain from the Senatorial laze was the derisory concession that Philippine products exported to this country shall pay 75 per cent. of the DUTY rates, instead of the full rates.

We need not say that the anti-trust legislation demanded by Mr. ROOSEVELT was minimized and emasculated as far as possible in the Senate. Yet nothing is more certain than that, as to every one of the points named, Mr. ROOSEVELT was right, and the Senatorial cabal was wrong. In all of his proposals he had at heart not only the nation's duty to Cuba and the Philippines, but also the reputation and true interests of the Republican party, which, in order to retain ascendency must deserve it.

It is obvious that Mr. ROOSEVELT, no longer a President by accident, but a Chief Magistrate chosen by the largest anomaly of the popular vote ever recorded, will exercise an incomparably greater influence over the Senate, as well as over the Lower House of Congress, than he has hitherto possessed. A plebiscite has made him the virtual dictator of his party. It is well for his party that this should be so, as far as domestic legislation is concerned, while, as regards foreign affairs, the President has given a guarantee of circumspection and caution by requesting and securing the retention of Mr. HAY in the post of Secretary of State.

We have no doubt that the campaign just ended, the first in which Mr. ROOSEVELT can truly be said to have been under fire, has had an illuminating effect upon his mind. In the fight which he has had to wage for the prize which he coveted, he has gained not only the civic crown, but withal some salutary lessons by which, if he has in him the germ of true greatness, he will be sure to profit. We are inclined, therefore, to believe that, under Mr. ROOSEVELT's guidance, the Republican party will show itself during the next four years, not defiantly but supple on servative, not impatient but tolerant of resignation, and far-sighted enough to heed the warning uttered in those States which chose Democratic Governors, while giving their electoral votes to the Republican nominee for the Presidency. If our forecast should be justified, the Republican party in 1904 will prove a very hard party to beat, unless, indeed, that year should be marked

by such industrial paralysis and financial prostration as afflicted the country in 1893.

How will it be possible for the Democratic party four years hence to cope with the Republicans, provided the latter exhibit here a conciliatory and progressive spirit? We do not hesitate to say that we deem such coping extremely difficult, if not impracticable, in view of the labyrinthine and seemingly intractable elements of which the Democracy is composed. It is as certain that in the doubtful States of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Indiana Judge PARKER had the votes of many Bryanized Democrats, as it is that Mr. BRYAN in all of these States four years ago failed to get the votes of many conservative Democrats.

Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that Mr. BRYAN and his friends will be able to control the next Democratic national convention. Let us assume that he will be able to dictate a programme providing, among other things, for the acquisition of all railway and telegraph lines by the State through which they run. Is it not likely that such a proposal would repel quite as many conservatives as were driven from the Democratic standard by the demand for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1?

Let us assume that Mr. BRYAN has his way also in the matter of demanding a constitutional amendment that shall permit an income tax. Are not Eastern and Western Democrats sharply and irreparably divided upon the question of the expediency of taxing investment? Is it probable that, by the lure of an income tax, or of the State ownership of railways and telegraphs, Mr. BRYAN could elicit a fatal or even considerable secession from the Republican ranks? That is a question which, of course, can only be answered by experiment, but, for ourselves, we may admit that we should not look for an affirmative reply.

It is true that some of the spokesmen of the Bryanite wing of the Democracy seem willing to face another defeat in 1904. They seem to think that the party will profit in the end, if all the conservative Democrats could be driven into the Republican ranks. They appear to be coerced, in other words, that two birds in the bush are worth much more than a bird in the hand.

The metaphor does not feed justice to the position which conservative Democrats occupy at present in the councils of their party. It is, as a matter of fact, in their hand that the Bryanites are flailing. Unquestionably the conservatives control, and doubtless will continue to control, the Democratic National Committee until the next national convention of their party shall assemble.

In other words, the machinery of the organization is in their power. Whether they will use four years hence the ascendancy which they now possess depends upon the question whether the Southern States, which gave Judge PARKER 140 electoral votes, will continue to cooperate with conservative Democrats of the East, or revert to the position which they took in 1896 and 1898, and support Mr. BRYAN and his following. We do not believe that Southern Democrats want railways and telegraphs to be owned by the States through which they run, and we doubt very much whether they care much for an income tax.

The truth is that the Southern people, viewed as a whole, are by principle and temperament conservative, and it is probable that, but for the rare issue, certain Southern States, for example, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and Louisiana, would normally vote for the Republican ticket and for a protective policy. Beyond a doubt, Southern Democrats, like Western Democrats, desire to see monopolies extinguished and trusts curbed. They are not a jot more earnest in this matter, however, than are the rank and file of the Eastern Democrats, whose feeling was expressed with fidelity and energy by Judge PARKER in the closing days of the campaign. If the next election is to turn mainly on the trusts issue, as now seems probable, we can see an reason why Judge PARKER, or an Eastern Democrat of his type, should not be as acceptable to the mass of the Southern Democracy as would Mr. BRYAN himself. It is true that, even in 1904, Mr. BRYAN got fifteen more electoral votes than will be recorded for Judge PARKER; but it should be remembered that four years ago Mr. BRYAN was not running against Thompson, Tamm, or Velt for the Presidency. In 1896 the latter's personality was scarcely so said to have figured in the canvass. Neither can we see any reason why Judge PARKER and his friends, or, for that matter, any conservative Democrats in the East, should object to such a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1904 as Governor-elect FOLK of Missouri. In Mr. FOLK the South has produced a man of the ROOSEVELT type, and she will be entirely justified in demanding that he shall go up higher.

Mr. FOLK, it will be observed, is not committed to any semi-Socialistic proposal, like that which would make the separate States the owners of telegraphs and railways. No far as we know, he has not even demanded an income tax. What he does stand

for in spotless purity in public life; such a reasonable readjustment of the tariff we shall shield our native consumers from paying more for American manufactures than these are sold for in foreign countries; and such drastic legislation as shall make it a crime to monopolize traffic in the necessities of life. Judge PARRER stood for all of these things; and, therefore, his supporters in the East could not consistently fail to acclaim the selection of such a man as the young Governor-elect of Missouri.

This thing seems tolerably certain, namely, that, if Mr. ROOSEVELT takes warning from the criticism to which he has been recently exposed, we are likely to hear little, if anything, in the next Presidential campaign about "constitutionalism," or "imperialism," or about the retention of the Philippines, or about the method by which the Panama Canal belt was acquired. The contest which has just ended—up to the last few days—turned almost exclusively upon these topics, and the people brushed them aside.

It now looks as if the next campaign would pivot on the two capital issues of the trusts and the tariff. Granted meanwhile Mr. ROOSEVELT shall not have stolen the Democratic thunder. If we are right in this forecast, we can see no reason why Southern Democrats and Eastern Democrats should not join shoulder to shoulder, and, under such men as PARKER of New York, DIXON of Massachusetts, JEFFERSON of Minnesota, FOLK of Missouri, DANIEL of Virginia, WILLIAMS of Mississippi, and HARLEY of Texas, continue to control the organization, frame the coming platform, and choose the next nominee for the Presidency. They might not win, but at least they would have a better chance of winning than would the Democrats if they were relegated to the hands of Mr. HAYES and his partisans.

Color and Temperament

If human life were known to test every doubtless question without number would arise, and in part, at any rate, answered as to the complexity of antipathetic forces. Curiously checked by the thought of its being of best for us, that a faint or another life revealing all knowledge to us, or quelling all questions in a dreamless sleep. Yet as it is, no recognition in a casual and drifting way that life is not merely respect of human affections.

Certain sounds given repeated sounds in a deeper, certain colors quell a given temper of mind, and certain colors have an unexpected associational value inducing alien and unlooked-for trains of thought. Easily or grasp that we live in such but strong relations to all the phenomena of Nature. Can sound, or music, or color, or light, or heat, or cold, or any one of the other particularly set man on seeking from the unseen, veritable third of the universe that sound which is in tune with our own mental make-up. And the colors we choose to keep about us, or instinctively note in our surroundings, disclose more definitely than any of the other choices the latent temperament.

Color and sensibility are closely allied, and our intelligence to clothing combinations is likely to be also a little blind to the finer moral and intellectual distinctions, a little unresponsive to the more delicate tastes and outer pain.

"Men and women write," Mr. KIPPING, in his last volume, "may sometimes, after great effort, achieve a creditable life but the house which is their temple cannot say anything save the truth of those who have lived in it." If character is choice trained and modified by will, the temperament which lies at the base of character is the racial and instinctive choosing unassisted by discipline and rule. Even expectations and lack of purpose are shown in the entire way of choice in many lives—the indolent drifting through existence, allowing whatever is nearest to attach itself and accumulate about me. The place upon which a man is born can be fairly accurately summed up by the necessities he drops about the gift of a noble life.

In the study of literature as a study of divination can yield the fruit of a thorough inquiry into a writer's unstudied preferences. The entire work of any writer will give up in such investigation a general trend of feeling, an intimate bias toward certain forces of life.

No two great writers could be chosen to point a more definite contrast in this matter than SHELLEY and PATER: both of them were extraordinarily alert to impressions of color, odor, and music, and yet their choices were directly discrepant. It is impossible to go over the bulk of SHELLEY's work without seeing his longing always for clear, bright light, and his feeling that any half shadows, any veiling of light, any indefinite tones in color, were related to the illusory nature of mortal life, its mutability, its limitation, its transience. The quivering vapors of moonlight, dim, misty days, or the star-enveloped darkness awaken his mourning note, his laments over the irrevocable past, the unrecuperable won. The moon was "like a dying blue, lone and pale," or "pale for weariness of climbing heaven," or "was, with

diminished beams, climbing the azure steep." But wherever SHELLEY sang of the future, of liberty, truth, or conquering wisdom, then pure, white light and brilliant color prevailed. Thus he sang "the unpavilioned heavens," "aerial, golden light," "the thunder-smoke of dawn," sudden lightning flashes, and the burning stars of the aethers. Even the Lady who watered the Sensitive Plant sprinkled "bright waters," and the skyward sang in the "golden lightning of the sunken sun," and the sun's tones was bound with a "burning noon." Oddly enough, in connection with this comes the fact that SHELLEY, of all poets, is the one to see himself, in *The Dream*, gathering black flowers, and this quite evidently with a genuine satisfaction, as if Nature had aimed upon possible charms. It seems not an unreasonable if one refers upon the power of black to throw out all surrounding colors into high light.

SHELLEY was a very rare combination of great poet and great moralist. He demanded that the Church Triumphant be lowered to earth, that the flooding light of full knowledge and liberty be poured upon us freely. An interesting analogy occurs in THOMAS KNOTT'S *Apollon Daphne*, where Pegasus yawns to show the moral decision forced upon her. She says:

"O, I am sick at heart; the eye of day,
The insistent summer sun, seems pitiless,
Shining in all the barren crannies
Of weary life: leaving no shade, no dark."

In contrast with SHELLEY stands PATER, with his overcast shrinking from all bright light. Above all, an æsthetic dreamer, desiring a life of high distinguished beauty, free from ugly defects and petty details. PATER took refuge in the vague and wraith-hall lights in which a man may see what he chooses, and avoid the general glare of existence. "Color," he says, "is no more delightful quality of natural things, but a spirit upon them by which they become expressive to the spirit." And the colors out of which he continually made harmonies of prose are yellow and gray.

A way of gold through the darkness, the color of a basket of crab apples, the diluted English sunlight over soft coral beds, the gentle yellowness of the autumnal and autumnal colors in the human skin, the honey color of hair, the shaft lights of growing in morning day, certain shadowy changes wrought on lace wall or ceiling, the brown light of the rain-swelled cloud, the gray immensity of sea over through the autumn twilight are the selected colors he sings in a prose as harmonious as any poet's numbers.

PATER seems to have striven to the merest issues of his time such as he saw. And as to his— "is an uncertain twilight." There is something lost and defined in its translucent faith; and PATER told kindly the charm of secrecy and silence. The profound thought, the rarest emotion, escapes the venture of words.

As we turn the pages of PATER's volumes and tell of his hero, one by one, we find them of the same fold.

BORTHWICK lived in "a middle world in which men take no side in great conflicts, and decide no great causes, and make no great reforms—condemned perpetually by the shadow upon them of great things from which they shrink." The Venus stands in a world in which "the light is cold—more useless than . . . Men go forth to their labors until the evening, but she is awake before then, and you might think the sorrow in her face was not the thought of the whole long day of labor to come." And again he notes that BORTHWICK paints "never without the shadow of death in the gray flesh and worn flowers."

He tells of MICHAEL ANGEL, that "he loved the very quiver of URBINO, the strange gray peaks which even at midday carry into any scene from which they are visible something of the loneliness and stillness of evening—wondering among them till at last, 'their pale, ashen colors passed into his painting.'"

MARIA, dying in a stranger's bed, still from his death-bed takes solace in the dark beauty of the regions round him, "the street—sunrise and placid spaces of evening."

SERAPHTAS, whose one may think of an expressing a kind of weariness and exclusiveness belonging to PATER himself, "preferred winter to summer: watching pleasantly how the colors fled out of the sky."

In GASTON, the last of the wonderful line, there was no certain appetite for darkness, "he n dined place—albeit with some suspicion of a preference for darkness." He loved the Cathedral of Chartres, "a dim, spacious, fragrant place about with golden lights."

However little such choice may denote the man of action, it is so vague or primitive soul that can see about the glare of day and live in less issues with vague fancies, prevailing which shift and mix and half define themselves and fade again, to whom a dream that lingers as transient before dawn, a breath, a flower in the doorway, a feather in the wind, an accidental play of light or shadow falling thence some trivial thing can bring a dream so profound that it awakens in others the sense of the diagonal forces at play about the soul of man.



**THE STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, PRESENTED TO
AMERICA BY EMPEROR WILLIAM, AND UNVEILED
AT WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 19**

The statue of Frederick the Great, presented to America by Emperor William, was unveiled on November 19 in Washington. The ceremonies attending the unveiling were elaborate. Special representatives of the Kaiser were present, together with the entire Hydrantic Corps, officers of the army and navy, and a military escort. President Roosevelt delivered an address accepting the gift. The statue stands on the esplanade of the new Army War College at the Washington Barracks.



Japanese Officers observed in a Ridge Parallel before Port Arthur



*On the Summit of Taikouan, one of the Peaks at Port Arthur, looking toward the City—
the Japanese captured Russian guns now used by the Japanese*

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN OF SCENES IN AND AROUND PORT ARTHUR DURING THE PRESENT SIEGE

These photographs, together with those on the opposite page, were taken by the Japanese during the present siege of the Russian stronghold. The photographs were taken by the Japanese during the present siege of the Russian stronghold. The photographs were taken by the Japanese during the present siege of the Russian stronghold.

These photographs taken at Port Arthur by Japanese soldiers. Copyright 1904 by Universal & Underwood Co. N. Y.



General Noyl and his officers feasting at the Japanese Headquarters before Port Arthur. A Welsh Bannan shell dominates the lunch table. This Photograph was taken October 9.



General Amazo and his staff in an underground dug 100 Yards from the Russian Trenches at Port Arthur

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN OF SCENES IN AND AROUND PORT ARTHUR DURING THE PRESENT SIEGE

For Photographs in the at Port Arthur by Louis Blumstein Copyright, 1904, by Underwood & Lothrop and N. Y.

How a Great Merger is Handled in Wall Street

By James F. Everett

THE "merger" which has been recently voted almost unanimously by the shareholders of the tobacco companies for fusing them into one corporation is the greatest operation of its kind ever carried out in Wall Street. It does not differ in kind from some smaller mergers, but involves such large amounts of capital and such a variety of securities that the clerical work and the supervision of the records go beyond anything in the previous history of American finance.

Exactly what is a "merger," or perhaps the first question which would be asked by an outsider not familiar with Wall Street methods. It is a new word, even in dictionaries which are comparatively up to date. It means, in Wall Street parlance, that two or more corporations are brought into one. This does not involve any change in physical properties, which often include a dozen or more separate mills and factories, but involves a material change in their legal status. In spite of current foliosations against "trusts," the original of the trust has long ceased to exist. The trust in its legal sense was a deposit on the securities of several corporations in the hands of trustees, who administered the trust for the benefit of all. This was followed by the "holding company," which was organized as a distinct corporation but whose chief function of but its only one, was to hold the stocks of these

On the type of the holding company was the Consolidated Tobacco Company, which held the bulk of the common stock of the



Thomas F. Weston, President of the American Tobacco Company.

American Tobacco Company and the Continental Tobacco Company. Under the new arrangement it is proposed to "merge" these three companies into one compact corporation under the name of the American Tobacco Company. An important result will be a change in the status of the four per cent. bonds of the Consolidated Company, which will be reduced in amount by one-half. The remaining half will be represented by six per cent. preferred stock in the new company, which will have the advantage of paying a higher rate of interest than the bonds, although heavily coming after the bonds in the way which they will have upon the gigantic earnings of the company. The Consolidated Company in 1910 was able to pay the interest on all its bonds and keep a surplus in the treasury of more than \$10,000,000. About this amount was distributed in dividends the previous year upon the capital of the company, but was held this year with a view to strengthening the hands of the company in carrying out the merger.

The four per cent. bonds of the Consolidated Tobacco Company amounted to \$157,578,200. These were only a part, however, of the outstanding securities of the three companies, which included eight per cent. preferred stock of the American Tobacco Company, seven per cent. preferred stock of the Continental Tobacco Company, common stock of the Consolidated Company, common stock of the American Com-

pany, and common stock of the Continental Company. This variety of securities is now to be converted into four new types—six per cent. gold bonds, which will be paid to take up the preferred stock of the Continental and American companies; four per cent. gold



Levi P. Weston and H. H. Francis, President and Secretary of the American Tobacco Company, which is carrying through the greatest merger ever undertaken in Wall Street.



Charles H. Allen at his desk in the Marine Trust Company Office



Charles A. Conant, Treasurer of the Marine Trust Company

bonds to replace those of the same type of the Consolidated Company, six-per-cent, preferred stock to take the place of one-half of the old four-per-cent, bonds, and common stock of the new company, which will take the place of the common stock of the three old companies.

The new securities proposed foot up about \$255,000,000, not including the reserved right of the new American Company to issue additional common stock. The old securities to be retired amount to \$262,500,000, so that there will be a contraction of about \$10,000,000 in the present volume of outstanding securities. The totals of the securities to be received and issued represent, therefore, more than \$260,000,000. This figure, however, large as it is, conveys only a vague idea of the amount of work falling upon the Marine Trust Company, which is acting as trustee for the tobacco companies. The work is to be simplified by first issuing receipts for the old securities surrendered and after a certain date substituting the new securities for the receipts. This is the method usually employed in carrying out such transactions, and avoids the confusion of attempting to deal with the whole problem at one time. In exchanging six types of old securities for four types of new, sixty-four different stocks and bonds will be used.

In order to guard against mistakes, which would be awkward in cases involving millions of dollars, every security exchanged passes through at least a dozen hands and processes of verification. With every four-per-cent bond, for instance, which is presented for conversion, must be instructions in writing as to change. If the holder desires in exchange, if he presents stocks, he must specify whether he wishes fractions which do not represent a complete share, to be paid for in cash or whether for an additional fraction of the type of these tickets to represent the six classes of securities subject to conversion, such bearing the name of the owner

of the security, his address, the amount deposited, what he is to get, and whether a check for fractions is to be received or paid. The second process is the verification of the securities surrendered as to the correctness of the assignments. The next step is the verification of the amount of the securities and the making out of a special form of schedule. The numbers on all the blank forms are the same for each transaction, so that in case of necessity it can be quickly identified by number.

As soon as the verification of the securities is complete, a ticket is made out, showing the amount due one way or the other. The papers then go to a fourth clerk, who verifies all the computations made by those who have previously handled the papers, and tears off part of the ticket, showing the state of the account. Next the papers go to a bookkeeping man, who writes up all the facts relating to the securities deposited, showing at a glance the history of each individual deposit. The sixth link in the chain is the man who draws checks for dividends and fractions. Then comes the seventh link, represented by a clerk who draws the certificates of deposit which are to be issued in exchange for the incoming securities. There are six of these classes of certificates, representing the different types of securities surrendered. The eighth man simply perforates each certificate with the amount which it represents, and the next one rubs the blank spaces which have been left around the amounts, so that nothing can be added.

The papers then go to the secretary or an assistant secretary for signature. They are signed in blank by one of the vice-presidents, but the final signature of the secretary or an assistant is only added after the process of verification have been gone through. Even the signing officer makes a memorandum of the amounts of the certificates which he signs, in order to see that they prove up with the more formal records kept by the clerks. The papers then go to another clerk, who verifies every completed part and certificate of deposit to see that the amounts in all cases



A corner of a vault stored with retired bonds, each of which represents a value of \$1000



Checks at Wash. on the Details of the Tobacco Mergers are being carried through by the Morton Trust Company

ages. This is the final process of verification. The twelfth man simply separates the certificates according to whether they are to be handed out over the counter or sent by mail. They are mailed with return receipts so that at every step track can be kept of their origin, then course in the company, and their destination.

Many are the puzzling questions which come before the trust company officers for decision. In each case where four per cent bonds are surrendered, the holder has to be asked in what manner he wishes to exercise his option to take one-half in new bonds and one-half in preferred stock. If he is a man of habitual drunkenness he always takes the option to receive even if he wishes to hold bonds and not stock, he can sell his stock amounting and buy bonds amounting to a block of ten bonds, representing a par value of \$10,000, he would simply throw away \$1250 by taking all bonds. Then as this is to the detriment, there are cases where the conservative holder of the old bonds has come in and asked for new bonds, by losing the option to take six per cent preferred stock. The officers of the trust company make it their business to point out to him the disadvantage of pursuing such a course and in most cases have no difficulty in convincing him, but in case of obstinacy they have no option but to give a man his property in the form in which he prefers it.

Every certificate issued for the deposit of bonds and stock must bear the authentic signature of two officers of the Morton Trust Company. Under a ruling of the Stock Exchange every bond for \$1000 has to be represented by a separate receipt in order to constitute good delivery on the exchange. It was at first hoped that the Exchange would accept receipts in bulk—that is, a man with \$100,000 in bonds could take a single receipt for the amount. Under the ruling for a separate receipt, the signatures required in the case of the four per cent bonds alone will be 217,356. Each bond calls for two signatures—one by a vice-president of the Morton Trust Company, and the other by the secretary or an assistant secretary. The number of signatures required has been keeping busy for days the higher officers of the company—Vice-presidents Allen and Corbiere, Secretary Francis, and Assistant Secretary

Berry. Taking the bonds alone, at six signatures per minute, making 360 per hour, a working-day of seven hours of steady work without interruption would permit the signature of 2520 receipts. At that rate a month of twenty-five days would permit the signature of 63,000 receipts, and the entire job would be completed by two men in about two and a half months. This represents, however, only a small part of the signatures required, for it does not include the 2,000,000 old shares of the common stock and preferred stock and the final signatures on the new securities bond.

The nearest parallels to this operation have been the issues of the United States Steel stocks and the popular loan of \$200,000,000 in three per cents, made by the government during the war with Spain. In the case of the Steel stocks, however, the undertaking was absolutely so large that it was distributed among two or more trust companies, each company taking in only the securities of one or more of the merged institutions. The history of the government loan was graphically told in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury for 1918. It appeared that allotments of bonds were made to the number of 232,221 in amounts of \$300 or less, and to the number of 88,092 in larger allotments. This required the handling of about 320,000 separate items, although subsequently the bonds offered back into the hands of barely more than one thousand holders. The act authorizing the bond issue set aside one-tenth of one per cent, of the amount for the expenses of the operation, but this amount was found inadequate. The series was organized in a systematic manner by Assistant-Secretary Van derlip, and in order to handle the awards as much as possible several scores of temporary clerks were enlisted. The total cost of handling the bids and distributing the bonds was \$292,956, of which \$160,000 was expended for temporary clerks, \$48,356 for engraving and plate printing, and \$10,578 for the item of bond-paper alone. An effort has been made yet to figure up the cost of the tobacco merger, but according to the usual rule that private business is done more economically than public business it will probably be kept well within the cost of the government bond issue.

The Answer

By Louise Morgan Sill

TELL me no more that once you loved me well,
For love is still immortal, and its day
Dies not in night, but at the evening bell
It flames anew, and drives the dusk away.

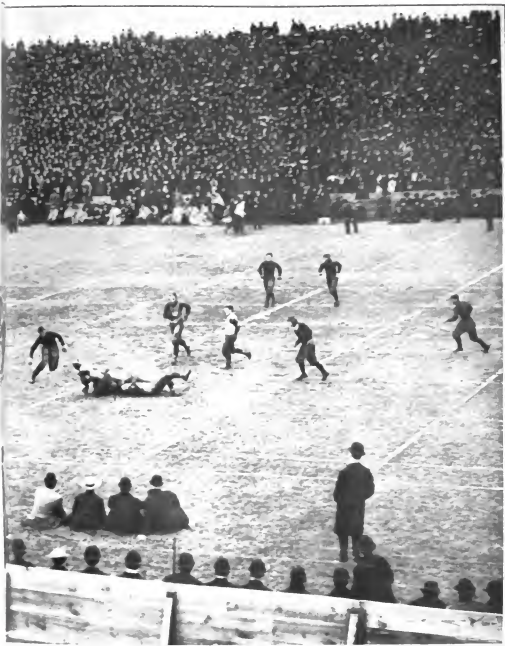
Nor tell me that you love me still despite
Some passing tribute to another heart.
For love demands the rapture to requite,
And asking all, disdains the lesser part.

Ah, speak no more of love not in your ken.
Love is a joy that first to lovers seems
Too subtle for reality, and then
Too real, too potent, too divine for—dreams.



THE END OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON—A SH AT THE YALE-PRINCETON

The most important football game of the season in the East was decided on November 12, as Princeton was the last game of the season for Princeton. Yale ended her football year with the annual contest with Army-Navy game at Philadelphia on November 26. The football championship this year is undecided, by some that they should be credited with supremacy over Yale, which was defeated by West Point.



of Yale tackling Riner of Princeton, with Shewlin of Yale running up

Photograph by Postfield

AP-SHOT OF THE SPECTATORS AND PLAYERS IN GAME AT PRINCETON

When the Yale eleven defeated Princeton by a score of 12 to 0. Nearly 30,000 persons were present. It was Harvard on Saturday, November 19. The football season in the East will be brought to a close with the University of Pennsylvania eleven has an unbroken record of victories, and for this reason it is claimed the question will have to remain open, however, as no game has been scheduled between the two teams.

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is conducted by the department of conciliation. When its good offices are requested by one of the parties in a dispute, it ascertains indirectly whether a conference would be agreeable to the other side. If a conference is declined, the action of the conciliation committee ceases. But if the overture is favorably received it becomes comparatively easy to bring representatives of the two parties together. The mode of personal contact, experience shows, facilitates amicable settlement of difficulties. Of the 126 cases treated by the conciliation committee, eighty-two applications originated with employers and seventy-four with wage-workers. The work of this department is often of so delicate a nature that publicity would do harm. Hence much of its successful work is unknown to the public, and is duly appreciated only by the parties directly interested. Thus it happens that the public, which always receives an abundance of information about a strike, may hear nothing at all about the inner negotiations which resulted in its settlement. In this respect the conciliation committee has the prevention of a strike that would have caused enormous inconvenience and incalculable loss.

An accurate and detailed history of all the work involved in the cases treated by this department would require a volume. It will suffice to cite a few that will illustrate the national scope of this work, the value of its results, and the methods employed in their accomplishment.

The five-year contract of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association with the Telegraphers' Union was in jeopardy on the day of rupture on account of a serious misunderstanding in a Western office. This contract was regarded as a model in some respects, and since the presidents of both organizations were members of the National Executive Committee of the Civic Federation, naturally an extra effort was made to prevent the threatened rupture. The effort was entirely successful. One of the difficulties, however, that developed in working under the contract was the inability to agree upon an umpire when any dispute had gone to arbitration. This matter was left for future conferences, by an amendment being made to the contract, referring the selection of the odd arbitrator to the National Civic Federation in all cases where the parties were unable to agree upon one.

An official of a transcontinental railway, with offices in San Francisco, wired the Telegraphers' Union that the National Civic Federation that a strike of the longshoremen was threatened at Iberia, Louisiana. It was soon learned from the headquarters of the International Longshoremen's Association at Detroit, that the president was fortunately at that time in San Francisco. He was promptly contacted, and was asked to call upon the railway official. This he did, and within six hours from the receipt of the first message an order had been issued postponing the strike until an investigation had been made by the International president, that investigation resulting in a settlement of the grievance. The marchants' throughout the system of the Southern Railway Company. The president of the Marchants' International Association asked the good offices of the Civic Federation in securing an audience with the president of the railway company. This conference was brought about, and a satisfactory settlement resulted.

The threatened strike on the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad last year, which for about two or three weeks seemed almost inevitable, and which filled the news columns of the daily papers for several days, was averted by a conference arranged by the president of the Civic Federation (then J. P. Morgan, one of the directors of the road, at his residence, and F. E. Clark, Grand Chief of the Order of Railway Firemen). At this conference, which lasted over two hours, Mr. Morgan went carefully with Mr. Clark into every detail of the situation, and took steps which brought about a settlement of the controversy.

In the preliminary work leading up to the settlement of the great New York Building Trades lockout last year, the conciliation committee of the Civic Federation took an active but quiet part, and finally brought about the joint conference of the thirty employers' organizations and the thirty unions involved in the controversy. This conference was presided over by the New York chairman of the Civic Federation Committee. Many times since has the Civic Federation been similarly called upon, and the chairman of the Board of Governors of the Employers' Association has repeatedly and publicly testified.

In the strike of the Marine Trades' Union against the New York Metal Trades' Association, which at one time involved the whole ship-building industry of New York, a conference was brought about by the Civic Federation, at which an arbitration agreement for one year was reached. This was renewed for another year.

A very bitter controversy arose between the Associated Brewers of New York and vicinity and the Brewery Workers' Union, threatening a boycott, strike, and lockout. The contending parties came to an agreement among themselves to refer the questions in dispute to arbitration. The Associated Brewers preferred that the matter should be decided by labor men exclusively, and called upon the Civic Federation to furnish arbitrators, which was done, and the decision was satisfactory to both sides, the Associated Brewers winning their contention.

An illustrative example of successful conciliation is shown in the matter of the negotiation between the organizations of employers and workers which contain ninety-five per cent. of all the rapid and labor involved and employed in the lithographic industry. These two forces were at a deadlock over the demand by the employers for an arbitration to settle the question of the employment of the laborers in a surrender of the right to strike upon any question, and that had been answered by several new demands on the part of the workers. The services of the conciliation committee being requested by an officer of the employers' association, negotia-

tions were begun that resulted in the signing of a trade agreement in April, 1904, that included a provision for arbitration and a section providing compliance with demands. Some of the differences of the representatives of the two sides were so long as to reach the point of physical exhaustion, one of them at which the chairman of the conciliation committee presided lasting eight days.

A conference, suggested through the efforts of the Civic Federation, averted, in June, 1904, a strike of organized teamsters that would have tied up every truck in New York and caused untold inconvenience and distress throughout the city. The International Brotherhood of Teamsters declined to recognize the union, and the exclusive employment of members of their organization. The Truck Drivers' Association refused to recognize the union at all. A strike was imminent, when the secretary of the Truck Drivers' Association invited the chairman of the conciliation committee of the New York Civic Federation to revise the situation. Two face-to-face extended conferences were sufficient—although the situation contained elements of bitterness—to reach a year's contract as to wages, hours, and conditions of work, the truck owners agreeing not to discriminate against union drivers and the drivers agreeing not to discriminate in handling any merchandise.

Conferences brought about by the Civic Federation in the summer and fall of 1904 prevented trouble between the theatrical managers of New York and the unions of musicians and theatrical employees who would have been involved in the strike resulting from the Metropolitan Opera House to the rural "one night stand." Instead, a harmonious agreement was reached, and such prominent managers as Messrs. Comed, Manager, Erlanger, and Hayman became enthusiastic advocates of applying the principle of trade agreements to the production of public entertainments, while both theatrical managers and the organized musicians and stage-hands expressed their gratification at the result.

The good offices of the conciliation committee have been invited by one party or the other in many street-railway controversies, as in the following instances: A strike threatened to tie up the entire system of street-railways in San Francisco, but was averted by a conference in the New York offices of the National Civic Federation, between the owners of the road and the presidents of the Amalgamated Association of Street-Railway Employees. All points of difference were agreed upon excepting two, and they were submitted to arbitration, with the vice-president of the National Civic Federation as the third arbitrator. Through conferences secured by this committee, both in New York and New Orleans, a threatened strike on the street-railway in New Orleans was averted, and contracts were signed between the contending parties. Other conferences secured by the Civic Federation prevented street-railway strikes in Jersey City, Newark, Trenton, Pittsburgh, Newburgh, and other cities. The Union Traction Company of Chicago was faced with a crisis in the company of the city of Chicago, and a committee of the new to discuss grievances. Application to the New York office of the National Civic Federation resulted in the Chicago members of the executive committee bringing about a conference which prevented a strike. Both sides publicly give the Civic Federation credit for settling the matter.

Probably no clearer example of the value of conciliation and conference could be given than their employment in relation to the Elevated and Subway systems of transit in New York city. When the Elevated and Subway systems of transit in New York city were organized, and no one seemed willing to listen to the committees representing the men. The employees were impatient and restless because of these delays, when the Civic Federation secured them a conference with the managers of the road. This resulted in a contract for one year, which was renewed at its expiration this spring.

The opening of the Subway, however, introduced a new series of difficulties to be met. But the fact that August Belmont, president of the Interborough Company, and Messrs. Mahon, Stone, and Wilson, president of the three labor organizations involved, were all members of the executive committee of the National Civic Federation, opened the way to conference and agreement.

The welfare department educates the public as to the meaning and value of welfare work, which is especially to be given consideration for physical comfort wherever labor is performed; opportunities for recreation, educational opportunities, and the providing of suitable sanitary homes. Plans for saving and lending money, insurance, and pensions are also included in welfare work.

The department interests employers in giving special attention to the physical or mental welfare of their employees, through conferences, the publication of reports, and of illustrated articles in the Federation's organs, the Monthly.

It has requested a consulting agency to be furnished to study the particular needs of employees in a given plant, to advise the best way of introducing such methods of welfare work as may be deemed essential, and to direct their installation. When desired a permanent agent or welfare manager to administer the work is recommended. A central bureau is maintained to furnish information relative to the success or failure of experiments in this work, the causes of either, and with reference to the latest efforts of employers in this direction. Some of the subjects covered are: Sanitary work; housing; social rooms; health; hospitalities; recreation; education; devices; housing of labor; pensions; insurance associations.

All the educational activities of the National Civic Federation recognize the proposition that its fundamental work is not merely the prevention or settlement of strikes or questions, but its deeper work reaches to the underlying causes of industrial disturbances.

The Civic Federation promotes its work of education through (Continued on page 1812.)



A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE

Miss Barrymore, who was last seen in New York in "Cousin Kate," is appearing at the Hudson Theatre in a new play by Thomas Russell entitled "Sunday," a story of life in a Western mining-camp

Plays and Players in New York

By James L. Ford

THE ever-changing conditions of our national life are so sharply accentuated by the swift metropolitan pace as to multiply the difficulties encountered by the dramatists in no less than the resulting targets symbolizing the popular taste. Consequently, however, a lucky man has no sooner struck the bull's eye than a host of imitators arise to appropriate a share of his reward, provided he be not clever enough to keep to himself the secret of his success.

Two recent examples of successful theatrical marksmanship are to be found in the persons of Mr. George Ade and Mr. A. H. Woods, both of whom were shrewd in lucky enough to take advantage of certain entirely new conditions which materially affected the popular taste.

Mr. Ade came along with some easy and original American humor at the very instant when the public had had its fill of French and German later, warmed over for American production. Mr. Woods is the manager of the Windsor Theatre, and is appealing with such success to an audience that has come into existence only within the past decade and whom he addresses with melodramas of a kind quite unlike those usually seen in the up-town theatres.

Both Mr. Ade and Mr. Woods are victims to have many imitators, and already the failure of "Bird Center" shows how far astray a shaft may get that is aimed with the unvisionary aim of ignorance or incompetence at a bull's eye which is still vibrating with the true ring from such an effective bolt as "The County Chairman."

In the history of the Windsor Theatre, which just entered upon a new life under the skilled direction of Mr. Woods, we may read also something of the racial history of the densely populated East Side. As the Stadt Theatre, it was the earliest home of German theatre and opera in New York. It was here that the great Davison played, and it was here, too, that Janineck was first discovered and reaped for our stage. Wassel took over and lived here, and it is from this house that he went to the Academy of Music to take the town by storm with his high "t" in "Di quella jura" in the glad and simple days of Nilsson, Santley, and Caprai, and when Wagner, interpreted by Theodore Thomas, was just beginning to make himself heard in the Central Park gardens.

A quarter of a century ago there was no immense German population on the lower East Side. The old Bowery Theatre, over the way from the Stadt, was reborned the Teutonic, and became the home of the Teutonic muse, as well as an adjunct to the beer bar of the Atlantic Garden situated next door and part of the same property. A clause in the theatre lease stipulated that the English language was not to be spoken from its stage, the owner of the two buildings knowing perfectly well that the throat framed for gutturals was suited also to the consumption of beer.

About the time that the Bowery became the Thalia Theatre, the Stadt was converted into the Windsor by John A. Stevens and Frank H. Martin, who saw in the increasing native population of the East Side—the theatre was now beginning to move up town—a scheme to reconvert the same as theatregoers as characterized by local to the neighborhood as those who made up the audience of the Grand Opera House on the West Side. In the early days of their management they offered such attractions as "The Unknown" with Mr. Stevens, who is still alive and running Broadway, in the chief part; "Manzara," impersonated by a yellow-haired Englishman who called himself Maude Forrester, and weighed about a ton; and some of the Broadway attractions as could be induced to try what was considered then a rather risky experiment.

It was in this house, if my memory serves me right, that Buffalo Bill made his metropolitan debut in a play written for him by the late Colburn Printing firm, and it was here, too, as the audience grew larger and larger, that such stars as Lester Wallack, Clara Morris, and Robinson and Crane family came, and played to business that enabled their managers to make a great deal of money.

Then came the enormous flood of immigration of Russian and Polish Jews, before which the native residents retreated up-town, while the audiences of the Windsor grew smaller and smaller, until its managers were glad to lease it to a company of Yiddish players, who put upon its stage dramas of the kind that were already installed in the theatre grown larger and larger. For several years the Hebrew drama flourished in the old house, and then, for no apparent reason, the audience began to dwindle, while at the same time certain English-speaking houses on the Bowery grew more prosperous.

The truth of the matter was that the children of the Russian and Polish exiles had mastered the English language, and were eager to shake off the language, customs, prejudices, and racial quarrels of their forefathers and become Americans not only in speech, but in everything else as well. It is from this class that the audiences which fill the huge Windsor Theatre to its utmost capacity are drawn, and it is to its imaginative Oriental nature that such plays as "Fast Life in New York" and "Dealers in White Women" appeal with tremendous force.

We have only to visit the Windsor Theatre to realize how remote

in every respect save that of distance alone some quarters of the town are from Broadway and Fifth Avenue. And certainly the community that finds its entertainment in this house is even less like either a Maude Adams or a Lester Carter following, let us say, than are the people who check their habes in the back rooms of the Brooklyn stock houses and tramp up on the stage for a peek too with the leading lady after every matinee.

Indeed, so far removed are these aliens from the better known and more fashionable quarters of the town that their dramatics are permitted to indulge in the wildest flights of fancy in the delineations of metropolitan life as it exists north of Eighth Street.

Thus in "Fast Life in New York," whereas the domestic position and Sumner Thorne's Hester Street apartment are portrayed with a reasonable degree of accuracy, the studio of the refined villainist is without a counterpart in the town, while Canfield's gambling establishment is as devoid of the ordinary paraphernalia of play as if it had just received a visit from Jesus, and is represented as a favorite meeting place for ladies and gentlemen in evening dress, waited on by waitresses in disguise. Moreover, the game of poker is played by the villain and an innocent lamb with a disregard of all rules and customs that would awaken the contempt and derision of almost any audience, save this one in the land.

"Dealers in White Women," which has already been seen elsewhere, but will do better here, permits even ruder and more central flights of the imagination than "Fast Life in New York."

A central figure is a Hindu doctor, the head of a band of evil-doers who go about kidnapping young and innocent girls and conveying them to a mysterious underground establishment, where they are placed in a huge steel cage and their attention is to the highest bidder. Among the doctor's accomplices are a very wicked lady called Karina, a young girl, a Chinese, and an American sailor, who, having been wounded at the battle of Manila, has become a complete tool of the doctor, who compels him to do his wicked bidding by causing certain bones to press upon that part of his brain which contains his moral sense. The abduction of two young girls is the chief motive in this play, and its dramatic incidents include the blowing up of the underground chamber, the auction sale of human flesh and blood, the horrible devilship of the conspirators, the murder of the wealthy but immoral husband of the lady robbery, and other scenes incident in pastoral as domestic life.

It may seem to the superficial observer that the success or failure of such efforts as I have described and on such a stage as that of the Windsor Theatre, are matters scarcely worthy of consideration. Their success, however, and the temperance of the audience that has arisen to greet them, have a significance that no real student of the drama will afford to ignore or despise. For while these rather primitive but always stirring plays attract very large audiences and hold them spellbound until the final curl of the curtain, even then one Broadway playhouse, presenting a drama that is infinitely better written and of much greater pretence, opens its doors nightly to an audience in which the paying element is fast a mere handful of the humankind.

There are altogether too many words in some of these related plays, although devoid count on Broadway as well as on the Boer. As for "Bird Center," it is probable that by the time these lines are printed it may have disappeared from our stage forever, but the story of why it failed is one that future generations of dreamers may read with profit.

It is astonishing, by the way, how keen the nostrils of upper Broadway are in sensing a failure from afar off. In the case of "Bird Center," the actors found themselves obliged to face an audience that came prepared to scoff rather than to be amused. To those who have not heard upon Mr. McArthur's witty and delightful book the attention that it deserves, it seemed incredible that even the most hardened dramatic ticket should succeed in robbing it completely of its charm. Its humor is so genuine, its characterization so distinct and original, and, above all, so well adapted to the stage that it seemed me in a word: "County Chairman" might reasonably be expected.

Now the only stupid character in the book is a mysterious Stranger, and Mr. Glen MacDonagh, the dramatist, seized upon him with unerring instinct as a suitable central figure for his play.

Ignoring the kindly, wholesome, and altogether neighborly spirit which pervades the village of Mr. McArthur's creation, resulting in turning his back upon the opportunities afforded by such colorful and so likely personages as Mr. McArthur's witty and delightful book the attention that it deserves, it seemed incredible that even the most hardened dramatic ticket should succeed in robbing it completely of its charm. Its humor is so genuine, its characterization so distinct and original, and, above all, so well adapted to the stage that it seemed me in a word: "County Chairman" might reasonably be expected.

Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

HAS Mr. George Meredith, grown puerile, or has he been caught napping in his dreamy old age by the wily interviewer? After so many years of dignified silence which has sheltered the privacy of his name and reputation with that of his peer, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and his younger contemporary, Mr. M. Barrie, it is pathetic to read the floundering and injudicious comments on mental and social institutions with which he has been credited lately. I have had conversations with friends of mine here and there with Mr. Meredith reported to me on various occasions during the last ten years, but none of these ever looked out into publicity, nor were they marked by any traces of senility. Mr. Meredith is at least more interesting and sagacious in his literary judgments and in his outlook on the future of literature, if not always sound and well balanced. What he had to say in a recent interview of the conditions of American literature may not have been profound, but his remarks were suggestive and indicative of his mental attitude towards us. The conversation which took place "over the incense" is reported verbatim.

"You have a high opinion of the future of America?"

Mr. Meredith. "The possibilities of American development are boundless."

"In literature?"

Mr. Meredith. "In everything. They are a great people."

"But has America ever produced a great writer?"

Mr. Meredith (personal). "No, not a great writer, but there you must emphasize 'great.' She has produced excellent writers, some of the best writers, but not great."

"She has not produced a great novelist?"

Mr. Meredith. "No. But again I say you must emphasize 'great.' Some of the best literature is American. Take Emerson. Emerson is a grand fellow. There is no more hopeful writer for young men than Emerson. He gives strength in the right direction, high ideals, noble thoughts. No better present could be given to a young man than Emerson's *Essays*."

"Do you mean in a literary or a moral sense?"

Mr. Meredith. "I mean in a moral sense; I mean for the moral development of youth. Emerson is a good man, a man of thoughtful mind."

"America has produced no great poet?"

Mr. Meredith. "No. But again emphasize 'great.'"

"What American writers besides Emerson first occur to you of the moral type?"

Mr. Meredith. "Lowell is excellent. Then there is Edgar Allan Poe. Edgar Allan Poe is the best writer of short stories we have. Bret Harte is good. Henry James is admirable."

"America has produced no great dramatist?"

Mr. Meredith. "No; but you must not be in a hurry. How old is America? How old are the other countries which have done great things? How long have they taken to do great things? America is young, very young. She is still growing. She has not reached maturity. You must give her time. Remember also that she cannot be making great manifestations in all directions at the same time. Her great manifestations at the present moment are in the direction of inventions. The Americans are the greatest inventors in the world. Her commercial manifestations are also great. She stands in the foremost rank."

"What will be her position in relation to other nations fifty years hence?"

Mr. Meredith. "Fifty years hence—twenty-five years hence—America will be the first nation in the world. America and Japan: these are the nations of the future." . . .

"To go back to American literature. Do you think America has produced a great stylist?"

Mr. Meredith. "No; you cannot have a great stylist in the English language."

"You ought not to say that."

Mr. Meredith. "But they say I am obscure."

"What is the language of style?"

Mr. Meredith (traditionally). "French. French. They are the stylists of the world. The language lends itself to style. The genius of the people is creative of style. Look at Chateaubriand, at Flaubert. *Romanesque d'Espagne et de Jeuneur* is the perfection of style. There is no style in the literature of France. French drama is excellent. There is a theatre of ideas in France. Think of that. Splendid!"

When Mr. Vincent Brown's powerful novel, *A Mother's Husband*, was published in the spring, certain sapient critics saw in the tragic dénouement a striking likeness to that in Mr. Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and were not slow to charge Mr. Brown with what they believed was the source of inspiration for his good impression scene. I feared subsequently from a friend to whom Mr. Brown imparted the information that the idea of the book came to him from a terrible personal experience, and, strangely enough, I have just heard that *Tess* also had its inception in an actual experience of Mr. Hardy's boyhood. *His Tess* came to be written has never before been told in print. I have the story from Mr. Neil Munro, to whom the circumstances were narrated by a personal friend of Mr. Hardy's, living in Dorchester. When Hardy was a boy, he used to come into Dorchester in school, and he was the acquaintance of a woman there, who, with her husband, kept an inn. She was beautiful, good, and kind, but married in a dissipated household, who was unfaithful to her. One day, when the cup of her misery was overflowing, she discovered her husband under circumstances which so roused her passion that she stabbed him with a knife and killed him. She was tried, convicted, and condemned to execution. On the morning of her execution, young Hardy, with another boy, came into Dorchester and witnessed the execution from a tree that overhung the yard in which the gallows was placed. The scene impressed itself indelibly on the boy's memory. He saw the woman who had been his friend, and had done him many kindnesses, led forth by the warders, and the rustle of a thin black gown she was wearing was forever



Austin Hardly McCarthy
Author of "The Lady of Loyalty House"

after in his memory. A penetrating rain was falling; the white cap was no longer over his head, and the rain had so wet it that it clung to the features, and the nose was put around the neck of what looked like a marble statue. Hardy looked at the scene with a strange illusion of its being unreal, and was only brought in his complete senses when the darkness fell, and his conclusion as a lover branch of the tree fell fainting to the ground. This tragedy and the domestic story that led up to it haunted Hardy, and at last provided the emotional inspiration and some of the matter for *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

In *The Lady of Loyalty House* Mr. Austin Hardly McCarthy has set out our common notion of the Puritan as a miserable, unemotional creature, and has made his Roundhead hero as gay and romantic as any bearded darling of the Cavalier and Charles's court. And he has made him real, too, else he would not have succeeded in capturing the reader as well as the fair Lady Brilliana. The story is related in a series of dramatic scenes, breathless in interest and picturesque in treatment, which suggests an eye to the stage, and I presume it will eventually arrive there.



Myers, DeLoar, Burton and Collins (from left to right), and Gracie Quinlan, in a scene from "The College Widow"



The Meeting between "Bolton" (Fred Truesdell) and his rival, "Larrabee" (E. J. Davenport)—the "College Widow" (Dorothy Tennant) in the Background

SCENES FROM GEORGE ADE'S PLAY, "THE COLLEGE WIDOW," AT THE GARDEN THEATRE

Mr. Ade's play, which is having a successful run at the Garden Theatre, New York, tells an amusing story of life in a small college town. The story revolves around the football rivalry of two provincial colleges, in which the president's attractive daughter, known as "the college widow," induces a certain cock-brained half-back to become a student at "Auster," where he wins a game from the rival team of "Brimham," which his father is backing. The climax of the action occurs when "Bolton" (the half-back) learns that the "college widow" has hoodwinked him into entering the wrong college, causing his father to lose his money on the rival eleven.



MISS GRACE WASSALL, A NEW AMERICAN COMPOSER

Miss Wassall's new "Shakespearean Song Cycle" was sung last week by Madame Godski, Mr. Bingham, Miss Marguerite Hall, and Mr. Kelly Cole at Carnegie Hall, New York

Correspondence

WHAT HAST THY SERVANT DONE?

NEW YORK CITY, November 12, 1894.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Actuated by a fear that you may have failed to observe it, I put out to you that the sinister effect of the workings of a certain class of independent editors has been previously ascribed by the wise correspondent of the *tribune*, whose communication was honored by a repetition in your columns.

After pursuing a fruitless search for an adequate explanation of the appalling catastrophe precipitated without warning upon our devoted lands, I have been led to credit the above-said learned correspondent with a profundity of wisdom and a depth of penetration that I confess I was not at the time disposed to accord him. While the brazen temerity of the Democratic press in presuming to govern Republican infidelity or to dominate intimate relation with the Providence which rules us, unobtruded (mis-constructed, I formerly thought) by our worthy correspondent as mendacity, most undeniably share the responsibility for the disaster, it cannot in any considerable degree suffice to account for the magnitude of its proportions.

What shall we say to thee, then, thou Prince of Independent Editors (with whatever apologies may be due Mr. Charles Francis Adams), whose lurid shafts, speeding often in the deceptive guise of friendliness, or perhaps even more frequently winging their pathless way in open hostility, but always piercing our sore rose and too thin shield, wrought our ignominious downfall? What shall we say, then, as, miserably recovering from the terrific blow which prostrated us among ruins of fair hopes, gazing sadly at the ghastly devastation surrounding us, we venture to cast timid and repulsive glances at these causes which even in the most minute way contributed to the sweeping power of the nerveless tempest? Shall we not, rising to the heights of the dramatic, with the feeble voice left us, exclaim: He Thou, A.—I.

But no. The enormity of the crime does transcend the human bounds set by the weakness of our earthly justice, stills the unavailing voice of the denunciator, leaving as his sole resource that resignation of impotence with which one contemplates the colossal form of a monster, so hopelessly gigantic as by no conceivable exertion of human indignity or courage he is possible to smother or quell it, and he fervently thanks a frowning heaven which vouchsafed a seer to discover the odious and pitiful presence, than we may evermore beware of it.

In the hour of our enlightenment, therefore, let us heed you, when the conflict shall be renewed, be either for us or against us. It matters not which, for so both our peoples speak. We hath set a duty for the proof, and who now doubts that the proof hath not been forthcoming? I am, sir,

A SUBVERSIVE DEMOCRAT.

FOR A SOUND PLATFORM

FAIR CHANCE, N. J., November 10, 1894.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Announcing the efforts of two leading New York editors to explain how it all happened, without admitting that they have lost practically all influence with their readers. The journalist, who confides his news estimates to what is "it to print" and reserves the right to editorially make denial of proof insinuations of blackmail, would have us believe that Democratic votes divided the result in New York State, the independent votes of all readers having been cast in accord with his views. On the other hand, the greatest living journalist, whose news estimates were fouled with the disgraceful fake story, constructed for many weeks, and whose editorial columns lured with open letters to the President, holds that it was the independent vote that did it. Neither of these great news estimates is the father of your savings, but, unless they came forward with proof of their charges, they themselves would rest under a cloud. Their readers, however, evidently saw the point, and voted for "no housing."

Can't you do something to escape these humiliating wrangles? May it not be that they had some influence with their readers, after all, and that, had it not been for their desperate efforts, the people would have made it unanimous? And what would we have done then without "an opposition"?

You have the secret of a veritable opposition—*Ye Aukman*! Let the words which down the wind, about the big dome across the bridge to the bird that did soar, but is sore, and back to the new tower on Forty-second Street. Three great editors will listen to you now. I am, sir,

S. W. WILLIAMS.

MR. WATSON IN ARKANSAS

LARK VILLAGE, ARK., November 7, 1894.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—You cannot, you state, understand how a man of Mr. Watson's apparent intelligence can want the kind of money he argues for, which you declare is bad money. And you in emphasis the fact that such is the opinion of an admirer and sincere believer in Watson, his honesty, patriotism, and judgment, I reply by stating that I cannot begin to understand how the patriotic, brilliant editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY can advocate that monetary system which is so dear to a few thousand plutocrats, and therefore necessarily opposed to the interests of the millions of real wealth producers, throughout this broad land. Do not think that I would draw you into a discussion of the money question, for has

it not been decreed that it is for the present "settled" I believe, in conclusion, I must say that I regard the money trust as the greatest of all trusts, so big, in fact, that political parties say around it as one would a yawning chasm. It is generally regarded as such a complex problem that ordinary minds should not dare approach it, and it may be true that it is hard to understand, still to my plain mind it has long since resolved itself into the proposition: a struggle between those who are out of debt, and having accumulated wealth are interested in such policy as makes the dollar buy much, and on the other hand, those who are in debt, have yet to accumulate, are interested in such policy as will make the product of their toil buy much.

I am, sir,

FOSMATE FORT.

A BUSINESS MAN'S COMPLIMENT

NOTICE HERMICK, MAINE, December 3, 1894.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your notification of the expiration of my subscription to HARPER'S WEEKLY just received. How quickly time slips away when one is amused, and the WEEKLY has been a constant source of amusement, especially during the prosecution of the political campaign so gloriously ended yesterday. As I am an ardent Republican, and always glad to have my pet publications in vogue with my views, I am very much in hopes to find that Mr. Harvey will subscribe to the almost unanimous verdict rendered at the polls yesterday, and constantly sustain with his trenchant pen our cause. I started out to say in a few words that I wish to renew my subscription. Pardon me for the divergence.

I am, sir,

WILLIAM B. TORY,
Treasurer of the North Berwick Company.

"THE GOD OF BATTLES"

KNOWVILLE, TENN., November 7, 1894.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I will bet you four dollars to a Parker badge that the man that signed "Constant Reader" to that "God of Battles" letter in the last WEEKLY is Mark Twain. I spotted him before I was half-way through the first paragraph, and feel I should afterward be repaid as having bet on a sure thing. I want to tell you that I also spotted the same man under another alias when he was publishing his Joan of Arc story in the *MASSACHUSETTS*, and you money on it. I am, sir,

A CONSTANT READER.

[The original "Constant Reader" requests us to express his gratification at having been taken for Mark Twain.—EDITOR.]

FOR AN INDEPENDENT PRESS

BRONXVILLE, N. Y., November 8, 1894.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I presume your flattering remarks about the New York Times was written before you read their editorial of November 4, 5, 6, 7. I cannot conceive why the press of New York and papers that it is common knowledge are supported in the main by the public readers and advertisers should take the license that they have in this campaign. And to make it appear more ridiculous, after the people have emphatically paid their respects to the President and also to the press, and they come in double columns with advice in Mr. Roosevelt how to conduct the next campaign that they have even expressing doubts of his sincerity in his anti-election statement.

The *Bronxville Eagle* has practically apologized to its readers, but in the same issue lauds Mr. Parker.

Now Mr. Parker was deliberate in a campaign of evasion, misstatements, vilification, and general insinuation. The letter is proved by the criticism by Mr. Parker in his recent statement to the press and also the Bryan and Hearst vote-election articles. They are all a crazy lot, and the voters knew it all the time. In your issue of November 5 you deplore the absence of the tariff issue. Since that issue we have had an avalanche of that sort of thing from Mr. Cleveland; apparently that was all necessary to settle the matter. The silver issue was only hidden, as it now appears plainly. The Democrats worked everything else for all it was worth. They had the bulk of the press of New York with them.

I think a few words to a long-suffering public would be in order. You devoted considerable space to the professional courtesies of the occasion. How about the people that support the organ? There is altogether too much space allotted to editorial writers who fancy themselves superior to any criticism, and step right in where angels fear to tread. The reading public is entirely helpless except in expressing themselves in this way, which is my only object of writing into you. I have enjoyed the WEEKLY very much in this campaign. It was decent, mainly accurate, and always having the ring of truth—*deliberately* refreshing. Shall we ever have non-partisan papers? Do the people need editorial instruction? As it appears now would not the Democrats have made just as bad a mess of it as they did in Cleveland's second term?

I am, sir,

D. S.

His Masterpiece

By Stephen Chalmers

(To the memory of Verezhagin, the famous prisoner of war, who was on the Russian battleship "Pobeda," when she was sunk by striking a mine at Port Arthur on April 13.)

His brow was furrowed and his eyes were wet,
This!—this was war! No more the sailors' met,
Struggling ahead: no more the cross-trees locked,
And eaked men, repelling, held the deck,
While heavier hearts crawled where the great spars rocked
To free with spike and knife the tangled wreck.

Now spread the iron line of the battle race,
By squaring the iron band and torn by shell
That shrieked across the sea's astonished face,
And, striking, loosed the fends of a tor-
tured hull!

Like midnight monsters fleeing from the dawn,
That dim revealed the land the powers fought,
All Russia's pride to sea steep madly ran,
Balked at the gateway of the port they sought.

And he who watched, indifferent to the game,
Now holoast through eyes that oft had seen
In vision and reality the same,
Only less strange, yet ghastly in the shroud
Of red and tinted vapor, haze, and shame.

And he who watched, th' indifferent partisan,
Now without fear the shell he hurled by,
Noting its lurching shape with flashing eye,
Now with hoarsest hoars the gunner reel
And die.

Marking the silent glory of the sea;
The white mist that hung aloft the land,
The pall of smoke that wrapped the distant sign,
The excited line, the twitching, clutched hand,
As played the juggernaut upon the mine!

The sea, earth's mantle, torn like a rag, rose high,
And, light as wind-blown snow, drove hissing by;
Fell and rebounded, thundering as it ran
Upon the bounding, doomed Leviathan—
That long had heaved and spurned its mighty bows—

Now wreathed in crackling fire and lumes
That rose
Up from its reeking heart and spitting joints,
And so on the prey that God to the waters appoints,
Triumphed, strange hillions snarling tell
Upon that hurried semblance of a belt!

But once the mighty war-god rained its hand,
Like some old gladiator loth to trust
The melancholy splendor of the dead
For a last defiant shout or snoring threat—
The battle stilled: the sea and earth gripped hands;
And those who saw the shuddering monster reel,
And heard a sob, as if the thing could feel
The doom that drove it, shinking, to the sands!

Now beat the master-hand that once had been
And now was stilled, yet touched by war's grim red,
Could e'er have drawn the glory of that noise

As, driven by torture, sundered the red-
hipped cloud
That was the sole but honorable shroud
Of mighty Makaroff and all his dead!

Beloved of the battle-gods! His brow-deep eyes,
Sightless but seeing, jeered the enveloped ships.

As it upon that universal page
He saw the dogs of war in undimmed rage,
As if, while yet the masterpiece he scanned,
Death from the canvas reached and stayed his hand.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has said that the Springfield Republican has the best editorial page in the United States, which, despite occasional vagaries on the part of the *S. R.*, is very largely true. We have watched in vain to see the *S. R.* unled long enough to say what is equally true, that Harper's Weekly to-day has the brightest editorial page in the country. It is as attractive and agreeable as a galantine does a la financière. —*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

THE man in all this country who got him out of this campaign was the editor of Harper's Weekly. The many bright and witty things he got off on all sides will live in history. While his criticisms were sharp and keen, they were not offensive, not malignant nor did they appeal to the prejudiced or ignorant. They were strong, broad lines. Mr. Harvey will not have a word to regret or take back, no matter what the result. —*Rockbridge (N. C.) News.*

ARMY OF MORRIS.—Mr. Woodrow Wilson's Secretary should advise us what for children's reading. It is the child's safety, the parent's duty, to read, and it is the child's duty to read. —*(Advt.)*

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CONSUMPTION

ALL SUNDAYS' DAY

By SYDNEY CARLETON

MRS. CARMARTHEN looked out through the gray-white lace curtains that veiled the hotel window, on the gray-yellow morning of the first of November.

Down the dingy street rose ugly green arches spatched with crude red and blue shields and extravagant nosegays; tight rolls of red and blue bunting that would have been flags if the wind had but then, marked the overhead trolley wires at regular intervals; every window, every ceiling, was covered with red, white, and blue; every cornice and ledge flittered with little red flags that were feverish on their dirty background in the yellow light of a cloudy sky.

Mrs. Carmarthén observed these things with as much artistic disgust as was compatible with profound indifference. She had come in Halifax to meet at the reception of the first contingent of Canadian troops returning from South Africa as she did most things, because she was the wife of her husband. She was weary of patriotic leagues, sick of the famous chant of "Soldiers of the Queen," that had made the streets ring for the last year. She turned impatiently from the window, and set herself to her toilet. She knew perfectly well that the People—with a large P—were right and the wrong; would have given a pearl necklace for one spark of the enthusiasm that every street boy flamed with; it was she who was at fault, not the streets with their flags and arches; the morning of them no better than the morning of her soul that despised them. A church bell, harsh, insistent, began to clang in the gray-white steeple she had seen over the opposite roofs; it had no sound of rejoicing in it, and, oddly enough, it startled Mrs. Carmarthén. There was mourning, exaltation, despair, in that clanging bell, it.

"Oh! All Souls' day, of course!" she said to herself with a curious relief; somehow the preparations for requiem, the flags and luted nosegays, had made her feel superstitiously that this was a hallowed old town, sitting dead in gaule to invite disaster. But the bell that had caught her ear with so ill-omened a sound was nothing but a summons to the faithful to come and pray for their dead.

Mrs. Carmarthén had no need to pray for: besides, she was not a devout woman unless it were devout to pray half the night for her shepherd lost for a man who was a vagabond on the face of the earth, a flowerer of oaths, a gambler, and a hard man at that. She thought so sure of that recalcitrant hell. It had nothing to do with her, who was not a religious woman.

Sometimes the secretary of the private secretary thought Mrs. Carmarthén's religion was Carmarthén's comfort; she observed it scrupulously enough. His house, his parties, his well-being that ran on wheels, were all her work; he was countless and unimportant details such as searching out people who might have ruined him, and she could find him so much about him. Even the private secretary never wondered whether she cared for Carmarthén or not; she felt no impulse for wonder. But he had once or twice found her with a deadly weariness on her face.

She was oddly dressed for a woman with copper hair when at last she joined Carmarthén in the hotel lobby. Her blouse gown was turned back with doll white lace and satin, the neck of it filled in with a curious pale pink, very soft and transparent; there seemed to be scarcely anything between her white throat and the long chain of faint anasthesia that encircled it twice and fell to her waist.

"Shall you be warm enough?" said the private secretary, faintly. He was Carmarthén's cousin and white slave for an excellent salary, and perhaps for the barren joy of sitting at Mrs. Carmarthén's table. If her religion were Carmarthén the private secretary was clever enough to hint that his was not.

"Oh, I'm warm a cut!" She knew perfectly well that though Carmarthén had never looked at her, he would have looked hard enough if she had been absolutely bald, and she laughed with real amusement. She had, for once, forgotten all about Carmarthén when she dressed. The new French gown had framed her of a day long ago when she had worn the same scheme of color with a girl's clumsy negligee. She had tucked that blouse up herself, and tucked an old eider as China wool round her neck under the collar. There had been no anasthesia to put over the pink then, and yet—she would not finish the thought. She took her place in the carriage beside Carmarthén, and as she drove through the crowded streets, and wiped their eyes and noses on the Minister's wife was totally uninterested in the house she was going to see had.

At the threshold gates the hall washed, recklessly neckled and boistered crowd who were interposed against the guard of marines and the rubbily shutting gate as the Minister's carriage passed through. Only two relatives of each returning soldier had been allowed admittance tickets; the herd of cousins and friends and well-wishers outside had to wait; they tramped the street into clanking shoes and wiped their eyes and noses on the Minister's wife; handkerchiefs with union-jacks on them were waving, not for business use.

Mrs. Carmarthén, with a curious glance at the sea of working faces, had driven through them dry-eyed. Neither the pathos nor the joy of these faces came home to her; she felt a little sorry for the men who were coming back to people like these.

She slipped on her coat with the emine as she got out of the

carriage and walked down on the jetty. There was the Admiral to shake hands with, the Governor, the officer commanding the garrison, a few women to be civil to; the band hurried by her, and the guard of honor, speckless in their red tunics, and lined up behind the Minister's wife, the group of ministers and politicians. In a few minutes the band began to play, and then—she did not till then—did Mr. Carmarthén look at what she had come to see.

The trumpet lay broadside on to the jetty, her bowline high above the dull green gap of water between her and the land. The raw red-orange of copper paint glared a full third up her side in the gray morning, and the dull black above it made it even silent. Mrs. Carmarthén's glance went higher up, to the double line of white rails round the jetty. They stood out sharply against a sandy background of khaki that meant men who had been dead but not starved and rotted with fire, but Mrs. Carmarthén only saw it was an ugly mass of color after the scarlet uniforms below.

Some of the khaki background came alive, and turned into men who lagged with a will at the slowly rising gangway that had lifted sufficiently half way up. At the foot of it, crouching forward with ruck neck it gave, were these relatives of soldiers who had tickets. Some of them were of Mrs. Carmarthén's class, and they were as strained and pathetic as those of the women in pink; best clothes, who showed them. The gangway began to note up the jetty, the band stopped in the middle of a blaring march and slipped softly into something else—Horne, Sweet Home! with chords.

They were the landmaster's pride, those chords. Slow, yet very peaceful they came on the air, without ornament or riot of rejoicing.

"It's a dirge," said Mrs. Carmarthén sharply to the secretary, who only nodded absently.

It seemed to him very clever. The landmaster's son had been killed in the war, and he must welcome home the five sons of his fathers. He did it; without a chord or modulation; but even the visiting Mayors of other towns saw the dead on the wharf, though they shut their eyes to get rid of the mist in them. The landmaster's eyes were open and hard.

Came next the crowd of Mrs. Carmarthén's relatives, the secretary was in an unrelieved for epithets applied to heads of departments in affable conversation but that "Home, Sweet Home" had but unpleasant.

"Up here," said the secretary, briskly. An iron slide with a derrick on it was let rise higher than the jetty, and he led her to get within speaking distance of the Governor-General's A. D. C. whose gold aiguillettes were gorgeous over the white rail of the transport. A dozen people followed them up the wire ladder, no official strangers who had no hand to snatch at as the men came down the gangway. There was plenty of room behind the derrick, and a level of platform and sea of green water all there as between them and the lowering black transport.

The secretary shouted gleefully to the Governor-General's aide who had distinguished himself into a personnel, and Mrs. Carmarthén's eyes followed the secretary's. For her the thing had dropped back again into a stage full of marionettes with the ruling of that "Home, Sweet Home." Her glance ran lightly along the row of officers, tall and stout, tanned and pale. Every man of them had a look he had not gone away with, a hardness or a long fought brittleness and anxiety; their smiles seemed only to trap it thinly over. Mrs. Carmarthén looked for it in the eyes of the row of privates, and saw it was not there. They were gleaming from ear to ear, clean and cheerful and in good case, their faces a line of content and pink over their cheeks.

"They're not a handsome lot, to be honest, nor particularly useful in every-day life," thought Mrs. Carmarthén, pessimistically. They had better enjoy their little day of being heroes. They were starting out to star when people are tired of it. "Her thought broke off in her head as if someone had hit it with a sledge-hammer. Who was that, leaning tall and quiet over the rail, his brown eyes on hers, his handsome face very still?

Mrs. Carmarthén's heart stopped beating. She had never known he had come to Africa; had not known where he was these five years past; had prayed for him in her sleep; had these eighteen hundred and twenty-five nights, and said to herself that she had forgotten on each relentless morning.

Her lips, unthinkingly and without her knowledge, opened in a silent smile at his answer, and as they did his eyes answered. And the answer claved at the soul of Mary Carmarthén.

It was no matter where he had been—he was—wherever he was—she knew where she stood—he was coming back! He was there before her eyes. God's mercy had given her back the sight of his face. And the men were beginning to come down the gangway!

It was for pure convenience that Mrs. Carmarthén turned her back on her husband's private secretary, who had forgotten all about him; also all about Carmarthén, who, aside from the jetty, had been looking down at her, as the Mayors of St. John. Her eyes were faithless shining jewels, her face taut beneath with the light of her soul, that was in rapture. Nothing nothing at all could matter after this; no duty he too was a self-dedicated man. To-day was his day, and he would not mean damnation. "From—the very beginning, perhaps, had meant so to pay Mary Carmarthén her wages, then—

stamped itself on his brain forever—was Philip Crickton coming down the gangway.

Mrs. Carmarthen threw back her head as if it were her business to be proud of him.

"He trod the ling like a back in spring, and he looked like a leave at rest," she said to herself, which was perhaps very little appropriate to a lean, dark man walking down a gangway. She knew without seeing what had become of the single file of men who had gone down before him. They had been swallowed up by the crowd of relatives who smiled crookedly and gulped in their throats as they turned away to the left with them. post Carmarthen said, and the heads of departments, off the jetty, and out on the yellowing grass of the free yard. The only difference with the men who had as relatives was that they here away to the left alone. It would be an hour before they left in again company after company; an hour—

The private secretary turned from the disappearing line of his friends on the trower as one by one they came down with their snow, and perhaps his slits were not ripe for the reaping, for his state did not take him into the water below his toes.

Mrs. Carmarthen, in her Paris gown, was on her knees on the dusty iron grating, her ermine-trimmed coat trailing in a pool of rusty water, her hands stretched down to a man who stood on a long level her. Mrs. Carmarthen, who was always caring for appearances, was caring for nothing now but the hands that held hers: was crumpling, dervish with joy and wonder, over the edge of the slugging: was saying something over and over again.

"You, you, you," she said, and the secretary jerked himself round that he might not see the look on her loved face.

"Him!" he said to himself (and his elegant grammar had dropped off his speech and left it what it was in his first country school). "Good Lord, him! And I never knew she knew him. What if I do? What on earth will I do?"

He was doing it even while he was wondering, putting his lonely shoulders to the weather side of her, which meant Carmarthen, noting with his sharp little eyes that the rest of the people on the staging were nobody, who did not even know her name, were nothing but a living screen between her and the people who did.

"Bill Crickton—and her!" he growled (it was not to be conceived that there was anybody in Canada who knew Crickton by his name of baptism); "and back in Canada, Bill! There'd be black trouble if it were anybody but her."

The grim loyalty that belies in spite of being set well enough on his ugly face, but it did not comfort him. Every single evil thing he knew was embodied for him in those two words, "Bill Crickton."

"Pray the Lord he hasn't distinguished himself, got whiskered out there!" muttered the secretary, devoutly. "If he dares to stay in Canada and be about with decent people he'll be breaking her heart inside a month; and there'll be an holding Carmarthen without her break on his."

He was so dazed that he forgot to take out of his pocket a paper obtained from a friend in the militia department for Carmarthen's benefit—Carmarthen always wanted to be up to everything, whether it concerned him or not—the record of every man in the contingent, his wounds, his services, his officer's report of him. It was the only thing Carmarthen's thirst for information could have been of any use to his secretary, and he forgot it like a mere out-let; perhaps because he was sick with the groundless apprehension that Carmarthen might walk round the corner of the staging and see his wife holding Bill Crickton's hand.

For she was clutching them still; she had never stirred except to clutch a little lower towards him. She knew (though perhaps there were women who knew better) that the smooth, quick touch of his lips would be under the mistake that was so much fairer than his hair; she would have set away her hope of glory to have felt that touch now.

The sun came out and struck these rows of flags, that had been foolish, grating rags in Mrs. Carmarthen, into a blazing glory, alive and exultant in the wind. The

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Name.....

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meaning of them heaped to her blood; the victory of them; the rejoicing; the tears. She was sister to the women with tear-washed smiling faces and unspeakable fancies; to the zara who spat in the gutters while they cheered in the street above. Life surged and thundered in her veins that had been stagnant, burned in her eyes and in her hands that gripped Crickton's.

"Aren't you glad?" she cried (and Carmarthen would not have known her voice). "You're so quiet." It was she who had been quiet when last she saw his face.

"Child!" said Bill Crickton, and it was queer that she felt as if she saw his soul; mostly she had not even known if it lived in his body. "It's all I asked for. Mollie, do you remember?"

"You've got a brown and pink gown on—it was like this once before!"

"Never," she whispered under the name; no one ever called her, "never! I didn't know we were happy then. Now I know we're in heaven."

"It's a good exchange," he said, simply as a man does of a satisfactory bargain. "I'd rather have this than heaven. I've seen a long way and for this."

Cautelously he looked round him for that she was living before, and not at the husband's day. Any second time might call him strange, call him away and at last there could be no more looking of hands after to day.

"Where are you going?" she said with smiling eyes, and the thought that would shelter would feel his step. "Are you going to stay in Canada?"

"I don't know," he answered almost carelessly.

"But you're this close to you like, 'on the shore, are you a dead head, as if they were heads of Paradise?"

"I'm not worried," he said.

"Mollie," he said, his hands were waving, as if he had helped blood was thinned to that force. "You know I love you always from far back."

"And out beyond it," he said, "I would be altered with her head—its till as she moved at him as she believed."

"I believe," he said, "it might have been the first she was saying."

"But you're this close to you like, 'on the shore, are you a dead head, as if they were heads of Paradise?"

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"But you're this close to you like, 'on the shore, are you a dead head, as if they were heads of Paradise?"

"I'm not worried," he said.

"No," deliberately, "but you and I won't meet again till after death, I suppose. Love, my love, don't forget me! I was a blackguard to you in my day, but all the same the thought of you kept my beggarly soul alive. It was always you, you know."

"It's part of mine," said the woman, slowly. "None of my bone and flesh of your flesh I never was, but as God sees I'll keep your soul mine, past death and the grave, if I never see my eyes on your face again."

"Mrs. Carmarthen!" said the private secretary, and touched her shoulder in terror—for the last man was almost in a frenzy, the hand was moving, the people who had screened off Carmarthen dropping away one by one—

"hadn't we better go?" and he started for the second time that day. For the face of Bill Crickton, never-to-be, however, and devil incarnate, whose where he stood like the face of a car in Paradise; it was as if death itself had wiped the evil from him and left him clean for God's sight.

It was Bill Crickton who answered; Mrs. Carmarthen neither heard nor spoke.

"I'll go, Mollie," he said, "the time's up," and what else he said reached no ear but hers, for the secretary was glancing in despair over his shoulder to where Carmarthen ought to be. When he turned again there was no one at his side but Mrs. Carmarthen, standing up and perfectly quiet.

In utter silence the secretary helped her to the ground; in amaze and rage left her at her entrance. She went straight to her hotel, there having kindly ordained that she was not asked to the banquet for the returned heroes. The secretary stood turning over in his perturbed mind what would happen if Carmarthen had seen after all and should run across Crickton at the banquet.

"I must smooth it over the best I can," he thought, and perhaps he was not without that "three o'clock in the afternoon" courage that is the hardest of all. He handed from his pocket his

herrowed militia list, and glared at it to find some shred of heroism or even decent behavior on which Mrs. Carmarthen might have been congratulating Bill Crickton.

He found it.

He stood with his mouth open at the unbelievable record of Philip Hippobley Crickton (there was no Bill in the official list, but the almost forgotten name of an only son). Till there came a voice within a foot of his nose.

"This is an awful business about Crickton! What ought we to do?"

"What the devil do you mean?" said the secretary, in the cold fury of fright.

"He's dead," said the Governor-General's aide, simply. "What are you looking like that for? Are you going down from too much Carmarthen?"

"Dead?" the secretary's shrewd eyes stared glazed and stupid.



Mrs. Carmarthen and Crickton, with pay and wonder, were the edge of it. (Dress by Mrs. Lane)

They say the dead can come back if they

the living case. If the dead dare come back

why, as can I, Bill Crickton, blackguard

she wanted at him difference to you.

And you know it wasn't. I

And you know it wasn't. I

And you know it wasn't. I

And you know it wasn't. I

And you know it wasn't. I

And you know it wasn't. I

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And you know it wasn't. I

"Dead! Why?" He never knew how he stopped himself (that he did) from saying that twenty minutes ago Crickton had been talking to Mrs. Carmarthen. "It's a mistake, a ghastly mistake!" he jaded. For a moment he was oblivious of everything but the paper in his hand. "This says he's down for a V. C. and Lord knows what."

"I didn't know he was a pal of yours," the A. D. C.'s face was very gentle, "he hadn't many pals, you know, though he's made up for all that; he'd have had his V. C. if he'd lived. But he was more dead than alive from his wounds when he was put on board at Cape Town. After I came ashore this morning I went back to look after my invalids, and found he'd got up and dressed and gone down the gangway. They said to speak to some woman. He came back as I was looking for him, and was dead before I could get my arm around him. The nurse says he'd have died yesterday if he had been any one but Bill Crickton; he was fabled to live to get home. He must have been dying when he went ashore."

The secretary looked sharply at the A. D. C.'s eyes; but there was no intelligence in them. He thanked Heaven that Mrs. Carmarthen stood clear of talk, and that she was not the kind of woman who asked questions. She would never know the whole of it.

But Mrs. Carmarthen, on her knees that night in her hotel bedroom, knew well enough. Bill Crickton, after all, had wished himself in Africa; and had kept out of his grave-holes long enough to come and tell her so, on the one day of the year that is free to the dead.

The Work of the National Civic Federation

(Continued from Page 188.)

annual national conferences, local conferences, the publication of an industrial monthly review, and a Department of Industrial Economics. The annual conferences are devoted to the public discussion of such practical topics as "trade agreements," "wages and cost of living," "the shorter work day," "the open and closed shop," "the minimum wage and restriction of output," "piece-work and day-work," "arbitration," etc.

The Department of Industrial Economics, just organized, is composed of economic and legal writers in the daily press, periodicals, trade papers, labor journals, and of teachers of economics in universities. Its members are brought together at a dinner four or more times during the year, to consider industrial topics.

Trade Sections of the National Civic Federation are being organized to consider the best solution of special problems relating to the employment of labor in particular industries. It is expected that the technical studies of these sections will ultimately be extended to all industries.

The purpose of the National Civic Federation and the success that its systematic efforts have attained in the United States are attracting much interest and inquiry in other countries. In order to extend a knowledge of its work, the Executive Committee of the Federation entertained in New York, on September 26, 1904, three delegates to the Interparliamentary Union, which had just closed its session at St. Louis, who were especially interested in industrial economies. The countries represented besides the United States, by members of their respective Parliaments, were Austria, England, Belgium, France, Germany, Hungary, Italy, Netherlands, Norway, Roumania, Sweden, and Switzerland.

The entire movement represented by the National Civic Federation aims to bring into cooperation the sane and patriotic leaders of the forces of employers and employed, and of the interested but too often forgotten and forgotten third party, the general public. Its purpose is constructive, not destructive. It would develop, through the agencies here described, the best elements in the organizations of capital and of labor, and it would keep awake a wholesome public concern in the profit of one, the welfare of the other, and the prosperity of all, through the diffusion of an intelligent understanding of economic laws.

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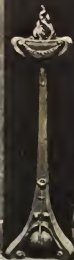
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—Utica Herald.

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**JOSEPH W. FOLK, DEMOCRATIC GOVERNOR-ELECT
OF MISSOURI**

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COMMENT

THAT was an admirable letter which President ROOSEVELT wrote to Colonel Moody about a month before election day, but which, lest the writer's motives should be misconstrued, the recipient discreetly refrained from publishing until after the contest was over. We refer to the letter in which Mr. ROOSEVELT says that he was suddenly, not angered, by the unfriendly attitude of the Southern States toward him, because he is himself half a Southerner by blood, and because the welfare of the Southern States is as dear to him as that of the North. We recall the letter with pleasure, because it tends to confirm our prediction that those who had counted upon Mr. ROOSEVELT's success at the ballot-box to strengthen the race issue may find themselves mistaken. It is, however, the Southern States themselves on which the speedy extinction of the race issue mainly depends. We incline to think that hat for the so-called "solidity" of the South—that is to say, the inflexible resolve of the bulk of it to throw its electoral votes against the Republican nominee, no matter whether they approve or disapprove of the platform and candidate of the Democracy—there would never arise in the Republican party any organized and formidable movement for the enforcement of the Fourteenth, much less of the Fifteenth, Amendment.

An impression to this effect seems to be gaining ground among the Southern leaders, if we may trust a despatch from Washington to the New York Times, according to which they are to hold a conference in the Federal capital at an early date. The conference has been called, we are told, by those who hold that hereafter the Southern whites should detach themselves from the Democratic as well as from the Republican party, should decline to send delegates to the next Democratic national convention, and should form a party of their own, consecrated to the advancement of their view of the race issue, and prepared to cast its electoral votes for whichever nominee should be deemed most likely to promote their deepest interests. If such a party could be organized, it might command in the neighborhood of a hundred electoral votes, and, at certain conceivable conjunctures, it would hold the balance of power, and might determine the outcome of a Presidential election. It would play, in a word, the rôle which has twice been taken and may once again be taken by the Irish Nationalist party in the British House of Commons.

To such a course, however, there are some obvious objections. If, at any crisis, a majority of the South's electoral vote should be cast against the Democratic nominee, that section would be apt to forfeit the good-will of the Democratic party. That good-will it has always hitherto possessed, and the question naturally suggests itself whether it is wise to risk an assumed friendship in the hand for a doubtful friendship in the bush. It should also be borne in mind that the creation of a third and distinctively Southern party under a new name would almost inevitably lead to further mutilation of the

"Solid" South. We will assume that a distinctively Southern party could rely upon carrying, as a minimum, Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina. What of the remaining Southern States? The national Democracy would unquestionably retain an organization in every one of them, and, with the opposition thus divided, the Republicans would have a fair chance of carrying not only such former slave States as Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, and Missouri, but also Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana, Virginia, and North Carolina. Would, then, the plight of the South be any better than it is now?

The situation in Colorado is alarming to the friends of peace. On the face of the returns, the Democratic nominee for Governor was elected by a plurality of about 15,000. The supporters of Governor PRISONER, the Republican nominee, however, assert that this ostensible plurality is the outcome of gross frauds in a number of counties. An official recount will be needed to decide the dispute. Under the law, the recounting must be done by the State Legislature, but the composition of this body is itself in doubt. The election of no fewer than eleven State Representatives and three State Senators is disputed. The settlement of these fourteen controversies depends on the judicial decisions rendered in twenty-seven disputed precincts in the city of Denver. Now, the decisions thus far rendered by the State Supreme Court are regarded to these precincts have been favorable to the Republicans. It is therefore conceivable that the Republicans will control the State Legislature, and declare Governor PRISONER re-elected by an official recounting of the ballot. The Democrats, and especially the spokesmen of union labor, say, on their part, that they will not allow Governor PRISONER to retain his seat. We do not see what they can do about it, for if the Republicans control the Legislature, and thus secure the two-thirds majority, they will have at their disposal not only the State militia, but also assistance from the regular army of the United States, which the Constitution requires the President to furnish when requested by a State Legislature or Executive. The motion of the Cripple Creek miners that Mr. ROOSEVELT should or could interfere to seat ADAMS by force against the wishes of the State Legislature and Executive is, of course, absurd. There is, by the way, more at stake than a two-thirds majority in this contest, for the next Governor will have the appointment of two judges of the Supreme Court.

The idea of JAMES HAY as the conservative candidate of the inquisitive ROOSEVELT has been so universally accepted as to have attained a sort of canonical authority. But some of our more particularly thoughtful citizens will ask himself: "Who is really the man with the Big Stick, anyhow? Is it ROOSEVELT, or is it HAY?" The truth is that Secretary HAY is an extremely resourceful and well-equipped minister of foreign affairs, and always gives the impression of knowing what he is about, and being able to deal skillfully with any emergency that may arise. But it is also true that he is as bold a statesman as any now on earth whose responsibilities are comparable with his. He is not rash. We do not think President ROOSEVELT is rash, either. But Mr. HAY's reputation as a safe man owes more to mastery of diplomatic methods than to any disposition to defer, or hang back. A new policy has no terrors for him because it is new, not a quick turn because it is quick. He wears a velvet glove, but his reputation for conservatism is largely due to the chance that has associated him with a President who chooses in backskin a hand no more prompt than HAY's.

The Providence Journal thinks the \$34,500 which Mr. DOUGLAS spent in the campaign for Governor of Massachusetts a pretty stiff sum. So it is for a candidate, but it is a bargain for an advertiser of the dimensions of WILLIAM L. DOUGLAS. Mr. DOUGLAS knows the value of publicity, and is used to buying it in large lots. He did so in the late campaign, and, as usual, with satisfactory results. Moreover, it is inconceivable that Mr. DOUGLAS's campaign was not incidentally worth a great deal more to the three-dollar shoe business than it cost the shoemaker candidate.

Report says that Mr. MOODY will continue to be Attorney-General during President ROOSEVELT's second term. It will involve a great sacrifice of his pecuniary interests, but he is

a bachelor, and doubtless feels able to afford to deal generously with a country that is living beyond its means. So long as Massachusetts has practically let slip the opportunity to send Mr. MOORE to the Senate, we hope it is true that he has consented to stay in the cabinet, for he is the kind of man whom it is profitable to keep in the public service. He was a member of Congress from 1895 until he became Secretary of the Navy, so that his active concern with the affairs of the Federal government extends over a period of nearly ten years, which have been particularly fruitful of new situations and problems. President ROOSEVELT first called him to the cabinet. He has the best of reasons for wanting to keep him where he is.

TOM WATSON seems to think that he has been appointed literary censor of the Democratic party, deceased. His post mortem observations reek with the I-see-to-bury-Cesar-not-to-praise-him spirit. His methods seem well adapted to infuse new life into the alleged decedent's remains.

Interesting were the ceremonies which took place in Washington on Saturday, November 19, when the bronze statue of FREDERICK THE GREAT, presented by Emperor WILLIAM II. to the American people, was unveiled in the grounds of the War College. We learn that near it will be erected statues of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, of CÆSAR, and of NAPOLEON. The one speech worthy of the occasion was delivered by President ROOSEVELT. Some of the shorter speeches were conspicuous for the blunders which they embodied. For example, Major-General GILLESPIE, in his preliminary greeting of the German ambassador, showed himself far from conversant with military history when he asserted that the system of organization, training, and maneuvering of troops, instituted by FREDERICK II., has had its happy fruition in the imperial German army of to-day. It is well known that the military system instituted by FREDERICK II., and too scrupulously preserved for many years after his death, was largely accountable for the awful disasters encountered by the Prussian army at Jena and Austerlitz. Had the Prussian commanders in 1900 renounced their inherited system for the new formation, the new methods, and the new tactics introduced by French generals during the preceding decade, and previously exemplified in NAPOLEON and DAUFOUR, they might not have subjected their country to dismemberment and humiliation. It is certain that in 1870 the German commanders would never have conquered at Sedan and captured Metz and Paris had they adhered to the antiquated military system fashioned more than a century before.

The German special commissioner, Lieutenant-General von LOWENFELD, and the German ambassador, Baron STURM VON NEUBRAND, both made the mistake of reviving the pseudo-historical myth that during our Revolutionary war FREDERICK showed himself a friend of the revolting thirteen colonies. Neither, indeed, went so far as to recall the apocryphal story that FREDERICK sent to WASHINGTON a sword inscribed "From the oldest to the greatest general." The special commissioner said, however, that it was the Prussian King who, having greeted with warm sympathy, the rights and progress of the United States from the beginning, had been the first sovereign to conclude a treaty of amity and commerce with the young confederation after the conclusion of peace at Paris in 1783. He forgot to emphasize the word "after." What we wanted, of course, was recognition before, not after, Great Britain herself had acknowledged our independence. Although repeatedly solicited, the Prussian sovereign refused to recognize us while the contest was pending, although France had done so, and entered into an alliance with us early in 1778; although Spain quickly arrayed herself on the same side; and although the Low Countries and Russia entered into friendly relations with us, there is absolutely no proof of sympathy for the revolting colonists on the part of FREDERICK, although he had repudiated GEORGE III. with bitter dislike ever since the superseding of the elder PRY by Lord BURY had brought about the inopportune closing of the Seven Years' War. The German ambassador vaguely alleged that FREDERICK had shown himself a staunch and true friend of the forefathers of those people who in 1902 had welcomed Prince HENRY of Prussia on their own soil; having proved his friendship at a time when the young Republic was "in the course of her formation, weathering many storms and perils." The Republic had been

definitely formed, and all serious storms and perils had been weathered before FREDERICK THE GREAT consented to imitate many other European states by recognizing our independence.

President ROOSEVELT, on the other hand, was guilty of no historical blunder. He placed our acceptance of the statue of FREDERICK THE GREAT on exactly the right grounds. This statue was fittingly placed, he said, in the grounds of a war college, for, when "soldierly genius and soldierly heroism reach the highest point of achievement, the man in whom they are displayed grows to belong not merely to the nation from which he springs, but to all nations capable of showing, and, therefore, capable of appreciating, the virtue and masterful virtues which alone make victors in those dread struggles where resort is had to the arbitrament of arms." Many students of military history may think that Mr. ROOSEVELT ranks FREDERICK too high when he groups him with ALEXANDER, CÆSAR, and HANNIBAL in antiquity, and with NAPOLEON and possibly GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS in modern times. For a man beaten so often, and sometimes beaten from an obvious lack of skill and judgment, it may seem overpraise to rate him above MYRABRON and WILLINGTON, who never knew defeat. It is even questionable whether, in respect of inborn military genius, as distinguished from gradually acquired efficiency, he should be classed with TERENCE and the Prince EUGENE. But that is a detail. Beyond cavil was the President's subsequent statement that he accepted the statue not only as that of a mighty soldier, but as a symbol of the kinship of blood between the American and the German peoples. It is true, as Mr. ROOSEVELT reminded his auditors, that even in colonial days the German element had become very strong among the inhabitants of certain parts of our country. It is also true that in the Revolutionary war one of the leading Generals was MÜLLERBACH, an American of German descent, and that it was a German, HECKMILLER, who won the victory which saved the valley of the Mohawk to the American cause. No less fitting was the President's allusion to the fact that on the platform whereon he stood, and among the officers of the army and navy whom he was addressing, were many Americans who were partly or wholly of German descent. We repeat that the only grounds upon which a statue of FREDERICK THE GREAT could be appropriately presented and accepted were distinctly perceived and effectively brought out by President ROOSEVELT, who raised what others might have made a silly and delusive proceeding to a plane of sincerity and dignity.

In one respect, at all events, the election is of interest. It is a distinct ratification of the "imperialist" policy.—*London Standard Review.*

It was a distinct ratification of THEODORE ROOSEVELT, taken by and large, without specification of details. If it was a distinct ratification of anything else, we don't know what the other thing was. If it didn't ratify "stand pat," it certainly didn't ratify the "imperialist" policy.

Now, when it looks as if the Unionists of Great Britain were doomed to defeat at the next general election, and as if the Irish Nationalist party would once more hold the balance of power, there comes ominous reports of a rupture in that organization. There is no doubt that, but for quarrels between Parnellites and anti-Parnellites, Mr. GLADSTONE would have returned to power in 1892 with a much larger majority than the forty he actually possessed, and it is probable that a split in the ranks of Irish patriots at this time would have a similarly untoward effect on the coming battle at the ballot-box. Nevertheless, it is alleged on what seems to be good authority, that MESSRS. DILLON and SEXTON, with their personal followers in the House of Commons and their Dublin organ, the *Freeman's Journal*, mean to decline to accept any longer Mr. JOHN E. REDMOND's leadership, who, on his side, however, will have the support of Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, who is so powerful in Cork and throughout the south of Ireland. There is reason to believe that the two factions would have about equal voting strength in the House of Commons, and that Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY and his adherents could give either a majority by rallying to its aid. If Mr. HEALY had to choose, his influence would doubtless be given to the faction headed by REDMOND and O'BRIEN. The fact may possibly have been overlooked that MESSRS. DILLON and SEXTON did not approve of the Land Purchase conference with Irish landlords, in which MESSRS.

REIDENBERG and O'Brien took part, and which resulted in Mr. WYNNEMAN'S memorable Land Purchase act. Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN now maintains that the same spirit of conciliation, which prevailed for the Irish tenants the immense sum of money needed to transform them into owners of the soil, ought to be shown toward the proposals for political reform which have lately emanated from the association formed by Lord DEVEREAUX. Apparently one of the reasons why Mr. WYNNEMAN, Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, declined to consider these proposals was that they were condemned by Messrs. DILLON and SULLIVAN and other members of the Nationalist party. Mr. O'BRIEN, for his part, contends that the proposals were good, so far as they went, and should have been welcomed as a basis for larger concessions.

The London *Spectator* regrets that President ROOSEVELT has declined in advance to offer himself for reelection in 1908. "There was no necessity," it says, "for such a pledge, and we wish it had not been given." We agree that the pledge was not necessary, but, after all, Mr. ROOSEVELT will be fifty years old in 1908, and the *Spectator* must remember that that is an age at which a man who is not rich and has a family likes to settle himself down to some steady job and make his old age secure against want.

At the hour when we write, Marshal OYAMA, who is said to have been reinforced by 600,000 men, and is believed now to have at his disposal about 300,000, is reported to have made a concerted artillery attack on General KIMURA'S right, centre, and left. The movement against the Russian left is described as particularly formidable, and seems to be conducted by General KIMURA, whose death, though often asserted, is again contradicted. Owing to the intense cold which has set in and from which central Manchuria will not emerge before the spring, it is of vital importance to the Japanese, who, for some weeks, have been camping in the open field, that they should drive their opponents out of Mukden, and thus be enabled to take up their own quarters there. Otherwise they will have to fall back shortly on Liao-Yung for shelter. As regards the situation at Port Arthur, the truth seems to be that, for some three weeks before November 17, the Japanese attacks were repulsed, but that as a result of successful tunnelling by the Japanese, the Erismushan and Sandanshan forts, the principal outworks of the fortress, were blown up on the afternoon of the day named. The Russian war-vessel which escaped to Chefoo, and bore messages from General STRASSER, to the Czar, left Port Arthur before the catastrophe just described occurred. But little confidence, therefore, can be placed in the reassuring tour attributed to that despatch. STRASSER is said to have declared himself capable of holding out until March, when the arrival of the Baltic fleet would be expected, provided the Russian government could manage from time to time to supply him with some food and ammunition. There is no doubt that blockade-running has of late been occasionally successful, one large steamer loaded with provisions having entered the harbor the other day.

We repeat what we have formerly said, that until Port Arthur has fallen, and until one of the two armies now facing each other on the Sha River shall have been decisively beaten, we might now add until the Baltic fleet shall have been captured or destroyed—the talk of bringing about a peace between the belligerents is idle. Not even in irresponsible newspapers is the word "mediation" bandied any longer. When peace arrives, it will come through the direct application of one combatant to the other. If, before the close of the present winter, Japan should be everywhere the victor, and should herself propose magnanimous and liberal terms, which should leave Russian honor intact, it is possible that the peace party in St. Petersburg might contrive to bring about their acceptance. It will be observed that the hypothesis rests upon a long chain of "ifs." Meanwhile, the fact should be borne in mind that Japan seems to be nearing the end of her financial resources. Her second loan, like the former, is secured by a lien on her custom-house receipts; yet, although issued at six per cent., it brought only 88, from which the bankers' commissions must be deducted. In these times a poor country like Japan cannot afford long to borrow at such a rate.

The election of Mr. PHILIPPS MORGAN as president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is an illustrious example of getting the right man into the right place. Mr. MORGAN seems to have all the qualifications for the work. He is the greatest organizer and the greatest patron of art in the world. He brings great energy and extensive knowledge to a work that will be full of interest to him, and that is of lively importance not only to New York, but to all Americans who care for art in any of its forms. The opportunity is worthy of Mr. MORGAN'S powers. General CENSAVA'S death, leaving the directorship vacant, makes it the more readily practicable to introduce whatever new methods are desirable into the management of the museum. The MORGAN bequest has supplied ample funds to add to the collections. There is a great chance to make the museum everything that it should be as a depository of art, and as a great factor in the study of art in this country. Mr. MORGAN seems the man of all others best qualified to aid the managers to make the most of their opportunity. That such a work should enlist a part of the energies of such a man is exceedingly fortunate for the art interests of the country.

The matter of the Subway signs will doubtless end in a local wrangle. We all hate the signs, yet we don't want the Interborough Company to be deprived, without compensation, of any rights to which their contract lawfully entitles them. The whole matter of public advertising and causing disagreement of which the Subway signs are an example, has got to be thrashed out and settled eventually in accordance with public opinion. Meanwhile it must be settled in accordance with such laws as we have, and not such laws as we wish we had. There has been so much irritation, and such an outcry about the signs, that public appreciation of the Subway has hardly found due expression. The Subway is fast running an enormous loss already to the people who travel up and down Manhattan Island, and bound soon to be a much greater loss than it is now. The air in it is not bad at this time of year, at any rate. Any one with the ordinary respiratory and olfactory organs can perceive that.

Professor JAMES HYSLOP, of New York, calls for \$25,000 for the support and furtherance for two or three years of a work of psychic research and the publication of material already accumulated. He wants the money to be paid into the hands of the American Institute for Scientific Research, already incorporated, which has been founded to encourage certain scientific investigations. This institute is modeled after the Carnegie Institution in Washington, except that its field is limited to psychic research and psychopathology. It will not engage directly in investigations even in these two departments, but will supervise endowments and salaries for the benefit of qualified workers in them. Psychic research includes the study of such phenomena as telepathy, precognition, ghosts, phantasms, clairvoyance, and the various developments that come to justice through the co-operation of such a person as Mrs. Piper. It is a study which interests many distinguished, shrewd, and thoughtful men, including (in England) Sir WILLIAM CROOKES, Sir OLIVER LODGE, and Mr. ARTHUR HALLAM, and Professor WILLIAM JAMES and Professor S. P. LANGLEY in this country. Psychopathology has to do with such work as has been carried on under PHILIP JANET in the Salpêtrière in Paris. Mr. HYSLOP considers that for its proper study here there should be a clinic for the observation and therapeutic treatment of certain types of functional diseases of the mind—insanity, hallucination, secondary personality—and such troubles as may be made to yield to hypnosis-suggestion. The scheme is that the American Institute for Scientific Research, already founded, shall be sufficiently endowed to enable it to promote and direct investigation in both of these obscure and interesting branches of science.

Professor HYSLOP is an optimist about the usefulness of such investigations. He thinks they promise more for the race than any investigation ever undertaken by man—results more important than any economic or industrial investigation imaginable. The Institute, if it is ever to amount to much, will need a considerable endowment, but for the time being Professor HYSLOP is bending his energies to get the preliminary \$25,000 for psychic research. He thinks that

the results of two or three years' work which that sum would provide for will justify appeal later for the endowment of the Institute. The board of trustees (still incomplete) of the new Institute includes Professor WILLIAM JAMES, Dr. MISOR J. SWAGE, and Dr. R. HERBES NEWTON. There is a considerable outcry from the teachers of the people just now against our national leaning towards materialism. Here is an object which is as immaterial as any teacher could desire, and which combines with the pursuit of elusive forms of knowledge fair promise of philanthropy. Without having anything more than the commonest lay knowledge of the field that looks so ripe to Professor DIVON, we would be glad, on general principles, to see the money supplied to enable competent hands to work in it. If there were any harvest, even a small one, it would be of highly interesting quality.

The meaning of the Latin title to the German Emperor's eulogical congratulation to President ROOSEVELT is still the subject of diligent discussion carried on by schoolmasters and other learned men, chiefly in the columns of the *Evening Post*. Somebody ought to ask the Emperor to decide a bet by divulging how his Latin really read, and what it really meant. His greeting was illustrated with curious emphasis what a speculative occupation the study of the dead languages really is. The meaning of every difficult Latin sentence is guesswork even to excellent scholars, and we are told that that fact is one important thing which makes the study of Latin particularly valuable as a means of training minds.

The effort now in progress to unite Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is one of the most edifying labors that have ever been put forth in the educational field. It used to be a familiar complaint that Americans who gave money to colleges would rather start a new college than strengthen one already founded. That disposition is not so prevalent as it used to be. The very contrary of it appears in this effort of Harvard and Technology to get together. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has long been in the very front rank (perhaps the leader) of our technological schools. It stands at Harvard's door. Harvard has had a Scientific School for forty or fifty years. It has never been as strong as the Sheffield School at Yale, but it has been strengthened of late, and is in good condition. The late DONALD McKAY left nearly all his fortune—six millions or thereabouts—to Harvard to endow a school of Applied Sciences. Instead of weakening this great sum of money as a means of building up a strong rival to the Massachusetts Institute, President Eliot and the Harvard corporation have set themselves to avoid, if possible, the needless duplication of institutions in the same field.

The problem has been to devote this large bequest to Harvard to the development of Technology, which could only be done by bringing the two concerns together. Both have strong individuality and large bodies of alumni, and the "Tech" alumni have been very fearful that their institution would be swallowed by its bigger sister and lost. But President PARTCH and his officers have worked willingly with the Harvard people to discover a practical basis of amalgamation. Their first effort was a failure. The jealous "Tech" alumni would not hear of union. But they have worked on, and their latest plan for making the two great schools members one of another has every prospect of success. With the details of it we need not concern ourselves. The main point is that these eminent Massachusetts educators—barring, perhaps, a lesson from the mangled trusts—have put aside all small thoughts and rivalries, and are patiently working out a scheme of give and take, which shall avoid waste, and retaining the individuality of both institutions, make all the funds that they possess between them do the most possible good in promoting every kind of education. The result will be that each institution will be strengthened in its proper field; that Harvard will be relieved of a work which was no need for her to undertake, and that DONALD McKAY's money will do what he intended it should do, but do it better than he planned or could plan at the time he made his will.

Pension-Commissioner WARE, being about to retire from office and resume (we suppose) the practice of law, seems to be expediting his reputation preparatory to inviting his ac-

quaintances to take him seriously once more as a legal adviser. When he was appointed in the post which he has so much adorned, the fact about his personal history which the newspapers most noised abroad was that he was the poet "Ironquill" whose verse had taken so strong a hold in the affections of the people of the West. He had gathered some of his "Ironquill" verses into a book, and the papers got hold of it, and reprinted many of his deliverances, with the result that the dominant thought that the average voter had in his mind about Commissioner WARE was that he was Ironquill the poet. Now we find him exulting himself with the assertion that his rule has been never to sell any of his poetry. He explains his poetical habits. Having done a poem—preferably on the back of an envelope—his custom has been first to throw it into his safe and let it lie six months. Then he "fires it into the broad paper." If it is copied he thinks it may be good; if it is not copied he lets it perish. But he never sells any verse. A New York paper once offered him money to do a poem every week, but he declined. "I want all my reputation," he says, "to come from the West."

There is no objection to a poet's reputation coming from the West, but if it comes, the money that it brings him in will be apt to come chiefly from the East, where the chief literary market is. Why not let it come? All the other Western poets have taken Eastern money and Western money indifferently. They took any good money that offered. So FIELD; so RILEY; so BURT HART; so JOSEPH MILLER. Statesmen have done it. Mr. JOHN HAY—but that was long ago. Every American citizen has a right to refine money for his verse if he chooses, but we do not consider that Mr. WARE has helped his case at all by advertising his exercise of that right. The two great natural divisions into which all poetry falls are marketable verse and unmarketable verse. Most of the good poetry and some of the bad are marketable. Some of the good—especially the more protracted pieces—and most of the bad are unmarketable. Poetry is a manufactured product. There is no way that is at once so simple and (on the whole) so reliable to find out its value as to fetch it to market. If any one will buy it, there must be something in it. If no one will buy it there is probably something wrong with the matter with it. There is an impression that poetry is a drug in the market, but so far as concerns good poetry, or even good verse, that is not so. The demand exceeds the supply.

The inference is unavoidable that Mr. WARE's practice of refusing money for verse is based on a sentiment that that is a more admirable or a more expedient thing to do than to accept money for verse. It does not strike us so. There are four things that the American people, even in the West, admire more in a man than the ability to sell his goods. Massachusetts has just elected a Governor whose chief claim to high distinction lies in that ability, and taste is as rare in Massachusetts as it is in Kansas. Moreover, a poet who avoids the market avoids comparison and judgment. He is open to the suspicion that he either fears his fate too much, or suspects that his doers are small. If his doers are not small the other poets may denounce him with some reason as one who demoralizes the market by giving valuable verses away. One of the complaints of the trusts is that they destroy competition by selling certain of their products for a time at a price below the cost of production. Poetry has its cost of production. With Mr. WARE it is doubtless a by-product. But is he justified—provided his product is valuable—in disposing of it in a fashion that tends to disturb value and deprive the professional poets of their reasonable gains? No doubt he would think it injurious to be called a "scab," but excellent men have suffered that indignity with less reason. Mr. WARE says that Mr. CHARLES GREEN once borrowed a sonnet of him and sold it for five dollars, which Mr. WARE refused to receive, and only accepted because he got tired of refusing it. The transaction reflects credit on neither gentleman. Mr. GREEN ought to have got at least twenty dollars for the sonnet, and Mr. WARE ought to have accepted it with composure. It is possible, however, that Mr. GREEN did better with the sonnet than we suppose, for Mr. WARE has put no copy of it in evidence.

Finally, then, is it avowed that though a man may need to excuse himself for writing poetry, it is no palliation of his act that he does not sell his verses. The less eminent poet

who declined to receive money for the practice of his art was Lord Byron, and he was a man who did many things he should not have done, and left undone many things that he ought to have done, and incurred the unfavorable opinion of Mrs. Stowe and others, and was not a safe model for Mr. WARE or any one else. MUTTON took what was offered for "Paradise Lost" (illustrating an eternal truth that the sum paid for a poem may not be, and usually is not, a just measure of its value); TENNYSON was exceedingly able at a bargain, and probably put more money for his poetry than any poet has ever got, before or since; Mr. KILGUS ordinarily takes every shilling his wares will fetch, and does rightly—though for some political or dramatic poems he has for special reasons declined pay. We recommend Mr. WARE to pattern after these eminent practitioners in the field of versification and sell his verses if he can.

The game of football seems to have almost as chronic a need of revision as the tariff. Some attention has been paid to it since election, though politics have so considerably diverted the people this fall that they have not been able to keep more than one eye on the gridiron. There are a great many people not constitutionally unsympathetic with the strenuous life, who think that the present game of football as played by the college teams is a bad game to be in, a stupid game to watch, and a demoralizing spectacle. They insist that it is dull, brutal, and dishonest, and ought to be reformed or perished. For our part we should hate to pass judgment on so turbulent a subject, or even to declare whether we thought that the Eastern war correspondents or the football reporters furnish harder and more painful reading to the American public. Both war and football are sad and bloody subjects, and both the war stories and the football stories make laborious reading for every one but experts. But we heartily wish that football might be fixed up so as to be more amusing and give more general satisfaction. The crowds that go to the great games seem to like to go, but they are good-natured crowds, and easily satisfied, and might like a cock-fight just as well. Certainly they illustrate the perennial triumph of hope over experience, and they are not exerting about the quality of the spectacles they view.

It seems to be one thing to make rules for the elevation of football, and quite a different thing to make the players respect them. The game, as it is played, seems to consist very largely in transgressing the rules. It is no discredit to violate them, and no disadvantage if the umpire is looking the other way. A Boston commentator suggests that when a player is caught kicking in another player's head, or doing something else that is unsporting or discommenced in the rubric, and is ordered off the field, his place shall not be filled. This method, he thinks, would cause the rules to be taken more seriously. The way they do now when a player is removed for unplayful or aggravated assault, is to put a nice, fresh unutilized player in the criminal's place. Of course that is no punishment to the offender's team. To a harshest it seems as though the Boston gentleman's suggestion had good points.

Not all the football reading is dull. We confess, to reading joyously of the incident in the Yale-Harvard game where MATTHEWS, the colored Harvard player, after being kicked in the shin, to his great pain, and repeatedly slugged on the head, to the mortification of his intellect, baited one of the Yale giants in the stomach with such energy that both had to be removed in horizontal postures from the field. That may not have been good football, but it was good something, and it made delightful reading. There are good points about the game. We wish it might be bettered, but even as it is it is not intolerable so long as it is played by other people's boys. That parents should tolerate it in its more violent and encroaching forms as an educational experience for their own sons is wonderful.

We should have set right the slip of the correspondent quoted in last week's Comment who wrote, "Lord Jony Rescued did not do so much for England by a repeal of the corn laws as it is within ROBERTS'S power now to do for the United States." Of course our correspondent meant to say Sir ROBERT PEEL.

Is there Hope of Self-Government for Russia?

THE most memorable incident in the internal history of Russia that has taken place since the fateful day in the spring of 1901, when the Czar ALEXANDER II. was killed by a bomb fatally allowed to have been thrown by a revolutionist, although at that moment a decree convoking a Russian Parliament was signed and in type, is the meeting held in St. Petersburg on November 10 and 20 by upwards of a hundred delegates from the provinces, or provincial councils. That such a meeting should have been permitted by Prince MIRSKY, the new Minister of the Interior, was of itself profoundly significant, but even more impressive is the fact that the participants, although hitherto firmly opposed to revolution, and staunch upholders of the House of Romanoff, expressed the solemn conviction that an immediate concession of representative institutions is indispensable to the national welfare. The incident is epoch-making, whether or no the petition in which their views are presented shall be granted by the sovereign. Here again history seems to repeat itself. It may be remembered that, shortly before 1789, when the French States-General convened at Versailles, a so-called Council of Notables was summoned for the purpose of suggesting means of checking the popular disaffection, by which it was seen that the authority of Louis XVI. was being undermined. The proposals submitted by that council were not, indeed, drastic remedies, but rather judicious palliatives, by which, had they been adopted, the public discontent might have been for some time allayed. In that event, the States-General, had it still been deemed expedient to convocate them, would have met under very different circumstances, and they might have been able to bring about a pacific transformation of the *ancien régime*, constitutionally autocratic, into a constitutional monarchy, modelled upon that of England. As it happened, the moderate proposals of the Council of Notables were rejected, so that, when the States-General assembled, it was in an inextinguishable temper. The result was that the aristocracy, the Church, the law courts known as "parlements," and the monarchy itself went down, and the atrocious Reign of Terror followed. Russia now stands where France did one hundred and seventeen years ago. It is at the parting of the ways. If the Czar NICHOLAS II. shall heed the entreaties of his conservative counsellors, if he shall resume the work cut short in 1881, and summon a national constitutional convention, for the purpose of placing his country's institutions on a representative basis—and if, meanwhile, he shall escape assassination at the hands of the reactionists—Russia will be launched upon the path-way of constitutional progress, and the dynasty of Romanoff will be its sole heir in that of Hanover in England or that of Hohenzollern in Prussia. If not, it will be overthrown all over Russia, even by those who hitherto have been most loyal to the throne, that the doom of the House of Romanoff is sealed.

To appreciate the moderation of the requests now made by spokesmen of the provincial councils, it is aerial to look back some twenty-three years and recall the level of actual and prospective progress to which Russia had been lifted by the grandfather of the present Czar. Not content with abolishing serfdom, and with providing—largely at the expense of the crown property and revenues—the lands and money needed to make the ex-*serfs* self-supporting freemen; not content with reorganizing the whole judicial system of Russia, injecting into it the life-giving elements of trial by jury and of representation by counsel; to which was added the suppression of capital punishment; ALEXANDER II. went on to lay broad and firm the basis of national self-rule by encouraging local autonomy. All over European Russia he established provincial, and, under these, district *zemstvos*, or elective councils, to which were delegated functions previously reserved in an arbitrary fashion by agents of a centralized despotism. In these assemblies, the peasants, the artisans, and the merchants were represented, as well as the nobles; and, in their collective capacity, they were authorized to vote funds for local purposes, and, through their appointees, to apply the appropriations. It is the unanimous testimony of foreign and disinterested observers that for some years preceding the murder of ALEXANDER II. the Russian provinces and subordinate districts enjoyed such more self-government than was at the time possessed by Ireland. We are well understood, however, by the Czar's advisers, and by his far-sighted advisers, that the whole fabric of local privilege would be at the mercy of a change of sovereign and policy, unless upon it should be superposed a national assembly which would take measures to annihilate the organized bureaucracy which had come to be an incubus upon the state. The method of choosing that assembly, the guaranty of its continuity and the power to be vested in it, had all been formulated in a constitution, which, as we have said, had been actually signed, and would have been legally promulgated, had ALEXANDER II. been suffered by the reactionists to live for another day. With him not only vanished the dream of a national Parliament, but, through successive encroachments, the judicial reforms were shorn of their safeguards for civil rights, and the elaborate provisions for local autonomy were reduced to shadows of their former substance. Even the *mirs*, or peasant communes, which, under the *zemstvos* of self-

dom, had been to a considerable extent self-governing, were gradually subjected to interference and spoliation at the hands of oppressive and corrupt officials representing the Ministry of the Interior. The reaction reached an intolerable maximum under the last occupant of that post, who eventually paid for his tyrannical excesses with his life. One would have to go back to the darkest period in the reign of Nicholas I. to find a counterpart in the baneful length to which arbitrariness, caprice, and greed have been carried in Russia up to the very recent date when Prince Minsky succeeded his assassinated predecessor as Minister of the Interior.

The demands, we rather requests, set forth in the petition drawn up on November 19 and 20 by representatives of the zemstvos have not, at the hour when we write, been published in St. Petersburg, but measures were taken to make them known to the outside world. They include a prayer for the restoration of the former guarantees of civil rights, and the substitution in all cases of prosecution before regularly organized tribunals equipped with juries for the present practice of trying certain offenders by "administrative process"; a prayer for the reversion to the provincial and district zemstvos of their original self-governing functions, and for the extension of autonomy downward by the creation of a zemstvo unit, through the delegation of executive control over their communal affairs to the ulias, or peasant communities; the main object of the petition, however—the object which, if unattained, would make all other become precarious, because arbitrarily revocable—is the immediate establishment of a national legislative assembly, which should be empowered to make laws for the empire, considered as a whole, and the executive representatives of which should, in conjunction with the existing Council of State, which, temporarily, act as the Czar's advisers. Whether, under the proposed system, the ministers would be directly accountable to the national assembly is not distinctly declared. We presume that, for the present at all events, conservative Russians would be satisfied with institutions modelled not so much upon those of England as on those of Germany, where, it will be remembered, the Imperial Chancellor and the Imperial Secretariat of State, though it is of great practical importance to them to secure the good-will of the people's representatives, are in theory accountable to the sovereign alone. Neither do the spokesmen of the zemstvos, so far as the rabid outline of their petition intimates, make any specific suggestion as to the method of electing members of the wished-for Parliament. They may hold that the masses of the Russian people are not yet ripe for the franchise, and it may be that they would be content with an arrangement by which the Russian Parliament should consist of delegates chosen by the provincial and district zemstvos. In that event, the assembly would correspond in principle to the French States-General, may we know by the experience of France that such a body, although ostensibly conservative, is capable, under the pressure of public opinion, of effecting very radical reforms.

It is evident that the participants in the conference held at St. Petersburg sincerely believe the salvation of their country depends upon the adoption of the plan which they propose. They point out that the deplorable and dangerous characteristic of Russian existing governmental system is a complete estrangement of rulers and people, due to a lack of mutual confidence. By such estrangement the governors have as much to lose as have the governed. In the present state of things, the Russian government, though it finds itself confronted by a formidable and exhausting war, has absolutely no means of learning the truth about the condition of its subjects and about the popular needs, and thus is reduced to settling upon what bureaucrats may think, or say they think, is best for the people. As a rule, actions thus prompted only make matters worse, and lead to blunders and deeper alienation. In this way the feeling of safety is impaired on the part of both governors and governed, and a disintegrating influence is exercised upon all branches of national activity. Progress is pronounced impossible, so long as bureaucracy withholds the guarantees of personal rights, and thus paralyzes individual initiative in every way. We observe, finally, that the absence of freedom of conscience, freedom of speech and the press, and freedom of meeting for the purpose of discussion, is singled out as a prime factor in the divorce of rulers and people. The only method of assuring permanent reform in these particulars lies in the regular participation of the people in the legislative government of Russia.

The fact that a meeting which should utter such demands as we have cited was permitted to be held at all is, of course, a proof that Prince Minsky, the new Minister of the Interior, sympathizes with its purpose. No doubt, also, the Czar, when the petition is laid before him, will recall the memoranda submitted by M. Witte just before the removal of the latter from the Ministry of Finance, in which the advisability of yielding to the people a voice in the government was eloquently argued. On the other hand, the petition is certain to provoke violent and powerful opposition on the part of men who, at a pinch, might resort to desperate expedients, and it remains to be seen whether the Czar Nicholas II. will have the courage to defy them. If not, he is likely to perish with them in the clearly predestined shipwreck of the autocratic system.

Mr. Roosevelt's Attitude Toward Tariff Revision

If anything is clearly demonstrated by an analysis of the returns, it is that the election was a personal triumph for Mr. Roosevelt, and in no sense a victory for the "Stand-Patlers." To say nothing of the result in Minnesota, where, notwithstanding the immense plurality given to the President, a Democratic chosen Governor, it is impossible to doubt that a majority of the people of Massachusetts, a State hitherto strongly protectionist, is favorable to revision and to reciprocity with Canada and Newfoundland. Upon no other assumption is it possible to explain the success of Mr. DOUGLAS, the Democratic candidate for Governor, who appealed to the voters on those two issues alone. Even if Mr. Roosevelt were an autocrat, a Stand-Patler—what a comedy his line would be!—he would still be confronted with the question whether, in the interest of his party and of protection itself, it is expedient to let the masses of the people be persuaded that from the Democratic party alone can they hope for a revision of the tariff and reciprocity with their neighbors.

There is no time to be lost if the President desires to take the revisionist wind out of his opponents' sails. Governmental Doctrines of Massachusetts has already announced a determination to bring early in the coming year the reciprocity and tariff reform issues directly before the people of his State, and, indirectly, by their action, before the people of the entire country. He is well aware that, as a State Executive, he cannot bring direct pressure to bear upon Congress, which, under the Constitution, is the tariff-making power; or upon the President and the Senate, by whom reciprocity treaties would have to be negotiated and ratified. He is, however, determined to make the voters manifestly out the opinions of his electors upon these subjects in unmistakable terms, and he considers it his duty to take measures to that end, inasmuch as his successful career was based upon the issues named. He proposes, therefore, to follow the example set by President ARTHUR, and to appoint a commission to make a careful study of industrial conditions in Massachusetts, and to estimate the effect upon them of reasonable tariff reductions and of better trade relations, ascertainable by treaty, with Canada and Newfoundland. His plan is that the commission, if its report were favorable to tariff reform and reciprocity, should embody its recommendations in a very brief resolution, constituting a distinct affirmation of the fiscal changes needed. This declaration he would then try to have submitted by authority of the State Legislature to the people of Massachusetts for a referendum vote. There is a great deal to be said for this proposal. In no other way but by a referendum vote can a categorical answer be given to the question whether either "yes" or "no," can the people express their wishes with regard to a single political or economical issue, irrespectively of their preference for this or that candidate, or their general predilection for one or the other political party. As is pointed out by the Boston Herald, which also advocates the plan of Governor-elect DOUGLAS, our political elections are ordinarily complicated by a variety of issues. No man may think that the success of the Republican party in national affairs is, upon the whole, desirable, in order to ensure a tolerably impartial administration of the civil service laws; another may deem Republican success indispensable in order to safeguard the gold standard; but both may repudiate the theory of "standing pat" on our tariff system. Nevertheless, after a victory at the ballot box in which such diverse motives contributed, the "Stand-Patlers" will assert that the pluralities given to their party's nominee must be accepted as proofs of the general popularity of the tariff system as it is. Mr. DOUGLAS proposes to put an end to such a construction of the verdict rendered on November 8 at the polls, by providing a means whereby public opinion in one State, at all events, can be sharply defined on a single issue, without regard to any other political or monetary consideration.

We perceive, however, that this plan is likely to encounter considerable obstruction. Should the revision and reciprocity commission appointed be made up wholly, or even partly, of outsiders, it is very doubtful whether its declaration would be referred to a popular vote by the Massachusetts Legislature, in which Republicans have a large majority. Even although all the commissioners should be chosen from legislators, and although Democrats and revisionist Republicans should constitute a majority, it is almost certain that a minority report would be made in favor of "standing pat," and of refusing a referendum. It is quite certain that the stand-patlers in the General Court, as the Massachusetts Legislature is called, would make tremendous efforts to ward off the adoption of this report. It is nevertheless probable that the majority report in favor of revision and reciprocity might be accepted, for there is reason to believe that the number of revisionists among Massachusetts Republicans has hitherto been greatly underrated. If we assume, for the sake of argument, that a referendum on the subject would be authorized, and that the response would be overwhelmingly in favor of revision and reciprocity, it is probable that the example of Massachusetts would quickly be imitated in some States on the Canadian border, and that indirectly, a mighty influence would be exercised on the Republican

The Outward Vision

majority in the Fifty-ninth Congress. It is obvious, however, that, if such a movement were carried out against the wishes and efforts of the Republican leaders, it would issue inevitably to the benefit of the Democratic party, which alone in its national platform made a vehement demand for immediate revision and reciprocity. Such a strategic advantage would be lost to them if Mr. ROOSEVELT should spike the guns of the Democratic revolutionists by antagonizing Mr. DUFFEL, and by himself calling upon Congress to initiate forthwith a readjustment of the tariff.

And this there is good reason to believe that the President has determined to do. If he hesitates, it is only as to the date when he will do it. It seems to be settled that there will be no reference to the subject of tariff revision in the annual message which will be submitted to the Fifty-ninth Congress on its reassembling early in December. Mr. ROOSEVELT will thus be able to take counsel with all of the Republican leaders in the Senate and House of Representatives, before deciding on the precise scope of his recommendations. It is understood that the special message which he anticipates will not call upon the Fifty-ninth Congress to take up the topic of tariff revision during its short final session which will end on March 4, 1903. Its purpose will be to bring home to the public, and to those Senators and Representatives who will continue in office after the year named, the urgency of readjustment, and, perhaps—this is not yet certain—will intimate an intention to convene the Fifty-ninth Congress in special session immediately after the beginning of Mr. ROOSEVELT's second term. The history of the McKinley act affords conclusive proof that, if the tariff is to be revised at all by the Republicans, the revision should take place as quickly as possible, and not be deferred until just before the election of the Sixtieth Congress. The McKinley tariff, it may be remembered, was not enacted until near the beginning of the political campaign of 1890. There was much misunderstanding concerning the probable working of certain provisions, upon which, naturally, Democratic orators put the worst construction. The result was a landslide, which gave the Democracy a majority of 123 in the House of Representatives, a majority even larger than that obtained by the Republicans on November 3. The Republicans proved unable in the next two years to recover the ground lost and in 1892 Mr. CLEVELAND was elected President. It is evident that a similar mistake would be made this year if a revision of the tariff were postponed until the Fifty-ninth Congress should have assembled for its first regular session in December, 1901. It is extremely improbable, in view of the opposition certain to be offered by the "Stand-Idlers," that a revision of the tariff will be effected before the assembling of Congress when the campaign preceding the next election for the House of Representatives would be under way. Under all the circumstances, we are inclined to accept as well founded the report that a special session of the Fifty-ninth Congress will take place soon after Mr. ROOSEVELT's second inauguration.

Admitting that the President may be favorable to at least such an adjustment of the DUFFEL tariff as would commit itself to the Republican criticism of Massachusetts, we must still inquire what likelihood there is that his views would prove prepotent in the Fifty-ninth Congress. Touching this matter, Representative SMITH of Pennsylvania, chairman of the House Committee on Manufactures, is reported by the New York Tribune to have said that, if the President does call the Fifty-ninth Congress in special session for the purpose of revising the tariff, the matter will be settled as Mr. ROOSEVELT wants it settled. Mr. SMITH is persuaded that the President "can save very near to getting anything but wishes from the next Congress." Of course, Mr. ROOSEVELT's position after the 15th of March, or, for that matter, now, the people having spoken decisively, will be and is very different from that when President ARDEN occupied during his accidental term of office when his attempt at revision miscarried. The comparison, however, does not indicate adequately the grounds of the reverence which Mr. ROOSEVELT may be expected to exercise. In explanation of the anticipated willingness of the legislative branch of the Federal government to hand over practically its powers to the Executive branch, the Pennsylvania Representative just named pointed out that, under normal circumstances, many Republican members of the House would have been left at home at the late election; but that, owing to the President's extraordinary popularity, there was a landslide which "brought in dozens of men who would never have been heard of in the running had we not heard the national ticket." In other words, with so many men feeling that they owe their political existence to the President, Mr. SMITH could not see how there could be much question about Mr. ROOSEVELT's control of the Fifty-ninth Congress. To be sure, the House of Representatives is one thing, the Senate is another. But, with the halo of popular adulation on his brow, and with the enthusiastic support of the popular branch of Congress, it is unlikely that Mr. ROOSEVELT will experience much difficulty in coercing the high-protectionist cabal which for many years has controlled the Senate. The Senate long defied ANDREW JACKSON, but we doubt if it will defy the present President. It would be, at all events, an interesting fight, and we should record its vicissitudes with pleasure.

The first and most noticeable result of a change of scene is a gradual lightning of the spirits, a more hopeful tone about the course of the world, and a broadening charity toward mankind in the bulk. This is doubtless due to the fact that the eye is drawn toward outward things and the mind furnished with impersonal speculations. The very essence of happiness being self-forgetfulness, whatever tends toward sharpening the outward vision leads in health and happiness.

The danger of too great a solitude is that a man may become too exclusively concentrated on his own mental processes without widely enough garnered experiences to judge them by. It is easy enough to trace the effect of such seclusion in literature, where self-analysis has run itself into the ground. When a man like AMEL, of profound and wide knowledge, and endowed with a style translucent and beautiful, sets himself to the luring of his own soul, to an intent listening to every mental response and reaction, as in the *Journal Intime*, the result is literature, and literature of a very high and important order. Self-analysis shows its inner side, where a general fashion for it sets in and haphazard misadventures begin to look upon their personal confessions as important. From MARIE BARAKATSKY to the most recent woman who has printed her own estimate of herself the whole instinct is libeled, unpleasant, and usually insincere. Sincerity with and about ourselves is a high, moral reach, and almost as difficult an achievement as simplicity. It is only by a blessed original endowment of interest in the outer world, or by a careful training, that one grows to see life unobscured by the shadow of desire. The whole literature of feminine conduct, except in so far as it may serve as the datum of useful psychology, is no more important than a child's list of wishes stuffed up the chimney for Santa Claus. Compare the turbulent, silly, waste emotions of the unhappy wife of modern fiction with the wholesome simplicity of the small boy in a family of sisters, whose sole request at Christmas was, "A little boy, just my size, to fight with." This is a natural desire for a firm and sensible object upon which to try one's strength. The difficulty of self-analysis without wide knowledge is then we know only by comparison. Unless we know others—and only those who live today, but the causes which brought them forth, philosophy, the history of thought and events far and near—we cannot know ourselves, and all we can offer is some distorted and warped image of personal desire. A lifetime's solitude is, as Emerson said, only for a beast or a god.

The education of the child's perceptions is the best means of strengthening the powers of enjoyment. Of what avail is it to drag a child about the universe if he has neither learned to see nor to hear? He can go the rounds and come back gullible of a new idea. A recent experiment with a very high-pitched whistle of many thousand vibrations per second resulted in the discovery that while to many the sound was simply non-existent, to others its penetrating quality was most unbearable. The natural faculty of hearing differs from those who cannot recognize a true heard many times and those who can distinguish the minute differences between it sharp and a flat. Education is the process of so sharpening the powers as to offer the child the widest possible universe of perception and idea. And by so doing we best fit man to cope with the difficulties and with the sorrows of life. It may seem an absurd claim that any specific educational system should overcome the inevitable tragedies of living, and yet as a matter of fact the only impensable is to be limited by a narrow, defensive mind and unsympathetic heart. Who ever learns to identify his sorrow with the world's and the world's sorrow with his own, is lifted up to a plane where personal despair dissolves into nothingness. If our grief should be irremediable, and few griefs are, there remains always the service of humanity to reclaim our thoughts. The world cannot be limited to the fate of one person in it. There is a large scope left for nobility and enjoyment. We have learned that what the Buddha taught the stricken woman who came to him for help, her dead child in her arms. "Go," he said, "and bring me a million seeds from that barren tree where there is no life, no loss." And though she wandered in search the rest of her life she never returned to the Buddha. Her loss was a piece with the law of losses.

The joys of seeing and hearing right, a profound interest in any philosophy or science, a fervent faith in any ultimate truth, these lift a man above the grief of the mutability of all things, and despair of the ocean of mystery about it. It lifts man, too, to a better sense of proportionate values and to see that the first object of existence is to be, the second to do, and far down in the list comes the mere having.



Backerk of Yale kicking off at the Opening of the Game



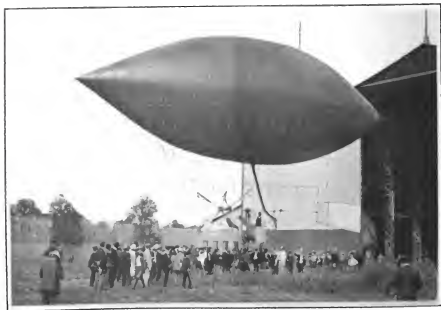
Hugt of Yale punting down the Field

SNAP-SHOTS OF THE HARVARD-YALE FOOTBALL GAME AT NEW HAVEN ON NOVEMBER 19

The Harvard football eleven was defeated by Yale by a score of 12 to 0 in the annual contest which took place this year at New Haven on November 19. One of the largest crowds in the history of football, estimated at more than thirty thousand persons, witnessed the game. Harvard has been defeated twice this season and Yale once—by West Point. The football championship in the East lies therefore between Yale and Pennsylvania, which has a clean record of victories for the entire season.



The Franquia Airship 150 feet aboveground—the Aerodrome at the Right



The "Montana Butterfly" leaving the Aerodrome for a Flight

SNAP-SHOTS OF SOME RECENT AIR-SHIP TRIALS AT ST. LOUIS

The reader is referred to the article on page 1837 for a description of recent important air-ship trials at St. Louis

A New Epoch in Railroading

By William J. Wilgus

Vice-President of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad

THE electrification of the passenger traffic of two of the most important steam railroads in the world, for distances of from twenty-five miles to thirty-five miles, radiating from a terminus in the greatest city on the Western Hemisphere, may well be said to mark the beginning of a new epoch in the history of transportation.

For over seventy years the steam locomotive has held undisputed possession of the field of long-haul traffic, and has steadily grown in weight and power from the seven and one-half ton "Rocket" of Stephenson, with its train of two ancient coaches weighing nine and one-half tons, to the 150-ton "Central Atlantic" type of today, hauling trains of nearly one-quarter mile in length and weighing over 800 tons.

The time has arrived when changed conditions in great centers of population demand a different system of transportation on our trunk lines than has heretofore existed. Modern steam locomotives capable of hauling through passenger and freight trains will still dominate where units are comparatively infrequent and the haul long, but even for this class of service on roads with heavy traffic electricity will gradually supplant steam as the cost of producing current decreases in central power-stations and the cost of equipment is lowered,—due to cheapened methods of manufacture, the use of water-power, and the invention of labor-saving and more efficient devices.

The travelling public within what may be termed the suburban zone are no longer satisfied with trains of many cars hauled by heavy locomotives at lengthy intervals; neither do they longer tolerate with patience the smoke, gas, cinders, and noise inseparable from the steam locomotive. In other words, the steam railroad, if it is successfully to hold and multiply its suburban traffic, must offer the advantages to which the public has become educated by the marvellous development of electric railways within the past twenty years. Trains at short intervals, prompt acceleration, frequent stops for local trains, independent tracks for express service, and the absence of grinders of combustion, all of which are possible only with the use of electricity, make the motley throngs attractive to the tabor in the city, and thereby propagate traffic. The cultivation of suburban service, too often neglected and despised by steam railroads, in addition to its own primary reward, has the even greater advantage that comes from the long local passenger and freight traffic of the growing communities thus fostered by a popular local service.

Having these objects in view, the New York Central and Hudson

River Railroad Company began in 1899 a careful study of the problem of changing motive power within what has been termed the "New York zone," south of Crotona, on the Hudson division main line, and on the Harlem division south of White Plains. This study also necessarily included the handling, in a similar manner, of the through and suburban service of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad south of the point of junction at Woodlawn.

The natural conservatism of a large corporation like the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, and the unprecedented magnitude and importance of the change, led to a more than ordinarily careful and deliberate consideration of the abandonment of the long and well-tried steam locomotive for a comparatively new method which had not yet been employed for the peculiar character of service existing on two of the principal trunk lines of the country.

The hauling of 800-ton trains laden with passengers, mail, and express, at speeds exceeding sixty miles per hour, with regularity and safety, had not been attempted by electricity. The Grand Central Station, with its complex system of tracks and switches, and handling from 500 to 700 trains in twenty-four hours, presented a problem of unusual difficulty. Moreover, the change of power naturally involves the substantial rearrangement of the successful maintenance of an existing enormous traffic in conjunction with radical changes in road-bed and structures. As a result of this thorough investigation of the entire subject, the company finally, in 1902, decided to proceed with the change of motive power, and in the following year the State and municipal authorities gave their sanction.

This decision carries with it the accessibility for the improvement and enlargement of the Grand Central Station; the increasing of the size of the Grand Central yard, and the depression of the grades in such a manner as to permit the passage overhead of cross streets from Forty-fifth Street to Fifty-sixth Street, inclusive; a new underground suburban terminal beneath the station, with the possibility of a connection with the Rapid Transit Subway in Forty-second Street; the four-tracking of both the Hudson and Harlem divisions with the electrical zone; the elimination of grade street and track crossings within the same zone; the straightening of alignment at various places, as, for instance, at the Marble Hill cut off in the Borough of the Bronx; and important station improvements at many places.

The planning and executing of the portion of the problem (Continued on page 1851.)



The new Electric Locomotive of the New York Central which had an Official Trial recently at Schenectady, New York

Our Fighting Strength at Sea

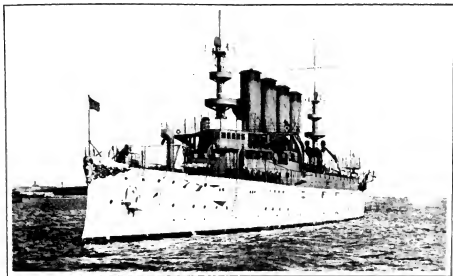
By W. S. Meriwether

NOTHING could more emphasise the truth of the maxim that a powerful navy is the best insurance against war than the recent episode in the North Sea. Without touching on the right or wrong of the matter, it is safe to assert that the preparedness which enabled the British

"With ten battle ships," said a distinguished officer of our own navy, "it is probable that we could have won the war with Spain."

In a tabulation recently prepared by the Chief Intelligence Staff of the British War Office, it was the relative order of the strength of the leading maritime nations, Russia and Japan are not included in the count as, owing to the many changes in their naval armaments, they are not comparable with the other nations mentioned. The rest were then in the following order:

COUNTRY	1990-1991	1991-1992	1992-1993	1993-1994	1994-1995	1995-1996	1996-1997	1997-1998	1998-1999	1999-2000	2000-2001	2001-2002	2002-2003	2003-2004	2004-2005	2005-2006	2006-2007	2007-2008	2008-2009	2009-2010	2010-2011	2011-2012	2012-2013	2013-2014	2014-2015	2015-2016	2016-2017	2017-2018	2018-2019	2019-2020	2020-2021	2021-2022	2022-2023	2023-2024	2024-2025	2025-2026	2026-2027	2027-2028	2028-2029	2029-2030	2030-2031	2031-2032	2032-2033	2033-2034	2034-2035	2035-2036	2036-2037	2037-2038	2038-2039	2039-2040	2040-2041	2041-2042	2042-2043	2043-2044	2044-2045	2045-2046	2046-2047	2047-2048	2048-2049	2049-2050	2050-2051	2051-2052	2052-2053	2053-2054	2054-2055	2055-2056	2056-2057	2057-2058	2058-2059	2059-2060	2060-2061	2061-2062	2062-2063	2063-2064	2064-2065	2065-2066	2066-2067	2067-2068	2068-2069	2069-2070	2070-2071	2071-2072	2072-2073	2073-2074	2074-2075	2075-2076	2076-2077	2077-2078	2078-2079	2079-2080	2080-2081	2081-2082	2082-2083	2083-2084	2084-2085	2085-2086	2086-2087	2087-2088	2088-2089	2089-2090	2090-2091	2091-2092	2092-2093	2093-2094	2094-2095	2095-2096	2096-2097	2097-2098	2098-2099	2099-2100	2100-2101	2101-2102	2102-2103	2103-2104	2104-2105	2105-2106	2106-2107	2107-2108	2108-2109	2109-2110	2110-2111	2111-2112	2112-2113	2113-2114	2114-2115	2115-2116	2116-2117	2117-2118	2118-2119	2119-2120	2120-2121	2121-2122	2122-2123	2123-2124	2124-2125	2125-2126	2126-2127	2127-2128	2128-2129	2129-2130	2130-2131	2131-2132	2132-2133	2133-2134	2134-2135	2135-2136	2136-2137	2137-2138	2138-2139	2139-2140	2140-2141	2141-2142	2142-2143	2143-2144	2144-2145	2145-2146	2146-2147	2147-2148	2148-2149	2149-2150	2150-2151	2151-2152	2152-2153	2153-2154	2154-2155	2155-2156	2156-2157	2157-2158	2158-2159	2159-2160	2160-2161	2161-2162	2162-2163	2163-2164	2164-2165	2165-2166	2166-2167	2167-2168	2168-2169	2169-2170	2170-2171	2171-2172	2172-2173	2173-2174	2174-2175	2175-2176	2176-2177	2177-2178	2178-2179	2179-2180	2180-2181	2181-2182	2182-2183	2183-2184	2184-2185	2185-2186	2186-2187	2187-2188	2188-2189	2189-2190	2190-2191	2191-2192	2192-2193	2193-2194	2194-2195	2195-2196	2196-2197	2197-2198	2198-2199	2199-2200	2200-2201	2201-2202	2202-2203	2203-2204	2204-2205	2205-2206	2206-2207	2207-2208	2208-2209	2209-2210	2210-2211	2211-2212	2212-2213	2213-2214	2214-2215	2215-2216	2216-2217	2217-2218	2218-2219	2219-2220	2220-2221	2221-2222	2222-2223	2223-2224	2224-2225	2225-2226	2226-2227	2227-2228	2228-2229	2229-2230	2230-2231	2231-2232	2232-2233	2233-2234	2234-2235	2235-2236	2236-2237	2237-2238	2238-2239	2239-2240	2240-2241	2241-2242	2242-2243	2243-2244	2244-2245	2245-2246	2246-2247	2247-2248	2248-2249	2249-2250	2250-2251	2251-2252	2252-2253	2253-2254	2254-2255	2255-2256	2256-2257	2257-2258	2258-2259	2259-2260	2260-2261	2261-2262</
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The "Colorado" starting from Boston Harbor on a Trial Trip

This makes a total of thirteen battle-ships completed, twelve nearly ready for service, and one authorized—in all, twenty-six battle-ships of varying types, but of great efficiency. There may be added the changes which have taken place in the battery of modern battle-ships. It is significant that the trend is toward fewer guns in the main battery—an obliteration of intermediate pieces, such as the five and six inch rifles with which most of our battle-ships are now equipped, and instead the installation of a numerous battery of rapid-fire guns of small caliber, and designed for repelling torpedo-belt attacks.

The war in the East has taught some important lessons, among others that future naval battles will be fought at long ranges, varying from four to six miles. This, in the opinion of naval experts, means that the intermediate battery will hereafter be entirely discarded, and that dependence will be placed upon a few heavy guns of great caliber and long range. Set of our latest and greatest battle-ships—five of which are building and one authorized—will carry in their main batteries four 12-inch rifles, eight 8-inch, and twelve 3-inch. Besides, they will have a secondary battery of rapid-fire and automatic guns. These vessels are the *Louisianan* and the *Conquerant*, both of which were recently launched; the *Vermont*, *Kansas*, and *Mississippi*, shortly to go on board, and the *New Hampshire*, authorized by the last Congress, but not yet contracted for.

Foreign naval experts have sneered at the policy which places so many different calibers on one ship, but they have frankly confessed that in gunnery these vessels will float the superior of any of the battle-ship type.

All these ships, however, were designed before that elation of naval armaments in the East. The smoke of battle has not lifted yet, but enough has been disclosed to show that the nation which means to match others in naval armaments must hereafter build its battle-ships on a plan different from those now constructed. Already the experts of our own Navy Department have outlined what our next battle-ship should be, and looking a better name, have called this potential craft the *T.S.S. Possible*. If built according to the plans which these experts have drawn, this vessel, instead of mounting many guns of different calibers, will carry only three types of ordnance. As planned her main battery is to consist of twelve 12-inch rifles mounted in pairs in six heavily armored turrets, and in the secondary battery twenty-

four 3-inch rapid fire guns and eighteen 6-pounders of the automatic type.

In the light of these recent lessons from the East, naval experts now believe that this plan of vessel deserves serious consideration. Records of recent battery practice show that the biggest gun makes the better record—that a pair of 12-inch rifles manipulated from a turret by hydraulic or electric gear can place more shells through a target in a given time than a pair of 3-inch guns mounted in broadside. As the 12-inch missile will cut through armor that the 3-inch projectile will not more than half, and as the razing power of the greater shell—the explosive effect—is more than ten times greater than the smaller one, the value of this theory seems well proved.

The value of the armored cruiser is still a moot question with navy men. Some hold that this type of vessel is an indispensable adjunct to a navy, while others maintain that the money expended for them could be better employed in building battle-ships. The most notable test in recent years was when four of this type, and four which were reported to be the best of their class, went to swift destruction under the gun-fire of the three battle-ships, the second-class battle-ship, and the armored cruiser which halted Terrence's effort at escape from Santiago. But whatever their worth, this country is not far behind other nations, possessing now five of this type which are ready or which could soon be made ready for service, and eight others now building and nearly completed.

Take with this the twenty-two protected cruisers, all of recent build, the eighteen new gunboats, the three scout vessels of twenty-five knots speed, the four new single-turret monitors, the five double-turreted ones, and the coast-defense armorial *Destroyer*, and it will be seen that the country has now a navy far more powerful and efficient than it ever before possessed.

It has cost nearly a thousand million, this new navy, and there are many to ask the purpose of it. Those who uphold the policy of naval expansion point to the Philippines, the projected isthmian canal, and the Monroe Doctrine, the last being a formula which does not rest on any law of nations, but on the ability of this country to maintain it. It is urged that any one of the three constitutes a good reason for naval strength, and that the three combined make a strong navy an essential to the welfare of a nation which has now irrevocably taken place as a world power.

The English Press

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, November 26, 1894.

EVERY nation gets its opinions of every other nation from a cliché. This is not an epigram, but a fact, and a fact which is one of the most fertile and amusing sources of international misunderstandings. Americans who, as a nation, are unusually interested in what is being said about them abroad, constantly remember that the Europeans insist on treating as representatively American men and journals

that are wholly without weight in their own land. But it should come them to remember that everybody else is making precisely the same complaint. Each one of us is a foreigner to some one else, and all foreigners fall into this habit of mistaking values. The habit springs, I suppose, in part from the sympathy we feel for people who are doing and achieving in other countries the very things we wish to introduce, or have succeeded in introducing, in our own. A community of sentiment and interest makes us fix our attention

exclusively upon them, and we gradually come to regard them as the real spokesmen of their country. Thus the Liberals and reformers of Europe have always formed a sort of mutual admiration society. An English Liberal who wants to know something of Germany applies to Dr. Barth, of Franco to M. Guyot or M. Demolins or the *Journal des D bats*, of Russia to Knapskand and the revolutionaries, of America to the *Anglo-American*. The Continental and American Liberals repay in kind by treating Gladstone and Mr. Bryce and Mr. Morley and Mr. Lecky and Mr. Charles Dilke as the only trustworthy guides to English opinion. But the habit also springs from another and quite different source. The people of one country have always a considerable feeling for those who are in opposition to the policy of their own country. This has been especially the case since imperialism, which is a strictly selfish and strictly national policy, became the mode. An imperialist has no sympathy with the imperialism of other lands. A Jingo at home has necessarily nothing but hatred for Jingoism abroad. He gravitates instinctively towards the party that is striving to keep the course clear for the ambitions of his own country by preventing other countries from expanding. An English imperialist thinks the colonial aspirations of Germany, France, and Italy absurd, and any German, Frenchman, or Italian who opposes them is sure of his respectful attention. So, too, the most aggressively patriotic and expansionist paper in New York need never lose a chance of assuring its readers that British imperialism was founded on brutality and pillage, and to prove its point it would quote, and for all I know may still quote, solely from the speeches of "Little Englanders."

Great Britain and America have, indeed, been peculiarly given to the pastime of judging one another by fictions. For the past thirty years more Americans have been instinctive Gladstonians. Why they should elect to take the view of English politics from a party which has shown itself during the past two decades to be singularly out of touch with the real movements of English politics is a fruitful question. The fact that they do is undeniably a Englishman perhaps carries as much weight in the United States as Mr. Bryce. As the book we have shown, the stand which Mr. Bryce takes on any English question has an immense influence in shaping American opinion. And yet nine out of ten Englishmen would absolutely deny Mr. Bryce's right to speak for England in this position. In fact, they squint with the position of the late Senator Hoar towards American expansion, and when that is said all is said. In the same way Englishmen generally derive or, rather, used to derive, they do it less now—their opinions on American politics from the very able and unbiassed journal that has striving for many years to apply European standards to American affairs, and finds itself, in consequence, in opposition to almost everything on which nine hundred and ninety-nine Americans out of a thousand are agreed.

It may therefore be useful to set down as impartially as possible the standing which the leading London papers possess in England and among Englishmen. The *Times*, of course, heads the list. It is still really the most authoritative journal not only in England, but in the world, and it is the one to all the principal organs that share its views. The *Times*, indeed, is not a newspaper; it is the *Times*, it is an institution, a necessity, as much of a part of the unchallenged order of things as the monarchy itself. A short time ago when the *Times* was reducing the price of its subscription to \$15 a year, the editor of a great London daily remarked to me that the move was a mistake. "Instead of lowering the price," he said, "they should double it. It now stands at threepence a copy (six cents); they should make it sixpence a copy (three cents). I cannot imagine them losing a single subscriber. Everybody who is anybody in England simply has to have the *Times*, whatever its cost." I do not know whether my friend's calculation was economically sound, but it shows what is thought of the *Times* that one of the spread-sheet editors in London should launch the newspaper idea of putting it at twelve cents a day. That the *Times* is sometimes wrong, that it is often prejudiced and mischievous, especially on Irish affairs, is undeniable; but its unrivalled foreign service, the excellence and authority of its special articles from all countries and on all political subjects, and its magnificent and unflinching open its correspondence columns to arguments on all sides of every public question more than justify its reputation and more than explain its position and influence. It comes nearer to being a national forum than any journal in the world. Whatever happens you may be sure of finding the best and fullest account of it in the *Times*—be it a law case, a debate in Parliament, an obituary of a great statesman, or a Far Eastern war. No paper that I know of in or out of England stands so closely allied with the army and navy, with the official departments, and with the leading politicians of the country. It made a tremendous mistake in the Piguet case; many people think it nothing less than sacrilege that the *Times* should condescend to selling *Escherichia* *Brutemans* on the installment plan; but for all that it remains the dominant organ of the educated class, its influence transcends all party lines, and though its political complexion is that of high Toryism and protection, it is not too much to say that it is the journal of all England.

The *Standard* seems rather to have fallen from its high estate of recent years. It is a two-cent morning journal, conservative, but not knee-deep in its sympathies, and has most honestly cut itself adrift from the bulk of its party by supporting free trade. At this moment it is the organ, the solitary organ among the Unitarian class papers, of that section of the clergy which is opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's Social Policy. England is a land of "old favorites." The *Standard* is somewhat in the position of an "old favorite." It has a devoted, but not, I should

imagine, a very large following among "the best people." Before the fiscal split it maintained fairly close relations with the Conservative government, and when the *Times*, as it occasionally does, is inclined on *Liberal* policy, for our "best people" are "conservative," the *Standard* was apt to reflect official views more exactly. But its influence on the general public is small; one rarely sees it taken up in the club reading-room; one rarely hears it quoted. It is a paper which, in spite of its exclusivity and its conservatism, in Mr. Volney Davis of one of the most prominent and persuasive editorial writers in Great Britain, appears to be as the wane. Within the last few years it has been considerably overhauled by the Morning Post. This journal, the second in importance in the country, has the advantage of being connected with great families, has an immense social prestige, and anybody who wishes to get a servant of the best class advertises in the *Morning Post*; it is the recognized medium. But the *Morning Post* is far more than a merely society journal. Its foreign correspondence is of excellent quality, and covers an immensely wide ground. It pays more attention to imperial, foreign, and especially to American affairs, than any other paper in England; in Mr. Spencer Wilkinson it possesses the foremost expert of the day on all questions of national defense; and while strong Unionist and protectionist, it is more apt than any of its rivals to get the nation above party. The *Morning Post* made a superb bid with its war service during the struggle with the Boers, and the notice it then attracted woke people up to the reality of its many other virtues. Next to the *Times* and *Standard*, the paper most generally read by the new who are "doing things" in politics, administration, and especially in the army and navy.

The *Daily Telegraph*, which is incontrovertibly the most valuable newspaper property in the country, is the journal of the leading spirits of the radical and liberal party. It is a paper of an amazing mediocrity over "popular" topics, such as the birth of a royal prince or a court ball or a new play. Its ally-sensu subject is always the most seductive of the year, and its American editorials convey most successfully the impression that the United States is aware all else, the house of queer people and queer dogmas. It is a red-hot protectionist organ, and perhaps in close touch with Mr. Chamberlain than any other London journal; but though it has an enormous circulation and some very able writers, such as Mr. W. L. Courtney and Mr. Vernon Burleigh, the paper was corresponded, on its staff, its political influence. The *Daily Telegraph*, which boasts a "daily circulation five times as large as that of any penny London morning journal," and is well sold for a halfpenny, is a brightly written, "newspaper" paper, of miscellaneous character, and is the only one of the London papers. American lions, generally sensible and always splashy in its views, it is a journal which makes everybody read and nobody think. Its influence must be considerable, but I should be surprised to hear that it was of the best quality. The news it has to offer with its own forces, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily News*, to reduce their price to a halfpenny. The *Daily News*, after being brilliantly edited for five years by one of the keenest and most astute minds engaged in English journalism, Mr. E. T. Parnell, changed hands a year or two ago, and is now the rallying point for all the extreme liberal and radical opinions of the London press and for its ultra-utopian imperialism. The *Daily News* makes the overwhelming majority of Englishmen, and increased to be a paper that is worth anybody's while. The *Daily Telegraph*, on the other hand, is not only a journal of great liberalism and intelligence, but a real political power. Its policy is that of Lord Rosebery—some imperialism and constructive reform. Like the *Daily News* it is opposed root and branch to Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals. Unlike the *Daily News*, it will be the representative and to some extent the official organ of the old Liberal ministry.

Among the evening papers the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Asquith's publication, appears to live partly on its reputation, but chiefly on Mr. Asquith's dollars. It used to be almost brilliant; it is now, in its last days, a paper of the second order, and there is hardly a point at which its opinion carries real weight. Like almost all the other Conservative journals, it has surrendered abjectly and at a moment's notice to the protectionist propaganda. The *Globe* is a far less interesting paper, and its editor, Mr. W. G. Smith, is an intelligence. It is a Toryism of a somewhat ancient flavor, and finds a good deal of support among naval and military men. But aside the best of the London evening papers is the *Westminster Gazette*, the organ of all sections of the Liberal party and conducted with skill, with scholarship, with judgment and humor, by Mr. T. A. Spender. The *Westminster Gazette* happens in possessing an unrivalled cartoonist and caricaturist in Mr. F. C. Gould, about the only man connected with leading journalism who can always raise a hearty laugh. The best of the evening papers, the *Evening Standard*, and the *Evening News*—and do not count. They are halfpenny papers, and bought and read just for their sporting news.

But it is not to the daily press at all that I would recommend an American who desires to get the best of the London press. The *Spectator* is an everybody knows, it is weekly review. I imagine that nine out of ten educated Englishmen would be willing to be represented by it. It is a sober and philosophical periodical, of views admirably written and of the keenest political and literary insight. The *Saturday Review*, which was once the best of new authority, but is no longer, and the *Athenaeum*, which is a sort of weekly edition of the *Daily News*, are also published weekly. It is that sense they are the *Spectator*'s rivals; in that sense, but in that sense the reader of the *Spectator* will always be well informed and interested, and may also be sure that there is getting the corner of the events of the week not only in England, but throughout the world.

Comparative Exhibit of American and Foreign Art

By Annie Nathan Meyer

TO begin with the splendid audacity of it all. Not that the work of the American painters is compared with the work of the foreign painters, but that it is really one generation pitted against another—the men of to-day against the men of yesterday, against the men whose work stands authoritatively before us cleared of all contemporary embellishment.

Of the thirty-four foreign artists represented, only ten are living; of the thirty-eight Americans, only eleven are dead. Among these, our oldest painter, William M. Hunt, has been dead twenty-five years, and George Fuller, twenty years; while next in order come Wyant, dead only twelve years; Wyatt Easton, eight; Homer Martin, seven; Whistler, six; and Minor, less than a year. One may well ask who are painting to-day in France and why their work is not held up against the work of our present-day painters? We may be answered that their work is not being bought in America, and therefore is not available, but after talking with those who have followed the exhibitions at the salons and at the recent World's Fairs, one suspects that there is still another reason. Besides, to have shown to the American public any foreign canvases that the very best known would be in haste to do the work all over again. In bringing before us the work of the best-known men, if not always, unfortunately, their best work, the committee sought distinctness in the comparison, and they certainly achieved it. It is not likely we shall hear anything for a long time of the failure of our American canvases to "hold up" with those of the foreigners. This was commonly given as the reason for certain well-known collectors not buying the work of American men. One even heard of paintings bought and sold again because of this mysterious failure to "hold up." I think this kind of thing will be as effectively silenced in the future as was the voice of the patriotic citizen a few years since—who claimed that no one knew anything about our navy until it was actually in hostile action. It seems to me I remember hearing at the time about our ships being torpedoed and certain to tumble themselves over no the first firing of a gun. I believe a prominent Democrat recently ridiculed the idea that the United States is any greater since the Spanish war than it was before. I suppose we are not. I suppose our greatness was all there, but somehow we didn't know it—and did any one else. The guns of Dewey and Nelson and Sampson may not have changed any thing, but they certainly made a difference. And so, because our painters have stepped into their right place, it has not changed their work any, but it certainly will change a certain attitude of condescension, not in this case to the foreigners, but he is too highly trained in art matters, but in the native. In deed, the devoted hand of our betters, who have been buying canvases of the Americans because they loved them, will now find themselves jostled by those who will buy them "because others covet them."

For what has happened? The masterpiece of Inness has been placed next to a large Corot, and one is only sorry that a more representative Inness was not chosen, for the R. A. Ryder shows Delacroix, and one marvels at Ryder's superb color; a recent landscape of Tryon looks more beautiful than ever before a glossy Daubigny; a Blackcock glows even between Diaz and Chardin; a Hotham is full of Monet; a Busee does not rest in the neighborhood of Turner. It will not be surprising if a

new note of evaluation begins to creep into American criticism of art, a new consciousness of importance, when a Homer Martin, hung over a superb Monticelli and near an exquisite Daubigny, a glowing Fromentin and a bejeweled Diaz, is seen to be better than ever. It is even more to be desired when a big landscape of La Farge (big in the sense of distance captured), shows one painting after another from his side, not at all because it cannot "hold up," but because it *looks* down.

Naturally there will be surprises, and those who have believed in the Americans. Chief among these should be set down the marvels in any in which the Murphys come out. One would think, did they not emerge so triumphantly, that the hanging committee had tested them in the point of brutality. For, gray, quiet, of most subtle and delicate effects, they are canvases in one race against the superb colored Regnault, and in another against the radiant Monticelli. And the result is that the delicate, elusive, gray pictures, with their quiet, unseasonal appeal, look fuller, richer, stronger than ever. To me, if the exhibition did nothing more than prove the real strength of that thoroughly native painter, J. Francis Murphy, it would have justified itself. Another great revelation is the real richness of Wyant's palette, so often termed cold. His little gem, "Kewee Valley," owned by Mr. De Silver, fairly glows with the sunlight that streams through a hawk in the great silent clouds he looms so well to paint. And it glows, remember, hung as it is, immediately below a Monticelli.

next to a Diaz and a large Daubigny. This kind of argument seems his audience many pots of ink.

The splendid, animated mode of William Hunt and his "Joyous," with the quality of an old master in it, show him, of course, in our first rank. When one recalls that it is to him we owe our having shaken off the sway of Düsseldorf and gained the first appreciation of the Barbizon masters, we feel that our debt to him is indeed great. The work of George Fuller, for all its dreamy tenderness, for all its elusive charm and vagueness, is shown to possess these qualities from solidity, not weakness. Personally, I have always felt that George Fuller is our Hawthorne among painters. We have all felt his charm, but I think it was to most of us something of a revelation that he could make it so penetratingly felt while shouldering one of the strongest examples of that vigorous figure-painter Neuhays. Another surprise is the loveliness of the two impressive examples of Robert C. Minor in the presence of a Dupré, a Fromentin, and, just across the room, what is perhaps the leveled landscape of the entire exhibition, "Sunset on the Ohio," by Daubigny. Now that Minor is gone, it is pleasant to feel that we may rank him again by the kind of work he did before misfortune clouded his great talent. But perhaps no one emerges from the comparative test more brilliantly than Albert P. Ryder, who stands head and shoulders above his contemporaries in the splendor of his imagination and the power of his individuality. His "Custodian"

His and his young son in a white, sleeveless, stripes up with the same terror that bewildered the poor young nether as "the wild wave, woe his dry."

Perhaps the art of Ryder is not precisely what one would call realistic, but, after all, all art does not have to be founded on life, to borrow a phrase of Newman's; it is sometimes a retouching on life.

I have already spoken of Inness's masterpiece, the (Continued on page 1857.)



"Arrangement in Black and White, No. 1"

By James McNeill Whistler

From the Collection of Charles L. Freer, Esq.

Copyright, 1904, by Charles L. Freer



"A Romany Girl."—By George Fuller
From the L. T. Williams Collection



"The Gale."—By
From the Collection of J. M. W. Turner



"Moonrise—A Canadian Pastoral."—By Horatio Walker
From the Collection of Mr. Alexander C. Humphreys
Copyright, 1901, by M. E. Moorman, New York



"The Virgin Ex"
From the Collection of J. M. W. Turner

THE COMPARATIVE EXHIBIT OF NAT

One of the most important art events of recent seasons in New York is the "Comparative Exhibit Street. The purpose of the exhibition is to afford an opportunity for a comparison of the work mural and portrait painters, are shown to the number of about two hundred. The reader is



The Hour
—By Rhonda, Eng.



"The Reflection"—By Benjamin R. Fitz
From the William T. Krass Collection



"The Artist"—By John W. Hering
From the collection of John W. Hering, Eng.



"The Artist"—By John W. Hering
From the collection of John W. Hering, Eng.
Copyright, 1917, John W. Hering

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN ART IN NEW YORK

of Native and Foreign Art," which is now in progress at the Fine Arts Building in Fifty-seventh American and Foreign painters. Examples of the work of native and foreign artists, other than referred to the article beginning on page 1541 of this number for a further account of the exhibition

Three Views of the Stage To-day

I.—Presentation of the National Drama

By David Belasco

IN the case of any other nation except the United States of America, the present condition of theatrical affairs would present a sad and discouraging object-lesson to the manager who still clings to ideals of art on the American stage and would not willingly surrender his conscience for the sake of sale.

If many dramatic ventures have proved failures in this country it is because art for art's sake is an abandoned ambition. The one relieving feature of a bad situation lies in the fact that we may still place reliance on the sterling common sense and fitness of the American public to bring about radical reforms ultimately, where reform is much needed—and, I hope, in the near future. "You can't fool all the people all the time," and the reforms will be the more lasting because they will emanate from that irresistible power, more compelling than the laws of kings or parliaments—Public Opinion.

It is amazing that theatrical managers in a country like ours having at hand such excellent dramatic material and opportunities for its production should make such poor use of it. It may be true that we lack a preponderance of great writers, but our output of strong, virile, healthy dramas offers stage material of the first and an opportunity for building a national drama, now shamefully neglected.

I may be justified if I speak with warmth on a subject very close to me and of vital public interest, while availing a more potent voice against the wilderness. I can only offer as an excuse the generous appreciation and encouragement of my own work and the performance of my players at the hands of the public; the love of a career to which I have devoted thirty years of my life, embracing all positions from call-boy and prompter to playwright and manager; and an inherent hatred of that which is false and vicious.

There is always a right and a wrong way of doing things. The wrong way of stage management leads to disaster, but it is as self-assured under present conditions that I give it precedence here for that reason.

If my views seem pessimistic it must be remembered that I do not voice a personal complaint in pointing out the evils of the commercialism which has invaded the American stage. The truth of the matter is that a certain body of men discovered that the critical profession offered facilities for the formation of a lucrative trust, "a corner." Of three component elements—players, plays, and playhouses—the last offered a tangible subject. It was merely a question of leases and rentals. They could never personalities—playwrights and players—but they could corner the market for their products. Having cornered almost all the theatres from Maine to California, by a process of elimination they cornered plays and players. To-day, with something like 350 theatres in the fold, the outgrowth of an infant industry of about thirty houses, includes all houses of importance in the big cities of the country and all important one-night stands; all under the management of a half-dozen men; and every night in the season 350 attractions are offered, and the public is questioned to find the bill whether it likes them or no.

Now it is a fact that even mediocre plays may possess sufficient merit to raise them to the heights of success in the hands of a discriminating and competent management, especially with the impetus of competition, supplemented by spectacular effect, personal attention to details, and that intangible thing known as "atmosphere" or individuality. But competition done away with, there is no incentive to do good work. It is the contention of the trust organizers that they have played the managerial profession on a business basis. In a measure they have—so far as the box-office is concerned. But no manager can expect to produce plays, under such a short-sighted policy, that will meet the approval of the public, and it is the approval of the public that makes the permanent success of the play.

The management of a theatre is a man-made business. This was true in the days of Palmer's, Daly's, and Warfield's, and it is equally true to-day. Theatrical managers in the modern era had definite ideas about the art of management—the drama, the stage, plays and players—and they utilized their stages to illustrate these ideas. Each man was an artist in his chosen profession; they were giants in individuality of sympathetic temperament, and of unquenchable personality. The management of the theatre was decided independent of possible box-office receipts inasmuch as it represented the best thought and ability, the closest care and attention calculated to secure results which would return to the public value for its money. The box-office, however, as it is to the life of the theatre, could take care of itself. That is the one main secret of successful theatrical management. It would be well to take a leaf from the old masters' book.

Plays cannot be shovelled out to the public like so many pecks of potatoes. There is no royal road to the permanent success of a play, artistically or financially. Like all important enterprises, theatrical successes require care and attention to details—first, last, and all the time, the attention that one man can give to only one work at one time. Many causes go to make a play financially successful which might otherwise prove a dismal failure, or merely be accepted by a tolerant public lacking better.

Primarily, in producing plays, that elusive element, public taste, must be considered, to secure and hold a theatrical clientele, and the manager should meet the public on its own ground, on its own personal basis; at the same time the individuality of the author and manager must permeate and control the performance. Having his play, the manager must select and cast his players. No man or woman can be successful in a profession that requires the strongest and most convincing portrayal of human emotion and human nature who has not, in a most liberal degree, penetrated into the manifold mysteries of human nature; no playwright can produce a successful play who has not absolute conviction of the truth of the characters and situations he creates; nor can a manager properly produce the play and train those players who cannot create that sympathetic atmosphere which enthralls the unconscious interest of the audience. Automation cannot take the place of temperament no matter how perfect an actor may be in the unvarying but mechanical excellence of his performance—looking that compelling influence he is not worth his pay any more than the manager who attempts to direct him at long range is worth his salt. Seeking after strange gods brings its own punishment—disaster.

Other conditions being right it is in the small things that ultimate achievement lies. The manager should be of mental calibre to grasp and utilize the unexpected "bits of business" that unconsciously creep up during stage rehearsal—a chance speech of the actor, a spontaneous gesture or hapless touch that attracts for the very natural truth and human nature that is in it. Taking no consideration with another, the life of the theatrical manager is not dalliance upon a bed of roses. Like the policeman in "Pinfire," he has his hands full twenty-four hours, in the twenty-four. To properly stage his productions would be sufficient to keep him busy all day.

It is the day's work in itself were it not only a necessary part of the whole. But the reward is certain.

In the present state of theatrical entertainments the public may eventually realize the value of the old system and cast off the trappings of the trust. An anonymous commentary is afforded in the spectacle of six men endeavoring to maintain actual control and management of over twenty-four houses, scattered throughout the country, over scores of many days' travel, dictating policies, determining on the details of the business they control, deciding whether high priced plays shall be produced—musical comedy, drama, or vaudeville—each, incidentally, in this suburban, the slightest regard to the wishes of the people of any particular city. That is not the



David Belasco in His Study

way to run a theatre—it is a trust method of running a commercial enterprise.

It is only by a comparison of methods that popular vendibles of plays are explained. The individual manager has all he can do to manage one theatre if he proposes to give to the public the best that is in him and his play. He must be able to judge a manuscript and to successfully develop it into a play. The story, no matter how primarily dramatic, must be presented in such shape as to appeal to the audience. Experience alone makes the playwright, and the work of the manager must supplement that of the author. The construction of a play must be its harmonious confirmation to dramatic laws. Good plays are made so by a process of elimination as much as by development. The work of the manager is to Italianize the characters and fitting them into a harmonious whole; train audacious vague characters won't do behind the footlights, notwithstanding the ability of the actors presenting them. He has to think out and develop scenic effects, to praise or expend plots and situations, train or untrain players. He has to secure the necessary atmosphere, individuality, and personality which impresses dislocation upon every performance and the work of every actor (and if every actor were an artist he would still need managerial assistance and direction). His is the work of revising, twisting, turning, adjusting, pruning, varnishing, and experimenting, until the finished picture is ready to be held up to the judgment of the audience. In the properly ordered disorder of managerial work it is "Manager here, manager there, manager everywhere!" And, in addition, he has to devote personal attention to the multifarious duties of house as well as stage. And all this while, during the entire performance.

These days the public is keen to appreciate excellence. It wants and is entitled to the best from both manager and actor. To secure this means a total outlay of work as well as capital. The actual presentation of the play represents but a small part of the work done behind the scenes. Writing a play is one thing, acting it is another.

It must be obvious even to the uninitiated that a tremendous amount of work must precede the production of any high-class performance calculated to obtain any measure of success. There is, in fact, an infinite variety of preparation. In a single production at my theatre three separate and distinct companies are trained. After selecting and rehearsing the first people there is still the training of the second understudies, and, again, the third understudies. Collectively and individually they are rehearsed and re-rehearsed, and even, after being keyed up to a proper degree of excellence, must be maintained at that point, for upon the sincerity and convincing qualities of every performance rests the fate of the play, its life, and its success.

Differs alone do not make a manager (in the sense of achievement, I mean) or develop successful plays. The work must be in sympathy with the public taste, and the manager must possess natural gifts and the literary faculty that will enable him to correctly judge a play and to make the author's intentions his own. Through study and experience he must know how to direct the vital spark of interest, illuminate it, and prevent it to the

extinction of the critical audience. For there are no more intellectual theatre-diehard, and even the readers of books. With those illustrious I concur and believe that the vital essence of a play is seldom found in the original—"good plays are not written, they are rewritten." And the vitalizing and naturalizing process takes place at rehearsal.

Consequently, the failure of a manager has apparently the sole subject of our present-day management is to ring up the curtain and "get it on." If they have to "get it off" they have their own methods of "getting it on again." The effect is only imagined as the most of individual actors, most of individual managers, stage forty or fifty pieces, high-salaried actors are employed and left perfect to interpret the attraction. Theatrical management at long range is an imposition on a long-suffering public.

It is one of the revealing signs of the coming times that the attempt to fasten foreign plays upon the American public—whether or not the plays possess merit—has come a cropper in the "naturalization" process. The time is not far gone when English playwrights could make their own terms with American managers, but the latter found out that they had to pay dearly for the folly of imposing on a people capable of thinking for themselves. While there is plenty of good material here at home awaiting the producer's hand, it is not necessary to adapt or adopt the national drama of England, France, Germany, or Italy, excellent as each may be to his native soil. The liberal democracy was sharply drawn last winter when theatrical waters were plentiful. To-day the American public is offered a hash and relish of all that is good, bad, and indifferent. Plays are being played, and actors are being played with, with no more, and after a "business method" rehearsal from ready-made prompt copy, are thrown on the stage, to take or not, as may happen. And this to the exclusion of our own playwrights, who are patiently awaiting a hearing. Upon them rests the fate of our national drama; looking a hearing and consequently experience, the vital thing to both author and producer, the American drama is still in the process of making. Furthermore, poor foreign plays have weakened the drawing power of really capable actors, those legitimate "stars" who require a variety of roles to properly display their graces.

Conservation should not be the consideration in theatrical business. If the stage is properly looked after and plays properly staged attractions will attract and commercialize as represented by the box-office will take care of itself. Continue an audience that it has really viewed something that has appealed to intelligence and heart, and there will be no necessity to worry about financial results. That personal comment and telegraphic queries which spread a favorable impression of a good play, well staged, is more effective than any other influence that operates for a theatre's welfare, more powerful than the power of the press. "Pushed" houses follow.

Assuming a skilful and liberal management, the play which has received the greatest response from the public is the play that has given the most painstaking care in its preparation. That is the system of management that makes the successful play.

II.—Musical Comedy and Plays Abroad

By Sir Charles Wyndham

WHATEVER may be the concern of patrons of the drama about methods of management and play production, a promising sign of the times is found in the very evident interest of the American public in all matters that concern the stage, both at home and abroad. Doubtless to community of preference and taste is attributable, in particular, curiosity about English conditions and productions which any hold a promise of the future for the American audience; and, after all, the audience is the real judge and jury upon whose verdict hangs the fate, if not the selection, of the play; whether its plays are made for it abroad or at home, it reserves the right of final judgment on the play itself, and is not vitally concerned with side issues.

The present condition of theatrical affairs in England, while most promising in every phase, is notably so in what one is apt to regard as the most widely popular, the Musical Comedy—the prevalence of which would vitiate the public. The fact in England of the drama despair—the evoked and poor consequence the less dignified form of theatrical expression. Please understand I do not condemn it; on the contrary, I often find myself, on occasion of fillety, seeking relaxation at the feet of the gods and goddesses of this art.

It is easier in these strenuous days to take your nourishment in the form of farinaceous food. But farinaceous food is not long-lasting, and is a kind of diet which, if partaken of too long, is apt to pull on one and vitiate the public. The fact in England is being gradually recognized that it is possible to be fed on a mixed diet, as light as pleasant and digestible, but more solid; and it is supplied by a recurrence to the older form of musical comedy, adapted to the lighter taste of the day. The ideas are there. A year ago was produced a comic opera that I understand will be presented in America before long ("The Duchess of Dantzig"). Neither public nor artist will feel or need fed at the end of an evening spent with such a musical production that the evening has been wasted, or too frivolously spent. There is talent in the construction of the acting, and in the singing which above the plane on which musical comedy has flourished for the past ten years. I prophesy a great success for it, and, if she is in

proper form, for the principal interpreter, Miss Evie Green—a charming singer, and a superb actress. I can speak impartially, for I have not the advantage of her acquaintance. "The Duchess of Dantzig" has been followed by "Veronique" to homes that not the most popular of musical comedies can outshine. I doubt if these former operas would have been possible five years ago, and their success to-day rings the bell of the last artistic of this latter.

In this connection, I have been asked as to the possibility of the revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. As a matter of fact, they have never died. They only sleep in London. In the English provinces there is a constant demand for operas that travel year after year and plays to crowded houses. They are the truest, worthiest form of musical comedy. I saw them only a few months ago. They were, happily for myself, at Brighton the work I had to give there a little rest, and changing these operas as they did each night, found me and friends there, delighted spectators. The satire that characterized them is a little too familiar, but new plays written on the same lines will score as much as ever.

It is not surprising that in accord with the changing spirit and progress of the times, changes in methods of theatrical production should arise, or that the public should take more than a passing interest in what concerns a favorite amusement. But those things that concern solely the business or commercial side of theatrical affairs, as it respects the production of the late of dramatic productions, which rests solely upon the preference of the audience. Personally, I do not think the drama has ever been in safer hands than those at present. It is a curious fact that musical comedy is engineered by syndicates—the drama by individuals. The latter are more apt to offend the taste of the audience, whose tastes, interests, and personal ambitions are the last things for energy. It is the individual, not the syndicate, that aspires, in the manner of production, in the organization of proper ensemble, and the selection of the best available talent around him, in the construction of the acting, and in the singing which above the plane it is. I am surprised that the experiment is not tried here.

It is unfortunate that the outlook for new plays is



Henry W. Savage in His Study at Moscow



The Latest Photograph of Mr Václav Kynčel

and more encouraging. It is in England about the same as it is in America; more favorable promise could be desired. There is, however, for England a strong hope of assistance from the novelist. The English author is gradually awakening to the fact that a play will bring four times the amount of profit that a book will, and he is gradually studying the necessary methods of play writing, the greater convenience, the effect of appealing to the eye and to the ear, writing his dialogues as it were in telegrams, so that an idea is lost or ambiguities made inequitable and generally preparing himself to increase output.

I have been asked if it is the fact that our English dramatists are unduly influenced by the possible profits accruing to the American production. It is in no sense true. The problem raised which follows the production of a successful work is naturally a matter of consideration, but our dramatic art is in no danger because of the increased commercial opportunities that offer themselves to the playwright. The return, ready and generous, that naturally waits on achievement is sufficient to encourage our authors to produce the best that is in them. Of necessity the first consideration is to achieve success at home. Then American auto-

matically follows. All the attention of the playwright must be centered on producing something acceptable to the audience—the English audience—they are addressing. There are some authors who are beginning to produce their plays first in America, and, consequently, to so fashion them that they shall be acceptable to American audiences. They are not, however, numerous, for such method of procedure may be likely to argue non appreciation first in England.

As a general rule, authors insist upon an English production first, and never dream of so shaping their construction as to make appreciation in America a certainty. It is obvious, of course, that the commercial spirit may influence the work of the playwright, as that it may enter into the management of a theatre to the extent of placing art in the second, rather than in the first place. In every country, there are successes where art is only a secondary consideration, though fortunes are rolling into the pockets of the enterprising managers, but under normal conditions the author may be relied on to produce sincere work, and I think I may say that when a theatre is in the hands of the actor-manager art must necessarily be predominant.

III. American Managers and Players

By Henry W. Savage

IN the development of theatrical enterprises, the manager must use as much judgment and system as the fruit-dealer or fruit-dealer, who also handles goods perishable and dependent on the caprice of the public. The business risks that he takes are still greater, for the untold wars of the florist can be turned over to the banker, or the fruit-dealer can send his wares of pineapples to the country, but to night's tickets will never be sold again, and from an unsuccessful production remain only stretches of canvas and tangles of useless costumes. Naturally, therefore, a man considers his market, just as a dry goods merchant, if he were establishing a branch in Havana, selects his lines and colors, and his assistants, who are familiar with the customs of the country and who can speak Spanish. So should the producer especially select his offerings for the public. That is the reason why in making up my productions for this great country of ours, with thousands ready to be amused by comedy, or to enjoy good music, I have addressed always the production of American plays, the advancement of American actors, and the rendition of grand operas in the language of the nation.

It is peculiar maybe to the American public to evince a personal interest in influences which affect a favorite form of amusement; and it is possible, too, that a fictitious value may be given to extraneous affairs. So far as theatrical productions are concerned,

however, there can be no cause for apprehension, when necessarily the object of the manager and the desire of his clientele agree on one ambition—the successful production.

While there may be an element of sentiment in my advocacy of such productions, the basic principle underlying has been the appreciation of the business policy to make American theatrical productions for American theatergoers. The people who pay their money for entertainment in this busy country of ours like to see upon the stage characters with which they are familiar and to hear operas which they can understand. No nation in the world has a keener sense of humor or is more ready to laugh good naturedly at its own foibles. But we have had foisted upon us for years German farces and French comedies for which the average American has no more use than an Esquimaux has for winks; and then he has been blamed or censured for a lack of culture and appreciation. American humorists are known all over the world; yet only within the last few years has a generation of American playwrights arisen, whose satire is no keen, whose comprehension of our natural weaknesses as pointed, and whose character-drawing as admirable as anything France or England has to offer. It is not better to take the chance of producing a play written by an American conversant with, and observant of, American life, characters, and customs, and built especially for an American pub-

for, than to take a foreign production which has to be cut and altered to suit our market.

Simply to call our witnesses, consider the record of Adèle's "Comedy Chairman," "Sultan of Sulu," and "College Widow;" "Bliss of the Yankee Consul;" and "Cherlock," "Pecary & Loder's" "King Dodo;" "Princess of Wales;" all dealing with American types, exaggerated, it may be true, but not outlandish, and with lines of class, wholesome American fun. These are all the first efforts of young American authors. The success shows the quick response of the public to the business-theater, and the advanced.

Musical comedy, with its gorgeous coloring of costumes, rhythmic and accurate movement of a well-trained and well-favored and musical chorus, a light and not too subtle plot, and clever, natural comedians, gives for the busy American, who likes his amusements in tabloid form, pleasure left to the eye and ear. If kept away from horseplay and the rough flavor of the burlesque, the musical comedy offers a form of amusement that will hold its own for years to come.

Comedy proper, lacking the assistance of color and music, demands still more the use of American character and American situations and background, so that it may be understood at once by the thousands of good theatergoers unfamiliar with London lodgings or German spas. It is the delineation of familiar everyday people that best appeals across the footlights to the look of Americans, provided the American author is observant enough to grasp and shape these types successfully.

In music, it is my opinion that the story should be unfolded in the language of the nation where it is sung. Just as in Germany everything is given in German by the will of the Emperor, and in France everything in French, so in America it should be given in our native tongue. If English is good enough to speak in, to write in, and to think in, it should be good enough to sing in, especially with a proper translation, and our singing heard to the requirement of the singer. I have yet to hear in English anything more odd than "Carmen" as given in German at every German opera-house. But by such performances in German is every German lad made familiar with Flot's masterpiece.

In our musical productions we are handicapped by the lack of any national conservatory, with its scores of graduates, who must, as in France, give their services to the opera of the nation as one of the conditions of their tuition. We have seen the subsidy granted by even the smallest cities in Germany to the local opera-house. But the ambition and energy of Americans apply to the artist, as well as to the business man, and the welcome given this year to the English Grand Opera Company on its ten thousand-mile trip over the United States and Canada shows that our American singers have the public their subsidies of an opportunity for an experience on the American stage without the loss of time and without the difficulties and hardships which an American singer must undergo abroad; and also that the day of the opera for the American singer has not come for the many is an absolute possibility of the very near future. As for material,

for example, in our lighter musical works, the grade of intelligence of the audience is materially higher than formerly. This is partly due to the adoption of the same methods of training and promotion that prevail in a business house. To be sure, many a girl wants a speaking part immediately, and demands at entering the chorus, although she has no voice value. It is better to average for stenographers or teachers, and with possibilities of advancement infinitely greater.

In making the special English production of "Parafal," I had the desire to show, first, that with American mechanical ingenuity it was entirely possible to present this novel kind of production outside of specially constructed opera-houses. In some cases we are said to have improved. For instance, even at Bayreuth the lights are simply dimmed on the whole of each panorama during the scene showing the journey through the woods to the castle, but in the American production all border lights and footlights are so subdivided into sections, and every section so connected with the special switchboard, that not only do the panoramas, but also the light scenery, *harmonize* and *Parafal* on their journey. Each panorama with its scenery is moved by a special cable led to a huge wheel shaped like a telescope, the fastest moving gears for the largest section, and respective diameters are so adjusted that all panoramas must move together while at Bayreuth the scenes were landed hand over hand by the stage force, with four conductors, to have them finish as near together as possible.

Secondly, I wished to prove that with the enthusiasm and cooperation of young American singers and of foreign artists who are willing to sing in the vernacular it is perfectly possible to present in English the most-discussed opera of modern times, and the critics of New York and Boston have said that "Parafal," as presented in English, has lost none of the improviseness or the newness of the charm which have surrounded it in Bayreuth. There are persons in other countries who maintain that an American cannot make anything more pretensions than a syncopated ditty or a vandyke sketch, and these are among us who are inclined to that belief. While we are ready to sit at the feet of genius from whatever clime, I have a deeper hope, and I believe the day will surely come, and that not at a distant date, when the American author will have the first call on the American producer, not by a government ordinance or government subsidy, but by the positive workings of commercial demand, and supply, and that the American stage will be primarily for American productions and for giving first place to the efforts of American actors and composers.

The application during the past few years of business principles to drama is not only in production, but also in delivery to the public, has eliminated such uncertainty, insuring a more positive financial return both for manager and artist, and thus something the way for the unbiased judgment of the audience on whose acceptance or refusal of each production on its individual merits the future of the American stage depends.

Air-ship Trials at St. Louis

By Homer Bassford

WHEN the *Nautilus-Dumont* No. 7 met ruin at the hands of vandals late last summer, there was some reason to believe that the air-ship trials planned by the St. Louis Exposition management would come to nothing. If the famous Brazilian, with all of his experience and his best ship, could not repair in time for trials before the close of the Exposition, set for December 1, there was little occasion for hope that untrained air-sailors would get unfinished machines ready. There was no time to repair about the aeronautic concourse, however, with half a dozen participants, but it was not until the afternoon of October 23 that a flight was undertaken. At two o'clock on that afternoon, practically without notice, the Baldwin ship, sixty feet long, equipped with a small air engine, made a dash for the sky. The crowd, which numbered some of the heads of one hundred thousand in-clothed persons, who, up to this time, had crept themselves in looking about the more conventional wonders of the Exposition, for half an hour the Baldwin ship, manned by Ray Knabenshue, of Toledo, Ohio, responded instantly to rudder and propeller. It was not until Knabenshue, encouraged by his unexpected success, attempted to increase his forward speed, that he fell into trouble. For some reason—possibly nervous excitement—he failed to apply his power carefully; there was an accident, and the motor "went dead." The construction of Knabenshue's carriage did not allow him to get within close reach of the motor, and the consequence was that he found himself 1000 feet in the air, helpless except as to his rudder, which was still at his command. Falling in with the air current, the Baldwin ship started on a coasting voyage. With the aid of the rudder, Knabenshue, in a measure, controlled the machine's movements to the extent of choosing a landing-place. Late in the afternoon, the ship came down in a corn-field not far from Kaskia, in Illinois. After repairs and provision against a like accident, Mr. Baldwin's California air machine, with Knabenshue for a second trial. This time the ship rose to a height of 1200 feet, was lowered and raised at the will of the operator, circled the Exposition, went among the State buildings, passed over the Filipino reservations, in the utter astonishment of the strange people gathered there, returned to the aeronautic concourse, and landed within ten feet of the starting-point. It

was probably one of the most satisfactory air-machine trials ever made, if not quite the most successful.

It did not require the testimony of Engineer Knabenshue to prove to the operators of the remarkable flight that the Baldwin ship was dirigible. No state was its response to the touch of the rudder that Knabenshue more than once turned the ship within its own length. He sailed into the wind, across it, and with it. The scientific value of this first entirely successful flight is undoubted. After another flight, the second of the series, on the first of the series, Knabenshue had not ascended more than 200 feet when he discovered that something was wrong with his engine. He at once alighted, and with Mr. Knabenshue and several assistants, made quick repairs. The three receptacles, and was sailing the ship unperilous when a loose-end bolt slipped from the engine, fell to the ground, narrowly missing one of the adjoining hundreds. Knabenshue was again at the mercy of the air currents, but by his skillful use of his rudder he managed to choose a landing-place and alight without untoward incident.

Spectacular as were the Baldwin flights, early interest attached to the Hippolyte Francois flying machine, the greatest air-ship ever built. The *Francois*, built by French capital in France, under the general direction of M. Prosper Lantier, was the invention of Hippolyte Francois, who, with several engineers, has been engaged for months in perfecting its equipment. The *Francois* is 150 feet in length, stands more than forty feet in height, has a gas-tank holding 65,000 cubic feet of gas, carries an engine of fifty horse power, and lifts about 1000 pounds.

The initial trial was made on November 14, when the ship was sent to the height of 100 feet, with M. Francois on board. In charge, and M. Henri Schneider as engineer. Count De La Vaulx, the celebrated French aeronaut, was the master of ceremonies for the first trip, giving the signal for the start. The ship acted well from the beginning, responding instantly to rudder and propellers, of which there are two. Although facing a breeze of seven miles an hour the ship proved her dirigibility beyond doubt.

The Renow machine from Montana has made two successful flights, both under unfavorable circumstances.

Books and Bookmen

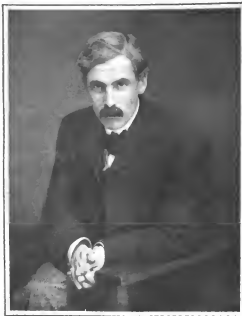
By James MacArthur

THERE are books which are to the spirit of man what Nature is to the fagged and weary mind and body, books which remind us of Isaiah's words: "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence is your strength." They throw a new serenity upon common life, and give it fresh significance and divine meaning. They cast a radiance upon the daily routine, and radiate its value in the light of experience and history. They teach us that there is a close relation between spiritual conviction and the ordinary events of life, and that life is governed by faith and controlled by mental law. Two such books have come under my observation lately, namely, *The Wanderer of Laramie*, by Mary E. Walker, and *Doctor Luke of the Labrador*, by Norman Duncan. Miss Walker's book has less an incident, less of humor, than Mr. Duncan's, but it is written with great simplicity and feeling, and handles character with sincerity and spiritual understanding. Both books have this in common; they are concerned with the forging of a character, with the redemption of a crushed and crippled soul through the love of a good woman, through labor and faith—"Love and labor and faith," as Doctor Luke told Davy, "Just faith," he repeated, "in the loving kindness of the dear God—with small regard for creeds and forms." Both books, too, are saturated with the invigorating breath of God's out-door; the scene of the one is laid among the Green Hills of Vermont, and that of the other among the islands of the Labrador. The people are simple, circumscribed, and, living closer to Nature, they are more elemental in their instincts and desires and aspirations, more appealing and direct in their ways of life. "Here are no brick walls," to quote Mr. Duncan, "no narrow and need or circumstance, no crushing invasions, no gasping haste, no spurious distractions, no clamor of a thousand senseless voices to blind the soul to the pure desires, to darken its fears, to divert its eyes to the career calls—to about it is, to thrive it, to sicken it in every part. . . . They who have not known before that the heavens and the earth are the handiwork of God, here discover it; and perceive the Presence and the Power, and the wisdom and the goodness. Thus our land works its marvel in the sensitive soul. I have sometimes thought that in the freshness and vitality of the life disclosed in it is sounded the great key-note of life—with which true hearts ever seek to vibrate in tune."

Much still is made at the fact that in *Doctor Luke of the Labrador*, Mr. Duncan has annexed a new territory in fiction, and this, no doubt, will enhance the value of his work and add to the attractiveness of his story. The intimate study and observation of the customs and habits of the fishing-folk of the Labrador have contributed to the freshness and vitality of the life disclosed in his pages; many of his revelations startle and amaze us, and we are moved to wonder and pity at some of the conditions described and hidden away in this corner of our land. But what I prefer to emphasize here is the remarkable human quality of the book. Mr. Duncan's discovery is greater than that of geographical or sociological import; he has rediscovered for us—and we stand in constant need of the reminder—he has revealed to us once more the depths of the human heart, its possibilities for joy and sorrow, for sin and righteousness, for comedy and tragedy. He has come to the task with the endowment of the artist: imagination, sympathy, reverence, and love. Like Barrie, with his native Thramis, Mr. Duncan loves and reveres the Labrador and its dwellers, and shares with him the spiritual vision that pierces to the marrow and sees divinity in the coarsest of God's creatures. Like Barrie, too, Mr. Duncan is a humorist, and his pathos is the more telling

and reaching for the restraint which his humor puts upon it. Take, for example, the incident of Miss Threlk, a dull girl, shrewdly, shiftings, the mother of two young sons, who came to Doctor Luke upon hearing that he had just been appointed magistrate and was able to "marry folk."

"I heard, wot," she desisted, addressing the doctor, but looking where, "that you're just after marriage! Aunt Annah!"
The doctor nodded.
"I low," she went on, after an empty pause, "that I want t' get married, too."
"What's the man?"
"Jim he 'sawed two year ago," she said, staring at the ceiling, "that we'd go south an' have it done this way, an' I was to be married, but—"
"Well, now," said she, "Jim ain't here. You couldn't do it 'bout Jim he'd have, could you?"
"Oh, no!"
"I 'sawed you might be able," she said, with a little sigh, "if you tried. But you couldn't, say you?"
"No."
"Jim he 'sawed two year ago it ought t' be done. You couldn't do it now?"
The doctor shook his head.
"Couldn't make a skill at it?"
"No."
"Anyhow," she sighed, rising to go, "I low Jim won't mind now, he's dead."



Norman Duncan
Author of "Doctor Luke of the Labrador"

Could anything be savor or more poignant than the mingled humor and pathos of this passage? Then there is Skipper Tommy Lover, an original character of sheer delight, who deserves to take a place among the humorous creations of our literature. Nature alone forbids me to quote from the quaint and profound wisdom contained in the "gospel" according to Tommy.
The Lord showed what life was about," says Tommy, "when He made woman. He made them with His own hands, an' if He was a 'liffit' t' take the responsibility, us men can do no less than stand by as' whether it be 'Tis our own idea that He was more set on fair lines than saithin' qualities when He shabbed His model. 'I'll make a craft,' says He, 'for looks, an' I'll pay an heed,' says He, 't' the cranks she may have, hopin' for the best.' An' He done it. That He did! They're tidy craft—oh, ay, they're wonderful tidy craft—but 'tis Lord help us in a gale o' wind. For myself, I shud place *Doctor Luke of the Labrador* beside *A Wizard of Thramis*, and my hope is that it shall prove as strong and sound a

bulwark for faith, for courage, for comfort, and for all that makes us love our fellow men.

Is "Edward Mott Woolley" another pen-name under which Mr. George Hays McCutcheon is masquerading? I find this name on the title-page of *Roland of Aitkenburg*, another Zenda story just issued by the publishers of *Greenback*. I had not read half a dozen pages of *Roland of Aitkenburg* before I was struck with the similarity of its style to *Greenback*, and as I read on I was more and more impressed with the turn of thought and fancy and phrase, and the general constructive plan common to both narratives. Mr. Woolley's name is new in the literary world, and as Mr. McCutcheon has already been guilty of hiding his versatility under a pen and name, it is pardonable to suspect him of another coup d'auteur. If Mr. McCutcheon is the author of *Roland of Aitkenburg*, he is to be congratulated upon a clever disguise, even if it is pretty much in the nature of a replica of *Greenback*; if he is not, then he may take solace from the saying that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

The manuscript of an unpublished story written by Robert Louis Stevenson when he was thirteen or fourteen years old has just come to light. Its publication, I regret to say, is being negotiated.



**FRITZI SCHEFF, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE BROADWAY
THEATRE IN "THE TWO ROSES"**

Miss Fritz Scheff, who was last seen in New York in "Rebelle," is appearing at the Broadway Theatre in "The Two Roses," a musical version of "She Stoops to Conquer," written for her by Stanislaus Stancu and Ludwig Engländer. Miss Scheff's company this year includes Louis Harrison, Roland Cusinsingham, M. E. Whitley, and Ida Buehly.

Correspondence

A PLEA FOR THE BUFFALO

MANCHESTER, N. H., November 1, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—For many years now we have been talking to regard the American bison, commonly called "buffalo," as a doomed animal, and in truth few of our's realizers approach as close to the verge of extinction without becoming actually extinct. Just the time has now arrived when it should be generally understood that the American people have one more chance to save this the grandest hoofed animal which ever trod the soil of their country. This chance lies in the fact that the management of buffaloes is now understood, and that the animals have proved as easy to rear and less expensive to feed than domestic cattle. This has been demonstrated in every case in which herds of buffaloes have been maintained under reasonable conditions. For instance, in the Blue Mountain Forest Game Preserve, at Newport, New Hampshire, a herd of about thirty head, established there by the late Mr. Austin Corbin, has increased within the last few years until to-day there is a herd of over one hundred and sixty splendid animals. A small herd of twenty, established two years ago in the Yellowstone National Park, has already doubled in numbers. There are, however, so few buffaloes anywhere, that if any one of the two or three large herds yet remaining should be wiped out by disease or other cause, the chance of preserving the race would be materially lessened, if not lost forever. To avoid all possibility of such a disaster, all large herds should as speedily as possible be divided into a reasonable number of smaller ones, and each of these maintained on a separate tract of country adapted to its needs. The government should be strongly urged to take up this matter in the first instance and until all danger of the extinction of the species is past. Later on there is little doubt that buffalo-raising could be made a very profitable business in New York, New England, or in any other State included in the animal's former range.

I am, sir,

ERNEST HARRIS RAYNES.

APPRECIATIVE

PAVANNASDA, GA., November 22, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—In 1869 I first subscribed to HARPER'S WEEKLY, and although it was anti-Southern at that time, yet I read it with a great deal of interest, and have continued to do so ever since. When the WEEKLY had its brilliant editor, George William Curtis, I feared that his place could never be filled, but I must confess that the publication recently has far surpassed anything in the editorial line that has ever been published in HARPER'S WEEKLY. Your "Comment" and "No Humbug" have been irresistibly delightful, but, to say the climax, your editorial in the last issue (November 12) on the subject of Judge Parker's campaign, and when you could not possibly have been certain as to the results and of the Republican "landslide," was wonderfully prescient, and it is unfortunate that it could not have been printed early in the campaign and its edicts followed.

The readers of the WEEKLY could not afford to lose you as their editor, yet you would have made an able campaign manager.

I am, sir,

RENESE THOMSON.

A SATISFACTORY INVESTMENT

RECHON, VT., November 22, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—I have spent a good many \$1's for reading material, but never have I got so much pleasure out of a single dollar as out of the one I sent for your paper in August, and when it runs out on December 3 I shall send another.

All your issues have been excellent; this last week is especially good.

Every man who voted for President Roosevelt owes you a word of thanks for your timely, benevolent stand in the Cortlyon affair. I believe you did a great deal to offset the World-Telegram-Eagle attacks.

You have good reason to feel proud of the place HARPER'S has held the last month in the public eye, and deserve all the praise that has come your way and more.

I am, sir,

B. B. PEABCK.

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE

TUSKEGEE, ALA., November 25, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—During the twenty-three years that the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute has been in existence, counting those who have finished the full course together with the much larger number of those who have taken a partial course, but who have remained long enough to get into the spirit and methods of the institution, we have sent out quite 6200 men and women who are doing effective work, mainly in the South, as teachers both in the classroom and of the industries, as mechanics, and in domestic work. Practically all of our graduates are in demand even before they graduate, and a large proportion of our men and women are employed by Southern white people at an average daily wage that

is nearly three times as great as that paid to the average ignorant, untrained colored man or woman. At the present time there are 1243 students enrolled. The institution has proven its right to exist and its claims upon the public.

Just now there are three urgent needs which I think the public would like to know about and assist us in meeting:

First.—The annual cost of operating the institution is \$100,000. Of this amount we can depend upon \$30,000 from assured sources, leaving \$70,000 to be raised through the gifts of friends.

Second.—Lack of endowment fund from its present \$5 figures, \$1,030,553.28 to at least \$3,000,000.

Third.—\$65,000 with which to build a new dining hall—\$19,000 of this amount now being in hand. None of the school is more urgent than this one. The students will make the bricks and do most of the work on the building, so that the money would not only provide the building, but would give students the chance to earn money and learn a trade.

We shall be glad of money towards one or all of these purposes. The smallest sum will be gratefully received. Money sent to the school for these objects will enable the principal to spend a larger proportion of his time and strength on the school grounds and in the South, where his services are much needed.

I am,

ROBERT T. WASHINGTON,
Principal, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

INCLUDE PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA, November 26, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—I am a constant and appreciative reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY. It is with a feeling of disappointment that I read your critical articles on the various sports, and especially on football.

As an old Princeton football man I may, I think, express the following opinion with a clear conscience:

Your number of November 12 gives a page to four leading players of the football world, the names of whom, as set down, cause a slight smile of derision when read by one who has carefully followed the scores this fall. Of Captain Foulke of Princeton and Captain Hogen of Yale too much cannot be said; they are undoubtedly first-class men, but you seem to have forgotten the fact that both Harvard and Columbia have been defeated, decisively, by Pennsylvania.

Give credit where it is due! Pennsylvania has seemingly organized a championship team this season, and a supposedly impartial weekly as HARPER'S should not be backward in acknowledging it.

I am, sir,

J. VAN HENNELAND BARRETT.

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR?

NOTLEY, N. J., November 5, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—I have read carefully your "guess" in the issue of this date, and supposing we add to this forecast of yours the 80 votes of New York, New Jersey, Indiana, Connecticut, and West Virginia? This would make a total of 242 votes, and would elect Judge Parker by 4 votes more than is necessary for a choice. I shall be pleased to hear from you after election.

I am, sir,

THOMAS J. O'NEIL.

THE SECOND LADY OF THE LAND

TOLLEDA, OHIO, November 21, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—We hear the wife of the President of the United States spoken of as the "first lady of the land." I am asked who is the "second lady of the land" in official society, and I am unable to answer positively. I thought perhaps the Secretary of State might rank next to the President. If you can enlighten me on the subject I will esteem it a personal favor.

I am, sir,

JOHN W. STONE.

[Until March 4, Mrs. John Hay; on and after that date, Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks.—EDITOR.]

THANKS

REHOBOTH, MO., November 22, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—Alton Brooks Parker, as they are wont to print it, and Birrick also ran; we also notice that Grandpa Davis and Tom Torgart couldn't carry their own States. By the way, have you heard from Missouri? We have to be shown in Missouri, but Alton Brooks Parker couldn't show us. I am really sorry for you; it must have been a hard blow to have it so much better, such corresponding defeat, and last, but not least, we Mississippis elected. That's where the rub comes in, isn't it? I have always taken an interest in you in your paper, so I've got a feeling for you.

I am, sir, An Old Subscriber.

E. F. V. W.

us mindful of the thorns hidden beneath the rose and had raised us of our youthful aspirations. His effort was the same; it had left both of us cynical and scornful. He faced his trouble with a stern stoicism, while I writhed helplessly under mine; but then he had what I have not—an indomitable will. It gave to his pale features a strength, to his dark unattractive eyes a power, which compelled one's admiration despite our inherent enmities to the expression of the fiery enthusiasm which was his soul's life, and he drew me to him with that deadly fascination which water gliding over the brink of a precipice exerts. He was the man of all my friends who could pierce my disguise and lay bare my real self—and he did it.

We spent the following three weeks—Valeria Lovewell, John Randolph, and I—in rambles through the woods. Both Miss Lovewell and Randolph were good pedestrians. Under my leadership we explored shadowy ravines, traced the noisy streams to their sources on remote hill-sides, and climbed brightly lit from which we could look down upon the rolling valleys of forest and pasture to which the hills descended. It was hard for Randolph, yet he insisted. Spurred by Miss Lovewell's open admiration for brute strength, I took a cruel pleasure in forcing him to the limit of his endurance, and, to count my superiority, scaled cliffs and tried daring leaps when I knew he could not follow. Had Miss Lovewell been older and stronger, my actions would have won her contempt, and aroused a dangerous pity for Randolph. As it was, she both envied and admired me for my feats, seemingly overlooking my meanness. Towards Randolph her attitude underwent a perceptible change. Unconsciously following my lead, she began to underestimate him; and his brilliant smiles, his keen wit, his savage irony, soon faded, despite his efforts, to win more from her than polite attention or an indifferent smile.

It was very evident to me that Randolph had learned to love her with a love of which such a nature as mine is incapable. Yet God knows I loved her as much as a selfish man can love a woman. Randolph's position, restrained as it was under the curb of his will, burned with an intensity which does not destroy, but uplifts as it gathers force. Its depth made him forgive the slights she cast upon him, and meet every rebuff patiently and quietly. With brooding self-control he watched me slowly crowd him from the place he held in her esteem, saw me with a galling insolence chatter his hopes, and snatch from him his last chance of happiness. No sign of the torture he endured escaped him, save that his cynical smile became more frequent and his eyes but a little of his brightness. It was as if he viewed apart from himself, and with the professional eye of the physician took a brutish pleasure in studying the effects of the humiliation, the agony, the suffering, which were his lot in life, and in speculating with an unnatural sang-froid upon the limits of his endurance. We maintained the same attitude of friendliness we had held towards each

other during the rivalries of our college days. There was this difference, however: when we stood for class-room honors, we had rallied and encouraged each other, freely discussing the subject; now by a tacit understanding neither of us ever alluded to Miss Lovewell if at any time she left us to ourselves and gave her attention to her chaperon—a fiery, fuming aunt.

My admiration for him increased hourly, causing me are paroxysms of self-accusation and reproach. I haggard my good name with the desperation of a man grasping in his hair strands he longed for the edge of the sword which is swung above him, threatening his life. What bitterness was mine, what anguish! The love which should have exulted and made glad the heart was arrayed against me.

conscious, trying me to further hypocrisy, smothering the cries of my real self, staggering my resolution. If I shook myself free of it, if I told them what I found I was, Randolph would understand, and come to me and shake my hand, that old, strange fascination in his eyes, his pale features faded with enthusiasm over my heroism! But Valeria, those simple Quaker ladies, the world—they would call me mad, or worse, with a fatuous smile, and nod of the head they would attribute it to my modesty, and regard it as a rare good joke at my own expense. And Valeria's love—rich out that, the consciousness of freedom, the real life, the heaven I longed for would be no longer, but a great waste, a desert of dead hopes. Better my anguish, my death in life, if I had her love, than the real life without it!

When Randolph announced his intention of returning home, we arranged a last expedition to a wild ravine known as the "Whirlpool." It was at the south end of the mountain, where three streams united and curved out in a series of waterfalls a path to the plain a thousand feet below. Only the more venturesome dared take the climb. There had been numerous accidents, which together with the wildness and loneliness, had given the place an evil name. I had explored, previously, every rock and crevice. At the most dangerous part of the climb, named



Drawn by W. G. Schuchman

Miss Lovewell leaned forward, trying to pierce the shadows in the ravine.

the "Basin," a deep pool which the ceaselessly falling state had hollowed out of solid rock. I had found a path, the either side the walls of rock rose bare and black, moist with condensation, casting ominous shadows on the water swirling at their base. Five or six feet from the top of the south wall was a ledge a inches wide running the entire length and breadth, and in a deep hold in the soil between the great boulders on the top of the rock. Using them as a hand-railing, after clearing the ledge of the treacherous moss and dirt that covered it, I had an excellent path which not only saved a hard, tedious climb by the old way, but also afforded a better view of the "Basin." The plateau in which it terminated would serve as a resting-place, where no

could look back and see the water glide in a beautiful smilt curve over the brink of the precipice, follow its majestic descent, watch it whiten into foam as it hurled itself into the pool, mark its gaily whirling as it silently but fearfully swept around the walls of the "basin," and then listen to its solid roar as it rushed forth into the clear, slowly moving stream that crossed the plain.

Following the usual method of taking the climb, we started at the head of the ravine and slowly worked down. Although the distance is not more than a mile, it took us two hours to reach the "basin," so difficult was it to make our way around the series of falls. When we arrived at the ledge, Randall insisted on our taking the old and safer way, which left the ravine and did not re-enter it until below the outlet of the "basin." I said nothing, leaving it to Miss Lovewell to decide. Perhaps she read a challenge in my eyes, or possibly she was irritated by the doubts of her strength and nerve which his hesitation implied for she declined to listen to his entreaties and laughingly bade me lead on. The hazardous climb along the ledge was safely accomplished, and we gained the platform with even less difficulty than I had anticipated.

Miss Lovewell could not resist the temptation of exclaiming when she looked back over the way we had come. "If the shadows were not so deep, what a startling photograph one could take of a person standing on the ledge!" she shouted. "It would look as if he were clinging without support of any kind to a sheer, perpendicular rock!"

"How black the water is!" exclaimed Randall, shuddering.

Miss Lovewell, pale and trembling with nervous excitement, leaped forward, trying to pierce the shadows in the ravine.

"For God's sake, don't stand so near the edge, Valerie!" Randall shouted, in an agony of apprehension.

Miss Lovewell strained. Before either of us could lift a hand she tumbled and fell. Under ordinary conditions we could have caught her. But now, so startled and unmoved were both of us, we were powerless to move. As she fell her skirt brushed Randall's hand, yet his fingers seemed paralyzed, for he did not even clutch at her. The dull splash in the pool below brought us to our senses. We looked far over and gazed into the black water.

"There she is!" yelled Randall, vainly grasping my coat sleeve. "If the undercurrent catches her—the falls, the falls!"

"She's lost—lost! Do you hear me? Lost!" I cried, looking like a demented in his face.

I half tumbled, half ran, down to the mouth of the "basin," where the water left the pool in a deep, noisy, foaming turbulence around me. My real self, on long held in check, mastered me as it never had before. It crushed my love for the girl drowning there at my feet, it made me drunk with evil, and—lost help me!—I watched her struggles without a thought of helping her.

Randall stood for a second waiting until the current had carried her away from the base of the platform and he could dive without striking her. He was quite calm again, the old cynical smile playing about his lips. Our eyes met, and he understood. A look of scorn came over his face.

"You great, good man!" he exclaimed,—"you coward, you cheat!"

Then he leaped into the pool. I saw him swim from right and left, with a boat of Miss Lovewell. I heard his gasps as the cold struck to his heart. With one superb effort he raised her arm-length above his head, and with a mighty heave that took his last strength clad her body like a log over the surface of the water out of the turbulent eddy into the current, which carried her into the channel where I stood. The momentum pushed him underwater, and I saw the undercurrent slowly carry him back to the falls at the upper end of the pool.

With a great shout I plunged into the stream, waist deep, and braving myself against a breaker, caught Miss Lovewell as the water whirled her along. With hope my love for her returned. Exclaiming in my

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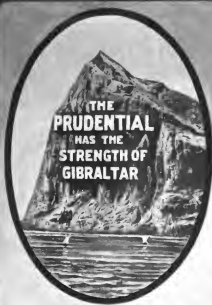
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JACOB AND RACHEL AT THE WELL.

And while he yet spake with them, Rachel came with her father's sheep; for she kept them.—Genesis XXIX, v. 8.

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JACOB AND RACHEL AT THE WELL

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. XLIII

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The King's Temple

By James Edmund Dimming

Paintings by Howard Pyle



N A delicious evening in the summer-time Raskyn and Miss Cleveland came from a bridge-bound gravel walk and stammered on the Tompath. At their feet the weed-encrusted rocks gave up a sally fragrance. Beyond there lay a fair expanse of channel, and farther out the round sides of the Pincupines showed black against the bay. Before them, high above the tree-tops, Green Mountain's shadow hung across the night; behind, a veil-like mist, come down along the land to dress the faeries of the moonlight, was lit by the glow of lamps from the reading-room, where gleam-shirted whist-players and fresh midshipmen from the fleet scented their tobacco with the pipe of many a Yeatsman. There was music in a big red house above the towers. Miss Cleveland sagaciously observed silence. Raskyn relighted successive cigarettes.

"This is better than the dancing," he said at last. "Indeed," said she, responding brightly to his signal, "nothing is better than the dancing on a night like this." "That depends quite on one's company," declared he, but might have saved himself the trouble.

"Possibly," replied Miss Cleveland, without an instant's wait,—and stepped there.

Raskyn knew that old move well. Evasive philosophy was his up to Cerebrus; he said, after a dignified interval:

"We like this sort of thing,—I mean are impressed by the beauty of it, because of its everlasting quality. Humanity is always partly paralyzed by the suggestion of Eternity, and while moonbeams and cold water aren't quite so eternal, they are quite convincing enough when compared with the brevity of our own little lives."

"Experiencing only," suggested Miss Cleveland, "for much of us as have lived before."

There was not a trace of sarcasm, and Raskyn's guard fell down.

"Lived before?" he roared. "Do you believe?"

"I believe nothing," said Miss Cleveland. "I feel much. Feeling is believing, but to live is to feel. The more you live the deeper your faith. If you live well. So I feel."

"Having lived well?" suggested Raskyn, but she only smiled, and went on determinedly—

"That pre-existence isn't such a myth after all."

"Not by moonlight, probably." Raskyn's tone was merciless.

"Not—not at all!" Miss Cleveland said, desirately.

"You believe—I mean you feel that?" asked Raskyn, much more soberly. "Can you feel, for instance, that there are on the earth to-day embodied spirits who were men and women when old Phœnicia flourished by trading with the world?"

"Why not?" said she. "Yes, it got on such a beach as this that Ahah the Phœnician Pilot buried his magic Sward before he died!"

Raskyn halted in amazement.

"How did you—who told you he buried it,—that he—?"

Miss Cleveland made a little, commanding gesture as for silence, and looked away to the sea and up the silver pathway toward the sky, for half a minute.

"I do not know how I know," said she. "I did not know when I said it that it was true. Only I felt that there was something—something—has it occurred to you that you have been in a place like this before—long ago?"

"That we have?"

"That you have." There was a smile or two.

"That you—?"

"Tell me something," Miss Cleveland interrupted, with becoming vehemence—"you know about it all, I'm sure. Tell me what it was about Elissa,—after the gate was shut and she was alone with Timon, and about Bertha and the Sward and Ahah. I'm in a sort of trance. These names keep coming up before my mind. At first they were strange; now they are familiar, like the names of friends. I feel there is something more,—I can't quite get it. What about—her eyes shone very brightly and her voice was different—what about Elissa,—how?"

Raskyn snapped his cigarette into the sea.

Now it was in the third month of the year, at night, when Ahah the Pilot, walking upon the Tyrtion decks with two attendants, was met by an armed man, running.

"Art thou Ahah the Pilot?" cried the courier, softly.

"I am he thou named." Ahah answered. "What ayeest thou?"

And the courier said:

"Thy bath had forgotten, Ahah, how a space ago in the gardens of Irahim the merchant thou didst meet the lovers of Elissa, Irahim's daughter, in a deadly combat, and killed six of them with the great and magic Sward thou hast brought with the lady Bertha, the fair mistress, from far Britain, beyond Tartarus."

"Say," said Ahah, gently, "Thy bath had forgotten that."

The Sward is a great sword, and no man of us knoweth the secret by which it can be drawn from its strange scabbard,—but I know, and the gods of the lady Bertha and our great god Baal, they are with me where I go, for they have blessed the Sward."

"But Elissa is now angered," said the courier,—not for her lovers, for she can win the more, but that thou hast scorned her love and taken another and a stranger to thy house. So that she hates the Ahah, and the Lady Bertha with the yellow hair whom thou didst bring with thee from the long westward voyage, and her father Irahim doth also hate thee for the fame thy prowess with the Sward and thy courage on the seas hath brought thee

here in Tyre,—for the shame thou hast brought upon his daughter, and for the blood of his six young hirelings thou didst shed on his estate. They hate thee with a jealous hatred, and would bring thee ill; for Ibrahim the merchant hath demanded that the King deliver thee and Bertha, the Northman's daughter, into his hands for violence done within his gardens; failing which he will withhold his tax from the King's treasury, and will come and take thee for himself by force; for he hath many men."

The messenger remained three paces distant in dense darkness, his face unseen. The two attendants drew their swords and held them ready. But Abah strode quickly forward.

"Who art thou?" he said.

"I am Timon of Athens, an officer in the King's army, and whose life thou didst spare for my brother's sake in the gardens of Ilseham in the merchant, for I sought to kill thee when thou didst scorn Elissa: and in gratitude I had thee out to save thee."

"And it is the truth?"

"It is the truth, but not the whole. Already the men of Ibrahim surround thy house in the Street of Steps, and hold its gates,—but have not yet got within, for they await an answer from the King."

"And that is the truth?"

¹⁰ It is the whole of the truth.

Alab thought a queer, and said: "Timon of Athens, I have not knowna thee well. By thy looks thou art a brave man, but I would know if thou art also good. For courage without virtue cannot go where I wouldst send thee now."

"I am a soldier and a man, who hath learned well of a hard master and hath loved him for it. Since thy sword cutteth me in the garden and thou dost spare my life for honor's sake, I have vowed to my great gods and to my soul that I would one day do such service unto thee that thou shouldst call me friend and brother. So I give thee the truth, and I put my sword and such skill as the wars have taught, and my life, into thy hands,—for honor's sake."

“And thou wilt honor my lady and my house,” and it is the truth.”

"In the heart of our mother, it is the truth!"

"These two men be to me Egyptians, of ten given me by their King as a reward. They will die at my word, or for my aid. One of them I will give thee. Follow him like a dog on the scent of

prer, and ask him naught, for he will not answer thee. He will lead thee by a secret way into my house and present thee to my lady with a message I shall give to him. And he will remain with thee until I come, to do thy bidding. My lady hath right others like unto him by her in case of need. With thou go, and defend my house and my love and the Second until I have seen the King.

"By the heart of my mother," swore Timon of Athens. "I will defend them with my life."

So Ahah spoke to one of the two Egyptians, and he stepped forward, a giant, black as the night was. And in a language Tomon did not know the Pilot said to him:

and said thus: "I will go to my home and to my lady, and say unto her: 'Thou art in danger. This man T'ou-wei is thy friend. Take down the sword and give it him, and when the last hour of bidding shineth the gate hath come, disclose the secret and let him draw the blade: for he will need its power against the men of Ibrahim, who would possess us.' I go to the King, but I will come again to thee in short time. Wherever, I charge thee, hide not the secret of the sword while hope is left within thee."

And as they parted, Timon knelt and touched his head on Alab's hands, and said:

"Am I thy friend and brother, Pilot?"

"Let the night and the day give thee thy answer," returned hab. "I will be with thee at the morning."

And wrapping his cloak about him, and with the great Egyptian striding just before, he made his way by the lower streets up the city's gentle slope to the palace of the King, who loved him for the same his vanguard gave to the Phoenicians.

the palace of King Illeam is set up on a rock in the centre of the city, surrounded by his gardens and, about them, by a high wall with watchtowers on it. And the watchtowers keep guard that no man come up from the streets and enter, and that no ships or boats come in from the sea, and enter the city. And the walls of the palace of King Illeam are built on two sides of his island town: and in all ways from the palace walls the city's flanks run down to the sea on the one side, and on the other to the street. And the sea is divided near in halves by a wide canal running straight through the low part of the town and connecting the two parts; so that if an enemy shuts up or breaks down one part, the ships of the King Illeam may go to the canal from the sea, and the street of the King Illeam may be crossed from the sea, the ships to the canal, and cross it on a bridge of stone.

But Ahash's way was by the lesser streets; and by and by he came to the walls of the King's gardens, and to the watchers there he spoke one short, strange word, so that presently a bolt was withdrawn and a low gate raised, and Ahash went within, and the Eusebius with him, and came to the palace. And it was near dawn.

But the King, being burdened with much care, was in his hall, in the Hall of Merchants, where every day he met the princes of the country's trade; and one of these was Ibrahim, Elissa's father.

"O King," said Ahab, "since a lad I have feared nothing but thy frown,—and my lady, she is well."

"Then thou, too, art well, my Pilot," said the King, for he loved Ahab as a brother. "But they desire thy life."

"Then wilt thou give them it," said Ahab. And the King thought none space. He was a lesser man in stature than the Pilot, but his light of kings was on his brow and his posture as a god. He had the hair of his crown black and red, and in his thick locks on the top of it was fastened a small crown of gold, and under the crown was a rope of silver which bound the hair around the King's head. His robe was a wondrous purple, very long. It was caught at the shoulders with wondrous ornaments, and the sleeves were of the same purple, and the hem of the golden threads and grass, and with patches of rich red silk, became a bag. And his feet were sandalled in gold, with gold cloth for the strings of them, and on his fingers were many rings, and some were jewelled. So that the King's colors were gold and purple, and silver, and green, and red, and blue, and white. His white, made of pure, soft stones, smooth-chiselled by Sidonian artificers, and set one upon another cleverly. And the roof was held by pillars of the white stone, and between two of them was set the King's chair, and above the floor were carpets stained in blue and purple and green and red and white. And on this day was breaking when Huram spoke again to Ahab.

"Ahah," he said, and sent away all the armed men about him, that none might hear;—then answered that I love thee will let it be hard to old thee. Thou knowest, too, that though I am the King, I do live upon my merchants. It is they who support the state, and make the laws whilst they sit within the Hall, and administer justice. Times have come when I do send my men out for trade and for the sea; and that my army is not of our own blood, but hired fighting-men from many lands. They do not love the state and me, but covet money for their fighting; so that the great merchants can away them almost at their will; and thus him who askest for thy life, is the greatest of our merchants. I have said all that I have mind to say, and I give thee leave to take thee to thy house and to thy lady. What sayest thou, Ahah?"

And Abah only bowed in dignity and said:

"As thou wilt, O King. If thou canst give me no armed men I will go to my house in the Street of Steps alone, for I would be with my lady, and would possess my Sword."

"Nay, Allah," said the King, "the men of Ibrahim, his sailors and his traders and his watchmen and soldiers who court his favor, and the lovers of his daughter, Elissa the black-haired, they await thee in the streets and will kill thee. For the day is come and it is light."

"Yet will I go, O King," said Ahub, "for I will see my lady and will hold my sword."

And King Hiram knew his Pilot's heart, that it was very good; so he said to him, "Wait with me a space," and to the slaves there near him, "Go fetch me the King's Jewel from my chamber."

And the slaves went and fetched him the King's Jewel, and Hiram said to Abide:

Here, Abah, is all I have to give thee, and I give it out of my great love, that with its power I may save thy life and thy lady, and thy house and thy Sword. It is the King's Jewel, which, I knowest, my brother Solomon gave to me when I did beat him at the game of tables, and all my people know it well. Hang it on thy breast, and thou shalt be forth for King Solomon's house, and both pledged him and his forth for thee, pledge him with it such power and his glory unto his house, as if in his very person, and whose death harm unto him who weareth it, he be at the uttermost parts of the world: him will King Solomon follow with his vengeance, through water and through fire or upon the tops of the mountains, in the dark of the forest, or in the open day, if thou be hurt, he will be hurt, and if thou be slain, he will be slain. So give it to thee, Abah: set thou in thy house, in peace with this upon thy breast."

And Ahab took the King's Jewel, and let the Egyptian hang it on his neck by its yellow chain. Its upper part was a disk of bull's hide, tanned and varnished, and on it was inscribed a prophecy:

BEHOLD I AM WITH THEE AND WILL
KEEP THEE IN ALL PLACES WHITHER
THOU GOEST: FOR I WILL NOT
LEAVE THEE.

And from the bejeweled disk there hung a ring of solid gold, and in the gold with an ivory band was set a gem, which shone like a star; and Solomon had it from his father David, who received it from the men of Edom; and sure it had hung in the temple of the sacred town of Gebel, for it was very beautiful. And it was the King's Jewel, which Solomon sent to King Hiram, the Canaanite sage. Hiram, smothered his riddle.

As the king's attendants, his palace guards, and his eunuchs followed him, he bided the King's hand and went from the Hall of the Merchants into the garden, and presently came out upon the summit of the city and looked down along the streets where lay the men of Isharrah. He saw the men in all around him. At the top of the hill is Hiram's palace, with steep cliffs behind it, toward the mainland, while, before, the city slopes far downward to the sea; the palace, the King's gardens are on the eastern side, protected by a sea-wall with a narrow mouth in it, and the mouth is always guarded, and the guards look watch for all ships that come, and send their names and numbers to the King. The King's palace is on the west side; it is another harbor made by a high sea-wall; though no wharves are there, but houses like the banks—and gardens. For the eastern harbor is for peace, and the western for a harbor of war. The ships are joined to the eastern from the north, and brought through the straits of the city from north to port. Ahah's house is on the western side



**"HERE IS ALL I HAVE TO GIVE THEE—IT IS THE
KING'S JEWEL"**

and farther down, toward where the shoulder of the hand begins to curve to the east again, as Ibrahim's retainer, and then went out where Tamm waited him.

Upon this scene the Pilot could look down as he stood at the summit of the city on the terrace of King Hiram's palace. The day was breathing, and strong shafts of golden light had pierced the lowering haze, and fallen on the towers. The tops of houses showed blood red now, the dense groves of the clustering olive-trees, and between those the sides of grayish stone crumpled with the heavier hues. A little mist rose from the centre of the city, showing where the great canal went through from side to side. Little sails, a breath of air came in and stirred the olive-orchards gently. The bosom of the sea threw off its robe of dusk and lifted its day-coat of pearl and green and blue. The mist lay on its curtain and the sunlight fell upon the city, which was very beautiful.

The glitter kissed the roofs, and the olive-trees and the soft gray stones, and lit King Hiram's palace and his temples with a wondrous brilliancy, and warmed the cheeks of Akab, standing at the head of the Street of Steps. But Akab prayed to Baal for aid. For the sun which filled the world with that hazy burning glory of the spears and the shields of an armed horde which stood before the house of Akab; and Akab knew his time had come. And he prayed: "O Baal, strengthen me, and restore me to my love and to my Sorrow, for the deeds I have done in thy name, and for what I shall do."

So he drew his robe about him, with the King's Jewel showing on his breast, and strode along the Street of Steps to face the men of Ibrahim.

"Stop, there! Who art thou?"

"Thou knowest me. I am Akab the Pilot, and I will enter to my house."

So they raised up a great cry, the guards and the sailors and the sherif and the men of Egypt Ibrahim had hired for his trusting, and would have set on Akab without waiting, when one, a leader among them, cried loudly and said:

"See, the sign of Solomon!" And then to Akab, "Whither goest thou, Pilot?"

And Akab made no answer, but walked among them with his black head very straight and his arms beneath his purple robe. And when they saw his eyes and that he truly wore the Jewel, some dared halt him, so that the crowd divided in the centre and let him to his gates. And the gates were swung and he entered through them. And Timon of Akko, all clad in his mail and wearing his short, thick Greek blade, held the bolts, and slid them shut again.

"Is she safe with thee?" asked Akab.

"Safe as thou art, Pilot," answered Timon.

"And the Sorrow?"

"Safe too," said Timon, "and no man knoweth yet its secret; for though we were best at midnight thy lady would not tell it. So we sought them of until they let thee in."

"And now," cried Akab, "let me—"

A fearful shouting stopped him. There was beating on the gates and the din of arms, then silence; and a thin, high voice:

"Ye fools!" he cried, "to let him in. It shall cost ye heavy gold, I tell thee. What is the King's Jewel to Ibrahim the merchant? Both Ibrahim fear Solomon, or—say King? I tell thee, no man dares speak in Tyre if I give word against him. And thou hast let this Pilot pass thee with a trouble on him! Now, then, I say, there is no virtue in it. And I will stir him, and I will give it to pieces with his bones. Not on and break his gates and lead him and his lady and this traitor Timon whom I brought to Tyre in my service—lead them out to be divided here among us, then!"

And they forced against the gates to break them down,—when the gates swung open, and the way was clear from the gateway up the wide stone steps between the olive-trees to Akab's door: excepting this, that at the doors stood Timon the Akkadian, very tall and fine, with no helmet, but only his small, round shield and his little sword with two broad edges, and with him were the ten Egyptians, with their own swords and clad in a black armor their king had given Akab, of his secret stores.

And in the doorway stood Akab, there alone. He had no weapon, but the King's Jewel blazed upon his breast. And he said:

"Ibrahim, I ask a thing for such a price as I may take leave of my lady. Then, if thou wilt stay thy men, I will open my gates again, and thou mayest come and take me."

And Ibrahim, grinning, gave consent. So they closed the gates. And Akab went into his house and Bertha brought him not the Jewel, and no man was near them.

"Bertha," said Akab, and took her in his arms, and for a long time said no more, but held her closely, and her cheek lay straight to his. And then he said:

"Dear heart, thou knowest I am a daughter of stout-hearted people,—not of those Syrian traders, nor of the Britons from whose hands thou dost gain me, and the Sorrow they gave to him who would me; but of the Vikings of the icy seas, whose beacons light the rocks of the gloomy northern coasts, and in whose hardy hands more spirit of mischief abides the spirit of all the world. More I cannot tell thee now, my pilot, even to thou who didst love me and win me, the single sail plucked from a great ship's mast, all bound with brother to this Sorrow of ours. But my gods are with me always for I live here for a purpose and they will not see me harmed. One day thou shalt know. But go thou to the fighting. I know the heart, that thou dost love me well, and in return I love thee myself, as part of me. None knows the cost of the fight, but I give thee the Sorrow again, and I give thee my love. Go now, and let my heart hold thy heart up if you the battle needs it."

And Akab said nothing; but he kissed her hair and her mouth, and held her once more, closely, and then went out where Tamm waited him.

"Timon," he said, "I will hold the gate till Ibrahim is dead. But if I fall, save thou my lady and my honor, as best Baal give thee!"

"On the heart of my mother," said Timon, and went back to guard the doorway with the slaves.

But Akab took the Sorrow and three open the gates and stood there. And he held the Sorrow in his two hands, as if his little hand were on the lever that led to the impulse of it, and drew the blade out. But the scabbard he put down.

"Now, Ibrahim," he said, "thou mayest come and take me, for the price is paid."

The silence fell upon them all: upon the men-at-arms of Ibrahim the merchant, the sailor Greeks and the sons of Egypt, and the husband Camarites he hired to serve him. But in the midst of it a man stepped forth and looked on Akab. He was a little, shrunken man, with running eyes. His arms were long as his legs, and his head was deep in his two broad shoulders. He wore a black robe, rather short, and no ornament upon it whatever, nor did the dressing of his hair and beard much indicate his power. But he was exceeding angry, so that he trembled with it.

"Ibrahim," said Akab, smiling, "thou art early."

"Silence, thou whelp!" cried Ibrahim, with a furious shout, "Best make thy prayers, for I shall kill thee soon."

And Akab smiled again, and he leaned upon the Sorrow, and said:

"Thou hast, Ibrahim. Thou dardest not dishonor the King's Jewel so, I think."

The merchant cried aloud again, a dangerous laugh. "Thou fool," he said, "I care no more for the Jewel than for thy life. Will Ibrahim, the merchant prince of Tyre, go down in shame before a glittering stone with a King's name on it? Both Ibrahim fear King Hiram? Let any ask the King, and know. Both Ibrahim fear King Solomon? He feareth nothing, Pilot, but the loss of money and of broken vessels. Thou shalt die with thy own sign and name of Baal upon thy bosom, now I tell thee. For thou hast done me harm within my house. So will I tell thee, and tramp that trinket in the dust of Tyre and send it broken back to Solomon, and damn his soul to nothing, in the bargain. And for thy house, and for thy—"

But he said no more, for with a single bound the Pilot was upon him, and smote him in the very eyes with a bare hand; so that the merchant fell to the ground, crying out in rage:

"Not on him, all, and take the house and kill all in it—"

So they did not on.

Akab sprang quickly to his post and stood within the two sides of the gate, the Sorrow all ready. The merchant's cry came slowly, and the sailors and sailors drew back, and some were drawn, and running underneath their shields.

For many years they told the story of that battle in the Street of Steps, and it is recorded in books which can be studied to this day. They say that Akab in a mass, but as the great blade rose, the leaders down the crowd drew back and wondered at the corpses writhing in their blood. But Ibrahim, from behind, would urge them on, and so they charged again, in twos and threes, upon the gate. Some fell, some fled, others stood to it and, holding their little leather shields above their heads, dashed in upon the Pilot. Street by he stood, and gave no sign to Timon. Blood ran over him. His bare arms were hot with it, and there were gashes on his legs; but no part of his body had been touched, and his great head looked down upon his enemies proudly, as with mighty strokes he dealt the Sorrow and sent it through, and through again. And then the last of it got Akab by the heart, and he killed them not in his own defense, but for the love of seeing them die before him.

And presently he began singing a wild song of the sea, which in a hour he had heard the older pilots sing when the storm was blackest and the rocks were underneath the keels: so that it is said his voice rang in every street of that great city, and the men of Hiram dared not meet the fury of his strength.

Old Ibrahim shrieked in rage and shame,—for he must pay for the hirelings he had lost by this day.

"Get knives and charge him with spears and slay with shields!"

So they brought knives, about a dozen ashen shafts with metal points, all sharp, and ten strong blacks were called up from the rear to meet the charge upon the gate.

And when Akab saw this he sang no more, but stretched his arms to lend them strength, and prayed and blessed the handle of the Sorrow, and touched its blade upon the King's Jewel, hanging all bloody on his breast.

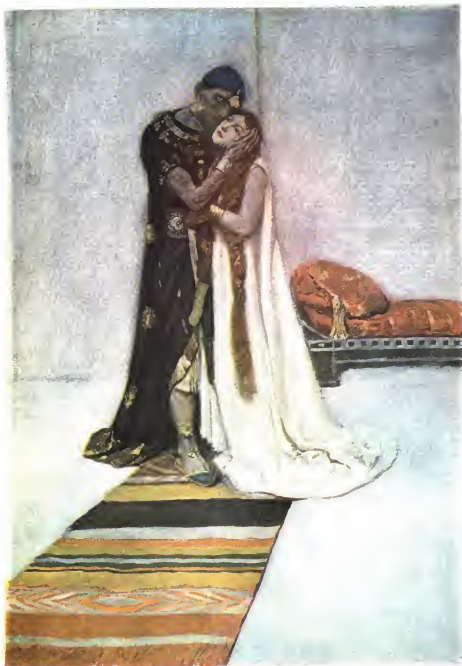
Akab cried Timon, "let me stand with thee, for they will kill thee surely with their spears."

"Keep my lady and my house, as thou hast sworn," said Akab, only, and Timon held his peace and stood with the slayers ready to fight when the Pilot fell.

And the ten black spearmen were gathered under their little back of shields, when the eyes of Timon, searching the palace walls for some chance sign of aid, caught the flutter of a signal hanging in the wall, and knew it well, for he had served Akab Hiram as courier at the port of Tyre. He threw off his sword and ran down the stairs to where the Pilot stood and post him, and took the gates and shut them quickly, and said the great bar of cedar wood which kept them close.

And when Akab would have held him he answered him and said:

"The couriers to the King have let in a royal galley at the outer port, and the colors of King Solomon are waving on the palace"



"I KNOW THY HEART, THAT THOU DOST LOVE ME WELL"

walls. As Hiram is thy friend he will not see thee die with such a chance."

"But Alah, full of fighting, did not understand.
"A royal galley,—at the outer port!" he asked, most wonderingly.

And Timon pointed to the thing on Ahah's breast.

"The King's jewel," he said, "bringseth safety and support to him who wears it."

But the men of Ibrahim were at the gates. Their eyes grew as they saw what Timon did. And Ibrahim, seeing Ahah's fears, was in great haste, and directed that timber be brought to batter in the gates, and sent some to scale the walls and hurl spears down upon the defenders of the house.

"Send down the slaves," said Timon, "and cut the fingers of these fellows as they climb up," and the slaves came down and did so, while Timon and the Pilot watched the palace walls, reaching high above the city on the hill.

The signals flattered in the morning breeze, and now and then a soldier was seen running on the walls and raising other signs in some one at the harbor gate.

"What doth it mean?" asked Ahah.

"A royal galley hath come in," said Timon, "and I see the colors of King Solomon. That is all. It is out only—"

A shouting stopped him, and a rush of many feet, and there was a dreadful crash as the gate gave in before the timber ram. Two other blows would end it.

No Ahah took up the sword and went back up the stairway to the doors of his house, resolved to make a last stand there, and hope for what the gods might send to him for aid. But when he would have spoken unto Timon, the Athenian was not there, though his sword still lay by the broken gate.

"Thimn," said Ahah to a slave, "whither didst the Athenian leave me?"

"He the wall, master," replied the Egyptian. "He ran swiftly to the eastern corner and leaped over to the street. It was believed you sent him out for aid."

And Ahah's heart was sore, that Timon should have left him to his fate; but he gathered his sword and went thence into the courtyard of his house, and would have held the door alone but that Bertha would not consent, and came and stood by him as he leaned on the sword, and put her head upon his shoulders. And so the hours stood, awaiting with their heavily.

Over now the men was thrust against the gate, which afterward hung by small bits at the corners, ready to fall down. Then Ibrahim drew off his men and formed them in three lines, the battlement between two files of swordmen; and some, at the head, her spear.

"When the gates give way," he commanded them, "thou wilt drop the ram and pour in and overwhelm this Pilot and his house. Kill him if thou wilt, but save his mistress and the slaves, and do no violence to his house: upon which thou shalt be rewarded richly."

No they formed in three lines, the ram between the swordmen. The rammen put wooden bars beneath the timber and lifted it so, four men in a bar, two on either side, twenty in all. Ibrahim gave a shrill cry, and they moved forward, slowly at first, then faster, all in step, until they were running straight for the gateway of the house of Ahah.

But as the timber crashed through the shattered gates and opened a way straight up the stairway to the spot where Bertha and the Pilot stood together with the sword, the very leaves of the olive-trees were shaken by a mighty blast from a great horn, not far off. The men of Ibrahim halted, and then turned, for another blast, more terrible than the first, swept up the city's slopes and echoed from the gray walls of the palace and came rolling back again upon the wondering town whither from its sleep.

Then Ibrahim looked down the Street of Steps and saw a wonderful sight,—and all his men looked with him.

For at the bottom of the street, where the broad canal cuts Tiro into two parts, a gally rested, with armed men leaping out from it upon the white stone curbs, and close behind were others, and in the sunlight through the trees the points of many weapons burned their flashes into the eyes of the wondering army. And then the soldiers formed in one wide column like a solid wall of men, and came marching up the Street of Steps with a singing and clanging the wide world knew and feared, those days,—the mailed, restlessness of Solomon. The early sun bore straight upon their lines, gleaming upon their leather bucklers, their wooden shields faced with polished brass, their bronze helmets with the rural plumes of white horse-daisies, their breastplates of brass fastened to their scarlet shirts with calendered leather straps. Their metal leg-armour glinted as they marched. Each man carried a short sword and a spear, and ahead of them was a giant of a man, turned middle age, who carried no spear or shield, nor any sword, but an axe with a gold handle, of very wonderful make. And by his side was Timon the Athenian.

Ahah heard the clamor of the marching men, and ran down to the gateway to inquire of it, and Bertha with him. And not one of Ibrahim's men was near, but Ibrahim all alone and very fear-

ful. And Ibrahim ran to Ahah as to kneel and beg for refuge, but he heard the gate be leaped on Bertha with a dagger and struck straight out for her heart. But Ahah's hand was quicker, and he caught the merchant's arm and broke it at the wrist,—and thus the soldiers were upon them.

The captain closed out forward. He was as big as Ahah, and dressed in the brilliance of his monarch's court.

"Art thou Ahah the Pilot?"

"I am he," said Ahah.

"I am Ezra, son of Habbakuk," he said, right proudly, "a courier for King Solomon and bound for my life to his service. Coming hence by night in galley on a secret mission to King Hiram, I discover the King's Jewel in great danger. Wherefore, Ahah, according to the oath with which the King hath given the Jewel, I come to succeed and to save thee, to kill thy enemies, and to punish all who have done ill unto thee or to thy house. Command me, therefore, for whilst thou dost possess the Jewel I am but thy servant, like the King."

"Ezra," said Ahah, "I thank thee for thy success, and I ask that of all my enemies only this be punished,—Ibrahim the merchant."

"Let us go with him to King Hiram," said Ezra, "that thou mayst plead for his death and the destruction of his estate in that proper presence."

But Ahah would not, and sent for the sword, and said,

"Let every man here turn away his face."

And the captain of the guard commanded it.

Then Ahah took the sword and went to where Ibrahim lay groaning with his broken arm, and said,

"Ibrahim, not for myself do I seek this vengeance, but because thou didst aim to kill my love, most foully."

And Ahah killed Ibrahim as he lay there, by cutting off his head.

"Go now to King Hiram," said Ahah, to the captain, "and take with thee this Jewel. Say to him that I am in an excellent spirit and that my wrongs shall be mended by this, that the great estates of Ibrahim, all his lands and his stores and his slaves and his jewels and his daughter's life and his house, altogether, shall be given by the King to Timon of Athens, my dearly beloved friend and brother here this day; but that the ships of Ibrahim be mine."

So the captain took the message and marched away, and it was done.

And Timon and the Pilot clasped their hands, and together went into the house of Ahah and found there Bertha polishing the sword. And she looked on them and smiled a smile which illumined all that place. And she came to Timon and brushed his forehead with her hand, and kissed him, but to Ahah she said, "Dear lord!" and fell within his arms.

And Timon left them so; but as he went away the Pilot said to him:

"Timon, my brother and my friend, thou wilt return to us here soon. But for the day we will remain," and his black eyes laughed a little, "for we are in an excellent spirit."

But a courier came and said, "Oh Ahah, Hiram, King of Tyre, doth send thee news that Eliza, daughter of Ibrahim, whom thou slayest, is stilled dead by her own hand in the garden of her father."

And the courier went away and closed the gate, for no man there made answer to his message.

"Eliza!" Rankin repeated after her, not quite vaguely. "Why need we ask? She died most miserably and alone. Not one of all her lovers loved her when her wealth was gone. It was well she did, I think; for after her there was none in Phœnicia to dispute the beauty and the place of the dearest woman in the ancient world."

"The sweetest world!" Miss Cleveland said, most casually. Rankin turned to her with a pregnant gesture. The sunlight had set fire to the masses of her yellow hair and made a soft, sweet radiance hang about her face. A hundred wonders sang along his vision in the moment he stood gazing, a portrait of Time all centering on her face. He saw her in the wide, free dress of the Viking, the closer robes of old Phœnicia, the fills and ruffs of Queen Elizabeth,—a wonderful dream in the heart of his own old soul.

"Bertha," he whispered, "Bertha—"

Miss Cleveland looked away to where a place of lights moved in along the channel. They could hear the soft plunge of a pusher's twin engines, and some strains of music broken disjointed on the mild sea breeze:

... life slips its tether,
When good fellows get together;
With a strain on the table
And a good song ringing clear.
For—life slips—

"No," she said, quite zephyr. "Bertha lived in old Phœnicia. This—a prettier—of a billing liberty raised up her voice into a gladsome ring,—this is Bar Harbor, and it is the summer-time!"



"....NOT FOR MYSELF DO I SEEK THIS VENGEANCE"

THE QUEST

BY MARK TWAIN



LAKESIDE was a pleasant little town of five or six thousand inhabitants, and a rather pretty one, too, as towns go in the Far West. It had church-congregations for 35,000, which is the way of the Far West and the South, where everybody is religious, and where each of the Protestant sects is represented and has a plant of its own. Rank was unknown in Lakeside—uncondemned, anyway; everybody knew everybody and his dog, and a sociable friendliness was the prevailing atmosphere.

Saladin Foster was bookkeeper in the principal store, and the only high-salaried man of his profession in Lakeside. He was thirty-five years old, now; he had served that store for fourteen years; he had begun in his marriage-week at four hundred dollars a year, and had climbed steadily up, a hundred dollars a year for four years; from that time forth his wage had remained eight hundred—a handsome figure indeed, and everybody conceded that he was worth it.

His wife, Elvira, was a capable helpmeet, although—like himself—a dreamer of dreams and a private dabber in romance. The first thing she did, after her marriage—child as she was, aged only nineteen—was to buy an acre of ground on the edge of the town, and pay down the cash for it—twenty-five dollars, all her fortune. Saladin had less, by fifteen. She instituted a vegetable garden there, got it farmed on shares by the nearest neighbor, and made it pay her a hundred per cent. a year. Out of Saladin's first year's wage she put thirty dollars in the savings-bank, sixty out of his second, a hundred out of his third, a hundred and fifty out of his fourth. His wage went to eight hundred a year, then, and meantime two children had arrived and increased the expenses, but she banked two hundred a year from the salary, nevertheless, therewith. When she had been married seven years she built and furnished a pretty and comfortable two-thousand-dollar house in the midst of her garden-acre, paid half of the money down, and moved her family in. Seven years later she was out of debt and had several hundred dollars net earning her living.

Earning it by the rise in landed estate; for she had long ago bought another acre or two and sold the most of it at a profit to pleasant people who were willing to build, and would be good neighbors and furnish a great comradeship for herself and her growing family. She had an independent income from wife investments of about a hundred dollars a year; her children were growing in years and grace; and she was a pleased and happy woman. Happy in her husband, happy in her children, and the husband and the children were happy in her. It is at this point that this history begins.

The youngest girl, Clytemnestra—called Clytie for short—was eleven; her sister, Gwendolen—called Gwen for short—was thirteen; rare girls, and comely. The names betray the latent romanticism in the parental blood, the parents' names indicate that the

tings were an inheritance. It was an affectionate family, hence all four of its members had pet names. Saladin's was a *varmint* and unsexing one—Sally; and so was Elvira's—Alek. All day long Sally was a good and diligent bookkeeper and salesman; all day long Alek was a good and faithful mother and housewife and thoughtful and calculating business woman; but in the evening room at night they put the plodding world away and lived in another and a fairer, reading romances to each other, dream, dream, conrading with kings and princes and stately lords and ladies in the flesh and stir and splendor of noble palaces and grim and ancient castles.

II

Now came great news! Stunning news, joyous news, in fact. It came from a neighboring State, where the family's only surviving relative lived. It was Sally's relative—a sort of vague and indefinite uncle or second or third cousin by the name of Tilbury Foster, normally a bachelor, reputed well-off and correspondingly sane and crusty. Sally had tried to make up to him once, by letter, in a bygone time, and had not made that mistake again.

Tilbury now wrote to Sally, saying he should shortly die, and should leave him thirty thousand dollars, cash; not for love, but because money had given him most of his troubles and exasperations, and he wished to please it where there was good hope that it would continue its malignant work. The bequest would be found in his will, and would be paid over. *Provided*, that Sally should be able to prove to the executors that he had taken an *active* of the gift by *spoken word* or *by letter*, and *had made no inquiries concerning the non-banquet's progress* toward the revolving *treasure*, and *had not attended the funeral*.

As soon as Alek had partially recovered from the transient emotions created by the letter, he went to the relative's habitat and subscribed for the local paper.

Man and wife entered into a solemn compact, now, to meet sometime the great sum to any one while the relative lived, but some ignorant persons carry the fact to the death-bed and distort it and make it appear that they were disinterestedly thankful for the bequest, and just the same as confessing it and patting it right in the face of the prohibition.

For the rest of the day Sally made havoc and confusion with his books, and Alek could not keep her mind on her affairs, nor even take up a flower-pot or book or a stick of wood without forgetting what she had intended to do with it. For both were dreaming.

"Thirty thousand dollars!" All day long the music of those inspiring words sang through those people's heads.

From his marriage-day forth, Alek's grip had been upon the purse, and Sally had without known what it was to be privileged to squander a dime on her necessities.

"Thirty thousand dollars!" the song went on and on. A vast sum, an unthinkable sum!

All day long Alek was ab-

Monica after monsoon, ever higher, broader, finer



sobered in planning how to invest it, Sally in planning how to spend it.

There was no remorse-reading that night. The children took themselves away early, for the parents were silent, distraught, and strangely unentertaining. The good-night kisses might as well have been impressed upon vacancy, for all the response they got; the parents were not aware of the kisses, and the children had been gone an hour before their absence was noticed. Two parents had been busy during that hour—note-making; in the way of plans. It was Sally who broke the stillness at last. He said, with exultation—

"Ah, it'll be grand, Aleck! Out of the first thousand we'll have a horse and a buggy for summer, and a cutter and a skin laprobe for winter."

Aleck responded, with decision and composure—

"Out of the capital? Nothing of the kind. Not if it was a million!"

Sally was deeply disappointed; the glow went out of his face.

"Oh, Aleck!" he said, reproachfully. "We've always worked so hard and been so scrimped; and now that we are rich, it does seem—"

He did not finish, for he saw her eyes soften; his supplication had touched her. She said, with gentle persuasiveness—

"We must not spend the capital, dear, it would not be wise. Out of the income from it—"

"That will answer, that will answer, Aleck! How dear and good you are! There will be a noble income, and if we can spend that—"

"Not all of it, dear, not all of it, but you can spend a part of it. That is, a reasonable part. But the whole of the capital—every penny of it—must be put right to work, and kept at it. You see the reasonableness of that, don't you?"

"Why, yes, of course. But we'll have to wait so long. Six months before the first interest falls due."

"Yes—six months longer."

"Longer, Aleck! Why? Don't they pay half-yearly?"

"That kind of an investment—yes; but I shan't invest in that way."

"What way then?"

"For big returns."

"Big. That's good. Go on, Aleck. What is it?"

"Good. The new mine, I'm sure. I mean to put in ten thousand. Ground deep. When we organize, we'll get three shares for one."

"By George but it sounds good, Aleck! Then the shares will be worth—how much? And when?"

"About a year. They'll pay ten per cent. half-yearly, and be worth thirty thousand. I know all about it; the advertisement is in the Cincinnati paper here."

"Land, thirty thousand for ten—in a year! Let's join in the whole capital and pull out ninety! I'll write and subscribe right now—to surprise it may be too late."

He was flying to the writing-desk, but Aleck stopped him and put him back in his chair. He said—

"Don't lose your head so. We mustn't subscribe till we've got the money; don't you know that?"

Sally's excitement went down a degree or two, but he was not wholly appeased.

"Why, Aleck, we'll have it, you know—and as soon, too. He's probably out of his troubles before this, it's a hundred to nothing



Sally was . . . robbing the store

"But why should you want to talk in that dreadful way? How would you like to have people talk so about you, and you not cold yet?"

"Not likely to be, for one while. I reckon, if my last act was giving away money for the sake of doing somebody a harm with it. But never mind about Tibbary, Aleck, let's talk about something worldly. It does seem to me that that mine is the place for the whole thirty. What's the objection?"

"All the eggs in one basket—that's the objection."

"All right, if you say so. What about the other twenty? What do you mean to do with that?"

"There is no hurry; I am going to look around before I do anything with it."

"All right, if your mind's made up," sighed Sally. He was deep in thought, a while, then he said—

"There'll be twenty thousand profit coming from the ten a year from now. We can spend that, can't we, Aleck?"

"No, dear," she said, "it won't sell high till we've had the first semiannual dividend. You can spend part of that."

"Shucks, only that—and a whole year to wait! Confound it, I—"

"Oh, do be patient! It might even be declared in three months—it's quite within the possibilities."

"Oh, jolly! oh, thanks!" and Sally jumped up and kissed his wife in gratitude. "It'll be three thousand—three whole thousand! how much of it can we spend, Aleck! Make it liberal—do, dear, that's a good fellow."

Aleck was pleased; so pleased that she yielded to the pressure and conceded a sum which her judgment told her was a foolish extravagance—a thousand dollars. Sally kissed her half a dozen times and even in that way could not express all his joy and thankfulness. This new access of gratitude and affection carried Aleck quite beyond the bounds of prudence, and before he could restrain himself she had made her darling another grant—a couple of thousand out of the fifty or sixty which she meant to clear with in a year out of the twenty which still remained of the bequest. The happy tears sprang to Sally's eyes, and he said—

"Oh, I want to hug you!" And he did it. Then he got his notes and sat down and began to check off, for first purchase, the bargains which he considered wisest to secure. "Horse—buggy—cutter—laprobe—patent leathers—dog—plug hat—church pew—ten—under—new teeth—say, Aleck!"

"Well?"

"Ciphering away, aren't you? That's right. Have you got the twenty thousand invested yet?"

"No, there's no hurry about that; I must look around first, and think."

"But you are ciphering; what's it about?"

"Why, I have to find work for the thirty thousand that comes out of the coal, haven't I?"

"Scott, what a head! I never thought of that. How are you getting along? Where have you arrived?"

"Not very far—two years or three. I've turned it over twice; once in oil and once in wheat."

"Why, Aleck, it's splendid! How does it aggregate?"



They were sailing the summer seas in their dream-boat

he's selecting his brimstone-shovel this very minute. Now, I think—"

Aleck shuddered, and said—

"How can you, Sally! Don't talk in that way, it is perfectly scandalous."

"Oh, well, make it a habit, if you like, I don't care for his outfit, I was only just talking. Can't you let a person talk?"

"I think—well, to be on the safe side, about a hundred and eighty thousand clear, though it will probably be more."

"My! isn't it wonderful? My gracious, look has come our way at last, after all the hard sledding. Aleck!"

"I'm going to cash in a whole three hundred on the mission—that each night here means one for mission!"

"You couldn't do a nobler thing, dear; and it's just like your generous nature, you unselfish boy."

The praise made Sally poignantly happy, but he was fair and just enough to say it was rightfully due to Aleck rather than to himself, since but for her he should never have had the money.

Then they went up to bed, and in their delirium of bliss they forgot and left the candle burning in the parlor. They did not remember until they were undressed; then Nelly was for letting it burn; he said they could afford it, if it was a thousand. But Aleck went down and put it out.

A good job, too: for on her way back she hit on a scheme that would turn the hundred and eighty thousand into half a million before it had had time to get cold.

The little newspaper which Aleck had subscribed for was a Thursday sheet; it would make the trip of his hundred miles from Tully's village and arrive on Saturday. Tully's letter had started on Friday, more than a day too late for the beneficiaries to die and get into that week's issue, but in plenty of time to make connections for the next outlet.

Thus the Fosters had to wait almost a complete week to find out whether anything of a satisfactory nature had happened to him or not. It was a long, long week, and the strain was a heavy one. The pair could hardly have borne it if their minds had not had the relief of wholesome diversion. We have seen that they had that. The woman was piling up fortunes right along, the man was spending them—spending all his wife would give him in any case.

At last the Saturday came, and the *Weekly Express* arrived. Mrs. Everly Bennett was present. She was the Presbyterian parson's wife, and was working the Fusters for a church. Talk now died a sudden death—in the Foster side. Mrs. Bennett presently discovered that her hosts were not hearing a word she was saying; so she got up, wondering and indignant, and went away. The moment she was out of the house, Aleck eagerly tore the wrapper from the paper, and her eyes and Nelly's swept the columns for the death notices. Disappointment! Tilbury was not anywhere mentioned. Aleck was a Christian from the cradle, and duty and the force of habit required her to go through the motions. She pulled herself together and said, with a pious two-per-cent, trade

"Let us be loudly thankful that he has been spared; and—"

* "Down his treacherous hide, I wash—"

"Silly! For shame!"

"I don't care!" retorted the angry man. "It's the way *you* feel and if you weren't so immorally pious you'd be honest and say so."

Abeck said, with wounded dignity:

"I do not see how you can say such unkind and unjust things. There is no such thing as immoral piety."

Sully felt a pang, but tried to conceal it under a shuffling attempt to save his case by changing the form of it—as if changing the form while retaining the juice would deceive the expert he was

"I didn't mean so bad as that, Aleck: I didn't really mean immoral piety, I only meant—meant—well, conventional piety, you know; re—shop piety; that—the—why, you know what I mean. Aleck—like—well, where you put up the plated article and pass it for solid, you know, without intending anything improper, but just out of trade habit, ancient policy, petrified custom, loyalty to—to—hang it, I can't find the right words, but you know what I mean, Aleck, and that there isn't any harm in it. I'll try again."

"You have said quite enough," said Alex, coldly; "let the subject be dropped."

"I'm willing," fervently responded Sally, wiping the sweat from his forehead and looking the thankfulness he had no words for. Then, musingly, he apologized to himself. "I certainly held three—I know it—but I drew and didn't fill. That's where I'm an often weak in the game. If I had stood pat—but I didn't. I never do. I don't know enough."

Confessedly defeated, he was properly tame now and seldom Alek forgave him with her eyes.

The grand interest, the supreme interest, came suddenly to the front again; nothing could keep it in the background many minutes on a stretch. The couple took up the puzzle of the murder of Tilly's death notice. They discussed it every whenever, more or less, and agreed at last that there was no other way than to conclude that the only really sane explanation of the shorter of the notice must be—and without doubt was—that Tilly was not dead. There was something sad about it, something eerie a little under, maybe, but there it was, and had to be put up with. They were glad to get back to their own life, and to their own disposition; now inscrutable than usual, he thought; one of the most unnecessarily inscrutable he could call to mind, in fact—and said so, with some feeling; but if he was hoping to draw Alida away from her grief, he failed. She would not let him do that. He held his tongue, merely to explain to her that she was likely never

The pair must wait for next week's paper—Tilghy had evidently postponed. That was their thought and their decision. So they put the subject away, and went about their affairs again with as good heart as they could.

Now, if they had but known it, they had been wronging Tibbels all the time. Tibbels had kept faith, kept it to the letter; he was dead, he had died to schedule. He was dead more than four days now and used to it; calmly dead, perfectly dead, as dead as any other new person in the cemetery; dead in abundant time to get into that other's *disposition* too, and only shut out by an accident: an accident which could not happen to a metropolitan journal, but which happened easily to a poor little village rag like the *Register*. On this occasion, just as the editorial page was being locked up, a great cargo of street-sweeper water-lugs arrived from Hostetter's Ladies' and Gents' Ice-Cream Parlor, and the stickler of rather chilly reputation Tibbels's translation got crowded out to make room for the editor's frolic, gratitude.

On its way to the standing gallery Tilly's notice got pinned. Otherwise it would have gone into some future edition of the weekly *Standard* or not wasted "live" matter, and in their galleries "live" matter is important, unless a no accident intervenes. But a thing that got pinned is dead, and for such there is no resurrection; so the chance of seeing print is gone forever and ever. And so, let Tilly like it or not, let him raise his grave to his full, no matter—no mention of his death would ever see the light in the *Week* *Standard*.

12

Five weeks drifted tediously along. The *Sageamore* arrived regularly on the Saturdays, but never once contained a

"Damn his liver, he's immortal!"

Alrek gave him a very severe rebuke, and added, with icy solemnity:

"How would you feel if you were suddenly cut off just after such an awful remark had escaped out of you?"

Without sufficient reflection Sally responded:
 "I'd feel I was lucky I hadn't got caught with it in me."
 This, but about 100 years ago, would not be a very good

Pride had forced him to say something, and as he could not think of any rational thing to say he flung that out. Then he stole a base—as he called it—that is, slipped from the pressure, to keep from settling head-on in his wife's discussion-mortal.

Six months came and went. The *Suppressor* was still silent about Tillyr's. Meanwhile, Nally had several times thrown out a feeling that it was a bad idea. She said she was afraid that Alek had ignored the hints. Nally now resolved to break up with him and risk a frontal attack. So he squarely proposed to disfigure himself and go to Tillyr's village, and surreptitiously find out as to the prospects. Alek put her fact on the dangerous project with energy and decision. She said:

"What can you be thinking of? You do keep my hands full! You have to be watched all the time, like a little child, to keep you from walking into the fire. You'll stay right where you are!"

"Why, Aleck, I could do it and not be found out—I'm certain of it."

"Sally Foster, don't you know you would have to inquire around?"

"Oh, listen to the man! Some day you're got to prove in the excruciators that you never inquired. What then?"



Page Number

He told Acr all . . . and begged for Acr forgiveness

He had forgotten that detail. He didn't reply: there wasn't anything to say, Aleck added.

"Now then, drop that notion out of your mind, and don't ever meddle with it again. Tibbory set that trap for you. Don't you know it's a trap?" He is on the watch, and fully expecting you to blunder into it. Well, he is going to be disappointed—at least while I am on deck. Sally?"

"Well?"

"As long as you live, if it's a hundred years, don't you ever make an inquiry. Promise!"

"All right," with a sigh and reluctantly.

Then Aleck softened and said:

"Don't be impatient. We are prospering; we can wait; there is no hurry. This small decided income dispenses all the time; and as to futures, I have not made a mistake yet—they are piling up by the thousands and the tens of thousands. There is not another family in the State with such prospects as ours. Already we are beginning to roll in eventual wealth. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, Aleck, it's certainly so."

"Then be grateful for what God is doing for me, and stop worrying. You do not believe we could have achieved these prodigious results without His special help and guidance, do you?"

"Absolutely. 'No, I suppose not.' Then, with feeling and admiration, 'And yet, when it comes to judiciousness in watering a stock or putting up a hand to skin Wall Street I don't give it to you need any outside assistance help, if I do I wish I—'

"Oh, do shut up! I know you do not mean any harm or any irreverence, poor boy, but you can't seem to open your mouth without letting out things to make a person shudder. You keep me in constant dread. For you and for all of us, there I had no fear of the thunder, but now when I hear it I—"

Her voice broke and she began to cry, and could not finish. The sight of this smote Sally to the heart, and he took her in his arms and patted her and comforted her and promised better conduct, and upbraided himself and remorsefully phoned forgiveness. And he was in earnest, and sorry for what he had done and ready for any sacrifice that could make up for it.

And so, in privacy he thought long and deeply over the matter, resolving to do what should seem best. It was easier to promise reforms; indeed he had already promised it. But would that do any real good, any permanent good? No, it would be but temporary—he knew his weakness, and confessed it to himself with sorrow—he could not keep the promise. Something sorer and better must be devised; and he set himself to it. At rest of previous money which he had long been saving up, shifting by shifting, he put a lightning rod on the house.

At a subsequent time he relaxed.

What miracles, what can do, and how quickly and how easily habits are acquired—both trifling habits and habits which profoundly change us. If by accident we wake at two in the morning a couple of nights in succession, we have need to be uneasy, for another repetition can turn the accident into a habit; and a month's delaying with sickness—but we all know these commonplace facts.

The castle-building habit, the day-dreaming habit—how it grows that a luxury it becomes, how we fly to its enchantments at every idle moment, how we revert in them, drop our souls in them, intoxicate ourselves with their beguiling futilities—oh, yes, and how soon and how easily our dream-life and our material life become so intermingled and so fused together that we can't quite tell which is which, any more.

By and by Aleck subscribed for a *Chicago* daily and for the *Wall Street* *Posters*. With an eye single to finance he studied these as diligently all the week as he studied her *Public* *Sundays*. Sally was lost in admiration, in awe with what swift and sure strides her genius and judgment developed and expanded, in the forecasting and handling of the securities of both the material and spiritual markets. He was proud of her nerve and daring in exploiting worldly stocks, and just as proud of her conservative caution in working her spiritual deals. He noted that she never lost, but her head in either case; that with a splendid courage she often went short on worldly futures, but bravely drew the line there—she was always long on the others. Her policy was quite sane and simple, as she explained it to him: what she put into earthly futures was for speculation, what she put into spiritual futures was for investment; she was willing to go into the one on a margin, and take chances, but in the case of the other, "margin her no margins,"—she wanted to cash in a hundred cents per dollar's worth, and have the stock transferred on the books.

It took but a very few months to educate Aleck's imagination and Sally's. Each day's training added something to the spread and effectiveness of the two machines. As a consequence, Aleck made imaginary money much faster than at first she had dreamed of making it, and Sally's competence in operating the lever of it kept pace with the strain put upon it, right along. In the beginning Aleck had given the real speculation a touchstone in which to materialize, and had been loath to grant that this term might possibly be "margin" in nine months. But that was the feeble work, the nursery-work, of a financial fairy that had led no teaching, no experience, no practice. These aids soon came, then that nine months vanished, and the imaginary ten thousand dollar investment came marching home with three hundred per cent profit on its back.

It was a great day for the pair of Fosters. They were speechless for joy. Also speechless for another reason: after much watching of the market, Aleck had lately, with fear and trembling, made her first step in "margin" in the remaining twenty thousand of the legacy in this risk. In her mind's eye she had seen it climb, point by point—always with a chance that the market

would break—until at last her anxieties were too great for further endurance—she being new to the margin-business and unhardened, as yet—and she gave her imaginary broker an imaginary order by imaginary telegraph to sell. She said forty thousand dollars profit was enough. The sale was made on the very day that the confidence had returned with its rich freight. As I have said, the couple were speechless. They sat, dazed and bloodst, that night, trying to realize the immense fact, the overwhelming fact, that they were actually worth a hundred thousand dollars in clean imaginary cash. Yet so it was.

It was the last time that ever Aleck was afraid of a margin; at least afraid enough to let it break her sleep and pale her cheek to the extent that this first experience in that line had done.

Indeed it was a memorable night. Gradually the realization that they were rich sank deeper and deeper into the souls of the pair, then they began to place the money. If we could have looked out through the eyes of these dreamers we should have seen their tiny little wooden house disappear, and a two-story brick with a east-west dormer in front of it take its place; or should have seen a three-glazed gas-chamber grow down from the parlor ceiling; we should have seen the heavily tiled carpet turn into blue-sels, a dollar and a half a yard; we should have seen the phibian fireplace vanish away and a preferred big base-burner with jingling windows take position and spread war around. And we should have seen other things, too, among them the hazy, the lap of the stove pipe hat, and so on.

From that time forth, although the daughters and the neighbors saw only the same old wooden house there, it was a two-story brick to Aleck and Sally; and not a night went by that Aleck did not worry about the imaginary gas-bills, and get for all comfort Sally's reckless retreat. "What if it we can afford it."

Before the couple went to bed, that first night that they were rich, they had decided that they must celebrate. They must give a party—that was their plan. But how to explain it—to the daughters and the neighbors? They could not expose the fact that they were rich. Sally was willing to say nothing of it; but Aleck kept her head and would not allow it. She said that although the money was as good as in, it would be well to wait until it was actually in, in that policy she took her stand, and would not budge. The great secret must be kept, she said, except from the daughters and everybody else.

The pair were puzzled. They must celebrate, they were determined to celebrate, but since the secret must be kept, what could they celebrate? No birthdays were due for three months. Tibbory wasn't available, evidently he was going to live forever, what the nation could they celebrate? That was Sally's way of putting it; and he was getting impatient. Ten, and a bar-scel, but he had said it already by sheer inspiration, as it



The rising young dealer



One of the past masters



One of the future masters



One of the Congressmen



The Governor's son



The rising young lawyer

Mathematical Possibilities

seemed to him—and all their troubles were gone in a moment, they would celebrate the Discovery of America. A splendid ideal!

Aleck was almost too proud of Sally for words—she said she never would have thought of it. But Sally, although he was bursting with delight in the compliment and with wonder at himself, tried not to let on, and said it wasn't really anything, anybody could have done it. Whereat Aleck, with a prideful toss of her happy head, said—

"Oh, certainly! Anybody could—oh, anybody! Hossanah Dinkins, for instance! Or maybe Adolbert Pussant—oh, dear—well, I'd like to see them try it that's all. There's one, if they could think of the discovery of a forty-acre island it's more than I believe they could; and as for a whole continent, why, Sally Foster, you know perfectly well it would strain the livers and lights out of them, also, they couldn't!"

The dear woman, she knew he had talent; and if affection made her overestimate the size of it a little, surely it was a sweet and gentle crime, and forgivable for its source's sake.

Y

The celebration went off well. The friends were all present, both the young and the old. Among the young were Phoebe and Grace Pussant and their brother Adolbert, who was a rising young journeyman limner, also Hossanah Dinkins, Jr., journeyman plasterer, just out of his apprenticeship. For many months Adolbert and Hossanah had been showing interest in Hossanah and Clytemnestra Foster, and the parents of the girls had noticed this with private satisfaction. But they suddenly realized now that that feeling had not been mutual; they recognized that the changed financial conditions had raised up a wall between their daughters and the young mechanics. The daughters could now look higher—and most, they must. They need carry nothing below the grade of lawyer or merchant's paper; no woman would take care of this; there must be no imbalances.

However, these thoughts and projects of theirs were private, and did not show on the surface, and therefore threw no shadow upon the celebration. What showed upon the surface was a serene and lofty contentment and a dignity of aspect and gravity of deportment which compelled the admiration and likewise the wonder of the company. All noticed it, all commented upon it, but none was able to divine the secret of it. It was a marvel and a mystery. Three several persons remarked, without suspecting what clever sleuths they were making:

"It's as if they'd come into property."

That was just it, indeed.

Most mothers would have taken hold of the matrimonial matter to the old proverbial way: they would have given the girls a talking to, of a solemn sort and unattractive—before calculated to defeat its own purpose, by producing tears and secret rebellion; and the said mothers would have further damaged the business by repeating the young mechanics to discontinue their attentions. But this mother had a different idea. She was practical. She said nothing to any of the young people concerned, nor to any one else except Sally. He listened to her and understood; understood and admired. He said:

"I set the liberty of finding fault with the samples on view, thus luring business and contracting trade without occasion, you merely offer a higher class of goods for the money, and leave nature to take her course. It's wisdom, Aleck, solid wisdom, and sound as a nut. What's your fish? Have you nominated him yet?"

No, she hadn't. They must look the market over—which they did. To start with, they considered and dismissed Bradish, rising young lawyer, and Fulton, rising young dentist. Sally must invite them to dinner. But not right away; there was no hurry, Aleck said. Keep an eye on the pair, and wait; nothing would be lost by putting slowly in so important a matter.

It turned out that this was wisdom, too; for inside of three weeks Aleck made a wonderful strike which netted her imaginary hundred thousand to three hundred thousand of the same quality. She and Sally were in the clouds that evening. For the first time they introduced champagne to dinner. Not real champagne, but plenty real enough for the amount of imagination expended on it. It was Sally that did it, and Aleck weakly submitted. At bottom both were troubled and ashamed, for he was a high up Son of Temperance, and at internals was an agent which no dog could keep up and retain his reason and his opinion; and she was a W. C. T. U. with all that implies of boiler-iron virtue and unimpeachable behavior. But there it was, the pride of riches was beginning its disintegrating work. They had lived in poverty, once more, a sad truth which had been proven many times before in the world; that whereas principle is a great and noble protection against showy and de-

grading vanities and vices, poverty is worth six of it. More than four hundred thousand dollars to the good! They took up the matrimonial matter again. Neither the dentist nor the lawyer was mentioned; there was no occasion; they were out of the running. Disqualified! They discussed the son of the policeman and the son of the village doctor, and after that, as it is the precious case, they concluded to wait and think, and go cautiously and sure.

Look came their way again. Aleck, ever watchful, saw a most and risky chance, and took a daring flyer. A time of trembling, of doubt, of awful uneasiness followed, for non-success meant absolute ruin and nothing short of it. Then came the result, and Aleck, faint with joy, could hardly control her voice when she said:

"The suspense is over, Sally—and we are worth a cold million!"

"Sally wept for gratitude, and said:

"Oh, Elektra, jewel of women, darling of my heart, we are free at last, we roll in wealth, we need never scribble again. It's a case for *Veuve Clicquot*! but he got out a pint of spruce-berry and made scurrier, he saying, 'Hump the expense,' and she rebuking him gently with reproachful but humid and happy eyes.

They sheltered the pork-packer's son and the bricklayer's son, and set down to consider the Governor's son and the son of the Congressman.

V

It were a weariness to follow in detail the leaps and bounds the Foster fortunes took from this time forth. It was marvellous, it was dizzying, it was dazzling. Everything Aleck touched turned to fairy gold, and leaping itself upward toward the firmament. Millions upon millions poured in, and still the mighty stream flowed thundering along, still its vast volume increased. Five millions—ten millions—twenty—thirty—was there never to be an end!

Two years except by a splendid delirium, the intemperate Fosters scarcely noticing the flight of time. They were now worth three hundred million dollars; they were in every board of directors of every production combine in the country; and still, as time drifted along, the millions went on piling up, five at a time, ten at a time, so fast as they could tally them off, almost. The three hundred doubled itself—then doubled again—and yet again—and yet once more!

Twenty-four hundred million!

The business was getting a little confused. It was necessary to take an account of Aleck, and straighten it out. The Fosters knew it, they felt it, they realized that it was imperative; but they also knew that to do it properly and perfectly the task must be carried out in fits and starts, without a break when once it was begun. A long-term job; and where could they find ten leisure hours in a bunch? Sally was selling pins and sugar and calico all day and every day; Aleck was cooking and washing dishes and sweeping and making beds all day and every day, with none to help, for the daughters were being raised up for high society. The mother knew the case was to get the ten hours, and only one. Both were ashamed to name it; each waited for the other to do it. Finally Sally said—

"Somebody's got to give in. It's up to me. Consider that I've named it—never mind pronouncing it out loud."

Aleck colored, but was grateful. Without further remark, they fell. Fell and—broke the Sabbath. For that was their only free ten-hour stretch. It was but another step in the downward path. Others would follow. Next wealth has temptations which intently and surely undermine the moral structure of persons not habituated to its possession.

They pulled down the shades and broke the Sabbath. With hard and patient labor they overhauled their holdings, and listed these. And a long-drawn procession of formidable names it was! Starting with the Railway System, Standard Life Insurance Co., Ocean Cables, Diluted Telegraph, and all the rest, and winding up with Klondike, De Beers, Tammany Grant, and Shill, there in the Post-office Department.

Twenty-four hundred millions, and all safely planted in Good Things, gilt-edged and becoming.

Be happy, become happy. A year. Aleck fetched a long purr of soft delight, and said—

"Is it enough?"

"It is, Aleck."

"What shall we do?"

"Stand pat."

"Retire from business?"

"That's it."

"I am agreed. The good work is finished; we will take a long rest and enjoy the money."

"Good! Aleck?"

"Yes, dear."

"How much of the income are we spending?"

"The whole of it."

It seemed to her husband that some chaotic delirium had fallen from his lips. He did not say a word; he was happy beyond the power of speech.



Aleck put the cat in the wash

After that, they broke the Sabbaths right along, as fast as they turned up. It is the first wrong step that count. Every Sunday they put in the whole day, after morning service, on inventions—inventions of ways to spend the money. They got to continue this delicious dissipation till past midnight; and at every moment Aleck lavished millions upon great charities and religious enterprises, and Sally lavished like sums upon matters to which (at first) he gave definite names. Only at first. Later the names gradually lost shape of outline, and eventually faded into "andries" (thus becoming entirely—but, safely—undescriptive). For Sally was crumbling. The placing of three millions added seriously and most uncomfortably to the family expenses—in tallow candles. For a while Aleck was worried. Then, after a little, she ceased to worry. For the occasion of it was gone. She was pained, she was grieved, she was ashamed; but she said nothing, and so became an accessory. Sally was taking candles; he was robbing the store. It is ever thus. Next month, to the person unacquainted with it, is a bane; it cuts into the web and bone of his morals. When the Fosters were poor, they could have been trusted with untold candles. But now they—but let us not dwell upon it. From candles to apples is but a step: Sally got to taking apples; this soap, then maple sugar; then rained goods; then crockery. How easy it is to go from bad to worse, when once we have started upon a downward course!

Meantime, other efforts had been misdirecting the course of the Fosters' splendid financial march. The fictitious brick dwelling had given place to a larger and grander one with a checker-board outward road; in time this one disappeared and gave place to a still grander one—and so on and so on. Mansion after mansion, made of air, rose, higher, broader, finer, and each in its turn vanished away, to give place to the next. On these great days, our dreamers were in fancy housed, in a distant region, in a sumptuous vast palace which looked out from a leafy summit upon a noble prospect of vale and river and receding hills steeped in tinted mist—and all private, all the property of the dreamers; a palace swarming with liveried servants, and populated with guests of fame and power, hailing from all the world's capitals, foreign and domestic.

This palace was far, far away toward the rising sun, immeasurably remote, astronomically remote, in Newport, Rhode Island, Italy Land, of High Society, ineffable Domain of the American Aristocracy. As a rule, they spent a part of every Sabbath—after morning service—in this sumptuous home, the rest of it they spent in Europe, or in dawdling around in their private yacht. Six days of splendid and splendid Fosters' life at home on the ragged edge of Lakeside meant, the seventh in Fairyland—such had become their programme and their habit.

In their strictly restricted Fast-life they remained as of old—splendid, diligent, careful, practical, economical. They stuck loyally to the little New Church, and labored faithfully in its interests and stood by its high and tough doctrine with all their mental and spiritual energies. But in their Dream-life they obeyed the invitations of their fancies, whatever they might be, and hence they were subject to rapid change. Aleck's fancies were not very capricious, and not frequent, but Sally's scattered a good deal. Aleck, in her dream-life, went over to the Episcopal camp, on account of its large official titles; next she became High-church on account of the candles and shawls; and next she naturally glided to Rome, where there were candles and more candles. But these excursions were as nothing to Sally's. His dream-life was a glowing and continuous and persistent excitement, and he kept every part of it fresh and sparkling by frequent changes, the religious part along with the rest. He worked his religions hard, and changed these with his shift.

The liberal spendings of the Fosters upon their fancies began early in their prosperity, and grew in predictably step by step with their advancing fortunes. As time they became truly enormous. Aleck built a university or two per Sunday; also a hospital or two; also a Boston hotel or so; also a batch of churches; now and then a cathedral; and once, with untold and ill-fated playfulness, Sally said, "It was a cold day when she didn't ship a cargo of millions to pry under cardinals' Chinamen to trade off twenty-four carat Confucianism for counterfeit Christianity."

This rude and unfeeling language hurt Aleck to the heart, and she was free from the pressure crying. That spectacle went to his own heart, and in his pain and shame he would have given worlds to have those unkind words hark. But he had no syllable of repentance—and that cut him. Not one suggestion that he look at his own record—and she could have made, oh so many, and such blistering ones! Her generous silence brought a swift revenge, for it turned his thoughts upon himself, it summoned before him a spectral procession, a moving vision of his life as he had been leading it those past few years of limitless prosperity, and as he sat there reviewing it his cheeks burned and his soul was steeped in humiliation. Aleck, at her life—how fair it was, and leading ever upward; and look at his own—how

frivolous, how charged with mean vanities, how selfish, how empty, how ignoble! And its trend—never upward, but downward, ever downward!

He instituted comparisons between her record and his own. He had found fault with her—she was modest, safe! And so could be say for himself! When she built her first church what was he doing? Gathering other blasé multimillionaires into a Poker Club; defiling his own palace with it; losing hundreds of thousands to it at every sitting, and slyly vain of the admiring nodding of it made for him. When she was building Sunday universities, what was he doing? Polluting himself with a gay and dissipated secret life in the company of other fast bloods, multimillionaires in money and purpers in character. When she was building her first founding academy, what was he doing? Alas! When she was projecting her noble Society for the Purifying of the Sex, what was he doing? Ah, what, indeed! When she and the W. C. T. U. and the Woman with the Hatnet, meeting with resolute mass, were sweeping the land, what was he doing? The land, what was he doing? He took three times a day. When she, builder of a hundred cathedrals, was being gratefully welcomed and blessed in papal Rome and decorated with the Golden Rose which she had so honorably earned, what was he doing? Bricking the bank at Monte Carlo.

He stopped. He could go no farther; he could not bear the rest. He rose up, with a great resolution upon his lips; this secret life should be revealed, and confessed; no longer would he live it clandestinely; he would go and tell her all.

And that is what he did. He told her. Sally sat and wept upon her bosom; wept, and weaned, and begged for her forgiveness. It was a profound shock, and she staggered under the blow, but it was her own, the core of her heart, the blessing of her eyes, her all in all, she could deny him nothing, and she forgave. She knew that he could never again be quite so true to her as he had been before; yet all morally defamed and degraded as he was, was he not her own, her very own, the idol of her deathless worship? She said she was his self, his slave, and she opened her yearning heart and look him in.

VII

One Sunday afternoon some time after this they were sailing the summer sea in their dream yacht, and reclining in lazy luxury under the awning of the after-deck. There was silence, for each was busy with his own thoughts. These seasons of silence had incessantly been growing more and more frequent of late; the old nervousness and cordiality were so fading. Sally's terrible recollection had done its work; Aleck had tried hard to drive the memory of it out of her mind, but it would not go, and the shame and bitterness of it were poisoning her gracious dream-life. She could see now (on Sundays) that her husband was becoming a hoarse and repulsive thing. She could not close her eyes to a meeting in these days she no longer looked at him, Sundays, when she could help it.

But she—was she herself without blinks? Alas, she knew she was not. She was keeping a most fervent wish she was acting dishonestly toward him, and many a pang it was costing her. She was breaking the compact, and converting it from him. Under strong temptation she had gone into business again; she had risked their whole fortune in a purchase of all the railway systems and coal and steel companies of the world on a margin, and she was now trembling, every Sabbath hour, lest through some chance word of hers he find it out. In her misery and remorse for this treachery she could not keep her heart from going out to him in pity; she was filled with compassion to see him lying there, drunk and content, and never suspecting. Never suspecting—trusting her with a perfect and pathetic trust, and she looking over him by a thread a possible calamity of so disappointing as—

"O—Aleck!"

The interruption words brought her suddenly to herself. She was grateful to have that persecuting subject from her thoughts, and she was also with much of the old time tenderness in her tone:

"Yes, dear."

"Do you know, Aleck, I think we are making a mistake—that is, you are. I mean about the marriage bond." He sat up, fat and froggy and bearded, like a bearded Buddha, and he earnest. "Consider! It's more than five years. You've continued the same policy from the start; with every rise, always holding on for five points higher. Always when I think we are going to have some wedding, you see a bigger thing ahead, and I undergo another disappointment. I think you are too hard to please. Some day we'll get left. I've been turned down the dentist and the lawyer. That was all right—it was sound. Next, we turned down the banker's son and the pork-butcher's son—right again, and sound. Next, we turned down the Congressman's son and the Governor's—right as a tripe, I confess it. Next, the Senator's son and the son of the Vice-President of the United States—perfectly right, there's no permanency



His Royal Highness, Sigismund, Margrave of Brandenburg.
Discovered by the Kaiser's Minister, Herr
Graf von Dönhof, of Königsberg.



The Fosters sat petrified for two minutes

about those little distinctions. Then you went for the axis terrace; and I thought we had struck oil at last—yes. We would make a plunge at the Fosters' household, and pull in some seven-league, wearable, holy, indelible, million with the antiquity of a hundred and fifty years, disinfected of the ancestral sales of salt coal and pellets all of a century ago, and unscrubbed by a day's work either, and there? why, then the marriage, of course! But no, along comes a pair of real aristocrats from Europe and straightaway you throw over the ball-broods. It was awfully discouraging, Alek! Since then, what a preoccupation! You turned down the baronet for a pair of barons; you turned down the barons for a pair of viscounts; the viscounts for a pair of earls, the earls for a pair of marquises, the marquises for a house of dukes. Now, Alek, rock up!—you've played the limit. You've got a job lot of four dukes under the hammer: of four antiques, all sound in mind and limb and pedigree, all bankrupt and in debt up to the ears. They come high, but we can afford it. Come, Alek, don't delay any longer, don't keep up the suspense—take the whole lot out, and leave the girls to choose!"

Alek had been smiling blandly and contentedly all through this arrangement of her marriage-pottery; a pleasant light, as of triumph with perhaps a nice surprise peeping out through it, rose in her eyes, and she said, as calmly as she could—

"Sally, what would you say to—marrying?"

Prodigious! Poor man, it knocked him silly, and he fell over the garden-strake and barked his shin on the cat heads. He was dizzy for a moment, then he gathered himself up and limped over and sat down by his wife and beamed his old-time admiration and affection upon her in words, out of his bloody eyes.

"My George!" he said, fervently, "Alek, you are great—the greatest woman in the whole parish! I can't ever learn the whole size of you. I can't ever learn the immeasurable depth of you. Here I've been considering myself qualified to criticize your game, 22 Why, if I had stopped to think, I'd have known you had a lone hand up your sleeve. Now, dear heart, I'm all red hot impatience—tell me about it!"

The flattered and happy woman put her lips to his ear and whispered a patently false. It made him catch his breath, it lit his face with exultation.

"Land!" he said, "it's a stunning catch! He's got a gambling-bill, and a graveyard, and a bishop, and a cathedral—all his very own. And all gilt-edged five-hundred-per cent. stock, every detail of it; the finest little property in Europe. And that graveyard—it's the selectest in the world: none but suicides admitted; you, sir, and the free-list unsuicided, too, all the time. There isn't a cobbler hand in the parish, but there's enough: eight hundred acres in the graveyard and forty-two outside. It's a sovereignty—that's the main thing; land's nothing. There's plenty land, Sahara's dragged with it."

Alek panted; she was profoundly happy. She said—

"Think of it, Sally—it is a family that has never married outside the Royal and Imperial Houses of Europe; our grandchildren will sit upon thrones!"

"True as you live, Alek—and bear scepters, too; and handle these as naturally and unobtrusively as I handle a yardstick. It's a grand catch, Alek. He's unrivaled, is he? Can't get away! You didn't take him on a bargain?"

"No. Trust me for that. He's not a liability, he's an asset. So is the other one."

"Who is it, Alek?"

"His Royal Highness Sigismund-Niegrfeld-Laurafeld Dinkelspiel-Schwanzenberg Blatwurst, Hereditary Grand Duke of Katzen-Jammer."

"Not! You can't mean it!"

"It's as true as I'm sitting here, I give you my word," she answered.

His cup was full, and he hugged her to his heart with rapture, saying—

"How wonderful it all seems, and how beautiful! It's one of the oldest and noblest of the three hundred and sixty-four ancient German principalities, and one of the few that was allowed to retain its royal estate when Blomarch got done trimming them. I know that fact, I've been there. It's got a ropewalk and a candle-factory, and an army. Standing army. Infantry and cavalry. Three soldiers and a horse. Alek, it's been a long wait, and full of heartbreak and hope deferred, but God knows I am happy now. Happy and grateful to you, my own, who have done it all. When is it to be?"

"Next Sunday."

"Good. And we'll want to do these weddings up in the very regal style that's going. It's properly due to the royal quality of the parties of the first part. Now as I understand it, there is only one kind of marriage that is sacred to royalty, exclusive to royalty: it's the morganatic."

"What do they call it that for, Sally?"

"I don't know; but anyway it's royal, and royal only."

"Then we will insist upon it. Mine—I will compel it. It is morganatic marriage or none."

"That settles it," said Sally, rubbing his hands with delight.

"And it will be the very first in America. Alek, it will make Newport sick!"

Then they fell silent, and drifted away upon their dream-wings to the far regions of the earth to invite all the crowned heads and their families and provide gratis transportation for them.

VIII

During three days the couple walked upon air, with their heads in the clouds. They were but vaguely conscious of their surroundings, they saw all things dimly, as through a veil, they were steeped in dreams, often they did not hear when they were spoken to, they often did not understand when they heard; they answered confusedly or at random; Sally said molasses by weight, sugar by the yard, and furnished soap when asked for candles, and Alek put the cat in the wash and fed milk to the soiled linen. Every body was stunned and amazed, and went about muttering, "What was the matter with the Fosters?"

Three days. Then came events! Things had taken a happy turn, and her forty-eight hours Aleck's imaginary career had been booming. Up—up—still up! Cool-point was passed. Still up—and up—and up! Five points above cost—then ten—fifteen—twenty! Twenty points cold profit on the vast venture, now, and Aleck's imaginary brokers were shouting frantically by imaginary long-distance. "Sell! sell! for Heaven's sake sell!"

She broke the splendid news to Sally, and he, too, said "Sell! sell—oh, don't make a blunder, now, you own the earth!—sell, sell!" But she set her iron will and looked it unshakable, and said she would hold on for five points more if she died for it.

It was a fatal resolve. The very next day came the historic crash, the record crash, the devastating crash, when the bottom fell out of Wall Street, and the whole body of gilt-edged stocks dropped twenty-five points in five hours, and the millionaires were seen begging his bread in the Bourse. Aleck sternly held her grip and "put up" as long as she could, but at last there came a call which she was powerless to resist, and her imaginary brokers sold her out. Then, and not till then, the man in her was vanquished, and the woman in her resumed sway. She put her arms about her husband's neck and wept, saying—

"I am to blame, do not forgive me, I cannot bear it. We are paupers! Paupers, and I am so miserable. The wedding will never come off; all that is past; we could not even buy the denials, now."

A bitter reproach was on Sally's tongue: "I begged you to sell, but you—" He did not say it; he had not the heart to add a hurt to that broken and repentant spirit. A nobler thought came to him and he said—

"Bear up, my Aleck, all is not lost! You really never invested a penny of my uncle's bequest, but only its unmaterialized future; what we have lost was only the increment harvested from that future by your incomparable financial judgment and sagacity. Cheer up, banish those grudge; we still have the thirty thousand untouched; and with the experience which you have acquired, think what you will be able to do with it in a couple of years! The marriage is not off, they are only postponed."

These were blessed words. Aleck saw how true they were, and their influence was electric; her tears ceased to flow, and her great spirit rose to its full stature again. With flashing eye and grateful heart, and with hand uplifted in pledge and prophecy, she said—

"Now and here I proclaim—"

But she was interrupted by a visitor. It was the editor and proprietor of the *Spectator*. He had happened into Lakeside to pay a day-call upon an obscure grandnephew of his who was scoring the end of her pilgrimage, and with the idea of combating business with grief he had looked up the Fosters, who had been so absorbed in other things for the past four years that they had neglected to pay up their subscription. Six dollars due. No visitor could have been more welcome. He would know all about Uncle Tibbary and what his chances might be getting to be, courtwards. They could of course ask no questions, for that would squelch the bequest, but they could nibble around on the edge of the subject and hope for results. The scheme did not work. The obtuse editor did not know he was being nibbled at; but at last, chance accomplished what art had failed in. In illustration of something under discussion which required the help of metaphor, the editor said—

"Land, it's as tough as Tibbary Foster!—as we say."

It was sudden, and it made the Fosters jump. The editor noticed it, and said, apologetically—

"No harm intended, I assure you. It's just a saying; just a joke, you know—nothing in it. Relation of years!"

Sally crowded his burning eagerness down, and answered with all the indifference he could assume—

"I—well, not that I know of, but we've heard of him." The editor was thankful, and resumed his composure. Sally added, "Is he—Is he—well?"

"Is he well? Why, bless you he's in good these five years!"

The Fosters were trembling with grief, though it felt like joy. Sally said, non-committally and testatively:

"Ah, such a life, and none one escape—not even the rich are spared."

The editor laughed.

"If you are including Tibbary," said he, "it don't apply. He hadn't a cent; the town had to bury him."

The Fosters sat petrified for two minutes; petrified and cold. Then, white-faced and weath-ered, Sally asked:

"Is it true? Do you know it to be true?"

"Is it true? I should say! I was one of the executors. He hadn't anything to leave but a wheelbarrow, and he left that to me. It hadn't any wheel, and wasn't any good. Still, it was something, and so, to square up, I scribbled off a sort of a little obituarial and off for him, but it got crowded out."

The Fosters were not listening—their cup was full, it could contain no more. They sat with bowed heads, dead to all things but the ache in their hearts.

An hour later. Still they sat there, bowed, motionless, silent, the visitor long ago gone, they unaware.

Then they stirred, and lifted their heads wearily, and gazed at each other wistfully, dreamily, dazed; then presently began to tattle to each other in a wondering and childish way. At intervals they lapsed into silence, leaving a sentence unfinished, seemingly either unaware of it or losing their way. Sometimes, when they woke out of these silences, they had a dim and transient consciousness that something had happened to their minds; then with a dumb and yearning solicitude they would softly caress each other's hands in mutual compassion and support, as if they would say: "I am near you, I will not forsake you, we will bear it together; somewhere there is release and forgetfulness, somewhere there is a grave and peace; be patient, it will not be long."

They lived yet two years, in mental night, always brooding, steeped in vague regrets and melancholy dreams, never speaking; their release came to both on the same day.

Toward the end the darkness lifted from Sally's rained mind for a moment, and he said:

"Vast wealth, acquired by sudden and unwholesome means, is a snare. It did us no good, transient were its feverish pleasures; yet for its sake we threw away our sweet and simple and happy life—let others take warning by us."

He lay silent a while, with closed eyes; then as the chill of death crept upward toward his heart, and consciousness was fading from his brain, he muttered:

"Money had brought him misery, and he took his revenge upon us, who had done him no harm. He had his desire; with base and cunning calculation he left us but thirty thousand, knowing we would try to increase it, and ruin our life and break our hearts. Without added expense he could have left us far above double of increase, far above the temptation to speculate, and a kinder soul would have done it; but in him was no generous spirit, no pity, no—"

The Children at Christmas

By Louise Morgan Sill

THE Babe, for whom the servient star
Traversed the silent sky
To guide the Wise Men from afar,
Is now enthroned on high.

Yet still at every Christmas-tide

Anew the sign is given,

And children are the stars that guide

Our straying steps to Heaven.

Him an' Me

Being a story of the "Adriondacks" told by me in the words of him who had borne with buck-fever and bad marksmanship until, having been long out of meat and patience, he put his confidence in me and we sallied forth

By Irving Bacheller



WED greased our tongues with bacon 'til they'd shy at food an' fork
An' the trails o' thought were slippery an' slopin' towards New York;
An' our gizzards shook an' trembled an' were most uncommon hot
An' the oaths were slippin' easy from the tongue o' Philo Scott.

Then skyward rose a flapjack an' a hefty oath he swore
An' he spoke of all his sufferin' which he couldn't stan' no more;
An' the flapjack got to jumpin' like a rabbit on the
run
As he gave his compliments to them who couldn't p'int
a gun.

He told how deer would let 'em come an' stan' an' rest
an' shoot
An' how bold an' how insultin' they would eye the
tenderfoot;
How he—Fide Scott—was hankerin' fer suthin' fit to
eat
"———" says he. "Le's you an' me go out an'
find some meat."

We paddled off a-whisperin' beneath the long birch
limbs
An' we snooked along as silent as a sucker when he
swims;
I could hear him slow his paddle as eroun' the turns
he bores;
I could hear his neck a-creakin' while his eye run up
the shore.

An' soon we come acrost a buck as big an' bold as
sin
An' Philo took t' swallerin' to keep his feelin' in;
An' every time he swattered, as he slowly swung eroun',
I could hear his Adam's apple go a-squeakin' up an'
down.

He sot an' worked his paddle jest as skillful as he
could
An' we went on slow an' careless, like a chunk o'
floatin' wood;
An' I kind o' shook an' shivered an' the pesky o'
canoe
It seemed to feel as I did, for it shook an' shivered
too.

I sot there, full o' deviltry, a-p'intin' with' the gun,
An' we come up clost and closter, but the deer he
didn't run;
An' Philo shet his teeth so hard he split his briar-
root
As he held his breath a-waitin' an' expectin' me to
shoot.



I could kind o' feel him hanker, I could kind o' hear him think,
An' we'd come so nigh the animal we didn't dast to wink,
But I kep' on a-p'intin' of the rifle at the deer
Jest as if I was expectin' fer to stick it in his ear.

An' Philo tetcht the gunnel selt an' shook it with his knee;
I kind o' felt him nudgin' an' a-wishin' he was me,
But I kep' on a-p'intin' with a foolish kind o' grin,
Enjoyin' all the wickedness that he was holdin' in.

An' of a sudden I could feel a tremble in his leet;
I knew that he was gettin' mad an' fillin' up with heat.

An' his blood it kind o' simmered, but he couldn't say a damn—
He'd the feelin's of a panther an' the quiet of a lamb.

But I only sot a-p'intin' at the shoulder of the deer
An' we nooked along as ca-areful an' we kep' a-drawin' near;
An' Philo—so deceivin'—as if frozen into rock,
Was all het up with sinfulness from headgear unto sock.

An' his foot come creepin' for'ards an' he tetcht me with his boot
An' he whispered low an' anxious, an' says he, "Why don't ye shoot?"
An' the buck he see the time had come fer him an' us to part
An' he flung the spray as Philo pulled the trigger of his heart.

He had panthers in his bosom, he had horns upon his mind;

An' the panthers spit an' raaled an' their fur ris up behind;
An' he gored me with his languidge an' he clawed me with his eye
"Til I wish that, when I done him dirt, I hadn't been so nigh.

He scairt the fish beneath us an' the birds upon the shore

An' he spoke of all his sufferin' which he couldn't stan' no more;

Then he sot an' thought an' muttered as he pushed a mile er so

Like a man that's lost an' weary on the mountain of his woe.

An' he eyed me over cur'ous an' with pity on his face

An' he seemed to be a sortin' words to make 'em fit the case.

"Of all the harmless critters that I ever met," says he,
"There ain't not none more harmlesser—my God!—than what you be."

An' he added, kind o' sorrowful, an' hove a mighty sigh:
"I'd be 'shamed t' meet another deer an' look him in the eye.

God knows a man that p'int's so never orter hev no grub,

What game are you expectin' fer t' slaughter with a club?"

An' I answered with a riddle: "It has head an' eyes an' feet

An' is black an' white an' harmless, but a fearful thing to meet;

It's a long, an' pesky animal as any in the county
Can't ye guess?—I've ketcht a pome an' I'll give ye hall the bounty."





My eyes lit upon a small placard posted at the side of the front door

The Agent of the U.S.B.

by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I was a most personifying young man, and at first I thought perhaps he was the traveling agent of a book concern with an attractive bargain to lay before me. I do not buy many books, but as a student of mankind I am much interested in book agents, and always receive these individuals, irrespective of sex,

with all the cordiality at my command. The members of my family for many generations have every one of them interested themselves in some branch of the animal kingdom. Ants were a passion with my Uncle George, my great-uncle came here for many years the leading authority on encroaches in the town of her residence in western Massachusetts and I am myself just now the president of the Anthropological Society of my native town, having been elected to that high office by a narrow margin last autumn as the candidate of the Thurnman wing of that exclusive organization, whose standard bearer I have been ever since. I observed well-defined traces of the monkey in the pranks of my children. But of all the branches of investigation offering these clues to the attention of the curious, nothing so the whole human organism has so interested me as book agents, and to study them and their habits has given me much pleasure. So when this card was brought me,

RICHARD MORTIMER STILES
General Agent
F. S. R. I.
New York City

mounting at once that he represented the United States Book Company, and had come to offer me "The First Pocket Edition of the World's Best Fiction, or, JAWNY Classics Bifflod from a One," or something of similar value, without at all wishing to purchase his wares, I received him.

"Show him into the library, Mary," I said to the maid—an old tick that, for nothing so discourages a book agent's ambition to sell as to find a huge room to his prospective visitor's house well stocked with literature of our own and other times. "Tell him that I will be down in a minute."

This message the maid faithfully repeated, I have no doubt, for in a moment or two she brought back a most astounding reply.

"The gentleman says he prefers to sit in the dining room," she said. "So I showed him in there instead, sir."

"Oh, indeed," said I. "Well, I hope you looked up the silver."

"It is all in the basket, sir," she answered, evasively. For all I knew, the basket might have been placed out on the lawn, or on the floor directly underneath the visitor's nose, but somehow or other I cannot bring myself to ask embarrassing questions of servants, and so contented myself with Mary's apparent confidence that, as far as the silver was concerned, all was well. Nevertheless, I cut down the small margin of time I had allowed myself before going to greet him, and hastened below. He was examining the placard were

on the buffet as I entered, and to judge from the look of annoyance on his brow, something had occurred to displease him.

"It's only white metal," he observed, glancing over his shoulder at me, as I stood in the doorway crying him with surprise. "How do you second for that?"

I was so astonished by the cool impudence of the fellow's manner that I did not even think of protesting.

"Why," I stammered, apparently admitting instantly his right to the information sought, "I—ah—we—er—we can't afford solid silver for every day use—j—gosh."

"But we have information that your silver service is solid—your are Mr. Witherspoon Robinson, are you not?" he demanded.

"I am," said I, meekly.

"Of 295 Bellevue Avenue, Philadelphia?" he continued, after referring to a little Russia leather memorandum book he carried in his vest pocket.

"That's my address," said I, my wonderment increasing momentarily.

"Well, it's darn queer," he observed, scratching his head and eyeing his note-book steadfastly. "In this memorandum from Norah Mulvaney—your last waitress—and one of our agents—"

"I remember Norah," said I, with some enthusiasm. "She was the best butler in my ever had."

"Excuse me—what was that word?" he asked, pricking up his ears.

"Butler," said I. "It's a little word of my own, signifying a bother of the feminine gender."

He smiled so appreciatively that I was again thrown off my guard, and choked back the demands for an explanation of his singular conduct that were rising up within me.

"On our books she is just a plain waitress," said he, blushing, "and, as a rule, she is one of the most reliable on our staff. I never knew her to go wrong before, but she reports that you possess a solid silver service. King priety, purchased at Biffay's in 1893, and having an intrinsic bullion value of \$750. How about that? I feel here nothing but a tawdry lot of every-day white-metal stuff, that isn't worth carrying away except for spite. How the deuce do you account for the discrepancy?"

"You don't suppose for a minute that I'd leave a silver service like that lying around loose, do you?" I demanded.

"Ah—then you have it? Somewhere?" he probed.

"Yes," said I. "It's hidden under the roof up in the south attic. You perhaps are not aware, Mr. Stiles, I added, with some condescension of manner, "that in spite of very excellent police protection, we who live in isolated sections of a suburban town must take extra precautions against burglars."

"I suppose so," said he, repeating the pleasant smile that had so won me a moment or two before.

"And for that reason you have stowed the silver service away upstairs under the roof in the south attic, where it will be comparatively safe."

"South attic," I corrected. "The north attic is plastered, but the south is not, and there is a place just big enough to hold the chest containing our most valued silver between the chimney and the eaves of the bend in the roof, which you will observe as you go out reflects the severity of the roofline of the front of my house."

"A very safe place, I should judge. Do you keep anything else there?"

"Oh yes," said I. "I fancy altogether we have about \$2500 worth of silver in that chest—counting our extra heavy spoons, forks, and knives that we use only on state occasions. But—ah—I continued, about to demand an explanation of my visitor's extraordinary behavior.

"One moment, please, Mr. Robinson," he interrupted, sternly.

"Before we begin to discuss the proposition I have to make to you, I wish to go very carefully over the situation. We must deal



Ants were a passion with my Uncle George

squarely with each other, and my information may be full or limited—I can't say which without further inquiry, and you happen to be the only person whose statements may be regarded as reasonably exact. Our agents sometimes make serious mistakes, and while Miss Mulvaney, upon whose report we have based our operations up to this point, is in general most accurate, her failure to make my note whatsoever of no important in detail to us as that cubby-hole in the attic places her whole statement under suspicion."

"Naturally," said I. "But I am surprised to find that Nora was not accurate. She was a girl who took an unusual interest in all matters pertaining to our welfare, and of her own volition offered to make an inventory of everything we have in the house,—not exactly the kind of work you'd expect of a waitress, you know,—and by Jove, she had it done, barring the contents of the safe. The precious little book she had written appeared on the outside like an *edition de luxe* of Byrdin, there were no signs that it was a list of household goods, and I never discovered them that, as far as I could discover, had not been put down. She was a treasure, that girl, and while I don't blame her for wanting to get married, we were mighty sorry to lose her. Why is it that when you happen to get a first-class maid in every particular, she is so apt to be fired up for life, bang your check-book along and marry her?"

"She married, did she?" asked Mr. Stiles, with a recumbent of that everlasting smile.

"Yes," said I. "Unfortunately for us. About two weeks after she'd finished the inventory she gave us notice, with tears in her eyes. I think she was almost as sorry to go as we were to have her leave."

"Oh well, I suppose that perfection which she manifested in her work with you was shown with equal force to the lucky dog who won her," suggested Mr. Stiles.

"To show you how we felt about her," said I, enthusiastically, "the day she left, by Jingo! I called her into the library and handed her a check for a hundred dollars to buy a wedding-present with."

"Very good of you," said Stiles. "I wish you'd employ me as a butler," he added, with a laugh. "I'd get married right off, although I already have one very dear little wife at home. But about that private safe, Mr. Robinson,—you say it is ingeniously hidden behind a set of Milton. That interests me very much."

"I have a number of valuable papers in my own home at Orange, New Jersey, and I've been anxiously seeking a method whereby their concealment should be made absolute," said he. "Your scheme seems peculiarly well suited to my requirements."

I led the way into the library with a prideful step. I have always rather felicitated myself upon my liberality and while

ways rather than those which I have chosen upon my tightness, and while, of course, the idea of false back-backs to conceal doorways or cupboards in libraries is not at all new, the adaptation of the scheme to my needs for a burglar-proof safe was, I ventured fondly to hope, all my own.

"Yes," said he, walking over to the point to which I had called his attention.

"Well, by simply pressing the P on the word Poems on Volume Five thus," I observed, suiting the action to the word, "the

whole set swings
back on hinges
fastened to the
front cover of Vol-
ume One, and,
presto!—you have
the safe. Inside
we keep our fam-
ily jewels, and

I don't care to
 leave at the office,
 and am received
 too late to put
 away in the safe-
 deposit vaults,
 which close at four
 o'clock. I've got
 sixteen steel bonds
 in there now, and
 a lot of trinkets of



It's extremely ingenious," said he, "toying with the spring." But why burden



My great-Aunt Jane was for many years the leading authority on procedure.

"Because nobody ever takes Dryden off the shelf these days," I explained. "And no nobody discovers the subterfuge. If it were Thackeray or Dickens or Marie Corelli, somebody might want to take out a volume, you see, and then they'd find out the set wasn't real and begin to suspect something."

"I am surprised that Norah should have overlooked anything so important," said Stiles, suddenly, with an angry frown and shake of his head. "Didn't she have a chance of 100 years?"

"Yes," said I. "But no one knows about the safe but my wife and myself. Not even the children. She couldn't be expected to put that down."

"Humph!" he sneered. "I am not so sure that that little gift of a hundred dollars has not made her unfaithful to her trust."

This aspersion upon the character of our faithful Sarah angered me in turn, and I spoke rather sharply.

"I don't see what business it is of yours, Mr. Stiles," I observed, coldly. "She was our servant, not yours."

And with this, much to my astonishment, he pulled from his pocket a carbon copy of the precise document our wonderful but-

"Why!" I half cried, half breathed. "Where did you get that?"

"With the exception of the contents of that safe, Mr. Robinson," he inquired, "am I to understand that you recognize in this a complete set of the articles of value and otherwise in this dwelling?"

"It is an exact copy of the original which I hold," said I.

"But, see here, how in thunder do you happen—"

"Have you verified the inventory?" he demanded.

ed, paying no heed to my desire to question him.

"Casually only. I've run over it only once or twice.

but, as I told you before, my impression is that nothing but the safe

ing but the safe
has escaped her
eye," I answered.
"Just before we

"But before we go any further, I'd like to know—"

"Then we can accept it as a basis for discussion," said Miller.

calmly ignoring my remark, and settling himself at

"As I figure this out," he went on,

"the contents of
this house are
worth in the

¹⁰ Insured for ten

"But not all of it is easily moved,"



Mon. June 5th

"It's hidden under the roof up in the south attic"

he continued, "There's the piano and the larger paintings on the wall—those would require a year and the service of several pretty heavy men if we wanted to get 'em out."

"Oh—I'm going to move, no 17" I put in, with a touch of sarcasm in my tone.

"I estimate that of actual portable property," observed my visitor, "that could be got out of the house easily and without disturbing the inmates, you have about \$7500 worth, not counting the contents of that safe, upon which, judging from what you tell me, it is fair to place an average day-to-day value of \$7500 more. In other words, to put it plainly, Mr. Robinson, to an immediately active expert in burglary, you represent a possible \$15,000 investment."

"Oh—indeed," I gasped.

"Rather larger than I had supposed," he continued. "We have you down at your insurance estimate of \$10,000."

"Oh!" said I, setting back in my chair and smiling. "I see, Mr. Stiles. At last I get at the meaning of your visit. You want me to take out a policy of insurance against burglary. Do you know, I was beginning to suspect—"

"I don't want anything of the sort," said he, abruptly. "There's no money in that for me, Mr. Robinson. The per centages of my insurance agent negotiate too small a sum on a year's run to tempt me and my friends. Which brings us to the point. I represent the United States Burglary Company."

"Great Scott!" I cried. "Another trust?"

"You can call it a trust if you wish to," said he, with a cynical laugh. "There are lots of hard things about us as individuals, without disturbing our humanity. What should we care how we are characterized as a corporation?"

"For me, Mr. Stiles," I remarked. "I assure you that I have no wish to be important. As a matter of fact, the colossal enterprise of your institution interests me largely. I begin to catch a glimpse of what you are after. What is your proposition precisely?"

"I have been sent here on behalf of the company I represent to offer you immunity from thieves for one year for \$5000," he replied, the importunate Stiles.

"Very good of you, I am sure," said I, gratefully. "And suppose I refuse?"

"That is your right, of course," said he, calmly. "But it is an answer that will put us to a great deal of trouble and you to an unnecessary loss. We would rather compromise with you on a basis of \$500. You see, a number of your possessions would be difficult to dispose of without attention, although in the end we should be able to work them all off through our regular channels of distribution. It is an awkward process, making up a silver service so cumbersome as South states yards, and for a number of your rare books we should need a very small market."

The paintings we should have to export to London or Paris in order to be safely rid of them, and that is also expensive operation. Moreover, as I calculate it, it will require the services of at least five men and three visits to get all this there is here, possibly four, which, as you see, multiplies our risk. In the end we should manage it, but the chances are that some of our expert operators would be caught, and we should, equally of course, then lose their services for periods varying from six to ten years. All this we are anxious to avoid."

"And where do I come in?" I demanded. "Look to me as if I should lose either way."

"That is your misfortune," said he. "It is the penalty which always attaches to having something to lose. But are you not better off losing \$500 instead of being out from \$10,000 to \$15,000? As I see it, Mr. Robinson, we are guaranteeing you at least \$9500 for a year, and possibly \$14,500. That can't be squared at."

"You couldn't take less?" I asked. "Five hundred dollars is a good deal of money these days."

"I don't think so," said he,

"but if you will allow me to see your telephone for a minute, I shall be very glad to ring up headquarters and ask the superintendent of this division."

"Certainly," I replied.

"There it is in the hall."

Stiles walked calmly to the phone and rang.

"Thirty-six-four—two—0—seven, Bronx," said he, and then he waited two or three minutes, and absolute silence reigned, shortly to be followed, however, by—

"Hello!—is this the U. S. B. C.?—Yes, Stiles. Is Mr. Robinson there? . . . Ask him to step to the phone a minute."

Reardon, yes. . . . That you, Mr. Reardon? . . . Well, this is Stiles. I'm on that Robinson job— . . . What? . . . Robinson, R-U-B-I-S-H-O-N-Phillipsburg. . . . He seems a little startled, but is willing to talk. Thinks five is too much. Can we share in a trifle? . . . What? . . . Well, it's fairly good stuff, but not very

more, and I think we'd be three or four years working some of it off. . . . Yes, he has a small safe. . . . What? . . . So that again. . . . Four hundred dollars C. O. D.—that'll do it. All right. Thank you. . . . What? . . . Oh!— . . . Pretty well, thank you, but he's teething, and you know how hard it is to keep 'em well during the second summer. . . . All right. Good-by. . . . Ring off, Central."

Hanging up the receiver, Stiles returned.

"The superintendent of the Westchester division, in view of all the circumstances, Mr. Robinson," he said, as he sat down beside me, "will allow you a hundred dollars discount. Four hundred dollars, U. S. B. C. will be satisfactory to us."

"That's quite a saving," said I. "But how about the C. O. D. business? I haven't four hundred dollars in the house. Besides, what in thunder do you deliver?"

"The company's receipt," replied Stiles, promptly. "As for the cash, of course a check on your bank here in town will serve. You're good for it. You have not present in the Seventeenth National Bank of Philadelphia, exclusive of outstanding checks, a balance of \$1250.43. I found that out yesterday before coming here, by writing a note in your name to the cashier, and getting an answer by messenger."

"Gracious! but you have no system," I cried.

"We have to have," he answered. "It's an intricate business." "Well, Stiles," said I, putting myself together, and rying his head on one side, "I have a mind to have you arrested for blackmail, but I shan't. You are too interesting an individual. I have decided instead to have you searched first, lest you shall already have acquired some of my property, and then thrown out by my mind man to practise your malicious tricks upon other less wary persons than myself."

"He, he, ha!" laughed Stiles. "Firmen out, eh? That's mighty good, but the system still works, Mr. Robinson. Your hired man, Mike, is on one job just as Newark was on another. Nothing to say by summing him. Why, honestly, Robinson, if Mike were to come in here now, between us we should overpower you and rifle that pretty little piece of a safe over there before you could turn around. I think, really, considering those sixteen steel bonds you say you have locked up there, you'd better let me have a check for \$400 and settle things amicably."

"I sank back in my chair overpowered. True! I was in a grave predicament. Everybody was away except Mary, the housemaid; and Mike, like the treasured Newark, was just a broken reed to my leaning—any, worse, a possible instrument of aggressive attack in the hands of this incorporation of the sons of All Italy. I was, indeed, in perilous condition, I thought, when, suddenly, the solution of all my difficulties flashed across my mind. Strange that I had not thought of it before. Comply with his demands, of course. Give him the check, and then stop payment on it by phone. Simultaneously, I laughed in scorn at the ease with which I should circumvent him."

"All right, Mr. Stiles," said I, with an outward show of reluctance. "I'm leaving. You win, your arguments are convincing. To whose order shall I make the check payable, the United States Burglary Company?"

"No," said he. "To me personally. Richard Mortimer Stiles, agent. It is the rule of the company."

"Very good," I observed, and immediately sat down at my desk and drew the check as requested. When it was signed I rose and handed it to him with all the courtesy at my command.

"Thank you," said Stiles, making out a receipt upon a blank form which he carried in his pocket. "Now are more favor, Mr. Robinson. I



Like you we notice, with tears in her eyes

will endorse this, and I want you to endorse my signature—the bank may require an identification—indeed, you might write a little note of the latter order to the paying-teller. It is a formality that may save me a little trouble.”

“Why, of course; anything to oblige you and your most considerate company,” I assented, delighted at the very simplicity of my scheme for landing the fellow in the net of justice, he meanwhile being so entirely unsuspecting. “I’ll give you letters of introduction to all our first families, too, if you wish. I’ll write a testimonial for your company to print if you say the word. Something like: ‘Gentlemen,—Two years ago I was introduced by the agent of the U. S. B. C. to use the turglers furnished by your company, and have found them so satisfactory that since that time I have used no others. I heartily recommend the U. S. B. C. system of robbery to all who may need service of that kind. It is the best in the market!’ Eh, Stiles? How would that do?”

“First rate if you advertised,” said he. “But we don’t. We find the personal appeal is so much more effective. Don’t you see, I’ve got \$400 out of you in twenty-five minutes, although entirely unknown, and coming to you unaccompanied. What’s the use of advertising when you can do business like that?”

“None,” I remarked, as I finished the note of identification to the paying-teller, and said it with my own signet-ring, which I knew the man at the bank would recognize. “Advertising would be a slower waste of money. And now, Stiles, have a cigar, won’t you?” I added, offering him a weed.

“No, thank you,” said he. “When I was a boy I promised my mother I would never smoke, and while she is long since deceased, I have never broken my word. You are very good, Mr. Robinson, and I thank you for your courtesy. I wish all our customers were like you.”

With that we shook hands, and Mr. Richard Mortimer Stiles passed out of the house. I watched him through the window, noted that he passed and tinkered a few moments with the front door, and followed him with my eye as he walked across the fields to the trolley road, where he boarded the first car to come along.

“Poor devil!” said I. “Such effrontery and cleverness deserve a better fate, but I can’t afford to pay \$100 for sentiment, so here goes.”

I walked in leisurely fashion to the telephone, turned the crank, and waited a moment. There was no answer. I gave the crank another twist, and again waited an appreciable length of time, but with no better result.

“Great Lord!” I ejaculated. “At the very time I want quick service—”

And then my eye rested upon the wires, and what I saw there sent my heart bounding to the very depths of my boots. That infernal agent of the U. S. B. C. had cut the wires, and the nearest other point of telephonic communication was at Tommy Henderson’s house, ten minutes’ rapid walking from my door. As I figured the situation, Stiles, on the most favorable calculation to myself, had two minutes’ margin in which to catch that infernal clock, but still there was a chance that I might anticipate him, and I struggled hard to avail myself of it. Putting on my hat, I rushed merrily out of the house and up the road to Henderson’s place. To say that I made record time is putting it mildly but truthfully. Hardly six minutes had elapsed from the time I left the house until I reached Henderson’s. His front door was wide open, and with no ceremony whatever I ran to the phone. But, alas! fortune was not on my side. Miss Sarah Henderson held the wire exchanging gossip with her friend Miss Janette Perkins, and by the time I had explained my errand and secured possession of the phone that wretched Stiles should have reached the bank. Nevertheless, I made a try for it, and, much to my joy, secured an instant connection, whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

“Hello!” I said. “This the Seventeenth National?”

“What’s this?”

“Is this the Seventeenth National Bank?”

“Yes.”

“Well, this is Mr. Robinson.”

“Mr. Who?”

“Robinson. For heaven’s sake, man, don’t delay.”

“Mr. Thompson?”

“Not—confound you!—Robinson.”

“What’s the first letter?”

“R—R—R—O—B—N—S—N—N.”

“R—Robinson. What can we do for you this morning, Mr. Robinson?”

“I want payment stopped on check 31286, which will be presented to you—”

“Please repeat that, Mr. Robinson. The trolley-car is just passing, and it makes such a beastly buzzing sound—”

“I want you to stop payment on check No. 31286—”

“Just wait a minute, Mr. Robinson, while I get a piece of paper to write that—”

“For heaven’s sake,” I roared, “remember it without the paper—there isn’t a minute to spare!”

But it was useless. The man had gone, and I was held up a full two minutes.

“Now what is that number?” came the voice, pleasantly, over the wire.

“31286,” I shouted. “Drawn to—”

“312 what?—eh— Excuse me a minute, Mr. Robinson. There’s a gentleman here wishes to talk to you a moment. He says he’s in a great hurry.”

“Deuce take the gentleman,” I began. “I don’t want—”

And then, before I had half a chance to protest, a nother voice came over that blistering wire.

“Hello!” it said. “Is that you, Robinson?”

“Yes,—but please wait—” I began.

“Well, this is Stiles, old man. I wanted to thank you again for your courtesy before leaving town. They’ve cashed the check all right. Your letter gives the instructions did the business. Thought you’d like to know, fixed by.”

And with that the second hung up the automatic receiver, and the connection was off!

I wandered sadly back to my house, raging inwardly, and utterly broken in conceit with myself.

“Four hundred dollars, and for what?” I moaned, as I came to my own dwelling; and then, as if in answer to my question, my eyes lit upon a small placard posted at the side of the front door, on which was printed in an oval, surrounding an ornamental design, five outstretched hands plunging into a chest of jewels:

HANDS OFF!
THIS HOUSE IS UNDER THE PROTECTION
OF
THE UNITED STATES BURGLARY COMPANY
CARRINGTON REARDON, Manager

In my rage I tore the thing from the door and stamped it to shreds beneath my feet.

“I won’t have your protection. I don’t want it,” I roared, and it was the truth, for my keenest desire now was to have my house burglarized. In the attainment of this ambition is bound up my future happiness, for it is my only chance for revenge, since, unless some member of the thieving fraternity comes my way, I shall never have the opportunity to fill him up with a select assortment of 32 calibre bullets, which I have always in readiness for the hour of his approach.

Unfortunately in this aspect of the case, Stiles has kept his promise, for never a midnight marauder has entered my dwelling since that evil day—unless it be that our cook, or Mike’s successor, has embarked upon that profession that shattered ideal of our domestic life. Miss Sarah Mulvaney, the advance agent of Mr. Richard Mortimer Stiles.



The Tree of Fennel

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

I sat silent, tracing with my pencil series after series of futile combinations with the eumetiforms, but ever the first tura of the ancient key creaked in my ears.

"King of Kings—
King of Kings—"

until the tribal ratiocination were on my nerves.

Geraldine leaned back abruptly, closing her book. "I'm tired and nervous," she said. "You may wear out your eyes and temper if you choose—and you're doing the latter, for I'm as restless as a rat. Besides, I'm lonely, and I'm going back to the East—if you'll come too."

I laughed, understanding what she meant by the "East."

"Will you come with me?" she insisted.

"Yes," I said, "whenever you are ready."

She sprang to her feet, scattering the illuminated pages over the floor, and stood an instant facing me, tall, dark-eyed, smiling, brushing back the lustrous hair from her cheeks.

"Where is Jim?" she asked—although we both knew.

"In the laboratory," I replied, mechanically.

Still busy with her hair, she regarded me dreamily out of those dark, sweet eyes of hers.

"It would be wonderful," she mused, "if Jim should find an antidote to death; but I wish it were necessary to kill so many little helpless creatures. Did you hear that pitiful sound in those yesterday?" Was it something he was killing?

"I don't know," I said. And after a silence, "What are you going to do?"

She shook her head vaguely and leaned against the window, looking out into the rain.

"Shall we go back to our inscriptions?" I suggested.

She shook her head again. After a while she turned away from the window, stifling a dainty yawn, and stretched out, languidly straightening up to the full height of her young body.

"I feel stupor," she said. "I'm tired of cryptograms and the pages of dusty books. I'm tired of the rain, too. The longest of April is in use. I'm homesick for lands I never knew. So come back to the East with me, Dick."

She held out her hand to me with a confident little smile; and knowing what she meant, I acquiesced in her caprice, and conducted her solemnly to the piano, leaving her before it.

She stood there for a space, musing, her lovely head bent; then, still standing, she struck a sequence of chords—chords pulsing with color, and through them flashed strange little trills like threads of time.

"This is an Elixir carpet I am dreaming of," she murmured, as the music swelled, glowing as tints and hues glow in the old dyes of the East.

Wave on wave of color seemed to spread from the keys under her fingers; she looked back of me over her shoulder with a warning nod.

"I shall begin to weave very soon. Khroumoun however may appear and frighten me for a moment,—but I shall finish. Listen! I am at the loom."

Seating herself, she developed out of the flowing, amber harmony a melodious minor theme, suddenly checked by a distant rattle like the rattler of a rattlesnake on painted alderum;—then she picked up the thread of the melody again, dropped it, breathless for a moment's quivering silence, resumed it, twisting it into delicate arabesques, threading it across the dull, rich harmonies, at first slowly, then faster, faster, swift as the flying figures of a nomad maid tying frosted silver in a Ghazal's knot. The whirling trumps was the cadence of the loom: soft fluting notes flew like carded wool; thicker, duller, softer grew the fabric, dense, silky, heavily lustrous.

Suddenly she snuffed the thread off short, the whole fabric falling with a muffled shock.

"Why did you do that?" I demanded, wrathfully.

"The rug is woven: the weaver is dead," she said.

"Oh, go on, Geraldine," I insisted; "don't stop half way in a thing like that. It's the East—it's the real East, I tell you. How you do it—you who have never seen the East—braven only know."

"U Allah Aslam," she murmured; "it's in me." Then she looked back at me, laughing. "Centuries ago you and I heard that music along the Arax,—or I sang it among the Tcherless roses for you, perhaps,—perhaps in the gardens of Trebizond."

"That might explain it," I said, gravely. "Lately she had found pleasure in a story that she and I had lived together in the East, centuries since, and that we were now to return forever."

"TIME, and the funeral of Time, alas!—and the old Year's passing bell! Windows from city and there, deep notes sounding from the fogged decks; and under my window a voice and a song;—ah! that young voice in the street below calling us through the falling snow!"

If it be true that Time makes all things well, I do not know—and a thousand years in this sight is but as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night—as a thousand years! And this also is true, the flames of love make but the furnace of Abaddon.

We were in the gallery as usual, Geraldine and I—the gallery where the carpets of the East were hung along the shadowy walls. For lately it was my pleasure to migrate rare rugs, and it was my passion to furnish expert opinions upon the age and origin of Oriental carpets, and to read and interpret the histories of forgotten empires and the mysteries of long forgotten gods from the colors and intricate thousand laboratories tint in silk or wool to the warp of some dead culture's historic tapestry.

Here in the long skylight hung my own rugs against the arabesque-intricated ivory panels—Turkish, Shiraz, Selma, and Sarak,—a smother blaze of color shot with fire—rare, some priceless—Turkish kahki, softly silky as a golden lion's hide, Persian Selma, shimmering with rose and violet lights, feverily brilliant rugs from Samarkand, softly flowered, scattering deep in every floral thicket traceries of the ancient Mongol conqueror.—Persians glowing like jeweled suns set with the Herati and the lotus—symbols of Egypt or of China, as you please to interpret the oldest pattern in the world.

Far in the gallery's noble tinted glow the red of Babylon dominated, radiating fiery vistas to smothering harmony through which, like a vast supple sea in upals, glimmered the apricot red Persian blue.

There was one other rug, an Eighth, the famous so-called "Babini," or "carpet of Belshazzar," but it hung alone in its imperial magnificence behind the locked doors of a marble tomb, which it seemed to fill with a soft hush of its own, radiating from the mystic "Tree of Heaven" woven in its center.

We were, as I say, in this gallery; Geraldine poring over an illuminated volume on cuneiform inscriptions, I, with pad and pencil, idle shouting and reshuffling the Kite key in the ancient cipher, which always left me stranded where I had begun with the stately repetition:

"King of Kings—
King of Kings—
King of Kings—"

As for Westover, my cousin, he was, as usual, in the laboratory fusing with his voracious extracts—on occupation which, to my dismay, he had taken up within the year, working, as he explained, on the theory that every planet has its antidote. Yet it seemed to me that he was more anxious to invent some new and subtle toxic than to derive the remedy.

From where I sat I could not see him, but the crystalline tinkle of his glass retorts and bottles distracted my attention from the pencilled calculations. Without moving my head, I glanced across the room at Geraldine. She looked up immediately, raising her level eyebrows in mute inquiry as though I had moved or spoken; then, realizing that I had not, she bent above the book once more, the warm color stealing to her cheeks.

Within the year a wonderful intimacy had grown up between us—we never understood it, never acknowledged it, and at times it disconcerted us.

"You and I," she mused, touching the keys lightly,—"and Jim, of course," she added.

"Of course," I said. She dropped her head, striking chord on chord with nervous precision; and hauging in the wake of every ringing harmony a frail melody floated like the Chinese cloud-band in a Kirmas tapestry.

"What's that air?" I asked, fascinated.

"I don't know; it sounds pagan, doesn't it?—like the wicked beauty of Babylon. Do you hear how it beats on and on like the rhythm of naked feet—little delicate naked feet ablaze with grace—the feet of Hierodine perhaps—thud—thud—thud—don't you hear them, Dick? And now listen to those silky, flowery trills! They're Asiatic; ancient Cathay is awaking—cane-bells in the hazy of the Golden Euphrat! Hark!—now you hear trumpets, don't you? Well, of course that must be the Mongols marching with the Prince of the Vanguard, Hark! How savagely the brutal Afghan thrum breaks in with its fierce tramping and the staccato cry of Tokio drums! It's frightening me out of the East. I think we had better come home, Dick," she added, adieulously running into the latest popular street-soup.

"You're a futile mixture of feather-brain and genius!"

But where was the genius hidden under that laughing and exquisite mask confronting me? Suddenly the delicate mask became grave.

"Let me laugh when I see, Dick," she said. "It is not often I laugh."

I was silent.

"Of course you may be horrid if you choose," she observed, with a shrug, running a brilliantly white series of trills from end to end of the keyboard. "But it's no use scolding, for I won't study, I won't compose, I won't try to do anything, and I won't be serious. I'm shallow, I'm frivolous, I've the soul of a Treblinka dancing girl, and I like it. Now what are you going to do?"

"I'm going out," I said, ungraciously.

"Oh—alone?"

"Not if you'll come. It's stopped raining. Will you come? Oh, get your hat, Geraldine, and stop that torment of idiotic trills!"

"If Jim doesn't mind, I think I'll go and sit in the laboratory with him," she observed, carelessly.

I looked at her without comment.

"I have a curious idea," she continued, "that he might like to have me around today while he is working."

I stared at her, but there was no bitterness in her tranquil smile as she leaned forward, resting her elbows on the polished rosewood case.

"So I won't go with you, Dick," she said, slowly.

One of those intervals of restless silence, which within the year we had learned to dread, menaced us now. Mute, motionless, I watched the soft color deepening in her face, then, impatient, raised myself and walked over to the laboratory. Westover looked up as I pushed aside the screen.

"Will you drive with us?" I asked. "The sun's out."

He declined, peering at me through his glass mask.

"Come on, Jim," I urged. "You've isolated enough prison for one day. Take off your mask and wash your hands and drive us out to High Bridge. I'll telephone to the stable if you say the word, and they'll look up the new four. Is it a go?"

"No," he said, coldly, and turned on his heel, lifting a test-tube to the light.

He was more taciturn and a trifle uglier than usual. I watched him for a moment warming the test-tube over a burner, then without further parody replaced the screen, closed the double glass doors, and walked back to Geraldine.

"Doesn't Jim care to come?" she asked.

I said that her husband appeared to be absorbed in his work.

"Very well," she said, with airy composure; "I'm along, Dick,—and if you see a bunch of jockeys growing on Fifth Avenue, you may pick them for me—or for that pretty girl you met at Lakeside—"

"I'll send you a bunch as big as a bushel."

"A bushel of flowers is as compromising as a declaration," she said. "Send them to her."

"There's only one way to settle it," I said; "I'll send them to the loveliest girl in the world—shall I?"

She assented, laughing unconvincingly.

"I think I'll pay Jim a little call," she said, rising from the piano and walking slowly toward the laboratory.

A few moments later as I passed down the broad stairway I heard Westover's penetrating voice: "Let that glass tube alone, Geraldine! Why the devil can't you keep your hands off things when you come in here?"

I lingered for a while in the hallway, thinking that she might change her mind and come down, for she had left the laboratory in her husband, and I heard her moving about in her own apartment. She did not come, and after a little while I left the house, a sense of apprehension depressing me.

The asphalt of Fifth Avenue was still wet with the first warm rain of April, but the sea glittered on window and pavement and flashed along the polished panels of carriages crowding the avenue from curb to curb. A breath of spring had set the sparrows chattering and chinking; the songsters of the throat, the bright gowns, the fresh faces of young girls, and the endless legacies of glass re-



She dropped her head, striking chord on chord with nervous precision

fecting it all were pleasant to me—as a man sensitive to impressions.

And so in the pale sunshine I sauntered on through the thicket, now idling curiously by some shop window whether a display of jewels or curios attracted me, now strolling on again content with the soft color in sky and sunlight.

I found a border where shop windows were filled with thickets of fragrant, fragile spring flowers; and every little scented blossom that I touched, choosing the freshest, added to the voiceless cadence of a name repeated,—and, "Geraldine! Geraldine!" they nodded, so contentedly, so sweetly, that what was I to do but send them to her?

And so I sauntered on again, threading the thicket, half minded to turn back, yet ever tempted on by idleness, until above me the twin spires of the cathedral glimmered, all silvered in the shimmering blue.

Halting, undecided, I presently became aware of an old man, his withered hands crossed before him, standing quite patiently under the cathedral terrace. Before him on the sidewalk rested a basket draped with a brilliant rug or two and heaped with tawdry rubbish—scarlet levers, slippers of spangled leather, tasseled charges of gilt, flimsy striped fabrics—all the worthless trumpery known as "Oriental" to the good people of the West.

I was stopped to look; no one thought. As I passed him his dimmed gaze met mine; all the misfeatures of the very poor, all the mystery of the mystery, very old, was in his eyes. Moved by impulse, perhaps, I spoke to him in a low voice, using the Turkish language.

A dull animation came into his misty eyes.

"Allah! Ekler," he muttered, in a trembling voice; "it is sweet to hear your words, my son."

"Musliman," I said, "who are you who recite the Tekbir here under the spires of a Roman church?"

"It is here I am bearing witness to the glory of God here under the minarets of my cathedral," he asked, faintly.

"Spiral and minaret are one to him," I said. "Who are you, Musliman?"

"My name is Khassan," he said; "my nation Eghur; my lost is the Isig Kuli, Balan-Agha my clan. I am an Eghur Turk, a Khodzja, and I am able to write the Turkish language in Arabic and in Eghur-Mongol characters."

"Reverend father," I said, full of astonishment and pity, "how should a Khodzja of the Balan-Agha come to this? Even the Tekbir horseman halls of the son."

"It is written," he said, softly, "that we belong to God and we return to him."

Troubled, I stood there on the sidewalk, oblivious of the knot of idlers around us, curious to hear two men so different conversing in a common tongue.

I wished to give him something, yet did not venture to handle him without pretense of buying.

"There is my ring," I said, "on which is written my name and where I live. Bring me these rugs to-night, at six. I wish to buy."

"You do not desire them," he said, shaking his head. "You know the East; you understand these rugs; you know they are worthless, and washed, singed, rubbed with pumice, smoked,—every idle Armenian practice used; you know the doves are an illusion; that they are loosely tied, hastily and dimly woven by Armenian dogs and sons of dogs. You mean kindness; you have done me enough by speaking to me."

He passed his trembling hand over his ragged beard.

"You who know carpets and love them," he quavered; "listen attentively. I have a ship in show—not here—but I could bring it."

"Bring it," I said, gently.

He fumbled in the pocket of his tattered coat and presently brought to light a scrap of paper on which was scrawled some Persian characters.

"It is such a carpet as I have never seen," he said; "there is nothing in our history or our traditions to teach us the meaning of this carpet—nothing save that it is an Eghur rug inscribed in Persian and Balan-Agha script. I have traced the characters in a single sentence. Read, my son."

And I read, translating freely:

"Ten thousand thousand stars shine down on Babylon. The desert well reflects but one."

"I will bring the carpet," he said, after a silence. "I do not know its value; it has no beauty any longer; only the ghost of ancient splendor remains in the thin knots clinging to warp and weft. And it is old, my son, older than tradition. Upon it there is not one sign or mark save the mystery of its meaning."

He peered at me with his old, and now, earnestly.

"I will bring it," he said. "Go with Ali, thou fair comrade of Hassan."

May the Blessed Companions intervene for you, I said.

And so we parted, gravely and with circumstance. I to stroll homeward, troubled, musing curiously upon this carpet of which a nomad Musliman could make nothing. The Persian verse from the cartouche interested me too, the refrain lingering persistently in my memory:

"Ten thousand thousand stars shine down on Babylon. The desert well reflects but one."

Never before, save on the imperial carpet known as Behzad's Rug, had I encountered any inscription mentioning Babylon. So, at the first glance, the nomad's rug should have some value. But speculation was futile—surely I ought to have learned that if unnumbered disappointments could teach me anything.

Thinking of these things, I paced along the noble avenue, rethinking my steps to the big dusky house standing alone, and old trees to guard its entrance—like the mansion of the great city of infancy—the last old dwelling left marooned amid the arid waste of commerce. Here my cousin and his wife lived with me as winter; I with them at their Lehigh home in summer.

A brougham or two at the curb before the house warned me of clients waiting or of visitors for Geraldine,—buddies the latter, for it was now past five.

Under the circumstances I went in to second Geraldine—Mr. Westover never troubled himself to be civil to her friends.

There were people there, and ten,—and a pretty wondrous set come from Geraldine.

The violet-tinted April dusk brought candle-light; people went away and others came; then, one by one, they left, and we were alone, Geraldine and I—and the new moon shining through the free curtains. For a long time we talked together, aimlessly, of this and that which mattered nothing to anybody. A maid entered to draw the curtains. When she left, Geraldine laughed and picked up a cluster of yellow jonquils.

"Your courage failed you, after all," she said; "the loveliest woman in the world mood go without my flowers to-night."

"She has them," I retorted.

"Do you mean me, Dick?" she said, under her breath.

"Did you doubt it?"

"She loves her head," Silence, ever waiting to ensnare us, crept like a shadow in between us. And I would not have it.

"And old man is to bring a rug to-night," I said, abruptly.

Geraldine stirred in her armchair, repeating in a low voice:

"Ten thousand thousand stars shine down on Babylon; The desert well reflects but one. Alhaddon none."

But tonight in my chair I listened, incredulous of my own ears. "Where on earth did you hear that?" I demanded.

"I read it on Behzad's Rug in embroidery with the Kufic key," she answered, watching me.

"You—all alone—interpreted that?" I asked, astounded.

"Yes. It is the embroidery inscription in the gold cartouche."

Profound astonishment left me speechless. She lay back in her chair with a little laugh of pure excitement.

"After you went out," she said, "I was horribly lonely, and I thought of you, and then I thought about the work you loved—the cartouche—and—ah!—I did not seem to need to be in the laboratory—I thought to myself, 'Suppose—suppose by luck I could unravel the inscription on the gold cartouche! Dick would be the happiest man in the world. And then—your—your flowers came, and I sat for a while alone with them. Then, on impulse, I turned to and took the Kufic key, and all the while I was with you and I had tried together, and I slipped upstairs to the marble room and knelt down before Behzad's Rug. Oh, Dick! the Tree of Heaven seemed to quiver in every jeweled branch and leaf—it was only the draught from the closing door that moved the rug, but the mystic tree swung there as the folds of the carpet moved, and I seemed to feel the mystery of the Prophet's Paradise stealing into me, penetrating me like the incense of foldable wine,—and I—I felt very Eastern and very pagan, knowing that."

"It was strange, too; the intricate Kufic key seemed to be falling into place of its own impulse, symbol after symbol, promising a linked symmetry of sense, until almost before I was conscious of the miracle, it had been wrought there in the marble room; and my eyes were opened; and I, kneeling before the Tree of Heaven, read quite clearly what is written in the gold cartouche on the great carpet of Behzad's Rug. Dick! I prayed so hard that I might read it. And I have read it—how now?"

In the eloquence of her emotion she had risen, holding out both hands to me; I caught them, cranking them to my lips.

Outraged pulsing silence grew between us; my fingers relaxed and her hands fell from my lips. The stillness, intense, absolute, became a tension, a growing restlessness pressuring us apart.

Slowly, unconsciously, I had one step, one step against the silk-wind wall, which I reached for, groping, straining myself.

Never before had we been so wretched, so thrilled; never before had we been so reckless of the peril. Over us a great store had fallen, and we had evaded it—on women and delicate men, on working us, drawing us together limb to limb, body to body, soul to soul, there on the kindling edges of destruction.

Presently I became aware that the world outside the curtained windows was moving still—had perhaps never halted on its way to wait upon our fate. And, crossing the room, I raised the shade and saw the new moon, low in the sky, kneeling amid the watching stars.

Yellow rays from a street lamp illumined the old trees' foliage, edging with pale gold the tracery of new-brown leaves, tufting each stem and twig, exquisite, delicately formal as the leafy labyrinth of the Tree of Heaven spreading above the flowery field of Behzad's Rug.

Khassan the nomad had come and gone, and his rug hung in the marble room, pale as the tinted shadow cast by the great carpet of Behzad's Rug.

The nomad's rug was close but very ancient, and so worn, so



"It was I who wore that carpet—I, maid of the Isig-Kul"

little cater to the very warp, that the Khordoh was all but obliterated in the antithesis. But outside of that, between the outside land and the art, or central line, there were traces of ancient glory and dimmed outlines of design; and I saw the twelve carouches interlaid alternately in Persian and in eunuchiform characters. There, too, were the worn remains of floral thickets hounded of least and hard, intricate allegories, chronicles in color and symbol, every leaf, every blossom, every creature fraught with mystic meaning; and there also, still faintly to be made out, the shadowy foliage of the Tree of Heaven.

"How much did you pay for that ghost of a rug?" demanded Westover, who had followed me up stairs after dressing for dinner. When I told him he shrugged his shoulders, but made no comment. A moment later Geraldine entered, and his small eyes, no longer hazy, became fixed and dull.

"They say in the East," I remarked, "that when all color is gone from an Eighth rug a host soul takes it for its abode. Eighth women are supposed to hate souls occasionally, and to lose them now and then."

"There are plenty of lost souls in town," observed Westover; "no doubt you'll have your choice of tenants, for your carpet—or," he added, staring at space, "if you like I'll provide you."

I did not understand his remark, but it left a vaguely sinister impression. Geraldine, standing between us, her white fingers linked behind her, looked up at me very gravely.

"Do you know," she said, "that I am convinced that I wore that rug some centuries ago?"

"I have no doubt of it," I replied, smiling.

"Do you doubt it, Jim?" she asked, gayly.

He did not reply.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "it was always believed that a young girl who dared to weave the Tree of Heaven into an Eighth carpet died when her task was ended,—her entire physical and spiritual vitality entering into the sacred tree and infusing it with mystic splendor."

"Oh, I doubt no you say," observed Geraldine, gravely. "I don't see that you infused much physical or spiritual splendor into that rug," observed Westover.

"I must die again, you know, Jim, and bring its vanished beauty back," she said, gayly. "Shall I, Dick?—and leave you a priceless carpet as my bequest and monument?"

Westover turned on his heel, edging with his collar. Recently his neck had grown fat behind the ears.

A few moments later dinner was announced.

We dined late that dinner, I remember, Jim drank heartily—a habit which both Geraldine and I had long since left unnoticed, she drinking from the sullen relief that in follow even a playful protest, in understanding the after helplessness of interference. His mind, already shaken, would not shy shatter, and the dreadful price he paid.

As he ate there something waivered in port, in his altered features and swollen hands I seemed to divine something malicious and

patient and powerful,—that indescribable physical neurone one feels in the inert brooding eye of the mentally and spiritually crippled.

When Geraldine rose he stood up unobtrusively. After she had gone he lighted a cigar and turned his blood-shot eyes on me.

"Is that wine expensive?" he demanded, pointing to Geraldine's half-empty glass.

"Rather," I said.

He picked up the glass, examined it, sniffing at the contents.

"It's poor claret," he said. "Taste it. It's pure poison, I tell you."

"I'm sorry," I said, indifferently.

Again he sniffed it. "Fragrant," he sneered, and threw it into the fireplace behind him. Then he got on his feet, heavily, mattering to himself and stumbled off through the drawing room.

For a while I sat there amid the shaded candles, staring at space. But I could not read the future pictured there amid the empty chairs and the flowers, already drooping in each crystal vase.

When at length I roused myself and went up stairs, passing her apartment I heard her singing to herself, and I wondered that she could.

I paused on the gallery stairway to listen; and she could not have heard my footsteps on the thick deep carpeting, yet she came to the door and opened it, looking up at me where I stood.

"You are going to the marble room. May I come and help you?" she asked, sweetly. And as I was silent, she said again: "Let me be happy, won't you, Dick? Let me be where you are."

"Have I ever avoided you, Geraldine?"

I descended the steps, she laid her hand lightly on my arm, and together we mounted the stairway toward the gallery.

"I was singing a Halleluiah when you passed," she said, "partly because I was lonely, and partly"—she hesitated, looking around at me—"partly because I've come to the conclusion, Dick, that I was once at Belshazzar's feast in Calimiera;—for there's a great deal of wickedness in me;—you'd never believe it, would you?"

She smiled at me so innocently, so adorably, that I laughed outright.

"I've heard that the maids of Babylon-Ki had a boxing acquaintance with the devil," I said. "Even an Eighth girl nodded pleasantly to Erikh now and then,—according to the chronicles of the Terkins."

"Oh, they surely did," she said. And, "Thank you, Dick," she added, as we reached the gallery: "When I am an old woman you must help me up the steep place."

"It is you who help me," I said, lightly.

She stood, resting her arm on the table while I gathered up the mass of papers containing our eunuchian combinations and the Kufic key.

"All that is useless," she said, suddenly. Her manner and smile had altered.

I looked up in surprise, and at the same instant she pushed the papers from beneath my hands.

"The memory of things forgotten centuries ago has returned to me," she said, feverishly. "I am a pagan again. It was but who first taught my hands to weave and my fingers to tie the Schuham knot. I wore that carpet; what I have worn there I can read. Why do you laugh? Will you believe me if I translate the mystery of each inscription as easily as I read the gold cartouche? Come; we shall never need these papers again."

What new engine was that? She was smiling, almost foolishly, and I thought that there was something in her over-flashed face and in the starlike brilliancy of her eyes not quite normal. At the same moment the electric lights in the laboratory went out. Westover was evidently in there. I waited, expecting him to appear, but he did not. Again I reached for the papers, but Geraldine snatched them with a quick sweep of her hand.

"Won't you believe me? Won't you let me try?" she repeated, almost impatiently.

With a quick movement she leapt forward past me and shot off the lights in the gallery where we stood. Another second, and the lights in the marble room broke out fiercely; and there, full in the dazzling glory, I saw the great carpet of Belshazzar hanging, and beside it the Eighth rug—a pallid shadow on the wall.

Geraldine, hands clasped to her scarlet mouth, dark eyes fixed, moved forward slowly, pale, faint, flushing on her smooth bare arms and shoulders, her head a delicate silhouette against the glare.

I followed, pausing at her side, and we stood silently before the miracle, the great folds glittering staring in some unlit current; and I saw the upper branches of the Tree of Heaven away, and a thousand leaves, all glistering, quiver and shew.

"One can almost hear the rustling of the leaves," I whispered. "I hear more than that," she murmured. "I hear my soul bidding me go by."

She smiled dreamily, turning to the faded Eighth carpet, and stepping back one pace, dropped her left arm, clasping my hand in hers.

"It was I who wore that carpet—I, maid of the long-Kul;—and it was you, beloved of Hassan, who inspired it."

"What are you saying, Geraldine?" I began, drowsily; "where did you ever hear my name linked with the name of Hassan?"

Her palm was burning hot, her eyes too, bright. The fever of ecstacy possessed her, and her imagination was running riot.

There was a silence, through which a distant sound penetrated—the faint ring of glass somewhere in the laboratory. Westover was tying on his crystal mask.

She heard it, too, and she turned, looking no fall in the eyes. "Dick," she said, "he has slain my body. My soul is bidding me go by."

"It is my own that he is dragging to destruction, not yours," I muttered.

But she only clasped my hand tighter, the fixed smile stamped on her lips.

"Listen," she whispered, raising her arm. "This is what is written in the rose cartouche on the Eighth carpet that I made:

'Roses of Babylon; lakes of roses in Abaddon.'

Love and its awful penalty. Dick—and the warning I wore, encoded in cryptogram! Listen again. The cartouche below was once torn—lo! I wrote it—!)

*'All Paradise the road;
Warp and weft for souls no lost.'*

"Mine, Dick, mine!—lost in loving as I loved, centuries ago. I have no soul; I have never had any since I lost it then. It is there, haunting the phantom of an Eighth carpet. Do you not understand? There is my faded monument and refuge—that magic-woven sanctum—that hiding-place from hell!"

Her little feverish fingers tightened convulsively in mine; the veins danced in her cheeks. Suddenly she crumpled our clasped hands to her heart, and I felt it beating madly.

"Geraldine," I stammered, "what is all this ghastly nonsense? Are you ill?"

"Listen! Listen!" she whispered; "the next cartouche was this—the last Persian knot! I know; why should I not know? I who wore it centuries ago? And thus it reads, O then when I loved to my destruction,—thou whom I loved:

'Time and the Great'

Shall meet me twice,—once East, once West.'

"Ah, prophetic! was I by Istar's favor—seeing I died by love. Do you not understand, Dick? Time and the Great—the time is Death—the time we all must entertain one day,—and I twice,—once in the East, once here in the West—here now!"

"Geraldine, are you mad?" I whispered; "look at me!—turn and look at me. I say!"

But she shivered in my arms, whispering that she was reasoning her soul and mine. A distant sound broke from the laboratory, and we listened.

"Hush, beloved," she said, breathlessly; "the last cartouche is black! And this is written there:

*'Soul, Intus-centred,
Reveries—thy—Paradise—'*

Her voice died out; a terrible pallor struck her face; she swayed where she stood, the smile frozen on her bloodless lips.

As I caught her to me, her head fell straight back and her body sank a dead weight in my arms. Then a dreadful thing occurred, the faded arabesque tapestry glowed out like a live ember, kindling from end to end, brighter, fiercer, flaming into living fire; and the phantom Tree of Heaven, flashing, superbly jewelled, burst into magnificent fluorescence.

Blinded, almost stupefied, I staggered back, but the straining eye died in my throat as a voice is strangled in dreadful dream. Again I strove to cry out. The rug, glowing like a living ember, slowly faded before my eyes. Suddenly the last spark went out in a shower of whitening ashes.

Again I strove to cry out. "Dim! Dim!" but my lips stiffened with horror as I listened. For he was somewhere there in the darkness, laughing.

"It was in her wine," he chuckled;—"and I saw her kiss the glass, and look at you!—and you, there, staring at nothing! Hark at it now!"

And again: "Do you think I have never watched her!—and you? Now she is here, and we'll race for her in even terms once more."

Silence: a low, insane laugh, and by a report and the crash of glass as he fell, shattering his mad face upon the floor.

After a long while I spoke, listening listlessly. Then I took up my burden.

And there was no sound save the salt stinging of her bitten lips as I bore her through the darkness; my cold lips pressed to hers.

"Late Christmas Afternoon"

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

THE glad, glad bells of morning, the laughter at the dawn

The lustre of the children's eyes is fine to look upon—

But, O, the best of Christmas—the best day of them all—

Is when the lary firelight makes pictures on the wall,

And I may sit in silence and give myself the boon

Of going back to boyhood, late Christmas afternoon.

Here I shall fall to musing of pictures in the grate—

There, eager for my summons the host of boy-days wait,

And in and out a-marching I'll see them come and go

With hands waved high in welcome—the boys I used to know;

And there, if I am patient, 'twill be for me to see

As one seen in a mirror, the boy I used to be!

Out of the swaying shadows will rise the long ago,

The sleighbells' tinkle-tinkle, the soft kiss of the snow,

The white sea of the meadow, where pranking winds will lift

The long sweep of the billow loomed up in drift on drift,

And crisp across the valley will come a bell-sweet tune

To set me nodding, nodding, late Christmas afternoon.

Late afternoon on Christmas! The twilight soothing in

And me with these my visions of glad days that have been!

For I shall dream and wander down unforgotten ways

My eager arms enfolding all of my yesterdays.

Without, the mellow echoes of blended chime and hymn

Within, the bygone voices in murmurs fair and dim.

O, mine the gift of fancy, and mine this magic chair,

And mine the dim procession of Christmases that were!

I ask no richer token of love on Christmas Day

Than this which comes unbidden, than this which will not stay—

This wealth of recollections that vanish over soon.

The dreamland of the shadows, late Christmas afternoon.



Children as an Incentive

by E. S. MARTIN



I don't get all that we want in this world, but of those who get much of anything, very few get it unless they have wanted it with an effective desire. To want something good and hard, and persistently, is almost an indispensable first step towards getting it. I think that most of us are rather lazy wanters. The average mind is not naturally riveted on attainment.

The average man in all walks of life is prone to work along rather easily, living by the day and reaping the reward of his industry as it comes. If he goes without what he would like to have rather than take the trouble to get it, we think nothing worse of him than that he is lazy. But if he has children it is different. We are strict with him about his children's wants. If he lets them lack desirable and attainable things because it is too much trouble for him to get them we think he is a pretty poor father and not much of a man. The natural, ordinary man needs the spur of necessity or strong obligation. The need of making a living for himself is doubtless enough to start him in work. For the very week's sake, if he likes it, if for nothing more, he will doubtless go a great deal farther than mere comfortable subsistence compels. For art's sake some men, like Sargent the painter, even to go the whole length of their powers and work out the very best there is in them. For duty's sake or in the service of religion, or of the state, very many good men have done the like. But the natural man profits by family cares. His driving wheels take harder hold on the rails if he is wanted. Love will tempt him on with a stronger and steadier pull than ambition or mere rapacity.

And he will be a gainer, too, in the important end of getting happiness out of life, for in there, on the whole, my sport going that entertains as well and engrosses as ardently, so many people, as the great and honorable tradition of supporting a family. No game ranks high as a sport that has not some risks in it. There are breathless chances a plenty in this one. You may not do it, and that is mighty embarrassing if you have the family to support. You may do it, but not to your taste. That is not so bad, for there is always the expectation of mending your performance. Is there not some will in your brain that is capable of greater activity, some inertia of your will that can be overcome, some additional

nimbleness of wit or fingers that can be attained? The risks shall come out if there are any risks, and then—Then? Oh, then the children shall have more "advantages." What the advantages are doesn't greatly matter so long as they seem advantageous to the children. They may be anything from more cream at breakfast to a summer in Europe. They may be new shoes or better clothes, or better schooling, or music lessons, or dancing lessons, or horseback exercise, or a bigger house, or a better street. "Advantages" are relative and depend upon what our contemporaries who live within sight of us are doing for their children. There is no maximum of what solicitous parents want to do, but in most families the understanding about the minimum that is requisite is pretty definite. And I suspect that with us Americans that minimum tends to be rather too high. There isn't really such a vast choice in schools; but so far as there is a choice we want our children to have the best. Expensive clothes are no particular advantage to a child, but *dear, dear, how we love to*

have our children "look nice"! Social opportunities are often sources that waste time and turn heads and make heads, but they have their value, and, wisely or not, perhaps take thought and labor themselves that their children may be "in it." We work for our children, plan for them, spend money on them, lay life insurance for their protection, and some of us even save money for them. This last tribute is the most affecting of all. Making money is pleasant, even though it is sometimes laborious. Spending it on our children is a delightful form of self-indulgence. Buying life insurance is something we do to promote our own peace of mind. We praise ourselves more or less for all these exercises, but without much reason, for they all gratify us. But saving for our children's start in life, actual earned money that we have in hand and might spend on them, is evidence of serious self-denial. Profound must be the depths of the affection that will induce a man to save money for others to spend, unless, indeed, his income gets so big that he can satisfy all his reasonable wants and have some left over. Spending money is so pleasant an indulgence! To forgo buying children pleasures which you are here to share, for the sake of pleasures or comforts that they may enjoy after you are gone, is an astonishing flight of altruism. Yet parents not infrequently attain it. It is noticed by various observers that since the fires of hell came to be considered theoretical, men have pretty much lost the fear of death, and are substituting for it the fear of leaving their families inadequately pro-

Advantages . . . new shoes, better clothes, or . . . music lessons

vided for. Even thrift is not too difficult a virtue for an ordinary, affectionate parent to attain!

And of course children are a mighty incentive to other virtues besides industry and thrift. They have enormous influence on the parental conduct. "As for me," said a guest at a ladies' lunch party, "I cannot play bridge for money; I have a son." "So with me," rejoined another. "With Charles growing up, I could not do it." Mothers and children may say, "After us the deluge," and behave as though very high water was overdue. That will not do for parents. They have a stake in the future. They are infinitely concerned in maintaining standards of conduct, and constrained to do their share in keeping society virtuous enough to furnish a safe environment for the rising generation. They must ever be mindful, and only that there will be mouths in the world after they are gone, the filling of which concerns them, but that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches; and if a choice must be made between honor and money, an honorable name and the standards of behavior that make it honorable are a better and safer legacy for their children than many dollars, however well placed. We care more for true respectability than we realize. All of us who are not fools would rather see our girls marry good men who are not rich than rich men who are not good. For our boys we resist only the kind of success that is inconsistent with integrity, and the fact that we have boys makes us by so much the more solicitous to keep our own feet out of paths into which we would not choose to have their feet follow. Indulgence that is fairly safe for Fifty are avoided because they are not safe for Twenty-one, and because Twenty-one keeps an eye on Fifty and is disposed to conclude that what Fifty permits himself to do is about right.

It has been said that the commonest reason why so many men's minds stop developing is that when they get out of school—or perhaps out of college—they have to concentrate most of their attention on making a living. To incur responsibility for the maintenance of children is a measure not infinitely adapted to divert them from that employment, but as the children grow up and pass in their turn through the various stages of education, they are very commonly a steady and useful mental stimulant to their parents. They bring the old knowledge back into the house, and are knowledge with it. Their minds, not yet geared to work-day problems, run on matters more polite and more intellectual. I find that Clementine's incursions into grammar and history dig up to great advantage the table-talk of our family, and her disputes with Etienne over what words are good and what are not, and what happened, and when, and why, give the paternal mind very timely and valuable fillips. I am told that my neighbor, Lawyer Clinton, had never studied Latin until his boys began to read, but he felt that he had to keep it up, and by the time they got to Cæsar, he was in Cæsar too, reading the story of the campaign in Gaul for his amusement in the evening, after his day's

work at law. The last I heard he was getting out an edition of Horace. Many a father has rubbed up his rusty Latin, or even Greek, in the stimulating company of a growing child. Mothers have followed their boys, back by back, through school and college. The new knowledge of the rising generation, which sets us strongly towards science, and the new philosophies and histories, are brought inside the door of the parent whose children are concerned with them, and it is a dull parent whose interests are not broadened and quickened by the experience.

Then, too, there are the conclusions which grown-up people have thought thoughts have reached in their day and put away in their minds. There they rest undisturbed for years, it may be. But when the children come in turn to a scrutiny of the

virtues, again the old processes of reasoning begin their work in the parental mind, and the old conclusions, varied perhaps by riper experience, find new expression in the career of youth. What we know we recall, what we know we impart, what we don't know we are constrained to learn if we can, because new questions are brought to us by questioners whom it concerns us to answer.

It has been the fashion to carp at the modern American father as a poor, overworked creature, whose office it is to bring home money for his wife and children to spend. He is derided for his weakness and condoned with as the victim of his own devotion. There is plenty of nonsense about all that. For these are many ways of having fun on this earth that are more satisfying than working for one's own. If only the father's labors are truly profitable to his children, and they grow up as he would have them, there is no failure of investment or misapplication of work. To be sure, his time and thought may be overmuch devoted to money-making, for it is a wise and skillful parent that can make much money do his children good, or can even prevent them from being harmed by it. The external case, and too much of that does not make for advantage.

They are a great luxury, but I have heard parents, who themselves valued that luxury, lament that their children seemed to do nothing for themselves. For people whose time is precious and their strength taxed, to be relieved of all possible drudgery is evident economy. To relieve children of drudgery to a sufficient extent to give them time for the other work that is laid out for them, is a profitable interposition. But some daily drudgery is good for every one, and very good for children. When Clementine, bent to put down her story in the evening piece, calls Susa to light the lamp for her; when Etienne drops her hat and crut in a chair and learns then for Mathilda to hang up, neither of them gets any parental encouragement. Ordering servants may be good training for some grown-ups, and develop their executive ability, but for children a more important lesson is to learn what work means, and what order means, and they should learn it betimes and by actual practice.

Those American fathers that we hear of, who are numbered in



How we love to have our children "look nice!"

business and leave their children to wander about the world, make a mistake, but not the mistake of being too dextrous. Their mistake is that they neglect their children, giving their whole attention to things of less importance. And another mistake that is easily fallen into by men who are used to being owners of many things, and masters of many employees, is to think that because they spend money freely for their children and supply them with many unnecessary things, they own them too, and have a right to shape their lives according to their own desires and whims. Money, laid by makes for freedom of choice, but the great possessions of a parent may easily tend to restrict the reasonable liberty of the child. If the tail is big enough, it may wag the dog; if a fortune is great enough it may dominate not only its possessor, but his heirs.

The man who has children and wants money is in a position that is favorable to wholesome exertion. We can all sympathize with his desires. I don't know that sympathy can be quite so safely bestowed on the man who has got together much money and wants children. Of course he wants them, to inherit his property so that he can die with more satisfaction. It is an entirely natural desire. I hope he may have them, but children don't do so much real good to the man whose work is done as to the man who is still at his work. And the philosopher may reasonably argue that the child who is born

... Followed their hope, look by look, through school and college

valuable living representatives of his labors on earth. To do that is to achieve one kind of immortality; if not the best, the kind, at least, that we are best qualified to understand.

to a parent who is anxiously concerned to make him a useful and successful worker, is born to a better opportunity than if he were hailed at birth as the welcome receptacle of gains already acquired.

Greatly important and greatly remunerative is this business of raising and training children, and being trained in turn by them. It comes very near being the best worth while thing there is. Only the duty of serving that larger family that we call the public, or the larger public that constitutes mankind, can rival it in weight of obligation and in richness of reward. It is, of course, matter for regret, when the pressure of domestic responsibilities and the duty of providing for his children keeps out of the public service a first-rate man whose services the public needs. But that does not often happen. When the public's need is acute enough, and the public knows its mind clearly enough about the man it wants, it gets its man, and his children must wait, if necessary, till the public has got through with him. But as far as personal enjoyment and profit goes, the average man cannot spend his strength, or what it yields, to better purpose than for his children, nor can he do better by society than by leaving behind him worthy and



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HIS STAR

by Elizabeth Ruggles

How say ye 'we have seen His Star?'
Could thy great wisdom justify
Such rare selection? In that far
Mysterious region of the sky,
Where countless gleaming orbs did shed
Their glory upon Earth, didst mark
But One, transcending all, which led
Thee to Him? Did the Eternal Spark

Flash into being at His birth;
And doth it follow then, that we
Who bear His image, bring to Earth
The ray of one bright star, to be
Our individual birthright; So,
Be the magnitude great or small
We may, with glad assurance know
'Tis even thus a part of all



The wondrous Scheme? Oh thought divine:
That Love should e'er conceive a plan
So perfect, thus to intertwine
The destinies of God and man!
And thou of old, whose faith sublime
Urged thee, unflinching, to the spot
Where Mary and the Babe divine
Were sheltered in that lowly cot,

Thou hast revealed a blessed hope
Unto the yearning souls of men
Who in the darkness strive and grope
Toward that Star-ray of Bethlehem.
Then let the bells of Christmastide
Ring out in honor of His birth,
Flinging the message far and wide:
"His Star is Risen! Peace on Earth!"

THE MARSHAL'S CAPTURE



BY HAMLIN CARLAND



AREW'S hotel on Line creek was built in dark remote not merely by the adjoining counties of Iowa and Minnesota, but by other and far more distant districts to whose efforts it was believed to be a harbor for thieves, especially for those on horseback.

Furthermore, it was credited with being a place of illicit trade in whiskey and a local centre of drunkenness and violence.

The house itself had an evil aspect. It was built of stone with small windows, which resembled a fortress, and the bar room lay precariously across the State line, so that when raided by the detectives of Iowa the proprietor was able to defy them from the shelter of Minnesota—and this in itself was considered a delicious joke by

the better class of settlers who were just beginning to enter the country; for this tale relates to the years immediately following the civil war.

Larsen, the landlord, was a big man, prodigiously hairy and black and gray, with hot, alert, feline eyes. His hand resembled the paw of a black bear, and his voice, when angry, rose from a sullen growl to a brazen roar. He had built his house while yet the Sioux were still his neighbors, and a few years later as the white-topped soldiers began to stream past on their way to the prairie, he had put out a sign as tavern-keeper, and under that head carried on whatever dark business he found profitable.

His table fare soon became famous throughout the region, and was due to the skill of his wife, a gentle-spirited, refined woman, who told somebody's story in your till she died, bearing a daughter, the child of her first husband—who took charge of the house till the old ruffian married again. Thereafter Maggie's position was made subordinate to her stepmother and life for her was very hard.

II

One day in late July of '88 a dandy, tired young man, carrying a carpetbag on a stick, turned in at Larsen's for dinner. Maggie noticed him particularly as he entered the dining-room, for his was a fresh-colored, bronzed face, and his eyes were blue and frank, and his voice especially pleasing. He talked with the men at the table very freely, informing her, as well as the women, that he had come to help in the harvest field.

The young stranger was interested in her—she caught his admiring eyes several times, but took no offense thereat, so frank and openly was his glance—but a little later as he rose to leave the room he glanced round him with a look of interest and distress that startled her, and his face became sadder and sterner by ten times. This look lasted but an instant, for when he turned to her his teeth shone again.

"That was a good dinner. I hope you'll always wait on me," he said, and she smiled answered: "I'm glad you liked it."

As he walked out she looked after him, admiring the splendid shoulders, from which his brown neck rose like the up-pitched hole of an oak-tree. He was not tall, but his frame was almost as massive as that of her stepfather, while his step was light and graceful as that of a boy.

She found herself both glad and sorry that he had come to stay. He was too honest and too kind to mix with the lawless ruffians of her stepfather's crew, and after her work in the dining room was done she went up-stairs, still thinking of him. Led by a desire which she could not define she went to the room in which he was to sleep. As she looked in at the half-opened door her heart contracted with horror, for there on the floor in childish play intent, sat Boddie, her stepmother's two-year-old son, gazing at a glittering pair of handcuffs. Before him the young stranger's bag lay open and unfastened.

With a swift rush the girl caught the trilline iron from the child and whipped them into the bottom of the bag, closing and clasping the lock. Boddie, thus rudely interrupted, began to cry.

"What are you doing with that young 'un?" shrieked Mrs. Larsen from below.

"Nothing," replied Maggie, in terror, "he hurt himself."

"You've been punning' him or something. You let me catch you at it and I'll teach you a thing or two."

Her threats always ended thus weakly—whining slanders that she was never quite allowed to lay down to the proud girl.

Maggie flushed hot with sudden shame. A new relation—something tender and intimate had sprung suddenly up between the handsome young workman and herself. He, too, was an officer, and she had saved him from defeat, if not from death, and what was more significant, she had led for him!

These realizations gave her a feeling of exaltation quite new and strange as she waited for his return to supper, and she stared him with an interest no other man had ever inspired in her. Something in his attitude at the table gave her confidence in him—he was so erect and graceful, so different from the others who slunked on their elbows. His eyes were alert, his hands steady. "He is very strong," she thought. "He can take care of himself if he knows. . . I must tell him."

This note, this confidence on her part, could not but show itself in little attentions, and yet the stranger remained of the same frank and boyish expression. Lammigan, the gaunt boy, had warned to him—she could see that, and yet she was perfectly sure he would search that value during the night—and she believed to think what the result of that inspection might be.

In order that the stranger might linger she hovered about, asking to refill his coffee-cup, and after the others left the table she pressed close to him and as he bent to remove his plate whispered hoarsely, breathlessly—

"Be careful—there are watchers," then turning, walked rapidly away, her heart beating so fast she could hear it thumping. When again he returned he was calmly finishing his coffee, but his eyes had again lost their languid gleam and his face was redoubled and stern.

Again she bent to him out in taking his cup. "They will search you before to-night. Hide the iron."

This time a distinct shiver ran over her, and a flush—a deep scented flush of blood—rose over her face. His pride was touched and the girl could almost follow his thought as he tried to reason his way to the manner of her discovery of his purpose.

He rose at last, and going to his coat closet filled his pipe and passed slowly out and up the stairs. She looked as she waited, hearing his step as he moved about overhead. A few minutes later he came down, and with his hands in the pockets of his short coat looked in upon her, a smile of relief on his face.

"Well, I could see something for you," he called, cheerily—and she understood.

"I don't need any help," she replied—then added: "Go about

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your business." The young officer silently laughed and turned away.

Maggie was a soul beleaguered. That she kept herself undefiled and of brave heart argued well for her parentage—and this thought the young officer uttered during one of their brief meetings at the well, which had become their occasional momentary trysting place.

"Your mother must have been a nice woman—how did she come to marry old Paul Larve?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Father was killed the first year of the war—and we were very poor—and then Paul Larve was the kind of man he is now. It broke my mother's heart when she found out—" She paused, abruptly.

"Go on," he commanded, eagerly, almost sternly. "What did she find out?" She turned away, and he asked, without reason, "Never mind, that's my little job. I am convinced that something more than horse-stealing is going on here. Last night I heard men coming and going, but I can't move without rousing Lantiano—he sleeps like a cat—one eye open. But I'll win out!" His professional pride was speaking now. "One of the boys is about ready to confide in me."

The girl caught up her water pail. "They are watching me!" The officer did not turn his head. "Suppose they are," he answered, carelessly. "They will only think I am making love to you."

Her face flushed, and tears of anger blinded her eyes.

"Go away!" she breathlessly, indignantly commanded. "I hate you now!"

He seized her by the arm and took the pail of water from her. "Walk by my side," he softly commanded. "I don't say that to offend you—I tried to speak without feeling. It is just what all think I am doing. You can't help it, and isn't it our safeguard?"

"If they knew it was not contempt—this word which makes you angry—that would they think I was doing? What would become of you if Paul thought we met to discuss his affairs? Come now, be reasonable. You must not fail me now, we're partners in this thing."

"Whatever happens, I can't leave you here," he said at their next interview, which he barely hinted upon her by waiting for her at the well. It was growing dark, but the girl told something new and thrilling in his face as he went on. "I came up here with just one idea in my mind, which was to ask you to get out, but I can't do that now. Whatever I do after this will seem to come from some pit you've given to me, and they'll make you suffer for it. I can't leave you here unprotected, that's set that. You don't know much about me, perhaps not enough to trust me—but you must believe my words. Will you do it?"

She was profoundly moved by the urgent appeal and less decision of his words and by some subtle union in his tone. His fine features swept away all her silly pride and she fully answered him.

"Tell me what you want me to do."

"First let me tell you what I am: I'm not a thief. I'm the deputy. I control the lawlessness of this district, but I don't want you to do as I tell you because I'm an officer of the government, but because I— I like you. You do you understand?"

The girl's face was toward the sunset, but the red that came to it was not from the sky. Then she grew pale as pale her cheeks was like a shield of silver. He waited, but she uttered no word, only a little gasping sigh of surprise—and relief and joy.

One hand went to her breast, where her heart seemed to be beating in her throat. He put his first palm upon this hand, and with its touch all her doubts, her sense of weakness, vanished. She lifted her face to him, with an action so fervent, so girlish, so appealing in its longing that he caught her in a swift embrace.

111

The next morning Maggie crept from her bed weary with the emotion which had broken her rest. The big cock was suddenly still, its scowling low onto in her slapping. Nervous voice and sighing now and then like one in deep grief, and they both entered the kitchen with listless steps. Breakfast was late, even for Sunday morning, and the minutes shrilly assailed them both, and in and all Larve

stamped in to storm at them. Maggie, at the end of her misadventure, at last laid down her tray and ran out of the room, shaking with sob.

Then the young stranger rose from the table, and said, "You let that girl alone, old man. If you worry her any more I'll see your jaw in."

Old Paul turned, his long-pondering suspicion and resentment breaking out in a red flame of wrath. "You shut your mouth," he roared. "You've been a whole lot too gay with me," and he rushed at the bold youth.

What happened first Maggie did not see, but when she returned to the scene her lover was in the act of leaving the big, hairy man over his hip. Larve crashed to the floor with a force that shook the house, and for a full minute lay stunned and breathless, while his household stared in profound awe. The incredible had happened! The old man was thrown, and even Lantiano was wearily delighted.

At last Larve painfully rose to a sitting posture and stared at his conqueror with wild, blood-shot eyes, in mouth gaping. His voice, when he spoke, was mild, and the effect of his words almost ludicrous.

"You couldn't have done that ten years ago, young fellow," he repeated, earnestly.

The other laughed. "Well, I can do it now. Paul, and you don't want to forget it. I won't have you abuse that girl any more! Here he turned to the others—" And I serve notice on the rest of you that whoever insults her insults me." They shrank from the gleam of his eyes, and only Lantiano had the madness to shake his head.

"You're all right, young fellow," said he; "you deserve the girl."

When they were alone together the young officer said to Maggie, "I had a notion to arrest the old man on the spot, but that would have spoiled my whole plan. I certainly was hot. Now put on your best dress. I'm going to hitch up a horse and take you out for a drive, and then we'll see what next."

Larve offered no objection as the yellow fellow drove to the house with his horse and buggy—he seemed still daunted by the violence of his fall—but Maggie was tremulous with terror as she came out in answer to her lover's call; her new of the old usage robbed her of all sense of freedom, of pleasure in the outing.

They had hardly turned into the road before the young officer said: "Maggie, I am going to arrest old Paul and Nina and search the house, and you must help me."

The girl shuddered his arms in appeal. "Don't do that, please don't! Wait till you get help!"

"I can't wait. I had intended to send you to Root Rapids for help, but I'm afraid they'll suspect your errand and hide out. Paul is rattled by that thump I gave him, and I could take him easy." He pulled his horse to a stand at a path leading to the creek. "Hold the reins a moment, I'm coming, and hepped from the carriage and disappeared down the bank.

The girl was not a coquette—she was, indeed, quite otherwise—but in that moment she determined to lure him from his desperate plan. The thought of his danger be-mused her.

He came back holding a pistol in his hand, a smile of satisfaction on his face. "They were all right," he said, "a little rusty, but I've put in fresh loads, and now look at himself again. If only I had some one to put the handcuffs on for me." She knew by this that he had recovered his handcuffs. As he took his seat beside her he said: "There isn't a man in this whole bunch I can trust; they all thieve. You must help me." Her shoulder seemed to amuse him. If you're going to be a marshal's helper you ought to get used to such business. It's really very simple. All you need to do is to snap these writs on the old gentles while I hold him with my gun."

"Oh, I can't do that!" she exclaimed.

"He'd have to cut me first," he grimly replied. Then his voice softened. "Now see here, my girl, neither of us can spend another night in that den, and I must make my capture. I'm afraid to let this chance slip. There are to be no secrets between us."

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"They will only think I am making love to you"



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A Seasonable Moral

By W. D. Howells

THE woman sang her ballad to the sky
Of the keen Christmas night, flinging on high
The notes that fluttered to my window-pane
Like birds, and beat against the glass in vain
Until I opened, and from out the gloom
Let them flock into my snug, firelit room.

There was no more of meaning in the words
That came than in the jargon of birds.
But in the voice, and in the plaintive air
There was an intimation of despair
From killing sorrow, and the appealing cry
Of sorest need, which no man might deny
And cover from himself his own disgrace.
So, thoughtfully, as one does in such a case,
From among several coins in hand I chose
That of the smallest worth, and wrapped it close
In paper, so that it might not be lost,
Striking the frozen ground below, and tossed
My gift down from the window at the feet
Of the poor singer in the wintry street.

But she, as if she neither saw nor heard,
Rapt in her song, sang on, and never stirred,
While one, that opportunist strolled around
The corner nearest her, both heard and saw,
Stooped, and put out a predatory claw,
And clutched the paper; felt and recognized
The coin within (that somehow suddenly sized
My own soul up to me, in an odd way),
And then deliberately, but without stay

For all my frantic shouts and signs, kept on
To the next corner, turned it, and was gone.

What should I do? Let the poor singer go
Unhelped because of this misdeed? Not so!
Such a conclusion even I could not brook.
A coin of the same worth again I took,
Wrapped it again in paper, and again
Tossed it down to the singer—not in vain.
This time! She saw it coming through the air
And heard it fall upon the ground, and there,
While she still sang, courtseyed her thanks to me,
Until I turned away and left her free.

And I was well content, and glad at heart
For having doubly done a noble part?
I was not sure. Had it been heaven's intent
That I should twice give the sum I had meant
To give but once? Perchance, unknown to me
Both women were in equal misery,
Though not of equal merit. Then, had I won
A twofold blessing by what I had done?

These things are mysteries, but my story's moral
Seems one with which no one can justly quarrel:
If there is suffering that you would relieve,
Give twice the sum at once you meant to give;
And do not wait for wrong to come your way
And force your unwilling hand, for though it may
Again, it may not, and, for your own sake,
The chance is such as you ought not to take.

A Casual Encounter

By Thomas A. Janvier

WHEN the car went off with a jerk, and I sat down
suddenly, and the lady plunged into my lap," said
the Judge, "I was startled—she was a luscious lady,
and came along with a good deal of force—but with-
in the street running of the mind I cannot say that

I was surprised. You see—
"Pardon me, Judge," said the Bishop, "I must interrupt you
to remind the purity of your distinction. In the case of the
words which you have employed with such judicious discrimination
—as in the case of my other—singular—creeping from unlike
roots in unrelated languages yet in a local way expressing our
native concepts—ignorance joined with carelessness has tended to
a loose usage fruitful of confusion. Our only means of streamlining
the outflow of this linguistic corruption is to speak, as you have
spoken, with a finely differentiating precision. Especially is your
use of 'startle' to describe your encounter with the lady at once
accurate and felicitously elegant. The Anglo-Saxon love of that
word—"

"Oh bother Anglo-Saxon love," cut in the Colonel. "Of course,
Bishop, what you're saying is instructive and improving and all
that sort of thing—but what we're after now is to find out what
happened when the lady came crashing down on the Judge that
way. I guess we're all here in that fit, one time or another, and
we'd like to know what the Judge did about it. What did you
do about it, Judge, anyhow?"

"I was about to observe," the Judge replied a little testily,
"that the precipitation of the lady into my lap—"
"Carefully, Judge! Carefully! Remember that precipiti is the
crude form of precipitate, and that the precise meaning of precipi-
tate—"

"The little story that I had intended to tell is not of the slight-
est consequence, Bishop; your etymological discourse is as
well timed as it is interesting. I am only too happy to give you
the floor." And the Judge leaned back in his chair and looked
reigned.

"My dear Judge, you must pardon me. I beg that you will
proceed." The Bishop spoke these simple words with a warm
kindliness, and as he uttered them his benevolent face was lighted
by a winningly cordial smile.

Mollified by the frank apology, the Judge resumed: "I was
about to explain the modifying conditions under which the lady's
descent upon me was made. You see, when she entered the car,
followed by her escort, all the seats were filled and a few men were
standing hanging on to straps. After waiting a moment, in give
several younger men an opportunity—that they registered—in
offer her a seat, I arose and offered her mine."

"There is no more marked sign of our degenerating civili-
zation," observed the Bishop warmly, "than the barbarous rudeness
of the young men of the present day toward the gentler sex.
I am even disposed to trace to this source the deplorable increase
in our midst of every sort of crime. Corruption of manners on
undeniably is the first step toward corruption of morals. The young
men who begin by boldly retaining his seat in a street-car
while deliberately injured women stand clinging painfully to straps
very well may end— But I am interrupting you, Judge. Pardon."

"During my moment of delay," the Judge continued, "the
lady had passed a step or two beyond me toward the head of
the car; and at the instant that my tender was made—before I
had risen to an erect position, and while I still was unattached
to a strap—the car went off with the jerk to which I have already
referred. In these circumstances, the result of the sudden start
was to jolt me back into my seat again—and also to bring the
lady down into my lap in the manner that I have described."

"Well, if that's all there is to it," said the Doctor, "I don't
see that it's much out of the common. You are folks sitting all
over me either every day in jerky run cars. Didn't anything
more happen?"

"A good deal more happened," the Judge answered, "and I
think that all of it was out of the common. The first of
unusual features of the affair was of a negative character. As
I have said, I was not surprised when the lady came down—
such little mishaps, as the Doctor has observed, are of every-day
occurrence—but I was very decidedly surprised when she did not
manifest any disposition to get up."

"And you had a right to," said the Colonel. "I never knew
a case like that. I've had 'em on my lap lots of times—and
they've always hopped off as if they'd struck springs!"

dearie. Nobody'll hurt you while I've got you. You're safe here!"

"Really," said the Bishop thoughtfully, "public opinion should be aroused, and should remain aroused, until the carelessness among motorists—of present almost universal—be corrected. As you will observe, the whole of the series of various incidents that the Judge has set before us so vividly hinges upon the sudden starting of the car. Had the motorman been trained properly in the first instance, and had been inclined to exercise the caution that such training would have given him, the car would have gone on down smoothly and easily and nothing unusual or painful—as in the case of the person whose nose was stricken—would have occurred. Another, and perhaps a more edifying, view of the matter is to be had by a consideration of the great evils which may ensue when a small error is permitted. The angry passions excited by the motorist's negligent performance of his simple duties—"

"First Scott, Bishop! Where'll you get to next! Here's the Judge telling the best street-car story I've heard yet, and you're busy trying to solve it out with a lecture on philosophy and go on by chipping in another lecture about bad motorists in ladies, and then you let out at me about my little exordiums, and we've got to the hottest part of it—two men hammering away at each other for all they're worth in the middle of the car, and the Judge coddled up in the lap of a woman he'd never laid eyes on refereeing 'em—you start to stop the procession while you preach a sermon on how gripitis ought to take off stakes! And like enough you're set something up your share about the moral influences exerted by both tails and sunshines! For Sam Hill's sake, Bishop, give us a rest!"

"If I have erred in venturing to make what I have supposed were appropriate interpretations in the Judge's entertaining narrative," said the Bishop, with a perceptibly pained note in his voice, "of course I regret my error. Personally, I think that my several interpreted expositions have been justified by my elocution. The same words, and the selected moments, may be rendered as equally as he appropriate to the utterance of what I conceive to have been judicious, and even edifying, remarks upon the Judge's text. However, as the ground upon which I have endeavored to set my obviously unwillingly admitted views seems to me to be as equally as useless as it certainly was well meant. I beg, Judge, that you will proceed."

"I shall not proceed," the Judge replied with decision. "If I did, I should but have to contend further with irrelevant interruptions accurately timed to arrive at the most important moments. I prefer to stop short."

"Oh, come now, Judge," said the Colonel soothingly, "don't take it that way. The Bishop, you know, don't really mean any harm."

"Of course he doesn't," added the Doctor. "And if he did, it wouldn't be fair to the Colonel and me to stop. You're giving us a corker, Judge! Go right on, old man. What did you do next?"

"But the Judge was not to be placated. "It is sufficient to add," he answered coolly, "that I extracted myself from the lady's grasp, arose from her lap, and left the car."

"Anything that you would like to see about the precision of the equivoque, Bishop, or the relative infelicity of the last and the Westminster Catechism, will be quite in order now."

Christmas in Colonial Times

By René Bache

THE Christmas Turkey at Mount Vernon was a wild bird, and, after a puny duck, when Mrs. Washington, in the early days before the Revolution—her husband was then only an earnest citizen of Virginia—killed up her doves and stood to enter it.

In those days it was considered a matter of course that a lady should know how to carve, though this was the case with the mistress of Mount Vernon; she might not speak correctly. The accomplishment, like the asking of jigs and riddles, was appropriate for a housewife.

Christmas at Mount Vernon in those times was an exceedingly jolly and festive season. Washington was the richest man in Virginia, and the generosity of his household was in many respects more luxurious than could be found in the houses of his well-to-do neighbors. For example, the guests at this Christmas dinner were provided with silver forks—a rare luxury at that period, when gentlemen contentedly ate with their knives, because it was one of the question to lift peace and other such oddities to the mouth with the three steel rods commonly in use.

It is a shock to learn that the Father of his Country ate with his knife, yet such was undeniably the fact. That same historian, Peter Parker, tells a story (probably apocryphal) of an occasion when someone tried to kill the immortal George by putting poison on his plate. Showing his knife beneath a loaf of bread, and raising it over his lips, he looked across the table at his enemy, and said, "Shall I cut of these?" Still holding the knife suspended, he again transfixed the loaf with his gaze, and repeated the question. So utterance was the would-be poisoner by Washington's seeming assurance that he fed from the table, and the poisonous peace remained unquenched.

At that epoch, in Virginia, the men who worked on the table in most of the country houses were plantation girls. At Mount Vernon, however, the household servants were attired in a handsome and even striking livery of scarlet, white, and gold, and the butler was a dream of gorgeousness. The men for such two guests was the minimum number. Not only were there servants to be supplied, but a constant succession of bottles containing wines of choice vintages for the consumption of the male guests.

Ladies in those days drank next to nothing at all. To take more than a sip of wine, for either milk or molasses, would have been regarded as the height of impropriety. But for the men—all through this Christmas dinner the bottles were kept going around. Mr. Bryan Fairfax, of Alexandria, would say to Mr. G. W. Lewis, across the table and a glass of wine with you! With pleasure, cousin Bryan! The latter would reply, as he bowed and drank. Then Mr. Fairfax would go through the same performance with every man at the table—and so it went throughout the repast.

The tables were set at the dinner were nearly all of them products of the Mount Vernon estate. From a gastronomic point of view, no region in the world was richer than that section of old Virginia. There were caw-caw ducks to be had on the river in front of the mill; turkeys and geese were plentiful, and the proprietor of the auction raised his own beef, pork, and mutton. The only vegetables were sweet potatoes, white potatoes, and beans.

From a latter-day standpoint the repast was conducted in a peculiar fashion. All the dishes, including three kinds of meats and several of game, were put on the table at once. While Mrs. Washington carved the turkey, the gentlemen who happened to be opposite the mutton, the venison, etc., were expected to lend expert assistance in the dissection of those comestibles. The puddings

were eaten before the withdrawal of the cloth, the removal of which left bare a shiny expanse of mahogany, upon which the fruit, nuts, and dainties were set forth in festive array.

When the cloth had been withdrawn, the host would lift his glass, filled with choice Madeira, and drink the health of his guests. Five minutes of general conversation would follow, perhaps, and then Mrs. Washington would rise, giving the signal for the departure of the ladies. Everybody would get up; the would-be mutton-eaters, the gentlemen, and the ladies; the latter would stand probably in response. With the retirement of the women the real drinking would begin, and might be kept up almost indefinitely, though for his part, Washington never went beyond a moderate supply of wine, and his usual custom to leave the table within a few minutes after his wife had gone.

Trusts, in those days, were never drunk until after the ladies had left the table, and no lady's health was ever pledged in this fashion while she was present. But when the men found their vests alone, it was the proper thing for a young gentleman to get upon his feet—which, it is to be hoped, were still young—and to say, "I give you Betty Loring, the most beautiful girl in Westmoreland County!" Oh, perhaps it might be Susan Lee, of Hapsham, North. Such a toast was customarily drunk standing—with all the honors, as the phrase was.

Indeed, Christmas was a great day of festivity in the Virginia of that epoch. Breakfast was at eight or nine o'clock, unless it had been decided to go a hunting in the morning—in which case the meal was eaten in candle-light. If there was a fey-ant—a spirit of which Washington was very fond—the host wore a brilliant red waistcoat trimmed with gold lace, and the ladies who rode were beautiful in scarlet habits, the such ornaments Mrs. Washington would go out in her "charade and lace," keeping as close to the hint as the roads would permit. Not until 1782 were the Mount Vernon kennels abolished and the dogs sold.

Those were days when menials were ample, but were not anticipated. Enting, when undertaken, was no mere frolic, but serious business. This Christmas dinner was at 3.30 p.m.; there had been no lunch, and there was no supper to come. After dinner there were games—blind man's bluff, hunt the slipper, and the like—with much romping and more or less kissing. A spring of molasses was kept up in a convenient place, and if a girl happened to be kissed under it by a young man she did not limit or call for help. In fact, it might be suspected that she did not seriously object.

Never, and nowhere, in this world were there more capable and expert makers of love than the young men and women of the Virginia of that epoch. Not only were they better fellows than they were, if they loved fiercely, they proved their sincerity by marrying early; and, when one of them was so unfortunate as to lose his wife, he would inevitably marry again. Marriage was considered just a step toward the end of life, and the few officers of the gentle folk were freely enlisted even to the very ants. Black Tom knew that Mrs. James was "going after" Miss Sallie Lee, and would talk the matter over with his young master. And it was the same with the girls. It was not until 1782 that it may easily be imagined that on a festive occasion such as this Christmas celebration a good deal of incidental law-making, some of it serious enough, was accomplished. But the master of the house, though he himself had been sufficiently ardent in his youth, was now a man with a wife and a family.

Though Mr. Washington took no part in the romps that followed the dinner, he heartily enjoyed the fun. Occasionally he indulged in a game of cards, but probably on this Christmas evening he indulged in some such amusement, in company with the other

people, while the young folks scampered and romped. He played for money, but the stakes were small.

There were two young people at Mount Vernon in those days—the son and daughter of Mrs. Washington by her first husband. It is easy to imagine the part they took in the romps on Christmas day. John and Martha, their names were, but every day knew them as Jacky and Patsy. Patsy died in 1773, when just budding into womanhood, while her brother married young, and had four children, two of whom, George and Nellie Custis, were adopted by Mr. Washington. To George he left the famous Arlington estate, opposite the city of Washington, which afterwards fell to his inheritance to the wife of General Robert E. Lee.

On Christmas eve there was a dance, to which all the neighbors for many miles around were, as a matter of course, invited. The party began before 8 p.m., and was over by ten o'clock. Young ladies' beauty in those times was not spoiled by late hours. For music there was a single fiddle, played by an old slave on the place; but the clothing she ordinarily wore was of domestic manufacture, being worn at Mount Vernon, where no less than sixteen negro women were kept constantly at work in what was called the "spinning house." This industrial annex of the establishment remains to this day, and visitors of Mount Vernon are taken by the guides to see the very room in which the spinning wheels were operated.

All the young ladies wore his necked dresses, making a brave display of pretty shoulders, and the men wore in knee-breeches and silk stockings. Mrs. Washington's gown, cut Y-shaped and fitted to the neck, was of French silk; but the clothing she ordinarily wore was of domestic manufacture, being worn at Mount Vernon, where no less than sixteen negro women were kept constantly at work in what was called the "spinning house." This industrial annex of the establishment remains to this day, and visitors of Mount Vernon are taken by the guides to see the very room in which the spinning wheels were operated.

Of course, there was high festival not only for the master and his guests, but also for "my people," as Washington was accustomed to call the negroes of his estate. He would never have thought of speaking of them as slaves. There were at that period about 100 negroes on the place, and at the Yule-tide season they enjoyed exceptional privileges, fixed things for their consumption were distributed with no niggard hand by the mistress of the house, a treat much appreciated, being a drink known as "mellinger," composed of fermented honey, spices, and water. Another beverage brewed by Mrs. Washington was a sort of punch heavily sweetened with honey.

Those were days when a capable housewife was supposed to know how to compound a variety of beverages. Beer was brewed at Mount Vernon under Mrs. Washington's own supervision, and cider as well, the latter being a drink of which her husband was very fond. He always had it on the table at dinner, and would take it freely in place of the wines which were more to the taste of his guests.

By ten o'clock in the evening the festivities of Christmas day at Mount Vernon was over. Even had the fashion of the time been otherwise, Mrs. Washington would scarcely have tolerated late hours. She always insisted on putting her husband to bed early, and he meekly obeyed. Whether it be true or not, no some chroniclers have asserted, that Mr. Washington was fatigued, it is certain that he considered it judicious to submit to most things to his wife's wishes.

The frame for this picture of a Christmas at Mount Vernon before the Revolution is ready made; for, thanks to the efforts of patriotic women, the old custom stands today almost exactly as it was when Washington lived there. There is much of the old furniture, and even a great deal of the old china and glassware. The house is a veritable fragment of American history, and, though more than a century and a quarter has gone by since the merry Yule-tide festival here described, the imagination readily recognizes the old place as it is. The throng of guests, eating, drinking, dancing, and making love, and hears the joyous laughter of the romping young folks, while through the crowd moves the stately figure of the host, offering his hand to the prettiest girl in the room, proceeds to lead her through the graceful and decorous steps of a minuet.

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Of' Sandy Cloze

By Kathryn Jarboe

IT was all a joke. Or, rather, if the joker had not done his part there would have been no story at all, for the pathos of it is eternal and therefore commonplace; and the sentiment is commonplace, too, because it is as old and as new as the Christ story that came into the world so long ago, that is reborn each year on Christmas day. The setting, too, is old and commonplace, for where is the spirit of Christmas more needed than among the little children whom Christ loved, among the little children of the very poor.

The city, as you know it, is one of the vast herding grounds of the world. It stands like a gorgeous jewel in a tawdry, tarnished setting; stretched through its centre are the dwellings of the rich, and, on all sides, round about it, are the tenements of the poor—and they huddle closer to the homes of the mighty than the hags that hold the jewel. To the east and to the west the tenements lie, but the east knows a little of the west and the west cares lit for the east, for along the streets that zone the jeweled centre there is no chance for the squalid traffic of the poor.

Bills lived on the East Side, in a tiny room high in a dirty tenement. He was not alone. In many ways it seemed as though it would have been far better for him if he had been alone. For the mother who lay on the tumbled bed in the corner was being dragged slowly out of his life by the creeping, crawling fingers of the white plague that haunts these tenements by day and by night. And Nanny, the little sister? Well, Bills knew that if it were not for Nanny he could go out into the world and try to earn money to pay for the things that the doctor said would save his mother's life. Some of the things he could buy if he had only a little money, but some of them he did not believe were in the world. He had never seen them; he had never felt them; and Bills was sceptical about things that he had never seen and never felt.

And yet, crowded in the corner where the light from the air shaft fell, Bills was writing a letter to some one that he had never seen, to some one whose very existence he doubted. But if there was any chance that the things he had heard were true, he knew that he must take advantage of this.

He had been planning the letter for a long time, but he had only just found a piece of paper for it, and he had begun the pencil with which he was writing from Tony at the corner. Tony had told him that he could have the pencil for just half an hour, and his stiff little gray fingers were struggling to print the letters on the paper that grew warmer and grimmer under his touch. It was not a very long letter for Bills had been told that he would only have to write his name and address and the list of things that he wanted. So he had commenced his letter with the number and name of his street and his own name in a great scraggly line that filled half the page. Nothing was his, but very long; some medicine, some soap and some wine a doll for Nanny, a higher pillow and a blanket and some green fields and

country air—these were the things that Bills had never heard of, and even Santa Claus could hardly have known from the spelling just what they were—and, perhaps, a knife. That was all.

He folded the paper twice, and on the outside wrote "Of' Sandy Cloze." Then he hesitated. He asked his mother where Santa Claus lived, but the woman's voice was choked by a sudden cough. Bills waited, but the light was going fast.

"I guess they'll know if I put just 'some-erens' on it," he said, and added that for an address.

Then he crept to the corner with the pencil for Tony and dropped his letter into the mail-box.

II.

In a West Side hotel, a hotel that had been the deck house of a canal boat, a hotel that still retained the stale, unsavoury air after its long sojourn on the river's bank, lived Of' Cloze's, the miser. All day long and all night long he sat in his hotel; in his mind, visions of gold following one after another. One was a golden haired woman whose eyes were as blue as the forget-me-nots of his native land. That was always short, and after it were the golden curls of a four-year-old baby. Then came visions of gold that rattled and clinked in bags, for all the money that came in to Of' Cloze's was changed to the gold of that native land. The baby's yellow curls were growing more and more golden. There was a vision, too, before which Of' Cloze's shrank, over which his police teeth chattered. And this vision was of a night when a golden-haired girl bent over a falde on which were piles of yellow gold. She had come upon him unawares when he glanced over his treasure, and he had raised his chair high in the air and crashed it down upon the golden hair. For twenty years he had not seen the golden-haired girl, for twenty years he had not known whether he had killed his child or not, for he had guarded his treasure up and did with it from his home. But four times a day he left his hotel when he heard the postman's shrill whistle on the street that edged the river. Was there a letter for him? Of course no letters ever came, and he always returned to his rags and to his visions.

III.

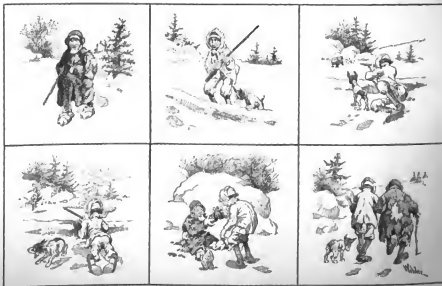
It was almost Christmas, and the clerks at the post-office were taking a moment's rest, an instant to breathe, forgetting, just for a second, that they were merely machines.

"Some old game," muttered one, stretching his numbed arms.

"Boxes all filled up with kids' letters to Santa Claus!"

A dozen childish inquiries to the old saint were greeted with jest and laughter. One was addressed to Greenland, another to Iceland, one to the north pole, another to the moon. On one was a note to Uncle Sam asking him to find the Christmas saint, and then came Bills' letter addressed to "Of' Sandy Cloze, Some-erens."

"Say, I guess it won't be robbing the mails for me to take that letter," chuckled a voice. "I got a customer that'll put



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fit. He's sandy enough, and he's called Off' Cleve, and he's been asking for a letter ever since I've been on the street. It'll be a kind of a joke to give him this and see what he does."

No it was Uncle Sam, through one of his minions, who perpetrated the joke.

IV.

It was the day before Christmas, late in the afternoon, so late that the city gleamed with the jewelled lights that shone through bulgily-scratched windows out into the darkness of the streets. Winter had decked the city in her whitest robes, and had hung it with glittering gems that held and reflected the lights that lined the streets, in the long straight avenue, two steady streams of perfume of violets, but whose blossoms traveled for just that little half hour in the smoky Christmas air.

In the western curb of the avenue stood an old man with white hair and gleaming eyes and straggling sandy locks, dressed, so ragged, so forlorn he was that one of the jewelled occupants of a passing sleigh turned shuddering from a glimpse of him. But Christmas which was not for the poor that is good will to all men, but for the poor that is forgetfulness of all men's sorrows.

A dozen times the old man quavered for want. A dozen times he staggered back confused by the gliding sleighs, the prancing horses, the silver music, and the gleaming lights. At last a friendly hand was slipped into his, a friendly voice said:

"Say, old man, come off' Cleve's. I'll buy you over his shop when I see you and go when I see you."

It was only a wordy as tattered as he was, but, yielding himself to the friendly coming, he crossed in safety.

V.

In the tiny room, high in the dirty tenement, Bibo was waiting, doubtfully, suspiciously. He had just been out to ask when old Santa Claus was so likely to come and bring the things. Now he knew that he ought have to wait until midnight or even later than that. He had crumbled Nanny in sleep with a slice of Santa Claus and the doll he might bring, and he still held her in his arms to keep her warm, to keep him self warm. In the bed the mother shuddered and coughed and dared. The only light in the room came through the open door from the drug hall, and its faint rays flickered across the faded yellow hair on the pillow, on the golden-haired child in Bibo's arms.

There was a fumbling, stumbling step on the stairs, but it was too early for Santa Claus, so Bibo gave the sound no thought. On each landing there was a little pause. In Bibo's landing it was longer than it had been

before. Then a shadow fell across the face Bibo's heart stood still. Was it Santa Claus after all? The boy turned and looked at the man and then the steady heart of the street. This stranger was no saint. He was only a man, poorer, more ragged even, than the other tenants in the house.

But now the man who had stood so long on the threshold of the little room entered slowly.

"Nan!" It was a weak old voice, quavering and hoarse, but the sick woman bent a slow tired rise. She lifted her weak arms, but she spoke only one word, "Father!"

"I knew it was you," old Cleve's shapely, his arms clasped about his daughter, "I knew it must be you."

Bibo had not moved. He still waited the sleeping child in his arms. He still waited for the Santa Claus who would come at midnight, perhaps, and who would bring the soup and the wine and the medicine, the doll and the knife. His dream was too bright to be tarnished by this shabby old man. And then, on his brain were smacked the words that drove the dream away, that told him that his letter had never reached the Christmas saint.

And it had your old nickname, Bibo, at the top, and then it spoke of Nanny, and I was so sure, oh so sure that it was you. And—the old man's voice quivered and flickered like a wind-blown flame—"and, Nanny, girl, I've got the gold; you remember the gold? The money's all for you, don't it will make you well. Surely, it can make you well."

It was here that the sick woman stretched her hand toward Bibo. She pointed his eye, to bring the baby nearer. She told him to lay it in the old man's arms.

The sleeping child stirred, then was suddenly and opened her eyes, that were so blue as the forget-me-nots in the old man's backyard house. She looked in wonder at the old face bending over her; she laid one hand carelessly on the old lips, and murmured, happily and dreamily:

"Sandy Claus! Bibo's Sandy Claus!"

VI.

There were no more days in the lonely hour of the West. There were only a few more days in the grimy tenement on the East Side. Then the new life began. The old man was never again alone, but only a few of his golden visions shared with him. There was a golden-haired woman, who grew stronger and stronger, and another was a golden-haired baby with forget-me-not eyes. The visions of the gold that died, of the gold in bags, were gone; the gold itself was gone. It had been spread out over green fields; it had been transformed into country air, and sometimes it whispered to him, saying "father," sometimes "grandfather," and sometimes, when little Nanny spoke, it said "Sandy Claus." For Nanny could only believe that the old man who had come on Christmas eve was no one else save Bibo's Sandy Claus.

The Return

By Ellen Duval

"PROFESSOR LEMMINGTUN, I particularly want you to know my niece Mary—my second one—as her father calls her. You remember Herbert?"

Mary Peritts in some surprise, looked at the gentleman who was bowing to her, and as she put her hand into his said, earnestly, "The Professor Lemmingtun?"

Whereupon her Aunt Evelyn smilingly exclaimed, "Back to home!"

"I am an old friend of your aunt's," said the professor—a short, powerful man, who easily looked his full forty-five or fifty years.

"Are you?" And Mary regarded him with quizzical interest.

"Well, may I not be?" asked the gentleman, lightly.

"But I never heard Aunt Evelyn speak of you," said Mary, frankly.

Miss Peritts colored slightly as Lemmingtun's eyes turned toward her.

"There must be many who had the privilege of your aunt's acquaintance of whom she would have no occasion to speak. It is enough that she remembered. But have you a dance left to give me, or am I too late?"

"Do you dance?"

"Ask your aunt, I did—once."

"But do you really want to?"

"Miss Mary, in order to probe for motives is to invite the first breath of rage."

He warned. Take the picture of the picture you. I want to give pleasure, and I want that every creature move from left to right, most move to right."

From behind, yet her anxious gaze continued to sweep wearily round the room. There as her look came back to the pro-

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lessor, she said, "Wait till the music begins, please; and then if—if no one comes to claim this dance, shall you mind sitting it out with Aunt Evelyn and me?"

Miss Evelyn's eyes and those of the professor met.

"History repeats itself," said he, gently. "I shall be delighted. You had rather sit outside than in, of course? We will get seats outside that window so that you may look into the room; and Miss Evelyn and I will face the sea."

He looked keenly at the small, beautiful girl before him; but she was not aware of his notice.

At the first crash of music the professor led the way, and the two ladies followed him to the porch outside.

"Is this your first visit to Isply?" asked Mary, mechanically, as they took their seats.

"No; I was here more than twenty years ago, I know Isply well."

"I thought the place was comparatively new," returned the girl.

"It is a reclamation," said the professor.

"Years ago Isply was the discovery and open secret of certain people of moderate means, many interests, and busy lives. Then fashion and fortune found the spot and made it fashionable, costly, and stupid. Then fortune and fashion, happily, faded and drifted on to newer, nobler, easier playgrounds; and Isply is now being reclaimed by its early discoverers, or their representatives—like yourself, for instance."

Mary's hands lay rather listless in her lap or else worked nervously with her fan; but her straining gaze never left the brilliant room. "And were you one of Isply's early discoverers, as you have been of other things?"

"No; the first time I came I followed a lady; the second time, I followed a woman."

"That sounds like romance." The girl's tone had a certain scorn in it.

"I should call it history," was the quiet answer. "What is the difference between romance and history?" continued the professor, turning to Miss Evelyn.

"One you must believe; the other you may."

"Ah, but which?"

"I'm almost afraid to remember. Ah, Mary."

"I don't believe in romance," said the girl, moodily.

"Neither did I—once," answered the professor.

Mary gave him a flashing look with lifted brows. "And do you now?"

"Why not? I've had a quarter of a century to learn the lesson."

"What is romance?" asked the girl, half reluctantly and after a pause.

"A vision, or revelation," said Miss Evelyn, softly.

"Which if you follow and are obedient to, you are, as far as mortals may, happy ever after; but which if you disobey and turn away from, you are bound to taste one of the bitterest of all draughts—regret."

Though the professor's face could not be seen, his tone was significant.

Mary gave a deep sigh. Then she wrenched her look away from the bright ball-room and fixed it resolutely on the shadowy professor.

"Tell me all about that first Isply, please."

"Oh, it was just like this—the wooded shores, the rocks, the 'trampling waves,'



"Is it—Will you—Is it really my dance?" followed Mary's



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the waves against the rocks, so that the three seemed to be shut in by the concrete rings of sound.

The professor rounded himself. "If you will wait a few moments for me, Matrons Mary, you and Miss Evelyn, I should like to look up Pierce Varbury," he said, finally. "Do you know him?" cried Mary. "Excellent well. He's so stupid as they make 'em—almost as stupid as I."

"Professor Lemmington, he's one of the most brilliant, promise—"

"Better wait and tell him so. Flattery from those we love doesn't hurt," said the professor, easily.

"Flattery! It's royal truth!"

"Well, royal truth from those who love no is a subtle encouragement."

"Where do you think he is now?" asked Mary, desperately.

"Getting his traps ready for the 11.10 stage."

Miss Evelyn uttered a note of dismay. At that moment from the deeper darkness beyond came a figure, and then a voice saying, stiffly:

"Good evening, Miss Evelyn. How do you do, Miss Poynter? Professor, I saw your name on the register just now as I was paying my bill, and I couldn't go away without saying you."

"Would never have forgiven you if you had, and should have had all the trouble of going after you," said the professor, as he shook hands and drew the stern-looking young man into the light. "You're the most brilliant, promising fellow living, and also the most—absent-minded! You're not going to-night, Varbury, but some other night when we all go. And this is your date. I've been keeping it for you."

"My date—keep—Yum—"

Varbit.

"You know Miss Mary promised you a dinner, or did she owe you one?"

Varbit was speechless. "I've been giving Miss Mary the air of wisdom expressed from ten thousand years' experience, or twenty-five—it matters little—created in my strength. I didn't get it from Harvard, either. But as it's late, and thus the last date, and you're not in evening dress, you'd better take my place and sit at our table. Meanwhile Miss Evelyn and I will see that your traps are taken of the stage."

"How did you know they were there?" asked Varbit, recovering.

"Because Varbit's members else for them to be, and because romance, like history, repeats itself. I was a young, impatient—genius, Miss Mary—once myself, Varbit."

"Is it—"

"Is it—"

"The professor and Miss Evelyn had risen and were meeting off."

"I'll it now, Miss Mary—mine by proxy," said the professor, gently, "the one I've come back to claim."

"Then to Miss Evelyn he added, "Would that there had been some one to keep mine for me, Evelyn, so long ago."

"You've been kept by time and me," said Miss Evelyn, softly.

"And the shadows of the three swallowed them up."

Just Kerosene

The small town of Y— down on the Maine coast contains many quaint and interesting characters. The following incident occurred not long ago.

Mr. Brown was standing at the corner waiting for the electric car. It was a dark rainy night, and as the streets of Y— are unlighted many of the residents carry lanterns. So he was not surprised to see Miss Shaw approach with a small hand-lantern, and together they boarded the car.

They sat down beside a friend, who at once remarked: "Good evening Miss Shaw; I see you carry a lantern."

"Yes," replied Miss Shaw. "Father carried one all his life, and I suppose I always shall."

"That's heredity, isn't it?" laughingly asked the friend.

"Oh no!" promptly exclaimed Miss Shaw. "Only common kerosene."

The Flower

By Sarah P. McLean Greene

As old charwoman's hand,—
From which, for many a day,
The rusty coins had slipped
Unrugged, unloved, away,—
Held the stem of a single flower
As though here were a treasure furl'd!
And a wealth unmeasured,
To guard from a hostile world.

The flower was a sweet blush-rose,
Wet with the dew of morn;
The hand was wrinkled and old,
Spent in a strife forlorn.
But the flower bent to the hand
Its kisses moist and sweet,
And the old hand bore the flower
Safe through the poisonous street.

The hand was swift with toil;
The flower could know no stain,
The hand was seamed and scarred;
The flower could know no pain.
And the hand strained close the flower,
That rinsed back in ecstasy
The bliss of its crimson lips.
These were lovers strange to see!

They had a dream to themselves—
The one same dream had they—
Of the far-away days that part
In glory at close of day,
Where the muck of heart goes in,
And the faith of the dew-dew flower
Was the faith of the seared old hand,
That toiled—and waited the hour!

The Patriot Hymn

From "The Building of the Organ"

By Nathan Haskell Dole

Ore, Country, fair and grand,
Our glorious Fatherland,
Superb, star-crowned—
By Freedom's heroes fanned,
Firm in the mountain hand,
That guard on every hand
Thy sacred ground!

The children come to-day
A wreath of love to lay
Before thy feet,
In festival array,
With joyful hearts and gay,
Our homage pure we pay;
With song we meet!

In War's hard Wilderness,
With bitter storm and stress,
We're farried long,
Now Peace thy sons shall bless!
As on and up they press,
Freedom and Rightness
Shall make them strong!

Strong in the cause of Right
To aid the weak with might
Born of the Truth;
Strong as the hosts of Light
Arrayed against the Night,
To put all wrong to flight
With zeal of Youth!

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turned home one evening with a rabbit in his pocket. Instead of putting him across her knee and working into his eighth commandment, she had said nothing, but that it seemed to be a fairly useful sort of rabbit, and had sent him out into the garden to pick onions. If she had done her duty by him then he would not have been in his present most unsatisfactory position, and she would still have had her nose. The fathers and mothers in the audience applauded, but the children, seating addition to precedent, looked glum. Maybe it is something of this kind the heroine is hinting at. Perhaps the problem has nothing to do with the heroine herself, but with the heroine's parents: what is the best way of bringing up a daughter who shows the slightest sign of developing a tendency towards a past? Can it be done by kindness? And, if not, how much?

Occasionally the parents attempt to solve the problem, so far as they are concerned, by dying young, shortly after the heroine's birth. No doubt they argue to themselves this is their only chance of avoiding future blame. But they do not get out of it so easily. "Ah, if I had only had a mother—or even a father!" cries the heroine. One feels how much it was of them to slip away as they did.

The fact remains, however, that they are dead, the deities thereof for dying, but beyond that it is difficult to hold them personally responsible for the heroine's subsequent misdeeds. The argument takes to itself new shape. Is it Fate that is to blame? The lady herself would seem to favor this suggestion. It has always been her Fate, she explains, to bring suffering and misery on those she loves. At first, according to her own account, she rebelled against her cruel Fate, possibly instigated (thereby) by the people that she loved. But of late she has come to accept this strange destiny of hers with touching resignation. It grieves her, when she thinks of it, that she is unable to induce those she loves with her own patient spirit. They seem to be a fateful little band.

Considered as a scapegoat, Fate, as compared with the father, has this advantage: it is always about; it cannot slip away and die before the real trouble begins; it cannot even plead a scientific head: it is there all the time. With only one exception it is for almost everything. The vexing thing about it is that it does not seem to retaliate being blamed. The victim make Fate feel small and mean. It affords no relief to our narrowed feelings to cry out indignantly to Fate: "Look here what you have done. Look at this sweet and well-proportioned lady, compelled to travel first class, and accompanied by an amount of luggage that must be a perpetual nightmare to her maid, from one fashionable European resort to another; existing on little more than a well-secured income of, apparently, five thousand a year, most of which has to go in to clothes; beloved by only the best people in the play; talked about by everybody incessantly to the exclusion of everybody else; all the neighbors interested in her and in nobody else except; all the women envying her; all the men fawning over one another after her—looks, in spite of all her worries, not a day older than twenty-three; and has discovered a dressmaker never yet known to have been an hour behind her promise!" And all your fault, young, Fate. Will nothing move you to shame?"

It brings no satisfaction with it, speaking out one's mind to Fate. We want to see him before us, the thing of flesh and blood that has brought all this upon her. Was it the early husband, or rather, the gentleman she thought was a husband? As a matter of fact he was a husband. Only he did not happen to be hers. That naturally reassured her. "Then who is my husband?" she seems to have said to herself. "I had a husband. I remember it distinctly. Difficult to know them apart from one another," says the lady with the past. "The way they dress them all alike nowadays. I suppose it does not really matter. They are much the same as one another when you get them home. Doesn't do to be too fancy."

She is a careless woman. She is always mistaking that early husband. And she has an unfortunate knack of finding him at the wrong moment. Perhaps that is the prob-

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less: What is a lady to do with a husband for whom she has no further use? It she gives him away he is sure to run like the clever dog that is sent in a hoop to the other end of the kingdom, and five days afterwards is found gnawing on the disaster. It is the lovers him in the middle of South Africa, and the rest of the luggage and all the debts, she must find it a certainty that on her return from honeymoon he will be the first to give her.

Her surprise at meeting his again is a little unreasonable. She seems to be under the impression that because she has forgotten him, he is for all practical purposes dead. "Why I forget all about him," she seems to be arguing to herself, "seven years ago at least. According to the laws of nature there ought to be nothing left of him but his still alive, and he knows it tells him he is a beast for leaving up at his sister's party, and sends to him for one last favor: that he will go away where neither she or anybody else of any importance will ever see him or hear of him again. That is all she asks of him. If he makes a point of it she will—though her costume is ill adapted to the evening—go down upon her knees to ask it of him.

He brutally retorts that he doesn't know where to "get." The lady travels round a good deal, and seems to be in most places. She accepts weekend invitations to the houses of his nearest relatives. She has married his first cousin, and is now getting up a house with the help of his present wife. How he is to avoid her he does not quite see. Perhaps, by the by, that is really the question: where is the early husband to disappear to? Even if every time he sees her coming he goes to duck under the table somebody would be sure to order it and make remarks. Ought he to take himself out one dark night, tie a brick round his neck, and throw himself into a pond? The most he is willing to do is to order even over to him; and the lady herself is too generous to do more than just let it at.

Maybe it is society that is to blame. There comes a luminous moment when it is suddenly revealed to the heroine of the problem play that it is society that is at the bottom of this thing. She has felt all along there was something the matter. Why has she never thought of it before? Here all these years has she been going about blaming her poor old father; her mother for dying too soon, the remarkable circumstances attending her girlhood, that dear old stupid husband she thought so bad; and all the while the really culpable party has been existing unperceived near her very nose. She clears away the furniture a bit, and tells society exactly what she thinks of it—she is always good at that telling people what she thinks of them. Other people's faults do not escape her, not for long. If society would only get out for a moment, and take stock of itself with her eyes, something might be done. If society, now that the thing has pointed out to it, has still any lingering desire to let it look at her. This, that she is, society has made her! Let society have a walk round her, and then go home and reflect.

It little a load from an, being the blame on society. There were periods in the play when we hardly knew what to think. The wretched father, the dead mother, the husband, that was difficult to grasp the fact that they alone were to blame, the fact there was something to be said for it then.

Caly thoughts would come out and that perhaps the heroine herself was not altogether irreproachable—that possibly there would have been less problem, if she had a little less about her character, a little less to do nothing all day long and be perfectly happy, she had pulled herself together, told herself that the world was not built exclusively for her, and ordered down to the existence of an ordinary decent woman.

Looking at the thing all round, that is perhaps the best solution of the problem. It is society that is to blame. We had better keep to that.

From The Four-Track News

ly, repaired the mouldering floor, and from that time they were no longer troubled—their one ghost was laid! Stern justice always compelled my aunt to admit to the sequel of the only night when she had "sapped on horrors," but I am certain it was a great service to her feelings.

I wonder how many of my readers have ever visited those old Medicean castles near Blois in France. Not all the sunshine of one of the loveliest February days I ever knew could dispel the gloom of "Chenouevaux," where lived Catherine de Medici and her famous astronomer, and if one wants legends and haunted rooms let one only go there for a day to find the most perfect "properties" a ghost ever required. Shortly before we were there the house had been full of guests—a private theatrical party—and so crowded was it the courier, a smiling young woman, told us that the haunted suite of rooms had to be given up to the service of the guests. Who, I wondered with an inward shiver, had been found red-blooded enough to sleep there? The rooms consisted of Catherine's bed and dressing room with a gallery overlooking the chapel, and a secret passage in the wall of her bedroom leads to the astronomer's gloomy apartment. The luxury of the room was chiefly in its size and loftiness; the bed was richly hung and of curious design; over it was a washing-stand with the quaint service on it, while the prie-dieu and dressing-table were rich and of the same gloomy tones as the hangings of the bed.

Catherine's prayer-book was there—cardinal trifles which seemed to bring her before us as a woman of every-day needs and occupations, not as the gloomy cruel creature of history—and here she is said at times to stalk abroad. How terrible must be those wanderings! In and out the shone-flagged corridor, into the chapel gallery, sometimes out down the long-reaching corridors that lead to the sumptuous rooms below. If any place were ever fitted for a ghost, assuredly it is that gloomy suite of rooms with their horribly suggestive air of recent occupation. Fancy being requested after a full to sleep there, and then conjure up what particular form the appearances might take across the great silent room while you laid in the horrible bed! The suggestiveness of the place so fascinated one of our party that riding back to Blois under a summerlike sky of stars and dew he insisted on relating the story of a homeless guest put into the room on St. Bartholomew's eve. The story is really too ghastly to give in detail; but briefly the visitor beheld the door of the chapel gallery open, and Catherine's figure appeared standing still and regarding fixedly and with dread written all over her face the



R. K. MUNKITTRICK

The poetry editor of *Junia*, in his New Year's number.

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ever, unquestioned, and the wall being filled in, the staircase was restored, and no more was ever heard of the ghost, though to this day it is spoken of as a haunted house, the neighbors, I suppose, not liking to lose so valuable a local tradition.

His Prayer

Mrs. GERTRUDE ATHERTON, the authoress, tells of the tribulations of a friend in New York, who is the mother of a particularly mischievous boy of some seven years.

"One evening recently," says Mrs. Atherton, "when the mother was getting the boy ready for bed after what she termed 'a day of unmitigated outrageousness' on the part of her hopeful, she said to him:

"Now when you say your prayers to-night, Richard, remember to ask God to make you a better boy. You have certainly been bad to-day."

Accordingly, the youngster began his petitions to the Almighty in the usual form, before closing with the customary "Amen," he added:

"And please, God, make me a better boy."

Then he paused a moment, and, to the utter consternation of the long-suffering mother, he concluded his prayer with unabated gravity:

"Nevertheless, not my will, oh, Lord, but Thine be done."

At the Bar

ALBERT P. MASSEY, attorney, tells of a stuttering man named Niscom who was arraigned before a police magistrate.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

"N-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s," began the prisoner, and then stopped.

"What's that?" demanded the magistrate.

"N-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s," hissed the stutterer.

"His name's Niscom," interrupted the policeman who had made the arrest. "He stutters."

"So it seems," said the magistrate.

"What's he charged with?"

"I don't know, your Honor," said the policeman. "It seems to be soda-water."

A Villain

A NUMBER of professional men gathered at the Art Club in Philadelphia a few days ago were exchanging reminiscences of Edwin Forrest, the great tragedian. One of them told the story of Forrest's experience in the West, but also a tribute to the art of the actor.

The play was "Virginia," and Forrest was at his best. In the scene where he plays his daughter, the audience was almost stricken with awe, and not a sound was heard until the scene was concluded, after which the artist was greeted with overwhelming applause. In the following act, however, comes in the stage looking worn and distracted. The reaction has set in, he is frenzied over the loss of his daughter, and he walks up and down, crying out, "Virginia, Virginia, where is my child."

As old miser, who occupied a front row in the orchestra, and who had been terribly wrought up by the murder scene, could stand this no longer, and, arising in his place, shouted out in loud tones, freighted with insinuating indignation:

"Why, you old villain, you killed her in the market-house in the last act. You know it well enough. You are a hypocrite, as well as a villain."

The laughter and applause that greeted this unexpected turn in the performance made it necessary to bring down the curtain.

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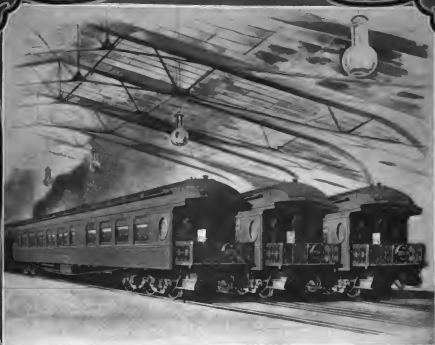
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Harper's Magazine

For 1905

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§ It will avoid publishing more than one serial novel at a time.

§ It will have pictures in color in every number.

The Slave-Trade of To-Day

THE traffic in human beings—their sale into slavery—is still being carried on in Africa to-day. It has been stated that this trade is controlled at various African powers, and that organized companies secretly conducting it are backed by European capital.

In order to bring to light the truth concerning this slave-trade of to-day, Harper's Magazine has sent to Africa an expedition under one of the best-known of English travelers and war correspondents, a man of wide experience and a brilliant writer. He will make a thorough personal investigation of conditions, see for himself, and tell the truth. The revolution process such.

Henry James in America

Mr. James has just returned to this country after an absence of over twenty years. He has come to America to write, in his remarkable way, of American people and places for Harper's MAGAZINE.

W. D. Howells in England

While Mr. James is rediscovering this country, Mr. Howells will be investigating in England for the MAGAZINE, and will write of things English as he finds them to-day—of English places, life, manners, and people.

Travel and Discovery

THE articles of travel and discovery will come at first hand from travelers and explorers representing the MAGAZINE in every part of the world. Thomas A. Janvier will travel through Mexico for the MAGAZINE and write of people and places. Norman Dunson will write of some little-known types and places in out-of-the-way corners of the South. James R. Connelley will write of some of our great American harbors and rivers and of fishing under the midnight sun. The French expedition to the South Pole under Dr. Charcot is expected to return in the spring. The first account of its adventures will appear in Harper's MAGAZINE. Charles W. Furlong, the artist and writer, has just come back from a trip of unusual interest through Northern Africa. He will tell in articles illustrated by himself, of some discoveries of peculiar interest.

Booth Tarkington's Novel

FOLLOWING Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Marriage of William Ash," there will be a new novel of American life by Booth Tarkington, author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," "Cherry," "Monsieur Beaucaire." Later will come great serial novels by Maurice Hewlett and Sir Gilbert Parker.

Mark Twain, W. D. Howells, Henry James

MARK TWAIN, who writes only for Harper's, is now engaged upon a group of important new stories for the MAGAZINE. In this connection it may be mentioned that by special arrangement several of the foremost living American authors, in addition to Mr. Clemens, will write only for Harper's during the coming year. Among them are William Dean Howells, Thomas A. Janvier, and Henry James.

Short Stories

HARPER'S MAGAZINE prints each month more short stories and more of finer literary texture than any other illustrated magazine in the world. There will be at least seven complete stories in each number of the MAGAZINE for 1905.

Pictures

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Illustration of a globe with a hand pointing to it, surrounded by various symbols of civilization and progress.

Vol. XLVIII

New York, Saturday, December 17, 1904

No. 2994

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Vol. XLVIII.

No. 2504

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

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COMMENT

THE newspapers generally regard as significant President ROOSEVELT's total omission of reference to the tariff in his long message. Far more significant and to the point is the fact, as we are informed upon good authority, that the message as originally prepared and given to the press associations contained a statement to the effect that at a subsequent date the Chief Magistrate would communicate with Congress respecting changes in tariff schedules. The line was taken out in final revision. Why, we can only surmise. But the fact that it was written at all shows that the general impression that the President considers a revision of the tariff desirable and that he himself favors it is well founded. That being the case, we may confidently anticipate a vigorous special message at such a time as the President may deem suitable. He is no shirker of responsibilities, and when once his hand is placed upon the plough he never turns back. We regard as inevitable a struggle of no mean magnitude between the President and the representatives of special interests in Congress, and when it comes the country will be with the President. The outcome no man can foresee. The protected interests and their spokesmen, especially in the Senate, are strongly intrenched and have great power, but so have the President and the people. In one respect Mr. ROOSEVELT signally weakened his own authority by declaring that under no circumstances would he become a candidate for reelection. He would have done better, tactically speaking, to have held that possible popular candidacy over the heads of the Bourbon. As it is, they will almost certainly adopt a policy of hindrance and delay, hoping to be able to fight off attacks upon their pet citadel for four years, and then get a President less popular with the people and more amenable to the demands of the great gold Protection. But we shall see.

During the two weeks preceding the re-assembling of the Fifty-ninth Congress on December 5, a marked change was observable in the prospect of an early readjustment of the tariff. Before the leaders of the Republican party in the Senate and House of Representatives reached Washington, the tariff-revisionists asserted that Mr. ROOSEVELT had avowed himself a convert to their views, and was inclined to call an extra session of the Fifty-ninth Congress soon after March 4, 1905, for the purpose of adopting certain schedules to alleged modifications of industrial conditions. The truth seems to be that the President had an open mind upon the subject; that he was deeply impressed by the election of a Democratic Governor in Massachusetts; and that he was willing to listen attentively to what the advocates of tariff revision had to say; pointing out, however, that he should come to no definite conclusion until he had heard the other side. When it came to the turn of the "stand-patters" to present their side of the case, they made up in vigor for what they lacked in promptitude. Senator HALE, for his part, did not hesitate to declare himself firmly opposed to any

tinkering whatever with the tariff, either at an extra session or at a regular session of the Fifty-ninth Congress, or at any time during the next Presidential term. He thought that if there had been any pivotal issue in the campaign just concluded, it was the issue of tariff revision, and he submitted that the people's mandate concerning it had been unequivocal and peremptory. A pronouncement substantially identical was made by Speaker CANNON, who is, we scarcely need to say, the most influential single person in the Federal government, next to the President himself.

Senators ALBRIGHT, ALLISON, PLATT of Connecticut, and SPOONER, who constitute the so-called "Big Four" of the Upper House, are said to be quite as adverse as their colleagues from Maine to any rearrangement of the existing custom duties at an extra session of Congress. They are too shrewd to set themselves openly against a popular demand for tariff revision, if such a thing exists, which they take leave to doubt, but they hold that a readjustment should in no case be made before the first regular session of the Fifty-ninth Congress, which begins early in December, 1905, and that even then it should be confined to a few schedules, and that the changes made therein should be such as to cause the least possible disturbance of business conditions. Which those schedules are may be predicted if we are correctly informed as to the conclusions reached by Secretary of the Treasury SISKIE after his consultation in New York on November 20 with the tariff experts on the Board of United States General Appraisers. We are told that if his plan is followed, the first schedule to be considered will be that covering hides and leather, and that the next will be the woollen schedule. The administration is convinced that Mr. DUFFEL was clerical mismanagement of Massachusetts owing largely to the dissatisfaction of the shoe-making and woollen industries of that Commonwealth with the tariff on their raw materials. It follows that if the Republican party is to regain control of that State, it must assent to an amendment of the DUFFEL tariff providing for the admission of hides free of duty, and for a signal reduction, if not abolition, of the tax on wool.

As Secretary SISKIE, however, conceals, apparently, with the Republican leaders, above named, in the House and Senate in objecting to the readjustment even of these two schedules at an extra session, it looks doubtful whether the readjustment will take place at all during the next Presidential term. When the regular session of the Fifty-ninth Congress begins, the "stand-patters" will have at their command an argument which they do not now possess. They will then be able to assert that if tariff revision is put off until the spring of 1906—and if it is not brought forward in the form of a bill before December, 1905, it is unlikely to be enacted much before March of the following year—it will exercise a disorganizing effect on the Republican rank and file in the elections for the House of Representatives two years hence. There is undoubtedly some ground for such a prediction. The McKinley tariff, which became a law in 1891, cost the Republicans a serious reverse at the Congressional election held in November of that year. There is no doubt that the precedent is calculated to alarm the ordinary politician, though it would not be difficult to show that the situations are by no means precisely analogous.

It seems to us that Mr. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, the leader of the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives, was on a wrong scent when in the speech which he made at Spartanburg, South Carolina, on December 2, he recommended a policy of passive resistance by the South in the event of the Republican party reducing representation in the Southern States and refusing to make a like reduction in the North, East, and West. It is, in our opinion, in spite of the bill introduced in the Senate on December 7 by Senator PLATT of New York, a man of straw at which Mr. WILLIAMS has aimed his gun. No doubt the platform framed by the Republican national convention at Chicago contained a clause advocating the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution, which provides that, when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the electors or judicial officers of a State, or the members of the Leg-

lature thereof, is denied to any of the male members of such State, being twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State. As a matter of fact, however, scarcely anything was heard of this plank during the campaign, and we therefore deem Mr. WILLIAMS mistaken when, analyzing the reasons for the defeat of the Democratic party, he finds a potent cause of the phenomenon in the "popularity" of the proposal to curb the growing South by cutting down its representation in Congress and in the electoral colleges. Now, indeed, that official returns have been received from a large majority of the States, it is demonstrable that the Republican victory was one-fourth due to Mr. ROOSEVELT's personal popularity, while nearly three-fourths of it were owing to the refusal of Democrats to vote for their party candidate. The figures show that ROOSEVELT's gain over McKINLEY's vote in 1900 was only 481,000, while PARKER's vote fell short of BELLEVILLE's by about 1,378,000. Of the deserters from the Democratic camp some went to ROOSEVELT, but the majority manifestly voted for the Socialist or Populist candidates, or refrained from voting at all.

Another proof that the term "popular" cannot fairly be ascribed to any issue in the late campaign, except so far as Mr. ROOSEVELT's personality was an issue, is the indisputable fact that the people took very much less interest in the election this year than they did eight years ago. Had the interest been equal, the total vote cast for ROOSEVELT and PARKER ought—owing to the increase of population—to have been larger by more than two millions than the vote cast for McKINLEY and BELLEVILLE in 1900, which itself was two millions greater than the combined vote thrown for CLEVELAND, HUBBARD, and WEAVER only four years before. The surprising truth is that the combined vote for ROOSEVELT and PARKER is but 12,527,000, or nearly 800,000 less than the combined vote of McKINLEY and BELLEVILLE in 1900.

The wisdom of sending Secretary-of-War TAYLOR to the isthmus for the purpose of allaying the friction that had arisen between the Republic of Panama and the Canal Commission has been quickly demonstrated. With the approval of President ROOSEVELT, an executive order has been issued by Mr. TAYLOR, and accepted by President AVASTOS of Panama, whereby the isthmian republic secures fixed resources which were withheld by the commission. According to this pact, the text of which is before us, no imported merchandise is to enter the *ports of Ancon or Cristobal*, the terminals of the canal, except such as is in transit or is required for use in the *canal zone*. Excepted also are coal and crude mineral oil intended to be sold for fuel purposes, in the harbors named, to seagoing vessels. The executive order is not to become operative until the Republic of Panama shall have put into effect the *gold standard*, shall have reduced her tariff from fifteen per cent. of *ad valorem* to ten per cent. on all goods except wines, liquors, alcohol, and opium, and shall have lowered her consular fees and port charges to sixty per cent. of the *rates now charged*. Panama also agrees to reduce her rate of postage to two cents, and the zone authorities are to be permitted to purchase stamps from the republic at forty per cent. of their face value. It is further stipulated that no import duties or charges of any kind shall be imposed by the authorities of the canal zone upon merchandise coming from the Republic of Panama into the zone. It is well known that hitherto commodities entering the zone from Panama have been constrained to pay the duties levied by the *Dixie* tariff. This executive order is, of course, subject to the approval of the Fifty-eighth Congress, and it is possible that the abrogation of the *Dixie* duties in the canal zone will not be sanctioned.

There is a delightful anecdote about Congressman LITTAUER. He sees things as they are, and as they are supposed to be. Expounding the Senatorial situation in this State in a newspaper interview, he is quoted as saying:

Of course Governor ORRILL and his friends will control the Legislature. The people of the State desire that they do so.

Do they? Do the people of the State desire that Governor ORRILL and his friends shall control the Legislature? Nothing in the State Constitution warrants that deduction from the recent election, but Congressman LITTAUER is a practical man. Again, to a question about Governor ORRILL's reported statement that the Legislature would do as he wished since the Senatorship, Mr. LITTAUER is quoted as saying:

I do not know that he has made such a statement. But why should it not do so? Senator PLATT and Mr. ORRILL agreed on the election of Mr. DERRICK to the Senate, and why should they not agree again?

No reason suggests itself to his mind why the Legislature of New York should not do whatever its bosses agree to have done. The conception of a Legislature chosen for any other purpose than to record the decree of its masters in such a matter as electing a Senator has not penetrated his intelligence, doubtless for the reason that his experience of native politics does not include knowledge of a New York Legislature that had any independent volition in such a matter.

The simplicity of Mr. LITTAUER's mind, thus disclosed, helps to account for the trouble he got into about his glove contrabands. It was never quite apparent that he had any deliberate intention of beavinking the law by trading with the government while he was a member of Congress. It seems delicious enough that while conscious that the law was in his way, he took the practical man's view of it as a thing to take good legal advice about, and to get around in whatever decent, practical fashion was customary. When it appeared that, owing to unforeseen complications, his business dealings with the government seemed to have violated the statute in spite of his precautions, and he was obliged to plead the Statute of Limitations, we have no doubt he experienced all the emotions of surprise and grief which are sincerely proper to injured innocence. He is a delightful character, direct, candid, and simple. He sees things just as they are. Facts don't embarrass him in the least—except sometimes when they are totally unexpected—but he is likely to get into false positions from a lack of imagination which disqualifies him from forming conceptions of the theoretical aims of constitutions and of laws. Senator PLATT is more imaginative. He can realize, against any amount of experience, that State legislators are supposed actually to choose Senators, and that statutes are supposed to be obeyed, not evaded. There are some things the ORRILL crowd can learn from the venerable PLATT. He was trained in another school than they were, and there are some things in his philosophy that they do not seem able to comprehend.

One may be an admirable man of letters and a shrewd politician, yet a very poor lawyer, or, in fact, no lawyer at all. Secretary HAY has lately been reminded that literary may be distinguished sharply from legal attainments. From a historical point of view, there was ample justification for his order directing our diplomatic and consular representatives abroad to describe themselves officially as "American" ambassadors, ministers, envoys, etc. Language is a matter not of geographical verity, but of usage. According to custom, which makes linguistic law, it is as proper to apply the term "American" to inhabitants of the United States of America as it is to call the New World, not after COLUMBUS, the discoverer, but after AMERICA VESPUTI. From the dates of the first English settlements at Jamestown and Plymouth, throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries up to the treaty of peace (1783), whereby the independence of the thirteen British colonies was acknowledged by the mother country, the inhabitants of those colonies were invariably spoken of in England as "Americans," as distinguished from the subjects of France in the New World, who were called *Acadians* or *Canadians* or *Louisianians*; and from the subjects of Spain, who were spoken of collectively as *Spanish-Americans*. The usage was so deep-rooted and widespread in Great Britain that it survived our Revolutionary war, and Sir EDWARD CLARKE is one of the few living Englishmen who would dream of departing from an age-long custom on the pedantic ground that, as a matter of geographical and political fact, the republic, which terms itself in its Constitution the "United States of America," does not comprise the whole of the New World, or even the greater part of North America.

While, however, it would be perfectly proper for the British Foreign Office to order its agents, when writing or speaking to or of United States officials, to describe them as "American"—because there exists no British statute to the contrary—our own Secretary of State, had he been a lawyer, would have recognized that he did not possess the same authority. The offices of ambassador, minister, consul, etc., are created by acts of Congress, and the adjective by which they are designated in the statutes happens to be not "American," but "United States." It is therefore obvious that in signing treaties, or in executing legal instruments, or in signing receipts for salaries, our diplomatic and consular representatives must employ the term used in the statutes by virtue of which they are empowered to exercise specified functions and draw pay. In other words, it is not for the Secretary of State, who, constitutionally, is simply one of the Chief Magistrate's clerks, but for Congress, acting in its lawmaking capacity, to declare that, wherever, in Federal statutes, relating to our diplomatic and consular service, the adjective "United States" is used, the term "American" shall be substituted. Appreciating the soundness of this principle when it was called to his attention by certain New York lawyers, Secretary Hay has issued a supplementary Executive order to the effect that, when acting in a notarial capacity, consular officers shall describe themselves by their official titles, as fixed by the statutes of the United States, and of the respective States in which the instruments are to be used. That is to say, officially they are still "United States" consuls.

On the face of the papers, there appears to be no possibility of reconciling a decision of the New York Court of Appeals in a matter of the utmost interest to capital and labor with a judgment of the United States Supreme Court. The former tribunal has more than once pronounced unconstitutional the law of the Empire State prohibiting contractors who make contracts with that commonwealth, or with any of its cities or counties, from exacting more than eight hours' work a day from their employees. Three of the judges composing the court rested their decision on the ground that the law named violated the Fourteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution, which provides that no State shall deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. An appeal has been taken from this decision to the United States Supreme Court, and it looks as if the appellants could not fail to be successful, in view of the decision rendered by the highest Federal tribunal in a case involving the validity of a Kansas eight-hour statute. The constitutionality of this statute was challenged on the ground just mentioned, that it violated the Fourteenth Amendment. The Kansas law, nevertheless, was adjudged constitutional by a majority of the court, only three justices dissenting. Justice HUNAY, who read the opinion in which the majority concurred, said that he could imagine no possible ground for disputing the power of the State to declare that no one undertaking work for it, or for one of its municipal agencies, should permit or require an employee on such work to labor in excess of eight hours of the day, and to inflict punishment upon contractors who should disregard such a regulation. Justice HUNAY went on to declare that it cannot be deemed a part of the liberty of any contractor that he be allowed to do public work in any mode he may choose to adopt without regard to the wishes of the State. He held, on the contrary, that it belongs to the State, as guardian and trustee for its people, to prescribe the conditions on which it will permit public work to be done. In a word, the Supreme Court of the United States, speaking by the mouth of Justice HUNAY, laid down the principle that no one is entitled of absolute right, and as a part of his liberty, to perform labor for the State, and no contractor for public work can excuse a violation of his lawful agreement with the State by doing that which the statutes under which he proceeds distinctly forbid him to do.

Defending the Americans against criticism for using strange words, the *London Chronicle* says: "If he wants to say 'plurality' instead of 'majority,' why in the name of the Declaration of Independence should he not have his way?" Nobody said, but some better on elections should explain to the *Chronicle* that "plurality" and "majority" seldom mean the same thing in American elections, and that when an Amer-

ican says "plurality," he usually means what he says and no more.

General CHAFFER in his annual report laments that 523 soldiers deserted from our army last year. He could have no better reason for desertions than that the men found the service unlike what they expected, but he suggests with much delicacy that too many given officers may have something to do with their disappointment. He says:

While I failed to find anything in the administrative action of company officers to account for the large number of desertions, I believe it to be a fact that much inexperience, as now, in command of companies, affects the subject somewhat. Character, habits, aptitude differ widely among men upon entering the army, and it is the skill of the experienced officer, with his intelligent sympathy, his counsel and admonition, rather than rigid mechanical enforcement of the articles of war for mere faults, that best harmonizes their varying elements and secures contentment of young soldiers in companies and the service.

Efficient soldiers can be made out of likely recruits in a short time, but the process of hatching out competent and successful officers is much slower, even when the raw material is pretty good. It is rather flattering to the conditions that prevail in industrial life in this country that so many recruits dislike the military service. But they certainly ought to serve their time of enlistment whether they like it or not. General CHAFFER favors heavier penalties for desertion, and suggests that deserters shall be disfranchised.

Why don't our young men like better to be private soldiers in time of peace? Our army, as Secretary TART says, is the best-fed, best-paid, best-dressed, and best-sheltered in the world, yet one out of ten of our soldiers deserted last year. No doubt, as General CHAFFER suggests, experienced and considerate officers, if there were enough of them, could make army life more acceptable to the men, and reduce the number of desertions. But the real trouble is that military service in the ranks in time of peace is not attractive to many men who are sound in body and mind and competent to take care of themselves. The soldier's wages are low, his liberty is necessarily restricted, he is not his own master, and may not choose who his master shall be. The W. C. T. U. ladies intend him from such moderate solace as he might find in post-exchange beer. Our aspiring youths find that they can make more money and have more fun outside of the army than in it. The army asks for men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five years, of good character and temperate habits, able-bodied, free from disease, and able to speak, read, and write the English language. It offers to feed and clothe such men and pay them thirteen dollars a month for service in the United States, and fourteen dollars and sixty cents for service outside of the country. A competent and responsible man may become a non-commissioned officer and get considerably more pay, and the way is left open for colored men to win commissions if they can qualify themselves for so much promotion. But the average private soldier cannot get ahead in the world. He cannot marry a wife, raise a family, or make a home. From the chief of the reasonable considerations of existence he is debarred. If he can't take care of himself, the army may be an excellent place for him. If he is competent and responsible, he is likely to feel, as the rest of us do, that the army is a good place for some one else. The great number of desertions implies that many of the recruits are irresponsible. That is much to be regretted, but it is not surprising. As an institution for dealing with irresponsible men and helping them in order and making them earn their living, the army has great advantages. Perhaps our minds ought to dwell more on its usefulness in retaining the large proportion of recruits that it does retain, and less of its bad luck in losing so many by desertion.

Governor-elect DOWLEY of Massachusetts has proposed to General MILES to return to public life as adjutant-general of the Massachusetts militia and a member of his military staff, and General MILES has accepted. It is an interesting appointment. Nobody will dispute General MILES's competence to look after the Bay State militia and promote its efficiency, nor will anybody deny that a hardy and brave veteran in the uniform of a lieutenant-general will be a gorgeous embellishment to Governor DOWLEY's staff. General MILES is a vigorous man with plenty of work in him. His appointment, and his

acceptance of it, are both good precedents. If Governor DOUGLAS appoints General WILLIAM A. KOME inspector-general on his staff, as he may, Massachusetts will acquire the services of another highly accomplished officer.

If the President assigns General MILES to duty on Governor DOUGLAS'S staff, General MILES will draw the full pay of his rank (\$41,000), besides \$5,000 from the State of Massachusetts. If the President does not assign him to this duty, General MILES may still join the staff and draw the State salary in addition to his pay (\$8,250) as a retired officer. It is therefore worth \$5,750 a year to General MILES to have the President make the assignment, as Governor DOUGLAS will request him to do. What will the President do? Make your bet, gentlemen! For our part, as taxpayers, we do not object to General MILES getting the extra \$5,750. An income of \$41,000 is not too much for him.

By a vote of four to three the Kentucky Court of Appeals has granted a new trial to CALVIN POWERS. It will be his fourth. Each trial resulted in conviction. The first two times he was sentenced to imprisonment for life; the third time the sentence was death. POWERS was shot on February 3, 1899, nearly five years ago. There has been time for the excitement that came of the murder to wear off. So it has, no doubt, but impressions have deepened into convictions, and every man available for jury duty in Kentucky is probably convinced, one way or the other, as to POWERS'S guilt.

At the hour when we write, we have not learned the fate of the petition for constitutional reforms addressed to the Czar by over a hundred delegates from the zemstvos, or provincial and district councils. A not improbable report is current that if the Russian sovereign decides to grant the petition wholly or in part, a *ukase* to that effect will be issued in the event of a severe Russian reverse, in order to buoy up the spirits of the people, or else after the announcement of a great victory or of the conclusion of a peace. If precedents may be trusted, *ukases* are much more likely to be made by way of consolation for defeat than in an hour of triumph. Precedents, however, may not be followed, if it be true, as is alleged on what seems good authority, that the new Minister of the Interior was authorized beforehand by NICHOLAS II. to convoke delegates from the zemstvos at St. Petersburg, and that most of the constitutional changes advocated in the petition had received in advance the approval of the Czar. As we have formerly pointed out, it seemed on the face of things improbable that such a step would have been taken by the minister without the knowledge and consent of his sovereign, for there is in Russia a law which makes the discussion of constitutional reforms a penal offense. According to the latest information, the petition has been handed by the Czar to the Imperial Council, with instructions to report upon the proposals submitted.

It is said that NICHOLAS II. has already indicated his determination to grant four of the requests. That is to say, he has made up his mind that hereafter there shall be perfect freedom of the press in Russia; that freedom of conscience shall be henceforth perfect—change of great moment to Jews, Catholics, and seceders from the orthodox national Church; that, for the impartial rendering of justice, judges shall be irremovable, as they are in England; and, lastly, that the Russian people shall have a voice in the lawmaking of the country. Whether they will be directly represented in a national Parliament, or whether that body will consist of delegates from the zemstvos, is not known. Upon one point, we are told, the Czar is firmly opposed to the constitutional system outlined in the petition. Under no circumstances will he sanction the control of the budget by the national assembly. In other words, he will withhold from it the power of the purse, without which a legislature has no means of enforcing its will upon a sovereign. Any kind of a Parliament, however, will be better than nothing; and if an elective national assembly were once firmly established in Russia, it would probably secure at no distant date the right of raising and spending revenues.

It seems to be settled that, after the termination of the present war in the Far East, there will be a second conference

of the powers at The Hague for the purpose of reaching an international agreement concerning certain matters which the former conference left undetermined. The principal questions which will be subjects of discussion relate to the rights and duties of belligerents and neutrals in time of war. For obvious reasons, Russia deems the present time inappropriate for propounding new regulations. A similar position has been taken by the Berlin and Paris foreign offices. All three governments, however, recognize the necessity of defining contraband of war as soon as the pending contest between Russia and Japan has been brought to an end. Meanwhile, we note with satisfaction that our State Department's contention that coal should be treated, not as absolutely, but only as conditionally contraband, has been confirmed by the Special Commission which was appointed by the Czar to consider the appeal from the decision of a prize court at Vladivostok. Hereafter Russia will seize only such coal as is condemned to a blockade port, or to the military or naval authorities of a hostile state. That is at least a step in the right direction, and it is to be hoped that the next Hague conference will definitely include not only coal, but also food, in the class of conditionally contraband commodities. As we have often pointed out, it would not be easy to exaggerate the importance of such a definition to Great Britain, which is obliged to import a very large part of her food-supply, and to the United States, which are, and are likely long to remain, her principal purchaser.

Our brethren of the daily press feel bad about the turkey incident. They say the President's action in that is a grave mistake. Perhaps the incident has escaped the attention of some readers of the WEEKLY. The Boston Herald printed a story that the ROOSEVELT children had chased one of the fat Thanksgiving turkeys that were sent to the President, to its great discomfort, and had pulled out its tail feathers, while the Great Father looked on and laughed. The President, through Mr. LSEN, declared that the whole story was untrue and without any basis, and was one of many similar falsehoods the Herald had printed, and that "until further notice the departments will exclude the individuals responsible for this series of misstatements from all facilities for information." Nearly all the contemporaries are agreed that this action was wrong. The New York Times, the Brooklyn Eagle, and the Springfield Republican earnestly bemoan it, and we guess all the other dailies. No doubt the President was at fault. When WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE was confronted the other day by a woman with a horsewhip he sprang hastily to his office and locked the door. That was discretion. Two German soldiers, GERNER and VOHRST, were in a public saloon with two girls, when Sergeant HEAVE came in drunk and insulted the girls. The soldiers protested. The sergeant drew his sword, made a drunken lunge, and slightly wounded one of the girls. Then the soldiers closed with him and disarmed him. That was indiscretion. They had laid hands on their superior officer, and the court at Dusseldorf condemned them to five years' imprisonment at hard labor, disarmed from the army, and deprivation of their civil rights. The President's indiscretion has been of like character. He ought to have run away from the newspaper which lied about his children, as WHITE did from the angry woman, instead of which he raised his hand against the superior of every American citizen, plain or official, the press.

Rash man! The country had already sentenced him to four years at hard labor, and the newspapers are not averse yet to add to the sentence. Indeed, they assume the more in-sinuous-than-in-singer attitude and grive over his fault. "Malicious falsehoods," says the Springfield Republican, "harm no good man who is doing his public duty." No, but when they are told about his children they make him mad, and sometimes they do hurt the children. This little turkey lie was of small consequence, but what of the "long series of similar falsehoods, usually malicious and always deliberate," which preceded it, and which have appeared not only in the Boston Herald, but in hundreds of other papers? Some of these lies have been very injurious to members of the President's family.

They say the President has punished officially an annoyance that was personal. How else could he do it? It would

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have been a thousand times worse if he had punished it personally. As we have said, his indiscretion was in presuming to hit back at all at his superior. The Boston Herald knows as well as we do that a father has no effective defence in this country against newspapers that lie about his children, provided they do it with skill. Their own sense of decency and a regard for public opinion is all that restrains them. We would like to say that these restraints are adequate, but they are not so conclusively adequate but that four-fifths of the newspapers may profit once in a while by having some one pick up a large brick mid-way. "Look here; you ought not to print stories like that!"

On December 5, very early in the morning, President BUCKWORTH and Cashier SEVEN of the Citizens' National Bank of Oberlin, Ohio, were put under arrest for violating the United States banking laws by lending \$250,000 to Mrs. CASSI L. CUNNINGHAM, of Cleveland. It seems they lent the money on security of two notes, one for \$200,000, the other for \$50,000. Who signed the notes, President BUCKWORTH was unwilling to divulge, but the bank closed its doors because it could not collect the money loaned on these. Mr. BUCKWORTH also loaned \$100,000 of his own money on the same security. Coincidentally with the suspension of the Oberlin bank because of the loans of its venerable president to Mrs. CUNNINGHAM it transpired that banks in Cleveland and Elkhart, Ohio, were desirous of collecting about \$75,000 that she owed them. It had previously come out that HENRIET B. NEWTON, a banker of Brookline, Massachusetts, had a claim against her for \$100,000, advanced on two notes. These debts and others, most of them incurred on no other security than that of mysterious notes, stirred up a lively interest in Mrs. CUNNINGHAM, and, news being rather scarce, the papers devoted from two to six columns of their daily space to consideration of her case. She has been known in Cleveland for seven years as a rich woman who lived on Euclid Avenue, travelled a good deal, and spent a great deal of money. Where she got the money nobody knew, and nobody has cared until lately, but since her affairs have become complicated some of the Cleveland papers have undertaken to identify her with a certain Madame DE VONT, who was convicted of forging notes in Toledo and served four years in the penitentiary at Columbus, whence she emerged in 1893. Seven years ago, when Mrs. CUNNINGHAM married her present husband, Dr. L. S. CUNNINGHAM, she described herself as Mrs. CASSI HOSKINS, a widow, born in Canada. Mrs. CUNNINGHAM has said that she had securities of value in the hands of JAS. REYNOLDS, treasurer of the Waite Park Bank of Cleveland. Mr. REYNOLDS admits that he has something belonging to her, but does not say what or how much. Mrs. CUNNINGHAM herself, who has been staying at various hotels in New York, has said extremely little for publication, beyond denying that she is Madame DE VONT. Her husband is said to be in Europe.

On the afternoon of December 5, President BUCKWORTH, after being brought to Cleveland under arrest, admitted that the notes on which he had loaned money bore the name of ANNE CUNNINGHAM and the endorsement of himself and Cashier SEVEN. It is practically certain that another note, bearing the same names, is the security for the loan of \$100,000 by Mr. NEWTON of Brookline. As Mr. CUNNINGHAM says that it is some years since he has put out any notes, and that he knows nothing of Mrs. CUNNINGHAM, the natural inference is that his signature on these notes is a forgery. Mrs. CUNNINGHAM seems to have been able to get money on these notes on the strength of representations that she had securities to a very large amount in the hands of her trustee in Cleveland. Herein lies the resemblance of her case, in so far as it has come to light, to the celebrated HERRICK case. For a number of years she has spent very large sums of money. The question whose money she has spent interests the public very much. The Federal authorities who have closed the Oberlin Bank propose to find out if they can, and no doubt they will. What seems possible on the face of such facts as have been ascertained so far is that Mrs. CUNNINGHAM has been living extravagantly for a long time on a credit maintained solely by her personal talents without the help of any actual wealth except such as belonged to other persons. On December 7, on complaint of the United States authorities, she was placed under arrest.

THE annual message sent to Congress by Mr. ROOSEVELT on December 6 will be recognized as the most remarkable document that for many years has emanated from an American Executive, whether we look at the intrinsic importance of the recommendations, or at the weight attached to them by the emphatic endorsement which the President's personality has just secured at the ballot-box.

The relative importance which the topics discussed by the President possess in his own mind may be inferred from the order in which he places them. We may say at once that the tariff is not even mentioned by name, although there is apparently a vague allusion to it, and to the expediency of periodic revision, in the introductory assertion that the people have expressed approval of the principles underlying the governmental policies, and their desire that these principles be upheld. "Although, of course, applied in a progressive spirit to meet changing conditions." After two initial paragraphs, both of which are short, and the second of which embodies a caution against extravagance, the President proceeds to consider at length the actual and prospective relation of the Federal government toward labor and capital. On the line of his references to this topic, it is plain that Mr. ROOSEVELT favors no conditions under which he would feel warranted in undertaking a personal intervention, such as he ventured upon in the case of the anthracite coal strike. He is careful to enumerate the circumstances, "altogether extreme," which would justify interference by the Federal authorities, whether in the way of safeguarding the rights of labor, or in the way of seeing that wrong is not done by unscrupulous persons, who shield themselves behind the name of labor. What are these circumstances? Mr. ROOSEVELT answers: If there is resistance to the Federal courts, interference with the mails or interstate commerce, or molestation of Federal property, or if the State authorities, in some crisis which they are unable to face, call for help, then the Federal government may interfere. It will be observed that the situation presented by the anthracite coal strike did not fall under this definition, for there was no resistance to Federal courts, no interference with the mails or interstate commerce, no molestation of Federal property, and no call for help from the Pennsylvania authorities. We are, therefore, justified in concluding that the experiment made by Mr. ROOSEVELT in that instance will never be repeated. In any situation strictly analogous to that presented by the anthracite coal strike, he will confine himself to applying the searchlight of publicity. It is in this way that he proposes to meet the collision between the coal mine in the Cripple Creek mining district. He tells Congress that he shall shortly lay before it a special message a full report of the investigation of the Bureau of Labor into the Colorado mining strike, a strike, he says, in which certain very evil forces, which are more or less at work everywhere under the conditions of modern industrialism, became startlingly prominent. We need not say that this report will be awaited with lively curiosity, as to whether the President will uphold or condemn the course pursued by Governor PEABODY.

Reverting to Mr. ROOSEVELT's treatment of the labor problem, we observe that, while fully recognizing the right of workmen to organize for the protection and betterment of their collective interests, he is careful to define the lengths to which the promotion of organization may lawfully go, and he pronounces distinctly and squarely in favor of the "open shop." It is evident that he regards organized labor with sympathy, and will may be do so, for there is no doubt that, except in Massachusetts, the labor-unions have lost most of their votes. He holds that wage-workers have a perfect right to organize, and by all peaceful and orderly means to endeavor to persuade their fellows to join with them in organizations. Neither does he dispute their right to refuse to work in company with men who decline to join their organizations. But he adds that, under no circumstances, have they the right to even violence upon those, whether capitalists or wage-workers, who refuse to support their organizations, or who side with those with whom they are at odds. As regards the "open shop," Mr. ROOSEVELT's pronouncement is, we repeat, unequivocal. There is no objection, he says, to employees of the government forming or belonging to unions; but he declares that the government can neither discriminate for, nor discriminate against, non-union men who are in its employment, or who seek to be employed under it. Addressing himself particularly to the letter-carriers, both municipal and rural, he cheerfully acknowledges their right to argue their claims for higher pay fairly and honestly before Congress, but he re-uhales them for banding together for the defeat of those Congressmen who refuse to give promises which they cannot in conscience make. The allusion to the defeat of Representative LOFT in a California district by the organized letter-carriers is obvious.

In the passages of the message relating to organized capital much that the President says is highly commendable, both in spirit and in expression, but two of his practical suggestions are open to grave objections, and we are not surprised that they produced a depressing effect in Wall Street, and that reduction showed that they are most unlikely to be embodied in laws by Congress. Mr.

ROOSEVELT speaks words of truth and sobriety when he says that, although the national government alone can deal adequately with great corporations, yet "to try to deal with them in an impotent, destructive, or demagogic spirit would, in all probability, mean that nothing whatever would be accomplished, and would certainly mean that, if anything were accomplished, it would be of a harmful nature." The President also shows himself alive to the indispensable fact that "great corporations are necessary, and only men of great and singular singular power can manage such corporations successfully, and such men must have great rewards." The sincerity of his respect for the high intellectual ability required in captains of industry is impressively demonstrated by the insertion in the message of a long quotation from a recent speech by the president of one of our great railroad systems. Reassuring, also, and indicative of intellectual breadth and penetration is the President's exposition of the method in which, according to his judgment, the large industrial powers conferred by recent legislation on the Bureau of Corporations ought to be used. That bureau, he says, will make presently a special report on the beef industry, in which he invites the earnest attention of Congress. In that report, however, and in every other report made while Mr. Roosevelt occupies the White House, certain just limitations will be imposed on the disclosure of the information officially secured. The President points out that, of necessity, the exhaustive investigation of special corporations must afford the casual observer knowledge of certain business facts, the publication of which might be an improper infringement of private rights. Congress ought not, therefore, to expect the publication of such data as would give to another corporation an unfair advantage, or would injure the legitimate business of a competitor and destroy the incentive for individual superiority and thrift.

We turn to the two specific recommendations which, not unreasonably, excite misgivings. Revelling the indisputable fact that the business of insurance is national, not local, in its application, and that it involves a multitude of transactions among the people of the different States, and between American companies and foreign governments, Mr. Roosevelt urges Congress carefully to consider whether the power of the Bureau of Corporations cannot constitutionally be extended to cover interstate transactions in insurance. The question is at once provoked, if the term "inter-state commerce," used in the Constitution, can be construed to cover the business of insurance, why should it not cover also the business of banking, which also involves, undoubtedly, a multitude of transactions among the people of the different States? How portentous, how terrible, would be the influence practically exercisable by the Bureau of Corporations if its powers of inspection and control should cover not only corporations employed in the interstate transportation of passengers and goods, but also those engaged in insurance and banking? The fact which such a bureau could play, under certain conditions and in certain hands, makes one shudder with apprehensions.

Prominent also with respect to corporate interests is the proposal that Congress should confer on the Interstate Commerce Commission what in practice would amount to the power of fixing the rates for transportation. It is well known that, as the interstate commerce law has been construed by the United States Supreme Court, the statute gives the commission power only to declare that a given railway rate is unreasonable, but not the power to compel a railroad company to accept any other rate. About a year ago Senator Quaynor of Wisconsin introduced in the Senate a bill which authorized the Interstate Commerce Commission not only to declare that existing railway rates and regulations were unreasonable, but also to require the railway companies affected to enforce certain rates and regulations prescribed by the commission. Some of the objections to this bill are obvious. In the first place, it does not provide for permitting a railway company to recover losses sustained by it through a lowering of its rates during the period intervening between the time when the order of the Interstate Commerce Commission should become effective and the time when the order of review designated by the bill should declare that the rates fixed by the railway companies were, as a matter of fact, not unreasonable. It is understood that Senator Quaynor has tried to meet this objection by an amendment the purpose of which is to secure speedy decisions by the court of review. The fundamental objection remains, namely, that the most vital function of railway corporations, to wit, the fixing of the rates in interstate transportation, would practically be transferred to Federal officials, who might or might not possess the general qualifications required for the transaction of such business, and who certainly could not be expected to have at heart the interests of the corporations concerned. The basic question raised by the President's virtual approval of this bill is whether, under any pretext, however specious, American citizens are to lose the right of conducting their own business.

There is no doubt that Mr. Roosevelt's deliberate exposition of the rights and duties imposed upon us by our assertion of the Monroe Doctrine will prove a disappointment to those who had wished to believe that the letter of his read at the Cuban dinner had been hastily penned, and did not express the author's real

intentions. In that letter, it will be remembered, Mr. ROOSEVELT said that we might ourselves intervene, or countenance the intervention of a foreign power, in the affairs of a Latin-American republic, not only to enforce reparation for public or private "wrongs" in the technical sense of the word in question marks, but also to assure the payment of the principal and interest of the debt arising out of contract. In the afternoon, Mr. Roosevelt went much further than any preceding President had gone, and erected into a principle what Latin-Americans had hoped would be a discredited precedent—the precedent, namely, which was established by the blockading powers in the case of Venezuela. Almost the exact phrase which was employed in the Cuban letter, and which excited a good deal of alarm among far-sighted politicians in Latin-American capitals, is now stamped with formal approval by transaction in an annual message. If it nation, Mr. Roosevelt says, keeps order and pays its obligations, it need fear no interference from the United States. About the duty of every government to maintain order and to protect the persons and property of foreigners from violence there is nowhere any doubt. On the other hand, the gravest doubt exists as to whether the Monroe Doctrine can be so construed as to authorize a European creditor power to confiscate the whole or a part of the customs revenue of an American commonwealth for the purpose of securing the payment of debts arising out of contract. How is it possible to reconcile the confiscation of an income, upon which a government mainly relies for its support, with the Monroe Doctrine, which forbids us to permit a European power "in any way to control the destiny" of an American republic? It is true that Mr. ROOSEVELT's reference to this subject may point of the intervention of the United States, while he would not again permit the intervention by a foreign power of an American republic's customs revenue, which he tolerated in the case of Venezuela, he would take upon himself the function of collecting and appropriating the income of a sister commonwealth for the benefit of foreign creditors. Manifestly, the effect upon the debtor State would be practically identical. She would be reduced to the status of Egypt, the only difference being that her monarch and ruler would be not a European power, but the United States. The Monroe Doctrine does not specifically forbid us to control the destiny of a sister commonwealth by acting as debt-collector for its enemies; but, apparently, the assumption of such a function would be hard to harmonize with its spirit.

We would not take leave of the message without pointing out the radicality with which Mr. ROOSEVELT has, in two instances, and in the face of his political opponents, recommended the enactment of a law directed against bribery and corruption. Very general elections, which should provide for the publication, not only of the expenditures on the part of all candidates for nominations and elections, but also of all contributions received and disbursements made, by political committees. It is well known that a bill to this effect has been introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. CLEVELAND of New York. With regard to the Philippines, also, he professes to accept the aim of the anti-bribery law. He firmly believes, he says, that we can help the Filipinos to rise higher and higher in the scale of civilization and of capacity for self-government, and he earnestly hopes that, in the end, they will be able to stand, if not entirely alone, yet in some such relation to the United States as Cuba now stands. We do not quite see how Mr. ROOSEVELT can reconcile with this hope his encouragement of the investment of large amounts of American capital in Philippine railways and other credit interests. Where our money goes, our flag is likely to stay.

Progress of the War in the Far East

THERE are several indications that the war between Japan and Russia is approaching a crisis and it begins to look as if in their conduct of operations the Japanese have made a strategic blunder, the consequences of which may not be fatal, but will certainly prove costly. Aware of their enemy's intense preponderance in respect of military resources, it was obviously for their interest to avail themselves of the temporary superiority of fighting strength in Manchuria, which they possessed through their control of the sea, and after inflicting a severe defeat upon General KERMATOFF to drive him back to Harbin. If not beyond the Siberian frontier, where he could secure the tremendous reinforcements which, it was known, would be despatched. To that end it would have been expedient to defer the occupation of Korea, and, instead of wasting time in traversing that peninsula and in crossing the Yalu River, to have landed the three armies now under the command of Marshal OTOMO as quickly as possible after the declaration of war, on the Manchurian coast, from which an advance northward along the line of the Port Arthur railway could have been undertaken forthwith.

By following such a course nothing would eventually have been lost and much might have been gained. There was no necessity for wasting a number of soldiers, variously computed at from 30,000 to 50,000, on the capture of Port Arthur by assault. The Japanese will not be able to hold that fortress or the town of

Newchwang, or to keep possession of Korea, if they should lose ascendancy at sea and their main army in Manchuria should be decisively beaten. It could not have been better, if the whole force which the Japanese had at their disposal had been pushed northward from the Manchurian seaboard seven months, or even five months, ago. As it was, a large body of troops was held back in Korea to avenge Japanese predominance in that peninsula, and the detachments sent at various times to cooperate in the siege of Port Arthur cannot have amounted in the aggregate to fewer than a hundred thousand men.

The result was that when the battle of Liaoyang at last took place, the force concentrated near that town by the Japanese commander-in-chief was smaller by about 150,000 men (including the troops detained in Korea) than it needed to have been, while, owing to the reinforcements hurried forward from European Russia, General KUROKI's army was at least that much larger than it would have been some months before. It is even doubtful whether, at the outbreak of the war, the Russian commander could have got together for field operations in Manchuria forty thousand soldiers, outside of those required to protect the railways and to garrison Port Arthur and Vladivostok.

It is plain enough how NAPOLEON or any other great strategist would have availed himself of the opportunity offered. There never was a war in which promptitude on the part of one of the combatants was so indispensable to his success. The Japanese began, we repeat, with a vast advantage in respect of the number of troops available for an immediate move against their true objective—Hankin. That advantage they frittered away, and, therefore, although the battle of Liaoyang was a reverse for the Russians, the latter lost relatively few prisoners, and retreated leisurely a short distance to a new and strong position in front of Mukden.

The second great fight—named by Marshal OXLEY after the Siao River, along which it occurred—was practically a draw, but the Siao that test of strength the reinforcements sent to KUROKI have been increased, and constitute a large total, while those received by the Japanese are believed scarcely to counter-balance the divisions needed to make good General Siao's losses before Port Arthur. Until the capture of that fortress shall have set free the greater part of General Siao's soldiers, every move will find General Siao in competition with his antagonist. In fact, if General Siao's army shall hold out for six weeks longer, as he will doubtless try to do, we shall not be surprised to see KUROKI assume the offensive, and drive the Japanese out of Liaoyang.

Moral Teaching

HUMAN progress seems to be by means of a sort of mental war. Overemphasis is played first on one side of the question, followed by overemphasis on the opposite, with a vague hope of an ultimate balancing somewhere in the middle. This is strikingly illustrated by the changes in modern ideas of training children. In the face of the ancient line-worn maxim of "spare the rod," we have now the theory that the child must be brought to obedience only by convincing his reason, by moral persuasion. It would be an elaborate and difficult matter to move an army by moral persuasion, and the dangers incurred by a little child who does not understand the command "stop" are many and serious. There is another point to be considered: we know only after we have experienced. It is impossible, without understanding a child with an unusual sense of responsibility, to explain to him the real end and aim of his own training. Even to give a people the command was, "If any man will do his will, he shall learn of the doctrine." We know what is meant by a virtue after we have perceived it in a far different way from that in which we know a virtue by hearing a glowing tribute paid to it.

For the intellectual progress we still have systematic, and to a certain extent compulsory, training. In moral training we are amazingly haphazard and casual, and in nothing else do we show so teaching a faith in the promise that all things work together for good. A Virginian of ancient lineage and his military record said, "I try to teach my boys only three things.—Don't lie, take care of the ladies, and remember the war." But the theory that a whole moral training can be contained in a phrase is mistaken. "Remember the war," cannot cherish a grudge, and it is possible to be truthful and chivalrous and at the same time selfish, covetous, and narrow-minded.

Certain virtues belong to certain ages; and as in the intellectual life we follow certain stages of growth, so in the moral life certain virtues belong to equalled periods. When the American child, as a whole, lacks, and it seems sometimes almost to deplore it, the charm of childhood, is shyness. Shyness, which in a grown person is a fault growing out of pride or self-consciousness, in a child bespeaks merely that natural reliance upon a mother and guiding judgment which is its normal stage of development. Self-assurance and power are the outgrowth of struggle in the open, and a child should bear the marks of shelter. To

see a child meeting the world with complete self-assurance means that he should have been robbed of some of the natural stages of growth, and has missed the period of wonder and reverence. So FELIX AMER, in a book on the Moral Training of Children, says that the children of the public schools be made daily to stand in three positions.—first, with the arms crossed on the breast, looking up; second, with the arms crossed behind the back, looking down; and third, with the arms crossed on the breast, again looking at their schoolmate to the right. This is as practical as a symbol of the three forms of reverence the equal, the inferior, and the superior, the inferior, the equal. Certainly, by some means, children should have the wonder of the world and the laws it obeys and the sacredness of all human life instilled into them, and it can be adequately done only at an early period. Automatic obedience offered the superior life; the foundation of unconscious obedience to the conscience in later life; wonder at the beauty, the order, the harmony of the world; the foundation of love of nature, respect for her, pursuit of knowledge, and power of worship; reverence for all that is above us, all life beneath us, and our fellow men smooth away all the petty trouble and needless friction out of life. With care and method these three impulses to obey, to wonder, to reverence might be inculcated in a child in the first five years, and one might proceed thence to other virtues as one does from the alphabet and dejected words to reading.

Respect for property, kindness of intention, word and deed, and truth-telling belong to the next stage of growth. Before a child enters school it should be led to feel a distinction between what is its own and what is another's. A certain self-respect and pride comes to a child when it owns property, be it no more than a pencil, a picture, or a book. It has the same enlarging power over the child that wealth and responsibility have over the man. The self is not a mere detached ego, it is all a man is and has, his power, his relations to the outer life. "Dear Papa," said a little fellow just able to make the words, "I have a pearl-handled knife. Your dutiful and obedient son." "Up to the hilt of possession he had always signed himself 'Your good boy,' or 'Your loving boy,' but with the pearl-handled knife his virtues took on a more dignified character.

The respect for property, the distinction between our own and another's, should go closely bound with concepts of kindness, and no one can possibly be feeling should be instilled that we may use what is ours for the benefit of others. The motive for all of our things must never be purely selfish; in some simple way the idea must be conveyed that property is only good when it widens relations and increases chances of service. It is at this age to when the child is being taught his duty to others that the seed of truthfulness should be sown.

There is a rather prevalent idea that decent children are born truthful, but it is far from being a fact. There are various reasons for untruthfulness: one is fear, and there is no doubt that an unloved and a loved child will often protect himself by a lie. There is too the untruthfulness born of a love of approval, the poor, pious, little lie of the starved affections. But a child will not lie rarely persistently untruthful. Another and a wholly different form of untruthfulness is the imaginative. It is an exact and delicate task, with a little child, to encourage the imagination, the reason gift under heaven, to foster the little subjective intensities, and yet convince the child that it is not a fact he must be sovereign. There are roses, rose, perhaps, where the best method is to offer at the very beginning the outline of the literary instinct. To help him put down all the little hunches, dreams, and problems, and to guide the little hand to sign them, and then explain that this is not the reality of things, but a kind of a story. The child soon learns to discriminate between a thing he knows and a thing he imagines, and is not misled or created by independent winds. It is a good elementary basis for a child at ten or twelve to start his onward life with ingrained impulses of obedience, reverence, earnestness, kindness, and truth. It is at this age, and probably not any sooner, that one should make some admission of the frailty of human nature. Father, the burden of such knowledge is too heavy to be borne. Later, the child will take his own hopes too seriously if it is not in the first years established by recognition of his own weakness. We will the right with the more knowledge that we most respect fully, and with this lesson should receive admissions of self-complex to balance the humility. If the child is taught that he is prone to lie, he should at the same time be taught that he is capable of standing. KATY's maxim, "If I ought, I can," should be driven well home to him.

The benefit of a moral education is the same as that of an intellectual training. The wonder of things a man does right, automatically without really being conscious of it, the higher he can reach. The lower stages are learned by heart that he may concentrate all his energies on the higher last.

To give one's life to others one must first have a life worth giving, and that so few of us have this is not wholly owing to the depravity of human nature, but somewhat to the lack of systematic moral teaching.



The Meet



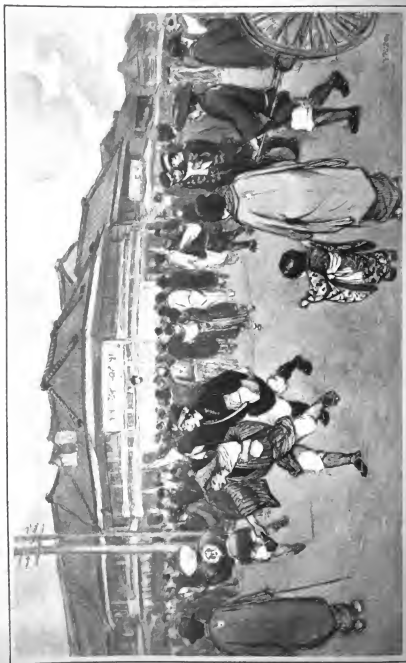
Through the Woods



The Kill

THE END OF THE FOX-HUNTING SEASON—PHOTOGRAPHS OF A MEET OF THE MEADOWBROOK HUNT CLUB

This year the fox-hunting season has been very active. There are two seasons—spring and fall—the fall season beginning in October and lasting into the winter, or until the ground becomes so hard that it is dangerous to ride across country. At the Meadowbrook Hunt Club during the fall months hunts have been held every week day, and on holidays and Saturdays two and sometimes three different packs of hounds have been hunted. In many of the meets from fifty to seventy-five riders have participated.



STREET SCENE IN TOKYO AT ANNOUNCEMENT OF JAPANESE SUCCESES AT PORT ARTHUR

From a sketch by Genshin Yeto, the Japanese artist



**PHOTOGRAPH OF THE JAPANESE WAR BALLOONS USED TO
RECONNOITRE THE RUSSIAN POSITIONS AT PORT ARTHUR**

The two balloons shown in the photograph belong to the Third Division of the Japanese army now before Port Arthur, and have been used by General Nogi in determining the Russian position and defenses in the fortress. At the time the picture was taken the balloons were preparing to reconnoitre from a point about four miles north of Port Arthur.

From photograph made by James H. Smith at Port Arthur. Copyright, 1904, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

An Important Political Event in Mexico

I.—The Inauguration of Ramon Corral, the Newly Elected Vice-President

By Austin C. Brady

THE most important political event in the history of Mexico in the past twenty years has taken place in the minds of people in the capital of the republic on the morning of December 1. Señor Don Ramon Corral, the man who visited the St. Louis Exposition as the personal representative of President Diaz, and who was entertained as the guest of the American government in San Francisco following the St. Louis visit, was inaugurated Vice-President of the Mexican republic. The ceremony turned a final answer in the question of Presidential succession in Mexico. It was preceded by the inauguration of General Porfirio Diaz as President for the seventh time. The Presidential term is six years, so it is also that of Vice-President. At the end of the six years, or before the expiration of that period in the event of Diaz's retirement or death, Corral will succeed to the Presidency of Mexico.

The Mexican Vice-President is a civilian. He saw his only military service during a revolution in the frontier State of Sonora, of which he is a native, and as the revolution was of short duration, he came out of the conflict with but little practical knowledge of warfare. He knows more about public lighting, street traction, and municipal drainage than he does about military tactics and modern armament, for he has studied the former subjects in the great cities of the United States and Europe, and up to this time he has not felt called upon to give the latter much attention. He believes that the greatest need of the Mexican people is education, and that the future of the country depends, to a large extent, on the building up of a substantial middle class. He holds that too many of the young men of Mexico are entering the priesthood and the legal profession, and in the hope of obtaining Mexican youths to devote their lives to useful arts and trades, he is promoting the establishment of a Mexican institute of technology that will rival similar institutions of other countries.

About three years ago, while Corral was serving as Governor of the Federal District, which corresponds to the District of Columbia, fire broke out in one of the markets of the City of Mexico, a market which included only small vendors, and which was patronized exclusively by the poorer classes. Corral was near the market at the time, and personally directed the police and firemen in the work of fighting the flames. He was not content to issue orders, however, but rushed into the burning building and repeatedly carried out supplies, which, in the majority of instances, represented the entire capital of their owners. His example was followed by others, with the result that the poor vendors of the little bazaar, by the fire, Corral's hands and face were scorched by the flames while he was engaged in the heroic work, and after the entire market subsided friends of the District Governor censured him for having exposed himself to danger under the circumstances. To these friends he replied, simply:

"It's the duty of officials to set examples as well as to issue orders."

Vice-President Corral is comparatively a new man in national affairs in Mexico. He was raised in the City of Mexico by President Diaz in 1900 and made Governor of the Federal District. In

January, 1903, he entered the Diaz cabinet as Minister of the Interior. He was nominated for the newly created Vice-Presidency by the Nationalist party June 7, 1904, and his election was proclaimed in the following July. Prior to 1900 he was Governor of the State of Sonora and Deputy from that State to the National Congress. While serving in the latter capacity he demonstrated his belief in protection by advocating a serious desire to allow the free importation of American wheat and flour into the Pacific States of Mexico. If Corral lived in the United States he would be a good Republican on the strength of the protective-tariff plank. As President of Mexico he may be expected to foster Mexican industries in every way possible. Increases in Mexican tariff duties, which went into effect early in 1904, were the result of his idea regarding the protection of home industries.

The coming Vice-President of Mexico is a good English scholar, speaking, reading, and writing the English language. His other children are receiving educations in San Francisco schools, and the younger members of his family will be sent to American schools as soon as their ages permit of separation from their parents. In connection with the Corral family it may be stated that Diaz's chosen successor is thoroughly in accord with President Roosevelt on the question of "race suicide." He is the father of nine children.

While Vice-President Corral's knowledge of English has retarded other several years, the fact has not been generally known. It is recorded that a Kansas City engine manufacturer called upon him in the City of Mexico some time ago for the purpose of making a contract for supplying engines to electric-light plants owned by Corral in Sonora cities. The Kansas City man was accompanied by the manager of Mr. Corral's Sonora interests, and the latter acted as interpreter, the then Minister of the Interior talking in Spanish exclusively. Corral was driving a hard bargain, and the Kansas City manufacturer finally became angry. "By God, sir," he exclaimed to the interpreter, "you tell Mr. Corral that I won't knock off another cent."

Before the interpreter had time to translate over a portion of the emphatic ultimatum, Corral, speaking good English and with the seriousness of a judge pronouncing a death sentence, said:

"Those shall not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. As soon as the Kansas City man recovered from his surprise, he apologized to his distinguished customer, and proceeded to close the contract in accordance with Corral's views.

Corral's entrance into public life was as an editor of two newspapers in Alamos, Sonora, his native town. During his official career he has displayed a kindly feeling for newspaper men, and is a believer in the value of the newspaper as an educator of the people. He sincerely admires the enterprise of the American newspaper, and realizes that the best service a Mexican newspaper is far behind the times. Steps looking to the improvement of the standard of the press of Mexico may be looked for under his administration of Mexican affairs.

Vice-President Corral will be fifty-one years of age the last day of next January.

II.—Porfirio Diaz, who was Inaugurated President for the Seventh Time

By Charles F. Lummis

SEVERAL years ago General Porfirio Diaz, then ex-President of what passed for the Mexican Republic, made a considerable tour of the United States with his young bride, the beautiful Carmen. Charming as all found this gracious girl of nineteen, educated in this country, there was no presumption then that she was to become the most utilized First Lady in all the records of the Americas, and one of the principal figures among the comets of history. But there is no question that this became true of "Carmelita." Among the fourteen millions of Mexico her pet name is deep in every heart.

"Porfirio," too—for all Mexico calls its President by his given name, not diplomatically, but familiarly and with the best of intentions as opposition. His party were "Porfiristas"—some, then hardly dreamed of in the stature he was to acquire, any more than the astonishing Mexico of his creating was foreseen. He was recognized, of course, as the foremost soldier Mexico had produced in her three and a half centuries of history. But there is no question that this became true of "Carmelita." Among the fourteen millions of Mexico her pet name is deep in every heart.

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But that was all. Nonetheless no man dreamed then of the miracle in store—how this little, compact, clear-eyed soldier was destined, before the close of the century, to prove himself the most brilliant Executive, with one exception, in the history of the New World, the statesman who has done more with the least material, and effected the most extraordinary transformation of a nation's spirit and circumstance, probably, ever wrought in any country in so short a time. He has lifted his battered and bankrupt nation from the dust and blood of the vulgar scuffle of revolution, and set her feet sure and swift upon the way of progress, and given her her own respect, and won her the world's.

Even, in 1881, the recognition of General Diaz in several principal cities of the United States was enough to make him sure of our welcome. To-day it would be incomparably more brilliant; for history has been working fast, these sixteen years, and every well-informed American knows now that Diaz is not only a great Mexican, but a great historic figure.

Porfirio Diaz was born in Oaxaca, the Mexican City, as the mothering President, September 15, 1830, within a few leagues of the birthplace of Benito Juarez, the only other Mexican President remotely to be compared with him. Juarez was pure Tezacoatl Indian. Diaz is Spanish (of Aztec descent), with just enough dash of aboriginal blood from his Mexican grandmother to count in the rare physical and mental tenacity which has won so much a



**RAMON CORRAL, THE NEWLY ELECTED VICE-PRESIDENT
OF MEXICO**

Ramon Corral, who recently visited the World's Fair at St. Louis as the personal representative of President Diaz, was formally inaugurated Vice-President of the Mexican Republic at the City of Mexico on December 1. For a sketch of the life of Ramon Corral the reader is referred to the article by Mr. Austin Brady on the opposite page.

does not, indeed, lay the stress which an Englishman would naturally lay on the influence of Mr. Roosevelt's character and personality in capturing the imagination of foreigners. But he does elucidate with singular accuracy what one may call the public reasons that induced England to wish for a Rooseveltian victory. Mr. Roosevelt is an imperialist; so are Englishmen. Mr. Roosevelt has feared and accepted the fact that America must occupy and maintain a position in the international politics. The wilful blindness of the Democratic party to this fact appeared to Englishmen the gravest blot on their "platform." The cordial cooperation between Downing Street and Washington that exists to-day is fairly sure to be maintained and possibly strengthened under a Roosevelt administration. There was a risk that under a Parker administration it would be jeopardized. Not only English interests at the present war, but English interests in the future of China and in the whole Pacific question were felt to be involved, though not, of course, very deeply, in Mr. Roosevelt's election. The writer in the *North American Review* appears to take more seriously than did Englishmen the Democratic pledges to cut down the army estimates, contrary America's international activity and leaving the day of Philippine independence. We never thought, over here, that those pledges either could or would have been carried out. At the same time they showed an attitude towards the general question of imperialism with which England could not bring herself to sympathize. The same and strong line which Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay have taken on all those issues appeals to Englishmen, almost without exception, as the right and the only policy for a self-respecting and high-spirited nation to pursue. Nor do they think this merely because it coincides with British interests. In fact, the only one they hold to not only as Englishmen, but also as the friends and well-wishers of America.

In the Continent Mr. Roosevelt's triumph was more dubiously received, though it is pleasant to add that not a word has been said against him as a man, and that you probably would not find in all Europe two opinions as to his character, his honesty, his courage, his virile aptitude for all the duties of his high office. Such dissatisfaction as could be detected in the comments of the European press was based solely on political considerations. The *Berlin Post* remarked that "President Roosevelt cannot as an American be a pronounced friend of Germany, but his attitude towards us is certainly not hostile." The *Post*, of course, is one of the inspired journals. The *Acree Zeitung* regarded the result of the election as a great victory for American imperialism, but enclosed itself with the reflection that though it "will in the first instance signify American cooperation with England, it will ultimately lead to a breach with England once the new course of America has been developed." In Austria, the country which first preached the necessity of a European combination against "the American peril," the *Freidenkblatt*, a semi-official journal, expressed the uneasiness and apprehension with which officialdom in Austria-Hungary at the beginning watched America's imperial career and her pronounced bid for the commercial supremacy of the world. A despatch from St. Petersburg two days after the election stated that Mr. Roosevelt's election was regarded in government circles with "deep disappointment" and that gov-

ernment influences were busily spreading the report (which must owe its origin to Mr. Bosley) that Mr. Roosevelt is really a Jew, and his true name is Rosendell, and that this "explains" his action in pressing for the removal of the obstacles which prevent American Jews from visiting Russia." All the French and Italian papers that I have seen agree in welcoming Mr. Roosevelt's victory on all personal grounds, while regretting his somewhat hasty and uncalculated action. Americans should have consulted themselves so strongly to an imperial policy. England is the only country that rejoices in Mr. Roosevelt's election both as a man and an imperialist.

Meanwhile, looking to the desirability of Mr. Roosevelt's majority, Englishmen ask, with the *Spectator*, "What will he do with it?" That he will do nothing with it, nobody expects. Unless Englishmen are wholly out of their reckoning, Mr. Roosevelt is not the man to rest on his laurels. The conviction over here is that the next four years are destined to be memorable in American politics, that Mr. Roosevelt is at best "amused," that he has a free hand, and will use it freely. People in this country regard the issue of the election as a mandate to Mr. Roosevelt to continue as he has begun. The *Spectator*, in attempting to forecast his policy, declares that "he will guide the American ship wisely and well, and instill into every branch of the government that high sense of public duty with which he is himself inspired."

He will lead in domestic, as in foreign, affairs that the government of the United States shall hold its head high. Under his guidance it will neither bow the neck nor the phylacter at home, nor allow its greatness abroad to dwindle and grow dim from creases, scars of being great." Time-stalling all his later terms of official legislative achievement, the *Spectator* believes that Mr. Roosevelt will employ his influence "to prevent the vast accumulations of capital which are so marked a feature of modern American life being used oppressively or unjustly," that he will use an exact and even balance between labor and capital; that he will continue to appoint negroes to office "where such appointments are reasonable and pertinent," and that "he will find some way to prevent lynching," that in foreign affairs he will show himself not so much a brigand as a politician, neither seeking foreign entanglements nor shunning them as an instance on America's behalf her own; that he will "finish the Panama Canal," detain from Denmark the West-Indian Islands, continue to press for the open door in China, build up a powerful navy, and give the Philippine administration which will be "soot an adherent to any paper theories or abstract sentiments in regard to popular government, but rather the government of the islands in the true interest of their inhabitants." It concludes by prophesying that the coming administration "will raise the standard of the larger half of the English-speaking race, and that for the whole of that race it will be a lesson and an example in sound and sane government." The *Spectator*, it will be seen, makes no mention of the tariff. There are those who believe that the great feature of Mr. Roosevelt's second administration will be his energetic coercion of the Republican party into a reduction of the Dingley schedules, and into yet more drastic proceedings against the trusts. Otherwise the *Spectator's* anticipations represent, as they usually do, the hopes and beliefs of all England.

Russia's New Minister of the Interior

By Charles Johnston

EVERY one who knows Prince Mirsky, Russia's new Minister of the Interior, speaks enthusiastically of the gentle and gracious simplicity of his character. He is one of those rarely attractive natures whom very few like at first sight, without at the beginning watching America's imperial career and her pronounced bid for the commercial supremacy of the world. A despatch from St. Petersburg two days after the election stated that Mr. Roosevelt's election was regarded in government circles with "deep disappointment" and that gov-

times to like increasingly, as the fine qualities of his heart and mind show themselves.

Prince Mirsky is a man of fair military bearing, a type of "the soldier in civil costume" as we say in India. He is only forty-seven, and is thus still in the season of hope, in every way a contrast to the grim winter of his tyrannous predecessor, Von Plehve. About middle height, he is of fair complexion, and wears a pointed beard, cut in the style made fashionable by King Edward VII. He has rather noticeably thoughtful eyes, and his whole expression is one of gentleness and kindness, yet with much underlying strength. Perhaps the best recent testimony to his unspoiled nature comes from a subordinate employee whom he had known in early years, and who visited him shortly after his appointment as Minister of the Interior. "He is just as kind as he used to be!" exclaimed the employee, coming out of the minister's cabinet, with his round eyes of wonder. This spontaneous sympathy is the real active power in his dealings with the Russian press, with the zemstvos, with the unobedient Russian Jews, as it was the secret of his success while he was Governor-General of White Russia, on the frontier of Poland, with its many national and religious wounds, so easily irritated, yet so easily soothed. He seems endowed with a rarely happy disposition, in face of grave and serious. If he ran across a friend and was unable to solve them, in spite of the tremendous forces which will have to come returned to thwart and oppose him, he will stand forth as one of the greatest statesmen Russia has produced.

Let us consider the heredity and circumstances which helped to make Prince Mirsky the man he is today, the hope of a new era of Russian freedom. The first picture I have of him is as a brown-haired, hair-kneed boy, in Tiflis, very good-natured, and very

fond of children. His father, Prince Dimitri Dmitriyevich-Mirsky, was one of the high officials of the tsarist court of the Caucasus, standing close to the Governor-General, Grand-duke Michael. The grand-duke, who is still a great and wise figure in Russian life, is only thirty-seven, and is the son of Nicholas I. His palace at Tiflis was the centre of a vigorous artistic and intellectual life, which carried on the literary traditions of the Caucasus, enriched by Pushkin and Lermontov. The life of these days of their exile. Prince Mirsky has married a Georgian princess, who gave her son the gentleness and grace of manner which flower so finely in some of the older tsarist rulers. Prince Peter Dimitriyevich Mirsky, the present minister, thus grew up in the midst of a many-colored throng of Georgian, Armenian, and Circassian, and picturesque Christians of a dozen different races and tongues. He passed his boyhood amid the oriental settings of Tiflis street scenes, in the midst of forest-clad hills and torrents, and with the giant snow ranges on the horizon. His eyes and mind were trained to the appreciation of that many-colored Asian life, so different from the monotonous array of northern Russia.

Prince Peter Dimitriyevich (that is, Peter, son of Dimitri) went from Tiflis to St. Petersburg to school, entering the aristocratic Corps of Pages, and afterwards studying for the army in the Academy of the General Staff. He got his commission and returned to the Caucasus just in time for the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, and his readiness to the Grand-duke Michael Nikolaevich (that is, son of Nicholas the First), who was commander-in-chief of the Russian army in the Caucasus, came at once into the thick of the fight. It must be remembered that, while Russia in Europe was separated from the Turkish Empire by the whole of Rumania, which the Russian troops swept nearly over, and through the Russian army in the Caucasus was found itself actually on the Turkish frontier, its only neighbor was northern Armenia, so that fighting began far earlier than in Europe, along the Donube.

Arslan and Kars were two of the strongest Turkish fortresses, perched up under the shadow of Mount Ararat, amid vast, swirling hills; and here, among crags and precipices and torrents, young Prince Peter Minsky got his first taste of war. Apparently it suited him, for we find him getting decorated for distinguished bravery in the bombardment of Kars, when he received the Cross of St. Anna, of the fourth degree. In the fighting of the second week of August, he received the cross of the same order, and of the third degree. Two months later he received the Cross of St. Vladimir, and shortly after this was appointed adjutant to Emperor Alexander II.

In 1881 Prince Minsky was transferred to the General Staff, and went south in Odessa, to take command of the military district on

the Black Sea. He was subsequently on the staff of the South and Eastern Army Corps, and in 1886 was appointed Chief of the Staff of the Third Grenadier Division.

In 1893, being then thirty-eight years old, he was transferred to civil employ, and was appointed Governor of Penza, in the Ta-tar country, within the bend of the Volga. Two years later he went southward to Ekaterinburg as Governor of district in 1900, as he went to St. Petersburg as Assistant Minister of the Interior. In 1902 he was made Governor-General of White Russia (Vilna, Grodno, and Kovno), where he became immensely popular, and came into close contact with the Jewish question, and the hardships of the Ukraine with his own eyes. He was still busy studying his position in Vilna when his recent promotion came.

Shall Our Colleges become "Trusts?"

By Charles F. Thwing, LL.D.

President of Western Reserve University and Adelphi College

THE primary principle of the trust is the principle of efficiency. The purposes of increasing private and public wealth are either subsidiary features or incidental applications of the primary principle of efficiency. The principle of efficiency, applied to the higher education, as applied to other forms of service, means getting the utmost out of every condition of things from every force. It represents the largest product for the least expenditure. The result of the higher education, though it may neither be assessed, nor measured, nor weighed, is still to be regarded as a definite result. It represents the enlargement of knowledge and its intellectual intensity and better orientation. It stands for the appreciation of learning as embodied in human character. It suggests the transmutation of living into life, of knowledge into wisdom, of wisdom into doing, of doing into duty, of duty into faithfulness, of faithfulness into character, and of character into destiny. It stands for the education of the individual, and for his best training, and also for the best training of the largest number of individuals.

This principle of efficiency necessitates the fullest use of every dollar given in the education of the higher education, the most efficient use of equipment of every kind, the calling out of all resources of teaching staff and of student body. Together, it forbids the duplication of unnecessary institutions. It forbids the setting up of unnecessary educational or other machinery for grinding out the educational grid. It demands that the longest return be made for each expenditure, for this year, for all years, for this place and this condition, and for all places and conditions.

The application of this principle of proficiency would lead to a union of our educational institutions. For America as a whole, we have, in this country, are not far from seven hundred institutions which confer degrees. Of these about five hundred are either ecclesiastical or for men alone. About one hundred and sixty are for women only, and about fifty are scientific schools. Germany has forty-two universities and about one hundred and fifty gymnasia. Such a number of colleges in America represents indeed the eighth infirmity which the higher education exhibits, that it is not to be doubted that that infirmity is often so dissipated as to be largely ineffective. Most of these colleges, too, are small. About two-thirds of them have each less than one hundred students in their college departments. They are also poor in purse. Of the somewhat more than \$100,000,000 invested in the income-bearing funds of these colleges, six-sevenths of them possess less than \$200,000 in such funds. This poverty is significant, for it represents an incapacity for giving an adequate education. These colleges also are largely sectarian or denominational. This relation contains elements of strength and elements of weakness. On the whole, the denominational element in a college may prove to be of great good, provided the element be largely, and not narrowly, interpreted. The great number, the small attendance, the poverty, and the denominational character of our colleges represent a condition to which the principle of amalgamation is to be applied.

The application of this principle of efficiency to the union of institutions is to be made under at least three conditions. One of these conditions is absolute, and the other two are more or less flexible. The one condition which is absolute refers to the just use of trust funds. Such funds every college corporation holds. They are funds held in trust for certain purposes. These purposes may be either general or definite. These funds are to be used fully and exactly in accordance with the terms of their gift. No exception is to be suffered regarding any deviation of purpose. Here it may be to observe the conditions of a trust; nevertheless, the conditions are to be observed. It may be better to give up the trust than to try to keep the conditions. Let it be given up then. If the funds are to be released, the trust under which they are held must be dissolved. The dead hand, it is said, should not rule forever. But if one is to profit by what the hand when it was alive gave, one should still let that hand rule. The college should not suffer itself to accept of a gift and to spurn the gift.

The endow is now being made to unite what is probably the best technical school in the world with a university which fulfills its functions as well as any university in the world. In such a union the advantages of the trust funds of each institution is to be held inviolate. Of course, any belief that such funds should not be held inviolate is more than absurd. Harvard University represents trusts and trust funds, obligations accepted in

the beginning of American life, and which it has observed for its nearly three hundred years. It is now coming into the possession of a large bequest made for the giving of technical training. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology represents an agency called into being about forty years ago, devoted to specific ends, made powerful by the increasing powers of the industrial and material conditions of the present. The college has a long history, and of which the buildings are separated by about three miles, are in any process of union or of alliance, to maintain the conditions of all gifts and trusts.

An affiliation has already been made for working purposes between the Case School of Applied Science and the Western Reserve University of Cleveland. In making such an affiliation, the technical school and the university in Cleveland are placed far more advantageously than are Harvard and the Institute of Technology. For the buildings of the two Cleveland institutions are grouped side by side upon practically one campus, their governing boards are in part composed of the same persons, they draw their students from the same field, and their students, becoming graduates, return to the same general community.

Advantages consist in the selection of a course of study of five years, of which the first three are spent in the college of liberal learning and the last two in the technical school.

It is superfluous to say that the institution in Cambridge and in Boston, and the institutions in Cleveland, in any affiliation, are to observe both the letter and the spirit of every trust.

A second condition involved in any union of institutions is that the historic life of each is to be perpetuated so far as possible. Life is life. The life of an institution is hardly to be taken from it. The life of a person. The college calls out life, loyalty, realism. It is historic; it has relations; it has hopes; it is progressive; it looks to the future. This individuality of life is to be respected.

And, further, because an institution has an historic life, the life belongs to the future quite as much as to the past. History is making every day. Every day's addition to history makes more deeply the first days of history. Preservation should never mean in preservation. The dead past should not raise the stillbirth of the future. Not only do new occasions teach new duties, but new duties create new occasions.

As the spirit for the amalgamation of many institutions is strong, so also are the forms of amalgamation diverse. The method is many many forms. The form relates to the union or affiliation of the colleges of a State in or about the State university. This affiliation might have special relation to the different denominational colleges of a State. It might represent the establishment of professorships by different churches in a State university. As long ago as 1822 Thomas Jefferson, in connection with the proposed foundation of the University of Virginia, in favor of the expediency of encouraging the different religious sects to establish each for itself a professorship of their own tenets, on the grounds of the university, and to give to the students the best of both worlds there, and have the free use of our libraries and every other recommendation we can give them: preserving, however, their independence of one another and of each other.

For almost one hundred years such affiliations have been either urged or have actually occurred. At the present time the Disciples of Christ are locating Bible colleges at State universities. The Church has colleges at halls at no less than seven State universities. Among them are Michigan, Kansas, Wisconsin, California, Oregon, Virginia, and Georgia. In Canada such affiliations have been more common, and more successful than in the United States. As a part of the universities of Toronto and Montreal, buildings have been built by several churches and have been endowed.

It is probable that the University of Toronto represents, and that the application of the trust principle. Four institutions are federated with this university: Victoria University (Methodist), Knox College (Presbyterian), Wyllie College (Protestant Episcopal), and St. Michael's College (Catholic). Through this method of denominational college comes into close association with the national university, a certain amount of the teaching of general subjects is given by the university. Certain specific courses are offered by the individual college. Students of all colleges meet on a common level, and yet the students of any college are brought into the same contact with the same instruction with each other. The University of Toronto, through this process of federation or of affiliation, is in essence repeating what Oxford and Cam-

bridge stand for a certain independence of each individual college, and also a comprehensiveness of life and of relationship which makes for largest things. It is not without meaning that Mansfield College, of the Congregationalists, and Manchester College, of the Unitarians, are established at Oxford.

The amalgamation of certain institutions in the city of New York has at times been debated. For the present the debate has received a negative decision. I have in mind in particular the union of Columbia University and of New York University. Many reasons exist for their separation. These reasons are, in the opinion of the trustees of these two institutions, stronger. But it cannot be doubted that in the future, whether a remote or a near future, no one knows, the same question of union will again emerge. In such a proposed amalgamation it might be considered whether the College of the City of New York, the new buildings of which stand in a sense midway between the buildings of New York University and of Columbia, should not be included. Such proposed unions I present merely as suggestions, for I am not unaware how serious and numerous are the objections for the formation of any such federation.

There is, however, one peculiar and strong argument against the application of the trust principle to the institution of the higher learning. This argument rests upon the worth of the local influence of the individual college. For the worth of this influence is great. Wherever there is a college, at least moderately good, there is found a point of intellectual light, a center of ethical force which attracts and holds a local constituency. There are hundreds of men in every State, useful citizens, efficient, devoted to the highest interests, who would never have gone, who perhaps would never have thought of going to college, if not for this local influence from their home. Within an hour of last Friday I met in New York two gentlemen, one a graduate of Hamilton, and one a graduate of Rochester, efficient and useful, who could probably never have had an education had there not been a college at their very door. The four Scotch universities of St. Andrews, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Edinburgh, are within a few hours' ride of each other. But there are men, graduates of Aberdeen or of St. Andrews, who could never have found their way to Glasgow or Edinburgh for an education. There are men, men in Glasgow, who could not have afforded a separate maintenance at Edinburgh during their undergraduate days, and there are men able and

eminent in Edinburgh, who also were so poor as boys that they could not, in their turn, have afforded a separate maintenance in Glasgow.

The value of this principle of the local influence of an institution of the higher learning is rather to be depreciated nor over-appreciated. It is to be assessed at its just value. It certainly has some value. Its value is to be related properly to the value of the other great principle of educational efficiency arising from the application of the method of the trust.

Perhaps no better field for the application of this double principle of efficient efficiency and of local influence could be found than in the making of the suggestion (which many men would consider utterly irrational) of the union of two such colleges as Williams and Amherst. In point of age about twenty-five years divides the two; in point of distance not many miles. They are both colleges. They are both country colleges. Their standards of scholarship are alike; their scholastic equipment is similar; their undergraduate life is filled with the same forces and directed to identical aims. The number of their undergraduates of five hundred each is not unequal. They appeal practically to the same constituency, laymen and ecclesiastical. Why should not these colleges be one? Each undergraduate, I know, would cry out against such a union. The historic past would be broken. The Haystack Monument would seem to be desecrated. The stars would refuse to keep their appointment with Professor Todd's observatory. But aside from such historic relations, the future would seem to demand that two such colleges should, in some form, be made one in work, if not one in place or in name. These colleges have a future as well as a past, rich and rare. The efficiency of their service in the future might be vastly increased by a certain union. The professors in each institution are overpaid. Some of them are over-worked. One president and one board of trustees can administer for one thousand students as well as for five hundred. A union might allow a division of labor of such kind which would vastly promote the excellence of work. The large human interest constitutes an argument for forgetting the value of academic tradition and for legislating for the future centuries. Yet one should not and cannot eliminate the worth of the immediately local influence of each college. Although the frequent and fast railroad-car has narrowed the opportunity of this influence, it has not by any means abolished it.

Recollections of Monticelli, the Painter

By Robert Peet Skinner

UPON the back of a large canvas, now belonging to the collection of Senator Clark of Montana, and representing the Knight of the Surrealist Figure arriving at the wedding-feast of Lamuchio the Rich, is pasted this paragraph, cut from the very respectable *Journal des Débats*, printed at Marseilles on the 29th of June, 1860:

One of the personalities the most curious and at the same time the most sympathetic of our city has disappeared. Who failed to know this personage of the velvet jacket and hoop iron gray beard, that one saw daily at the sun's decline descending the Allées de Métilles, passing with grace and measured step the Rue Nationale and Vauvrière, with a picture under his arm? From his meditative silence, from his air of one detached from exterior languishing, from his attitude of French costume, one might willingly have taken him for an ascetic.

This was a painter. After all, one should have been able, in spite of his qualities, to see in him a survivor of those artists whose history has been for a century of frill—some from destruction of a Fra Bartolomeo or of a Fra Angelico, lost in one epoch of extinction.

The painter was Adolphe Monticelli, the greatest colored of our time, some of whose work has recently been shown in New York at the comparative exhibit of American and foreign art.

The man died in a small room at No. 12 rue Senac. His furniture consisted of a bed, an easel, and two chairs. The gay Provencal sunshine, which once loved more ardently or pointed more truly than he, found screen through a single window. The moonlight could not paralyze the painter's indistinct desire to paint. When found, the palette had dropped,

the arm had fallen inert, but the fingers still clutched the pencil, and splashes of color were upon sheet and counterpane. The man was dead; the artist had died five years before.

He sleeps neglected in an unmarked grave. His native city pays him no honor, its "musée" leaving at best one example of his art, a penny nothing such as he sold for ten francs or a good meal in the days of his decadence. Marseilles, the home of Pierre Puget, of Pierre de Cusances, of Lottin, and of Bizard, has permitted the collection of Monticelli's works made by one of his townsmen to be dispersed. The Louvre took him out at all. But though the prophet is without honor in his own country, the genius has come into its own.

We have nothing to regret in consequence of this local indifference. Since we have permitted the best of his works to be acquired by discerning American collectors, but to the world at large the tardy recognition of the divine spark has resulted in loss. The several thousand Monticellis have escaped the great public repositories of art, and for the most part they are scattered among many private galleries. Monticelli's work appears to have been understood by appreciative and enthusiastic individuals for a good many years before his name had obtained a fixed place, but not to the extent of seriously affecting their market value. Until ten years ago it was still possible to find about Marseilles pictures painted in his best manner for a few thousand francs. It is this comparatively low range of values which enabled



Adolphe Monticelli, from a Painting by Himself

M. Edmond André to undertake his labor of love in assembling many of his townsman's masterpieces, probably in the hope that they would eventually enrich the Musée de Versailles or perhaps the Louvre.

What was the secret of Monticelli, who, slavishly worshipped by a few, was ignored by the crowd, and who, indifferent to friend and foe alike, led on his color, saying simply: "I paint for thirty years from now"? It is a secret that defies words, photographic reproduction, and the sapper's art. Some say that he painted with his thumb; others that he put on the pigment with his palette knife; still others that the stem of his clay pipe or his thumb nail distributed those luminous masses. French Magliane declares that he only used a brush. André Guiraud, the commentator of the Provençal masters, wrote of him:

To realize a dream of art, to show, to render tangible an hallucination, is this not genius? Time itself bestows the needs of our language to translate the sentiments which this painting awakes. It would be necessary, after finding more expressive terms, more suggestive adjectives, and more imaginative comparisons, to invent a writing composed of differently colored lines, of monochrome, of glowing green, and of shifting tints, to render the psychological beauty of Monticelli's palette, his natural power, and the happy synthesis of his distinctive and excess of color.

Monticelli's parents were extremely disappointed that he did not succeed his father in the homogenous occupation of public weights. The family were of remote Italian origin, said to have descended from the Duke of Spadina. Monticelli was all Provençal—gay, generous, affectionate, and exquisite. He was born October 14, 1824, and showed as young an aptitude for designing as he did dislike for his father's calling. Despite the moral opposition of his parents, he was permitted to attend the *Marselles Ecole des Beaux-Arts*, where he labored diligently, earning whatever of impetuosity there might have been in his temperament. His direction was the eminent painter Léon Leclerc, and he graduated in 1840 with a first prize. This was his only official distinction. He participated in no struggle for the honors of his profession. He needed for the joy of painting, for a generation it was said. He had something of a vision which approached artifice in regard to public recognition. To Magliane, his colleague at *Marselles*, he said:

"I allow myself the luxury of living down my needs: a rich yellow and a velvet black give me my supreme joy."

The old Magliane asked him why he never exhibited at the Salon. He professed ignorance.

"Salon? what salon?"

"Oh, your son, Adolphe, don't pretend not to know that every year at Paris all the artists of the world are invited to this great artists' feast."

"The Salon. So they exhibit pictures, real pictures, then? How dead! I have seen cattle fairs! I have seen the fat cattle exhibited at the la, la!"

And with this enigmatic reply, the great head shook, modestly. Monticelli went twice to Paris. His first journey was made soon after the student days, and his enthusiastic sea-sickness nature was stirred before the pictures of Watteau, Rembrandt, Titian, Correggio, Veronese, and Delacroix. His "quest" tendency asserted itself early. Before Rembrandt, who moved him profoundly, he dwelt with Middle-Age superlatives. He sketches in a portrait of Rembrandt—it is in M. André's possession—but gets as further. He says theatrically: "Only Rembrandt can paint from Rembrandt."

Though affected less deeply by Watteau than by some others in most respects, the former avowed within him the dream of light and love which resulted in his compositions of an elegant society where aristocratic women and ardent lovers revolve in painting a poetic and highly imaginative Decameron. He left Paris, his singular mind in a whirl of excitement and confusion. Again in his beloved Midi, he frequently forgot art in a series of stanzas of ventures in the *l'école*, which separated him from work during whole months. Thus ten years rolled by. During those ten years, Monticelli lived, not always too wisely, and the great personality, unaffected by the presence of the work of the masters which he had seen in Paris, slowly awakened.

During these ten years the artist painted after his "private manner." Its value is usually retrospective. There are pairs comparable to Rembrandt, others requiring only Watteau's signature, portraits which Biscia might have done, flesh tints from Titian, and skies and atmospheres from Claude. The grade of the work is smooth and fine. Madame Chave of *Marselles* possesses in her "Paradise" a good example of this *première manière* in which the personality begins to show itself. In the space of a small panel, miniature faces of angels appear, and as one looks and looks again, still other faces appear and continue to appear, until the whole panel is alive with tiny figures. There is an suggestion of the incrustations which shall hereafter mark the work of Monticelli.

It is impossible to fix with definiteness the periods of his career. They naturally merged into each other. The "early manner," or second epoch, when he became undoubtedly great, is usually fixed between 1840 to 1876. He has now returned to Paris, and becomes the intimate of Truven, Corot, and Diaz. He is accused of plagiarizing Diaz, but to his admirers this is as though we should accuse Shakespeare of plagiarizing Pope. Monticelli's production became enormous, and his financial carelessness phenomenal. His pictures were more often than not unsigned.

He passed a shop one day and recognized something of his own which he had painted with for forty francs. The owner demanded four hundred. "It seems very dear," said Monticelli. "I have known artists to receive forty francs for pictures quite as good."

"Find me your artist who can paint as good," said the dealer. I have been looking for months for the man who made this

(Continued on page 1963)



Le Parc de Rosat-Coud—Fête Sous Bois—from the Painting by Adolphe Monticelli
From the Collection of Mr. E. & F. Frost

The Adventures of a Naturalist

By John E. Lager

A SHORT time ago I received one thousand orchids from the Philippines. Not one of them lived. The consignment represented the year's work of an experienced collector, assisted by more than one hundred natives; the expenses of the expedition were considerable, and the dangers encountered and the difficulties overcome in getting the plants to the sea-coast for shipment to this country sufficient to apal any man. In this connection I often think, now that my work as a collector is over, that had I known at the start of an expedition just what my experience would be, I should have abandoned the attempt in despair of coming through alive.

The Republic of Colombia, South America, is the richest orchid-land on this continent. On one of my expeditions I landed at Savanilla on the Colombian coast. I was well armed, had a supply of the lightest clothing, an abundance of quinine in overcoat fever in malarious districts, and also had, packed away in my boxes, a number of American-made hammocks, and a quantity of good stout rails. From Savanilla I went to the Magdalena River, a short trip of twenty miles or so. The mouth of the river is on a tributary to the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of 600 miles. The trip is made in an old-fashioned stern-wheel steamer, which bears a strong resemblance to the boats seen on the Mississippi. From the mouth of the river to Honda is a ten days' voyage on this steamer.

The best time to make a trip on the Magdalena—or, in truth, on any Central or South American stream—is during the rainy season, when you are assured of a plentiful supply of water. To me a most peculiar feature of the country was and is the old way in which the streams are divided. If I am not mistaken, it is the only region in South America where the rainy and dry spells alternate every three months.

Arriving at Honda, the head of the Magdalena navigation, I outfit with mules for the baggage and supplies, and horses for myself and the head men. We followed the bank of the river for 200 miles to a place called Neiva, and were then 300 miles from the coast. It was Sunday, or more day, when we rode into the little town. The streets were filled with crowds of country folk, Indians and natives, who combined business with religion, and after going to mass, went to the market-place to hatter their produce. I went straight to the market and had every native I met that I wanted orchid-buyers. I even had 200, some of them full-blooded Indians, who agreed to search for and bring in plants for so much per plant. The initial cost of the orchid—that is, the

price paid a native for one plant—is trifling, ranging from ten cents to twenty-five cents; but that represents only a small part of its actual cost to the collector.

Having obtained my natives, it was necessary to teach them just what I wanted done. They were shown orchids in their natural state, and instructed how to take them from the trees, how to preserve them, and how to pack them. This, with other preliminaries, consumed some three weeks. We then moved up country, back of a branch of the head-waters of the Magdalena, and established a camp. I sent my men out in small parties, never permitting a man to go alone.

Because of the dangers of the forests, I myself made frequent trips of exploration, with one or two natives, into what I believed to be new territory, and marked the more productive places, going in later to collect the plants.

When a hunter finds an orchid there are three ways of getting it: he may cut down the tree to which it clings; he may lasso the branch or limb on which it hangs and draw it to him; or he may cut a sapling, lean it against the tree, and climb up and bring down the plant.

The orchid is not a parasite, strictly speaking, but is an air-plant. It is found on soft-wood trees, clinging by its roots in the bark, somewhat after the habit of the ivy. To detach it from the tree a machete is slipped between the roots of the orchid and the bark of the tree, and the plant is gradually worked loose. The plan generally adopted by the men in my party was to cut down the tree.

We did this as a precaution against snakes and scorpions, which abound in that country, and which are as likely to be found in trees as anywhere else. If a man climbs a tree for an orchid and is suddenly confronted by the head of an angry snake in the dense foliage, his chances of escape are very small indeed. Many of the little snakes of the tropics are as poisonous as our own deadly rattler. I had two men bitten in the foot on that expedition. Both died. One lingered for four hours in the greatest agony. Such fear have the natives of the bite of one variety of snake found in Colombia that they regard amputation, when possible, as the only means of saving life. While I was in the country an Indian was bitten in the hand by a snake. His companion immediately drew his machete and chopped it off at the wrist.

We had been out a few weeks and were doing fairly well with our collections, when one day two Indians came into camp with their finds. From one of them I got what appeared to be a splendid specimen. It was almost a bad negro and well preserved. I held it in my left hand, admiring it, when my eyes were attracted to a bright spot in the centre of the plant. For what



Indians bringing in Bags of Orchids for Sale



Raft with Cacao of Plants on the Magdalena River, Colombia



Water-carriers in a Colombian Boat Town

seemed a long time I stood there gazing on that bright spot before it resolved itself into the head of a poisonous snake. I dropped the plant and ran. The reptile was shaken out on the hard dirt floor of the tent and darted to and fro, while my men leaped outside, where one of them put a forked stick, another a large bottle, and the two went back into the tent. The man with the stick deftly drove the snake into a corner and pinned it down with the fork of the stick directly behind its head. The other Indian then came forward and held the mouth of the bottle at the snake's head; pressure on the stick was gradually released, and the reptile crawled into the bottle.

Travelers and natives are in danger of snake-bites even when about on the streams. It not infrequently happens that snakes drop from the branches of trees on the occupants of canoes and—well, a poisonous reptile is not a pleasant companion at any time, much less in the cramped quarters of a native canoe.

A short time after the snake incident mentioned above I was awakened by the screams of a man who slept beside me in my tent. We struck a light and found the poor fellow had been bitten by a scorpion. He was a large, strong man, so he recovered. A peculiarity of the effects of the bite of a scorpion is that the tongue of the victim swells until he chokes.

Later in the season I found a new district—that is, new to orchid collectors—up in the mountains, or, rather, at the base of the mountains, in the foot hills. I explored it for a distance of 150 miles, then established a camp and sent out my men. We were unusually successful, collecting some 250 new plants which would make good crops for shipment. The orchids were magnificent specimens, making it all in all a fine collection as I have ever seen in a forest camp. Then my troubles began. I had no canyons with me, and of I had had it would have taken from six months to a year to cut and lash out timber for just once. I hadn't even strong bags, such as are usually used by the natives. These bags are called *masallas* and are worn after the fashion of a fishing-net, with a line string at the ends. There were the plants stacked up in the tents with absolutely no means at hand for packing them. I finally concluded to go back to the Magdalena River, a three days' journey on foot, and get a supply of cloth bags. I cut the bags into two sections, packed the plants between, and sewed up the ends. I took another trip down the river to Nuvia, and started negotiations for changueros, or native carriers, to carry the load to Nuvia thence to Honda. These changueros are large boats with that bad body, and are manned by thirty men each, who stand on the foot and pole along the banks of the stream.

Returning to camp, I loaded up my men and the canned plants, tents, baggage, and all to the upper river banks near a point where a small branch stream joins the main body of water. We pitched tents and packed our plants securely inside with the exception of fifty packages, which were stacked in the open.

Every day for a week I looked in vain for these changueros. In the mean time the river kept rising at a rapid rate. The evening I went out to take a last look at the river before turning in for the night, the water was then about a foot from the top of the bank. I didn't like the prospect, but there was nothing to be done, so I went to bed. In the middle of the night I was awakened by my boy.

"Patron, patron!" he called. "El agua está en el pólo."

I had retired with all my effects on and tying up fully dressed. The river had evidently overflowed its banks, as had also the tributaries on which we were camped. It was pitch dark, the candles having put out our fires. The night was calm, the water, the cries of the natives warning about the camp, and all in an intense darkness, was enough to try the nerves of the boldest.

Finally we made a fire, and by the light of the burning logs saw that twenty-five of the fifty packages which had been left out-of-doors had floated away, and that the water was rapidly nearing the tents. The overflow from the branch stream had made a half-circle in our rear, and flowing into the river below us, left us stranded on an island, which every minute threatened to be submerged, for the "high ground" to which we had retired was in reality but a few feet out of water. The flood continued to rise. We were preparing to climb trees to insure our safety, when the water began to subside.

Three days later I got sight of the changueros down stream, and high and dry between a rock and a clump of trees. Fortunately the boats had not been injured. We worked all night by torch-light and got the big canoes down. After that we had comparatively easy time getting our plants to Nuvia, thence to Honda and the seaport.

Later I took a trip to the Cordillera Central country. I had seven men with me and two burros to carry the baggage. It was simply an expedition of exploration. We established headquarters at the foot of the snowy peak El Tolima, in Colombia, going out from there on foot into the surrounding country. One morning the entire party started up the mountain-side. It was hard work, and after stumbling along for half a day, we sat down to rest, deciding to make a day's trip of what originally was intended merely as a few hours' tramp. Time slipped by. Almost before we realized the day was near an end, and it began to get dark. Night comes very quickly in the tropics. We had made no provision for spending a night away from camp, and it became necessary to hurry back. Casting about for a less tortuous route than the one we had come, I spied a cañon a little distance to one side and almost parallel with a direct line to our line of supplies.

I thought the floor of the cañon might be easier walking than the mountain-side, and resolved to investigate it. The other members of the party had sworn to dismount me, but I was indubitably adequate and persisted in my intentions. Looking over the edge of the big gully in the imperfect light, I made out a big stone projecting from the side on which I was, and about twenty feet below me. I sat down and slid to the stone, thinking that was I was; there I could easily discern the nature of the ground farther down. I struck the stone with sufficient force to dislodge it, and so rolled together, the stone and I, to the bottom of the cañon, a distance of some sixty feet. It was an uncomfortable ride or roll while it lasted, but aside from a few bruises of no great consequence, did me no injury.

The most beautiful region the orchid collector meets in his travels is along the Orinoco, the Rio Negro, and the Amazon in South America. The scenery at times passes beyond the beautiful, and becomes so grand as to be almost terrible. Everything is on such a great scale. The rivers are the largest in the world, variable as at high water, the vegetation luxuriant beyond comparison and the animal and fish life startlingly strange. Two we find the *Atelapha schweideri*, a magnificent orchid with white flowers which blooms about Easter time. But the dangers and vexations of a trip on the Orinoco, for instance, would hardly be believed. Mules and mules back from the coast in the district where the orchids are found the Indians are in the wild state and are fast to all white men. They lurk in the bushes along the banks of the river, and shoot poisoned arrows at you if you happen to venture within range of their blow-guns. The centre of the stream is the only safe place. During the rainy season the mosquitoes swarm on the Orinoco in clouds, and sleep is well to be impossible. Even the grass, when you venture ashore, is your enemy.



A Group of Full-blooded Indians in Colombia



Rebel Troops in Colombia

Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

TEN years ago a young man was struggling for a foothold as a writer of advertisements for a large dry-goods house in Indianapolis. His prose shapodities were not alluring, and the management had about made up its mind to discontinue his services. The last straw that broke the manager's patience was a rhymed parody on Riley's "The South Wind and the Sun," which was turned to the glorification of an array of stylish straw hats in one of the front windows of the store. "Who wrote that stuff?" demanded the proprietor as the manager sought his approval of the morning's advertising poems.

"Er—Nesbit?" began the manager, deprecatingly. "I told him I didn't think it would do—I was afraid he would have to—"

"Tell him to go ahead and write some more of the same kind," broke in the proprietor. "That stuff's all right."

A few years later this same young man was revisiting his native town in Ohio, and incidentally called on the local liveyman to pass the time of day. When he had given a friend of the liveyman's, who had observed the greeting, stepped forward and asked: "Who was that fellow you spoke to just now?"

"That—why, that's Bill Nesbit, a young fellow who used to live here," was the reply. "He lives East some where now."

"What does he do?"

"He writes poetry for a newspaper."

"The deuce he does! Say, is that a fact?"

"Sure! And they pay him for it."

"Well, well," exclaimed the bewildered native with a sigh. "don't it beat all what some people will do for a live!"

It was true. The young man was no other than Mr. William D. Nesbit, whose recently published book of verse, *The Trail to England*, is fast carrying his name behind the borders of the Middle West, where it has already become a household word. That rhyming emendment of Riley's poem for which the straw hat was responsible, was Mr. Nesbit's first public effort at humorous verse, and out of a florid dry-goods house came forth this poet of the people. Only a poet could do justice to the event; only Mr. Nesbit himself could truly celebrate it! It was but an incident—a trifling incident some might say, not worth recalling; and so laugh over it—some more heartily than the poet himself. But smaller things have made a man turn the corner of a career, and I can conceive of Mr. Nesbit's everlasting gratitude to Riley and the straw hat. For his funny rhymes immediately caught the eye of the Indianapolis editors. From 1892 to 1898 he was on the staff of the *Journal* of that city, then he joined the *Baltimore Evening Sun*, where his wit and humor ripened and gained individuality, over the pseudonym of "Josh Wink." From Baltimore he went to Chicago, where he has distinguished himself in the columns of the *Chicago Tribune* by his daily poems under the heading "A Line or Two." During the past year Mr. Nesbit's work, in prose as well as in verse, has been appearing more and more frequently in the periodicals and magazines throughout the country, and with the publication of *The Trail to England* he has become a full-fledged author, and from the perceptive interest of a community has passed to the stage of universal suffrage. That his book has evoked immediate and widespread interest was to be expected. It remains to say just on what grounds this expectation was based.

As soon as a writer begins to win distinction and to demand notice, there is a tendency on the part of readers and reviewers to link his name with some other distinguished author, and to liken his work to other work in the same field. Thus we find in certain quarters that Mr. Nesbit is talked and written of as a successor to Riley, and in others as of kin to Eugene Field. The

fact is that Mr. Nesbit makes the same wide, warm appeal to health and humor, and that his work contains the same elemental qualities that characterize the verse of these poets of the people. That he has a distinctive individuality, a note which is unmistakably his own. His verse has the direct, authentic charm of spontaneous utterance. The secret of his power lies in the sincerity and simplicity of his thought and language. It runs into all the delicious turns of the common life; nothing is too commonplace for his pen. Whatever his theme, he touches the human chord and makes it vibrate with music. He has deep feeling; he has strong conviction; he has faith in goodness; he has ideals; he has a wide sympathy and tenderness, and he has an original humor which is his saving gift. His humor is personal, tender and broad in all his writing. There is always a deep underlying seriousness in the graver humorist, and *The Trail to England* leaves us in no manner of doubt as to Mr. Nesbit's moral earnestness. Side by side with "The Old Well," "Dickory Nottin," "Johnny's P.A.," "Sh-h-h!" "Borrowin' the Baby," and like verses of delicious humor, there are grave, earnest, profound utterances on such themes as "The Log of Life," "To the Hills," "The God of the Unafraid," "The Clutch of Chance," "The Lesson of Tired," and "Unfinished Lessons." Mr. Nesbit has not come in his present book on the sound of the people without serious thought and purpose. It is his opinion that the taste for newspaper verse has undergone a change during the last decade. Instead of the noisy jingle and horse-play of irreverent parody that once filled the columns—in lighter verse—it is remarkably in evidence that the public now leans to a preference for the more serious rhymes.

And so Mr. Nesbit has been gradually weaned away from the natural desire of the funny man to write things that will make people laugh to a more laudable exercise of his humor, which makes people think and feel as well as laugh. That is the modest and finest use of humor—a use which does not affect the spontaneity of its art, but which invites the best in a man's mind to contribute to its most effective utterance.

In Mr. Nesbit's "Late Christmas Afternoon," which appeared in the last number of the *WEEKLY*, the poet made his lines glow with the warmth and cheer of the season. Here I should like to give some verses from "Her Christmas Prayer," a poem in a more poignant but no less human key.

My Mother, be good to him;
Be kind to him that day
'Twill be the only Christmas time
That he has been near.

I promised him a world of toys
If he would only stay
Sure, heaven's full of little boys
That you would know the smile of him
Among a thousand
His smile will make all else seem dim
When you call him "Auntie."

I promised him a splendid tree,
With candles all aglow,
At Mary Mother, you recall me
'Twas me that loved him so.
And surely, surely, you will see
My love on every tree
His eyes are lingering for me
As my eyes are for him.

My Mother, be good to him;
Be kind to him that day
'Twill be the only Christmas time
That he has been near.



William D. Nesbit
Author of "The Trail to England"



Miss Ethel Barrymore in a Scene from "Sunday" at the Hudson

*Miss Barrymore's role in "Sunday," as by Thomas Han-
wood. It is the story of an American girl who has been treated
in the Far West with "our much abused" per gullibility and
quandaries. She goes to London and there falls in love with a
young Englishman, but numerous misunderstandings arise to
keep the lovers apart. Then "Sunday" returns to her old
home in America. The English lover soon follows, and they
are finally happily married.*



"The Sho-Gun," a Comic Opera, by George Ade, at Wallack's

*George Ade's latest contribution to comic opera, "The Sho-
Gun," which is now being presented at Wallack's, deals with
the adventures of an American promoter on the imaginary is-
land of Ke-Choo. The promoter, who is looking a head of
chewing gum, arrives on the island during the temporary ab-*

*sence of its ruler, the "Kio-Gun," and immediately proceeds
to reorganize the government on the American plan. His ef-
forts produce some amusing situations and complications, but
with typical American ingenuity he manages to overcome all
the difficulties, and in the end establishes himself as "Kio-Gun."*

AT THE NEW YORK THEATRES



**LILLIAN RUSSELL, WHO WILL APPEAR AS "LADY TEAZLE"
AT THE CASINO, DECEMBER 26**

Lillian Russell will appear on December 26 in the title role of "Lady Teazle," a new comic opera based upon Sheridan's "School for Scandal." The book and lyrics are by John Kendrick Bangs and Rudrick C. Penfield, and the music by A. Baldacchi Monac.

Correspondence

THE "GOD OF BATTLES" AGAIN

PORTLAND, OREGON, December 4, 1894.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—So many valiantly proved that there is no God of Battles. That in the away there is an army of a war god. Well, well. This is sad, and so that it provokes inquiry. All the nations on earth in the greatest of their earthly affairs calling police! police! and there is no police.

The universe is a very great human concern sunning scoundrels and no inventions of any avail.

Can this be possible, or is there a chance of a flaw in the argument, a hickling element in the away? Can the golden truth have dropped out somewhere?

God, like a good politician, stands by his friends, and his friends are those "who keep his commandments." One of the commandments in war is to have at the point of contact three battalions to your enemy's two, to have guns that shoot a little further, and men trained to use them. Obedience to this command has usually always produced immediate results. The prayer of wise soldiers being answered so frequently suggests an answering deity, but even unrepentance does not preclude divine aid. England, America, and Russia are inseparably religious nations continually invoking divine guidance, and in a standing way professing to be guided, and these nations are especial favorites of the God of Battles: he almost always sends them up against the little peoples that have much land; their language is awful, but does not discourage him; an irrepressible triple of encouraging argument must go circling about the throne when any one of those three nations puts on its war harness and attempts war; the blundering is an exquisitely idiotic; the swimming in the bloody current of war that they make is so like that of clumsy children; nevertheless, they arrive and have much power and glory.

Another great prayer of a nation is the cry of its need, and here Russia is strong. Think of a nation of one hundred and fifty millions, shut in from the open sea, denied the use of God's free waters, doomed to semibarbarism in a closed interior. Think of United States spelled in capitals, with our Atlantic coast held by France, Germany, and Spain; our Pacific coast by China and Japan; our Gulf coast by Turkey, Austria, and Italy; our only outlet say at Honolulu Bay, and imagine United States powerless.

A people an ill-starred nation pray, most pray to live in oil, and being so situated, like the victims of the Black Hole in Calcutta, are justified in cutting their way out through contiguous property without much regard to its technical ownership; or, the great United States, did it in our time.

Give the God of Battles time to manifest himself. There is a suggestion somewhere that in his sight a thousand years are as one day.

If Russia fails, if the plucky little Jap and the unshakeable Turk and their allies are successful in hurring Russia from the thousand miles of temperate coast-line that is Russia's due, if hundreds of millions of white people remain in semibarbarism doomed to perpetual social and political misrule, if war want of open doors and windows, then there will be reason to suspect that there really is no God of Battles. Until that time the Russian is justified in hurrying on his god by Russia and prayers how long, oh Lord, how long!

Yours truly,
AMSTERDAM CREAMER.

THE PASSING OF MISSOURI'S SENIOR SENATOR

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, November 28, 1894.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—If anything were needed to demoralize in the thoughtful mind the truth that the penalties of politics are greater than the rewards, that factor is probably supplied by the approaching retirement of General Francis Pickens Cockrell, whom Champ Clark has been pleased to call in affectionate admiration, "our senior and perpetual Senator." The prophetic portion of the Big Congressional characterisation has been fully swept by the unexpected election of a Republican Legislature in Missouri, which will elect from its own party a successor to the seared veteran of a hundred bloody conflicts.

The defeat of the most popular man in Missouri was unexpected. Scarcely one of the political leaders in Missouri gave the question serious thought. It has been thirty years since General Cockrell was first elected to the Senate from Missouri, and in that time no man has let his ambition run away with his judgment to the extent of causing him to announce his candidacy against the sitting member. Twenty-four years of that time Cockrell's colleague was George Thurman Vail, and during all of those years Missouri's primacy on the floor of the Senate was secure questionless.

Senator Cockrell's retirement comes about by reason of a combination of circumstances difficult to overcome. For a number of years about two-thirds of the legislative districts in Missouri have been so close that less than one hundred plurality could be secured by whichever party was the stronger in the district. This year the Democratic party managers had to confront an upsurge in the rural districts which was deadly and hardly curable. As a result nearly all of these districts went Republican. It was the direct consequence of the Parker telegram to the St. Louis convention. The people of Missouri were in very close touch with that convention; their daily metropolitan papers, published in the convention city, were very replete with accounts of the proceedings. In addition, every community through the State had its visitors at the convention. The overwhelming ma-

jority of the Missouri Democrats were and are followers of the brilliant Nebraska; they watched his fight in the Committee on Resolutions with bated breath. They realized that he had almost sacrificed his life in the long ordeal that finally resulted in the defeat of Hill's purpose to put a gold plank in the platform. They thought the Western Democrats were entitled to sufficient quarter from the "reorganizers" to be spared the humiliation of having to walk up and vote for the thing which they had so strongly combated. Having fought a good fight and having defeated Hill's purpose to put a gold plank in the platform, they only body empowered to draft a platform, they felt that the Parker telegram was a Hill trick, and a surreptitious method of stealing from them the fruits of their hard-earned victory before the committee.

These Democratic farmers didn't hold indignation meetings and howl to the paled moon. They didn't even say what they were going to do, but with forgetfulness of the legislative candidate, the Congressional members, and almost everything else but that gold plank and Walker's River, they doggedly stayed at home on election day. In some counties, where the local non-natives had provided vehicles to take the infirm, the sick, and the aged to the polls, numerous cases were noted where historic stanch Democrats refused to get out of the hogges and spring wagons to vote, having renewed on the road to the voting place their determination to withhold their ballots.

If all the votes were cast in Missouri, and cast along party lines, the Democratic plurality would be in the neighborhood of fifty thousand. In the electoral college only the head of the State ticket was elected, thus being Mr. F. W. Folk, the young Tennesseean who landed St. Louis hoodlums in the penitentiary and the people came to the conclusion that the man who made the best choice of Attorney General elected to office in the State might do equally well as Governor. However, the general Democratic apathy would have defeated him, along with the remainder of the ticket, had it not been for about twenty thousand Republicans, mostly in St. Louis and Kansas City, who scratched from their tickets the name of their own candidate for Governor to vote for the prospect of hoodlums.

The story of how Mr. Folk secured the nomination of his party after a terrific fight against the organization has been discussed in every publication between the oceans. It resulted in the Folk forces taking charge of the State campaign. Just after the election, Senator William Joel Stone was asked by a representative of a St. Louis paper as to what he thought was the cause of the defeat in his own district. He replied that one of the causes lay in the fact that "the old guard" didn't have charge of the campaign in the State—meaning the organization sometimes discourteously called "the ring." Congressman Vanderlip replied laconically, saying: "The Senator forgets that we suffered a similar defeat in 1892, while Stone was Governor. The State again was on guard, and at that time the Democratic Party did not take a United States Senator in anything for."

The most remarkable incident in connection with Senator Cockrell's retirement occurred when Vice President McKinley called with an eight-column banner hung across the first page, asking on Senator Stone to resign in order that Senator Cockrell might be elected to fill out Stone's unexpired term, and printing in connection with the unique demand signed promises from a number of the members of the Legislature agreeing to join with the minority in electing Cockrell to the vacancy. It is needless to say that most men in politics fail to look seriously on the matter.

I am, sir,

WALLACE BRADSHAW.

WANTS A SEQUEL

KNOXVILLE, TENN., November 22, 1894.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—I have just finished reading the discussion of correspondents of the New York Times Book Review of *The Masquerade*, and the most remarkable thing I saw was the absence of comment on the possibility of an *Excess Androm* sequel. It will be recalled that the announcement of the death of a illustrious man in the month of Loder—old old trick of newscasters who want to subsequently surprise the reader. The possibilities in the situation, therefore, may be by no means exhausted. Calcutta can be revived as I hope for the sake of a still unmet appetite he will be, can be won by Lillians and the other two at the same time, etc., etc. And Lillians, it must be remembered, once loved Loder. Let us hope for Lucy, etc. In short, the story isn't finished. And let us hope that it is—end, and yet that he, soon—will have a better job of it than when "the play actor" returned in Zenda, and then when his L'Esprit re-arranged *Redoubt*. For both of these heroes were much the worse for their season of desecration.

I am, sir,

HERMAN ELLIOTT.

CORRESPONDENCE

NEW YORK, December 4, 1894.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—In all boundless littleness at the feet of the editor of one of the finest papers of our country, I ask you all letters in *HARPER'S WEEKLY* are signed "I am, sir"? Do all the correspondents sign themselves thus, or is it the individual taste of the editor? After reading several hundred of these letters I am, sir, yours truly,
AGABARTON.

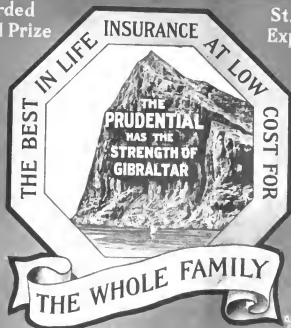
[All don't, but all ought to be.]



THE LATEST ADDITION TO OUR NAVY—LAUNCHING OF THE ARMORED CRUISER "TENNESSEE"
 The new armored cruiser "Tennessee" is being launched today. The ship is 11,500 tons displacement, and similar in construction to the new cruiser "Pensacola." They will, however, be under and faster than the "Pensacolas," and will carry 10-inch instead of 8-inch guns. The speed of the "Tennessee" will be 16.5 knots per hour.

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MISS SOMBRERO

By

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN



Ever since her arrival in Ann Arbor, after a tedious ride of three days from Wyoming, Miss Darrow had been spoken of as "Miss Southerner," owing to the fashion of hat she wore; still, that was no excuse for Baldwin's ill-mannered carelessness.

It could not have been quite so bad if both girls had not within the fortnight announced their candidacy for the presidency of their class. Under these circumstances Miss Raydon interpreted the aloof as a full-fledged jab at her opponent, while Miss Darrow considered it nothing more or less than an unparliamentary affront. The impressions each received were deepened by the fact that Baldwin had openly taken up the cause of Miss Raydon, and was working tooth and nail to secure her election.

"But I'll beat her! I'll beat her yet!" exclaimed Miss Darrow. "And what's more, I'll beat her both, or my name isn't Jim Thorpe."

She went over to the dining, and, sinking among the pillows, flung one arm around her roommate, Madge Lawton, and drew her head down upon her shoulder, as after my mother died—was laughing at the idea. "It has just come to me that I'll have to be elected," she said. "Here to be, to sure myself, at home!"

Madge drew back.

"To sure yourself at home?" she exclaimed. "What in the world do you mean by that?"

For a moment Miss Darrow hesitated, then leaning forward, she said: "If I tell you what I mean, will you promise never to breathe a word of it to anybody?"

"Yes, yes; go on!"

"Well, then, you know I grew up in the heart of the West. Why, Madge, father gave me a little revolver and taught me how to use it when I was six years old! And by the time I was twelve I could ride anything on the Great Divide, from a shorthorn to a bucking bronco."

"Well, one night I heard father and Aunt Sarah talking in the dining-room, and I listened. Father was saying I ought to be sent to college in a year or two, and Aunt Sarah—father's sister who came to live with us after my mother died—was laughing at the idea. She asked him what he thought I'd do in college, and then pictured me at a college dance. She told him I'd be the laughing-stock of the whole school—bored away out there. I never realized till then that what Aunt Sarah thought was right—partly. I was sure tumble than anything else, and, Madge, I wrote a great big note, then and there, that I'd show Aunt Sarah I could go to college, and once there, I'd do something—something great—right off."

"Yes; go on," Madge put in, breathlessly.

"Well, I finished off the exams, and—er—and—er—tact you—and—and, I guess that's all," Miss Darrow flung out her arms and smiled. She rose from the divan. "And, as you see," she added, slowly, "why I want to do something here, achieve something, just to prove to Dad that I can. That's why I'm out for the presidency of the class."

Miss Darrow coiled and took up the trim blue-steeled rifle that leaned against the bookcase. She raised it to her shoulder and sighted along the barrel. Then she lowered the mechanism at the lock carelessly.

"Dad wanted me to bring it," she said. "You know I used to be a dead-shot." She brand the weapon back against the shivers, and, reaching up, took down from the corner of a picture-frame a beaded necklace of efford buckskin. She set the picture back upon the mass of her black hair and turned, smiling.

In the dim Madge caught her two hands and made a way face.

"What did you wear that thing for?" she asked.

"Miss Darrow held the hat down at arm's-length in front of her. She pulled the crown in and out. She ran her finger around the beaded design.

"Dad asked me to, she said. 'That's why.'"

II

Mr. Jack Baldwin had been awake for some time. He stood at the alarm-clock on the mantel. The hands registered twenty minutes past six.

Presently there came a knock upon his door, followed by: "Mr. Baldwin?" Mr. Baldwin? He recognized the matron's voice.

"Yes," he responded, drowsily.

"It's a quarter past eight, Mr. Baldwin, and—"

"Lord! Thanks! Pour coffee! Right out!" And Mr. Jack Baldwin leaped from bed with more agility than he had ever shown in crossing the goal-line or making a touch-down.

He baited his coffee and ran from the house. At the southeast corner of the campus he slackened his speed. As he passed under the corner of the laboratory he brought up at a dead stop and stared. A great throng of howling, jerring, screeching students crowded and pushed on either at the base of the college flag-staff from the left's tip of which floated an immense white flag, with these symbols marked upon it in black: "L.H. '08."

Baldwin rushed headlong into the crowd. "Who did that?" he cried. No one paid the slightest attention to him. He gazed still, and at that instant, as though jerking him from its dream-point of vantage, the great banner spread itself upon the breeze and the letters stood out vividly. The crowd screamed its delight.

"Who did that?" cried Baldwin a second time.

A little freshman at his elbow offered the information that a posse of seniors had raised the flag in the dead of night, then cut the lanyards so some way to prevent its being hoisted down. The ends of the ropes dangled a hundred feet above the heads of the mob.

It was quite as well the president called upon Brady, instead of upon Baldwin to clear a certain point made that morning in one of the president's courses. The latter's mind, at the moment, was not fixed upon a consideration of doctrines and tenets, but rather upon a means whereby the senior flag might be hoisted down with the greatest dispatch to the class it represented. The notion was half over when the face of Mr. Jack Baldwin faded. At the clatter of the going he was out of his seat like a shot. At the library entrance he came upon Evans and Gilfill, juniors.

"Have you fellows seen the flag?" he asked.

"Yes, had not," Baldwin roughly outlined the state of affairs and guided them to a point of observation.

How the devil do you know they cut those ropes off of them?" Gilfill asked, wonderingly.

"Probably fopped 'em till they got 'em off the pulley, who, eluded 'em in the tackle, then jerked till they broke. See, they're only clothes-line," Baldwin pointed.

"Well, it's got to be some done," Evans offered, "but a fellow can't climb that pole."

"I should say not," Baldwin exclaimed. "That's just it. It can't be done that way. But I've figured it all out. Boys, as you get it down, we'll bring it, right here it is."

"It sounds all right," Evans said, simply, while Gilfill shook his head. "But you can't do it, Baldy, you can't do it."

Baldwin's ardent was not extinguished by this frank disagreement of his plan. He viewed the idea was a good one—could set his feet, at last, said if Evans and Gilfill wouldn't go into it with him, he'd set about carrying it out alone.

"You'll see," Baldwin shouted, shirking the sock at the staff, he crossed the street. On Washington Avenue he sought out the downtown.

There were certain parades to be made—certain articles of the greatest importance, if his plan were to be tried. He found them, instructed the clerk to wrap them in heavy paper and to tie them with stout cord. Coming back he met Miss Raydon. A spinster, stepping near them heard Miss Raydon say: "But, Mr. Baldwin, you mustn't forget the election comes on Monday." Baldwin's reply, made with great gusto: "I know that, Miss Raydon, but to-day is only Friday. That gives three days more to work. And you'd win if the election were to take place to-morrow!"

III

All morning the warning had sounded from above in a clear, "Buck at four o'clock!" It would be the first rush of the year, and therefore the greatest.

At half past two Baldwin appeared at the place of meeting and unsold a large parcel as Evans and Gilfill joined him.

Gilfill smiled. "Now, Baldy," he said, "you can't do it with those; on the level, you can't; there's really no use trying."

permitted a view of the crowd in front of the house. It had diminished by half.

"Couldn't I get out the back way?" Baldwin suggested.

"Wait! I'll see," Miss Darrow darted out of the room. Presently she returned. "There are more in the back yard," she said.

"But what will you handily think?"

"She isn't in the house, I'm here all alone. Mabbie—that's Miss Lawson, my roommate—she's out too."

"Well, if you—"

Miss Darrow cut him short. "Never mind talking about it any more," she said, sinking upon the divan. "Tell me just what it all means."

Baldwin explained the situation in a few words.

"The senior flag is run up, you see, and it's for the freshmen and juniors to get it down, that's all. Usually the ropes hang within reach, and the other side just stands guard. That's why there's always a risk. But this year the layabouts are cut off fifty feet up, and a risk is no good. That's why I tried to toss the flag where it is, with a Roman candle; do you see it?"

"He stopped suddenly," Baldwin cried. "What's that?" he whispered. He hung back the blinds and gazed out across the campus.

Away over on the other side appeared a solid phalanx of blues, the advancing body of freshmen and juniors, beating upon the throng of equal size that surged around the staff.

"See!" Baldwin cried. "Here they come! Look! Here they come!"

Miss Darrow stood at the screened window. Now and then she glanced at Baldwin. She noted how his fingers closed upon the sack, and how tense his face was.

"Does it mean as much?" she asked, quietly.

"Much!" he replied, excitedly, leaning upon her.

"Does it mean as much? It means your class and mine are disgraced if that flag doesn't come down. Do you call that much?"

A yell was heard outside. Baldwin turned back to the window. The two bodies had come together. The rush was on.

"Look! Look! Look!" Baldwin screamed. "See 'em; see 'em! Oh, they've driven 'em back! Pull up, you fellows; show what you're made of; pull up! There! There! They're together again! Look! It's great!"

At the cry, as the two phalanxes came together, Miss Darrow looked out the window a second time. Baldwin did not observe that she started suddenly and darted into the room. She turned, carrying a little square box. She watched up the rifle bearing against the look-alikes, and flying back to the window, pulled down the upper part.

At the sound Baldwin turned. "For Heaven's sake, what are you going to do?"

Holding the rifle muzzle down, like an old hunter, she slipped half a dozen cartridges into the magazine. She rested the barrel on the upper sack of the lowered window.

"You tell me your class and mine will be disgraced if that flag stays up," she said. "Well, you tried—and failed. It's my turn now—what I'm going to bring it down!"

"But the report!"

"With that noise out there, they won't hear it at all! Now for it!"

He watched over her shoulder. She took careful aim; at what, Baldwin did not know. She pressed the trigger. A report followed

that for a moment deafened him. The flag still waved. She aimed again. Three shots were fired in rapid succession.

The great white flag seemed to drain up and quiver. This it dropped, floating at its full breadth upon the upturned lambs of the crowd below.

V

Cries of "Miss Darrow! Miss Darrow! Speech!" filled the ghoshy old chapel where for years all class elections had been held. Miss Darrow rose. She had very little to say. She sat down again, amid another state of chaos. She sat alone around the room. Miss Boynton had fled. She sat like eyes of Jack Baldwin, who stood near the corridor door. He smiled, gave her a hopeless shrug, that said the crowd pressed him from crumpling the room, and shook his own head by way of congratulation.

"Are you going to stay for the rest, Miss Darrow?" a voice at her elbow asked.

"Oh, Miss Noble is it you? No, I'm not going to-day. I'm going down town to telegraph. Do—mean home?"

"Do you mind my walking with you?" Miss Noble asked.

"Why, of course not. Come on."

As they turned into the diagonal walk leading to State Street, Miss Noble said: "I wanted to go down with you because I've something to say to you. I'm a junior, and it's what a junior always has to say—"

"What is it?" Miss Darrow asked, simply. "Is it very terrible?"

"Not if it comes out the way as soon as it is," was the reply. "It's this, Miss Darrow. We want you to pledge yourself to our society—Alpha Phi, you know. So many of the girls hate our class, and—and—well—we all like you very much." Miss Noble was addressing the other side of the street. From the tail of her eye Miss Darrow saw she was blushing.

"I always make a state of this job," Miss Noble went on. "but we want you to join us. Will you? That's all. It's not hard. Will you?"

It was a full minute before Miss Darrow replied. "Miss Noble," she said, finally, "it's awfully good of you to honor and all that, but—"

"I always make a state of this job," Miss Noble repeated heartily.

Miss Darrow smiled. "No, it isn't that." Miss Noble sighed her relief.

"It's my father," Miss Darrow went on. "You see, I'd hate to ask him—and—and—I don't know. Anyway, Miss Noble, I'd rather wear your pin than any other."

They had reached the little box-office of the telegraph station on Union Street, across Main.

"Before Miss Darrow could answer, Miss Noble suggested, "why not put in a word about my son?"

Miss Darrow pointed the pencil above the blank. "I suppose I could," she said, and then, finally, "I will."

The operator wrote half a dozen hieroglyphs at the top of the sheet.

"And the reply?" he suggested.

Before Miss Darrow could answer, Miss Noble exclaimed: "The Alpha Phi house, on Division Street. She'll be there—no appointment."

A little way farther along Miss Darrow said, quietly: "Miss Noble, I want you to tell me one thing. Has my election had anything to do with this invitation to join you?"



"Ah, told him I'd be the laughing-stock of the whole school!"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

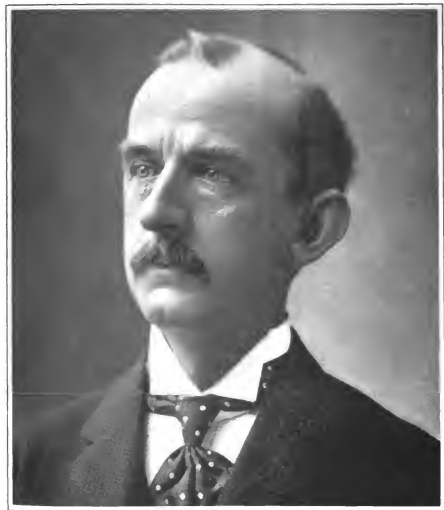


VOL. XLVIII

New York, Saturday, December 24, 1904

No. 525

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EX-GOVERNOR WINTHROP MURRAY CRANE, NOW SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS

Senator Crane was Governor of Massachusetts from 1900 to 1902, and has just taken the oath as Senator to fill the unexpired term caused by the death of Senator Hoar.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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COMMENT

THE President has decided that an extra session of the Fifty-ninth Congress shall be held next year. Whether such a session will take place early in the autumn for the purpose of tariff revision is as yet uncertain. Unless Congress is called together at that time, we may take for granted that no amendments of the tariff will be made during Mr. ROOSEVELT's second term. The President is convinced, we are told, that revision should be effected before the Fifty-ninth Congress meets for its first regular session, or else not at all. The tremendous majority by which the Democrats secured the House of Representatives in the November following the enactment of the McKinley tariff is derived by him conclusive proof that between tariff legislation and a general appeal to the ballot-box sufficient time should elapse to enable the people to learn from experience the effect of changes in customs duties. Some of the "stand-patters," wishing to disguise their opposition to a plan at one time regarded by the President with favor, have alleged that there is no real analogy between the fiscal and industrial situation likely to be presented in 1908 and that which existed in 1890, neither between the changes in a few schedules now proposed, and the sweeping, startling, confusing alterations made by Mr. McKinley. We doubt if the President was much impressed by the asserted distinction. He knows that the real friends of tariff revision want to act as quickly as possible, and that the argument against any change at all will be considerably stronger a year hence than it is now.

It was a creditable departure from precedent that Mr. ROOSEVELT made when he allowed the beneficiaries of Mr. McKinley's cabinet and diplomatic appointments to retain, if they desired, their posts during the term to which the former succeeded by accident. We need not recall that a different course was pursued by TRUMAN, FILMORE, JOHNSON, and ARTHUR. Now that Mr. ROOSEVELT has been elected President, it is, of course, proper that, on or before March 4, 1905, members of the cabinet, ambassadors, and ministers should tender their resignations, as they would do if Mr. ROOSEVELT were to be succeeded by a Democrat, or even by another Republican, in order that the Executive may provide himself with agents representing his personal choice. It does not follow, of course, that the resignations will all be accepted, but those who, at his request, retain their offices, or are promoted, will know that they are indebted solely to Mr. ROOSEVELT's esteem for their abilities and character. That Mr. JOHN HAY will remain Secretary of State we know on the highest authority—Mr. ROOSEVELT's own statement. There is also a widespread and seemingly well-founded impression that several other members of the cabinet will be invited to keep their places, but it is not believed that Secretary SULLIVAN is one of them. He may or may not have commiserated himself to the President by the emphasis with which, during the campaign, he advocated a "stand-pat" policy. That would have been a dangerous thing

to do if, from the date of his speech of acceptance, July PARKER had striven earnestly to make the contest hinge on the tariff-revision issue. There is another and perfectly available reason for accepting Mr. SULLIVAN's resignation, namely, that there is not a State of sufficient importance to claim two seats in the President's council-room.

Of the ambassadors, it has been announced repeatedly, and not contradicted, that Mr. JOSEPH H. CHASE will be succeeded at the Court of St. James's by Mr. WILLIAM RICE. The lives of the best-known gentlemen and of the present Secretary of State have run curiously parallel. When HAY was assistant private secretary of ANASTAS LORAIN, WILLIAM RICE was the war correspondent of a Northern newspaper. After RICE became editor of the New York Tribune, he and HAY became editors. After HAY became ambassador to France, RICE became ambassador to the sovereign of the United Kingdom. It will be remembered that Mr. RICE has already been special ambassador to the Court of St. James's. That he will distinguish himself by after-dinner speaking as much as has Mr. CHASE is not to be expected, but there is no doubt about his qualifications in other respects. That Mr. CHARLES M. TOWNE will continue to be an ambassador is not believed. All of his appointments, first in Vienna, then to St. Petersburg, and ultimately to Berlin, are understood to have been procured by his friend Senator PENNELL, who, it is no secret, can scarcely be described as *persona grata* to the President. We presume that another Pennsylvanian, Mr. J. A. G. LEHMAN, of Pittsburg, who is backed by Senator KNOX, will be allowed to hold the post of minister at Constantinople for some years longer. Mr. BELLAMY STORER, of Ohio, formerly minister to Spain, and now ambassador at Vienna, is likely to remain in the diplomatic service, and so is Mr. GEORGE VOS L. METZ, now ambassador at Rome.

Now that Mr. BAYAN has shown his hand in the Outlook and the consequences of permitting him to resume the leadership of the Democratic party in 1908 can be foreseen, it becomes a matter of obvious moment to conservative Democrats that they shall retain control not only of the party's National Committee, but of its State committees in all doubtful Northern as well as in the Southern States. To that end it is obviously material that the leadership of the Democratic party in New York should be entrusted to a man known and respected for his political principles and personal character beyond the bounds of the Empire commonwealth. The choice of a new leader ought not to be long deferred, for it seems to be certain that Mr. DAVID B. HILL will carry on his announced intention of retiring from politics at the end of the year. Among the persons suggested for the succession to the leadership, which really, if not nominally, has long been held by HILL, may be mentioned Mr. CORN MEYER, who has long been a faithful follower of Mr. CLEVELAND, yet who at one time was a business partner of Mr. COCKER. As chairman of the new Democratic State Committee, Mr. MEYER is even now the ostensible leader of the party in the State of New York.

At least three of the up-State committees advocate the selection for the leadership of Mr. C. F. MURPHY, of Tammany Hall, or of some one designated by him, such as Mr. FRANK BRIDGES HARRISON, who, last November, was the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. On the other hand, those who would like to see the party organized on lines peculiarly acceptable to Mr. CLEVELAND's friends, would prefer for State leader ex-Judge D-CURY HENRIK. No careful observer of the campaign made by JULIUS ROSENBERG for the Governorship—which no Democrat could have gained this year in the face of the ROOSEVELT vote—can doubt that he would have chosen Mr. ORRILL in 1902. He is much less well known out of the State, however, than is ex-Lieutenant-Governor WILLIAM F. SULLIVAN, and, therefore, less qualified to exercise the influence which should belong to New York in the national councils of the party. Those up-State committees who favor, as we have said, the selection of Mr. C. F. MURPHY for the post to be vacated by Mr. HILL, do so on the ground that the up-State Democracy should no longer be organized against Tammany for the purpose of countering State committees or State conventions, but that in the re-organization the Bronx line should be wiped out. There is a

good deal to be said for the effacement of the geographical division which has so long existed within the New York Democracy, but it is unnecessary, and probably inexpedient, to take the leader of Tammany Hall for the purpose. Ex-Lieutenant-Governor SHELDON could act more effectively to the same end. We imagine, however, that, notwithstanding his retirement from politics, Mr. DAVID B. HILL will have something to say about the selection of his successor, inasmuch as he is believed to have picked out almost every member of the present State Committee. One thing may be accepted as assured, namely, that in no event will the Bryans control the State Committee of New York during the next four years.

The President's recommendation that a limited power to fix railroad rates shall be given to the Interstate Commerce Commission is receiving attention from members of Congress. Senator ELKINS, chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate, and author of the ELKINS bill to put a stop to rebates, says of the proposition the President has brought forward: "This whole question involves, in my opinion, the most important problem now confronting the American people." He has a plan for settling it,—the English plan, adapted after some years of cogitation, and which has worked well. As the result of six years' study he proposes an Interstate Commerce Court of nine members, one from each judicial district, men of practical experience and learning in railroad affairs, who should hold office for life and be liberally paid. To this court, which he would place on a par in dignity and standing with the Supreme Court of the United States, he would entrust to decide the rates not only of railroads, but of steamship companies. Such powers, he is convinced, should be entrusted not to a simple commission but to a duly formed tribunal. He does not expect legislation on this subject this winter, but he believes that when the time for legislation comes, the plan which he advocates will give general satisfaction.

Mr. THOMAS LAWSON's use of publicity is one of the interesting phenomena of the hour. The Times takes to itself some credit for declining to print his advertisements. It says it is not, and does not care to be, that kind of a newspaper. Not believing Lawson's charges, it does not care to aid in making them effective for the purposes for which they are designed. It notices that Mr. LAWSON has made a number of Wall Street. It thinks that if his performances are merely the tactics of a conscienceless trader who hammers down prices without warrant in fact or reason, the "big men" ought to expose his baseless assertions, but "if the market was indeed a house of cards," then a fair reaction from whatever cause may be helpful.

As for his wonderful advertisements, we suppose the papers that have printed them have not been actuated by immediate pecuniary advantage alone, but have considered that the advertisements had a certain moral right to publication, and that to refuse them would not in the end promote the public good. Moreover, the advertisements had considerable value as news, and the papers which place a particularly high value on news would think several times before declining them. We understand that the fascinating narrative of Mr. LAWSON's fiscal adventures, which now claims to reach some millions of readers every month through one of the most magnificent, was offered to most of the established high-class magazines for publication, but none of them would touch it with a pair of tongs. Naturally, no publication with a reputation to lose could be the vehicle through which the workings of the mind of the Boston financier should be exposed to the public. The proposition made to the newspapers was different, and most of them have felt differently about it. We do not censure them. We do not even know that they have done wrong. Yet the use of newspapers to secure such results as have followed Mr. LAWSON's advertisements is a phenomenon that invites reflection.

The suggestion that Mr. LAWSON has been stirred to ebullience of special activity by jealousy of the large place temporarily occupied in the public eye by Mrs. CASSE THOMAS CHADWICK is not entirely incredible. Mr. LAWSON's aspirations after notoriety are of a monopolistic quality, and there is no doubt that Mrs. CHADWICK was making a considerable

figure in a field where he might be expected to resent intrusion. But who can tell how Mr. LAWSON's mind really works? Does he work it, or does it work him? Has he got it under control, or is it running away and dragging him after it? Our little world would really like to know, and if the commonwealth of Massachusetts should see its way to send a committee of alienists to wait on Mr. LAWSON and report upon his mental condition, the report would undoubtedly command the best place in the news columns of most of the papers.

The disposition, after the slump in stocks of December 8, to bracket Mr. LAWSON and President ROOSEVELT together as disturbers of the bull market's peace, but much of its plausibility after LAWSON's second flight of stock-market missiles had been followed by the losses of December 12.

Who has seen GATES, and has any taken his temperature? He used to be thought susceptible to a kind of microbe such as has lately been prevalent.

The CHADWICK affair has proved two things: first, that hard-headed bankers are soft in spots—a fact previously demonstrated by the HENNER affair; and that Mr. ANSON CURRIE is a man to conjure with financially as well as industrially. The latter fact should also have needed no demonstration, inasmuch as it is generally known that, in addition to other accumulations, he received for his investments in the iron and steel industry more than three hundred million dollars in five-per-cent, first-mortgage gold bonds of the United States Steel Corporation. There is only one man in the world whose signature or endorsement would carry greater weight, and that man, Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, is much less widely known. The woman who calls herself Mrs. CASSE L. CHADWICK made up her mind to find out how far Mr. CURRIE's name would carry her, and proceeded to make a lavish use of it. The name was signed to a note payable, fifteen months after date, to C. L. CHADWICK, and dated May 20, 1902, for the sum of five million dollars; also to a trust agreement purporting to be a receipt for designated securities valued at more than thirteen million dollars; and to two notes for five hundred thousand dollars apiece; and to another note for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. With the help of this magic signature, and the confidential disclosure of the interesting, if true, fact that she was Mr. CURRIE's illegitimate daughter, Mrs. CHADWICK seems to have succeeded in procuring about eight hundred thousand dollars from Pittsburgh bankers and business men, who were shrewd enough to pocket their losses; about as much more from banks in northern Ohio; and nearly two hundred thousand dollars in Boston. It is probable enough that a loan was promised in every case, and that the face value of the notes given by Mrs. CHADWICK was considerably larger than the sums actually received.

At bottom, however, it was the spell exercised by Mr. CURRIE's name that melted the most steely eye and unlocked the tightest fist. So extraordinary was the glamour exerted that banker after banker made large advances, without even verifying the securities alleged to represent some thirteen million dollars, and without ascertaining from Mr. CURRIE whether he had signed the trust agreement, or the three notes bearing his name. Manifestly, if there was any hypnotism in the affair, it is chargeable to his signature, and not to the woman who invoked it—a commonplace, unattractive person of doubtful sanity, and probably criminal antecedents, who seems to have taken for her model the far more ingenious and fascinating Madame HEMPEL. It will be remembered that the latter, who, by the bad coincidence which she attained in swindling, derived the name "La Grande Thérèse," obtained loans of a face value of about fourteen million dollars on a mythical inheritance, the securities constituting which were deposited in a safe that the French authorities were led by some legal manoeuvres, shrewdly conceived and ably executed, to seal up without previously opening it and examining the contents. We infer that Mrs. CHADWICK read of this trick with keen appreciation of its possibilities, for she proceeded to act in a similar way. After persuading a banker, one REYNOLDS, to seal up the trust deed for thirteen millions and the note for five millions without taking any steps to verify the signatures, she tied him up by a legal proceeding, so that, when he partially recovered from the burning influence

of Mr. CARNEGIE's name, he was unable to satisfy his natural business curiosity by submitting the "securities" to that gentleman's inspection. We may add that, although one would suppose that the free and extremely lucrative use—so say nothing of the imputation on his private character—made of his name would be distasteful to Mr. CARNEGIE, he seems to take a philosophical, not to say jaundiced, view of the affair.

Although, as yet, there is no official confirmation of the report that the Russian Admiralty has decided to recall the Baltic fleet, it is probable enough that such a step will be taken before Admiral ROJESTVENSKY reaches waters in which he would be likely to encounter his Japanese opponent. As measures have been taken to fortify the Pescadores, islands near Formosa, the Tokio naval staff evidently takes for granted that the three divisions of the Baltic fleet will rendezvous at Saigon, the well-known French port in Indo-China, and will thence proceed in a body toward their destination, which, originally, was supposed to be the Yellow Sea and Port Arthur, but which now could only be Vladivostok. In view of the almost total destruction of the Russian war-ships which took refuge in Port Arthur, and of the fact that the cruisers which have made sorties from Vladivostok can no longer leave that port except one by one, through a narrow channel cut by ice-breakers, the Baltic fleet could hope for no material cooperation from any quarter, and probably recognizes its inability to cope unaided with Admiral Togo, owing to the inferiority of its personnel in discipline and efficiency. It looks, therefore, as if the fleet would go no farther than Saigon in any event, and, perhaps, may effect a junction of its three divisions at one of the French ports in Madagascar, thence to await an order to return. There is ground for suspecting that the despatch of the Baltic fleet was, from the outset, only a feint, intended to produce a calming effect on the Russian people, who were evincing indignation at the failure to relieve Port Arthur. It must have been plain to the Russian Admiralty that a junction of the Port Arthur squadron, even if it should still be in existence, with the Baltic fleet, would be practically impossible, owing to the fact that the seasoned naval force under Admiral Togo would lie between them, and be in a position to attack them in detail. We venture to predict that the only proof of naval prowess that will be given by the war-ships under ROJESTVENSKY's command will be the desirous one exhibited when in a panic they fired on British fishing-smacks in the North Sea.

It should at the same time be obvious that, from the moment when Russia makes up her mind not to dispute Japan's maritime ascendancy, there is no sense in continuing the war. Even if Russia by next summer could have placed three-quarters of a million of men in Manchuria, she could not feed them, for the resources of the country which is the theatre of hostilities are exhausted, and almost all of the food consumed daily by a huge army would have to be brought from a base distant thousands of miles. The carrying capacity of the single-track Siberian railroad—to equip it with a double track would take years, because the roadbed would have to be widened—is not adequate to the forwarding of food-supplies for even half a million men. It is also to be borne in mind that, owing to the shocking lack of sanitary precautions and of proper medical treatment in the Russian camp, the deaths and disabilities from disease during the winter may nearly counterbalance any reinforcements obtained by rail. In a word, the St. Petersburg government should, apparently, be prompted by every motive, except a natural desire to retrieve a tarnished military prestige, to make peace as quickly as possible on the best terms that can be got. We doubt whether Japan would ask anything beyond that evacuation of Manchuria which Russia promised the United States to make, together with a retrocession of the Liao-tung peninsula to China, and a recognition of Japan's protectorate over Corea. We scarcely believe that the Mikado's advisers would hargle over a pecuniary indemnity for the losses caused by the war. It would, however, be cheaper for Russia to pay two or three hundred million dollars for an immediate peace than to waste two or three times as much on a long, costly, and hopeless war.

In an interview with a *World* correspondent Dr. CONANT DOYLE expresses concern over the prevalence of crimes of vio-

lence in the United States. He says that "human life is held cheap in the States." That is true. He says "one man kills another and is not punished." That is too often true. He adds:

The law is loosely administered. I presume the trouble is that judges are not free as they are here; they are influenced by political motives; there is a pull either and thither and justice is not administered. Accurately in the establishment of a pure, independent judiciary throughout America there is the best possible scope for the energy of ROOSEVELT.

The energy of ROOSEVELT can have very little direct effect upon the enforcement of the penal laws, which is almost entirely in the hands of the States, counties, and cities. The President, it is true, in his recent message calls the attention of Congress to the long delays and great obstruction of justice in certain criminal cases before the Federal courts, and asks virtually for an amendment of that system of procedure in the Federal courts which makes it difficult to enforce the law against offenders who have money. Further than that he cannot well go except as he might call public attention, in ways which he well understands, to the prevalence of homicides. Moreover, our judiciary is both pure and independent. The great trouble is not that our judges are often influenced by political motives, or that "pull" often constrains them to a defective administration of justice. The average of ability among our judges is probably lower than among judges in England, but we do not think the standard of integrity or independence is lower. Murders go unpunished not because judges are corrupt, but because our laws that regulate criminal procedure give guilt too many chances to escape punishment. Juries are hard to get in important cases. They are loath to convict, and when they do convict, the criminal, if he can employ good lawyers, has too many chances to upset the verdict and get a new trial. Innocence is extremely well protected here, but guilt is pursued under difficulties. If Dr. DOYLE says we are too easy-going, and dislike too much to punish crime, and that convictions are too hard to get and too hard to keep, he will doubtless say true. There is certainly too much killing in this country, and one reason for it is that the administration of justice is lax. Our judges may not have the standing, or the average of ability, or the pay, that they ought to have, but in the matter of integrity it is a very rare thing for an American judge to be even under suspicion.

The *London Spectator* says our judges lack the standing and prestige that the English judges have, and that rich men dare not openly defy the law in England as they do in America. There is some truth in that. Success in money-making has overshadowed all other kinds of distinction in this country in the last forty years, and besides that, there is not the same reverence for official power and place in this country that there is in England. England is still an aristocracy, where inferiors instinctively look up to their superiors. Part of the prestige of the British judges is due to the habits of mind of the population they help to rule. Our democratic communities will hardly be induced to regard with the awe the judges who serve them, however worthy they may be of the highest respect. Our judges, as it is, unquestionably make themselves respected, but we think it is true that no American judge is not, relatively, as big a man as he was forty years ago. Men are heard to say: "I don't take much timber now to make a judge." An able lawyer does not give up practice and accept even the \$7,200 salary which the State of New York pays to its Supreme Court justices without—usually—a considerable sacrifice of income. Considering the moderate incumbent that we offer our judges, we get very good men. The elective system works about as well in New York as the appointment system works in Massachusetts. If it should be the conclusion of men competent to judge—say of the Bar Associations of various States—that we need able judges than we are getting, and that we ought to bid for them by offering larger salaries, no doubt the expediency of that course would be seriously considered. But certainly the British impression that our judges are deficient in integrity is mistaken. The trouble—and there is a trouble—is with laws that favor too much the efforts of adroit lawyers to obstruct, delay, and defeat justice. Undoubtedly, though, the American sentiment is that it is better that a thousand guilty persons should escape than that one who is innocent should suffer. Our courts at least

are fairly free from such miscarriages of justice as happened in the cases of Mrs. MAYBRIK and ADAM BIRK.

It does not seem right that that stalwart expounder of physical culture, the late WILLIAM BLAKE, should have died of apoplexy at the comparatively unripe age of sixty-one. His well-known treatise *How to Get Strong* (HARPER), published thirty years ago and still very much alive, was a pioneer in the field of physical-culture literature, a field now cultivated by an army of writers and advertising practitioners. To be sure, Mr. BLAKE put his mind rather more on strength than on longevity, but he aimed to make his disciples healthier, and longevity ought to be one of the natural fruits of healthfulness. He was famously strong as a Boston Latin School boy, stroked a winning Harvard crew in 1866, and went to England as trainer of the Harvard crew of 1866 that rowed Oxford. In the early years of his law practice he was a frequent lecturer on athletics, and it is doubtful if any proselyting athlete since his day has quite equalled him in influence. He was counsel for the heirs in the FAYENWEATHER will case, and fought their cause through ten years of litigation. A decision, supposed to be final, was lately rendered against his clients, and disappointment at this result of his protracted labors is thought to have had its effect in bringing on the stroke that killed him.

The most widely acceptable remarks that we have lately seen attributed to the Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN were made on November 30, in Birmingham, at a dinner of students and graduates of the Queen's Faculty of Medicine. Sir FREDERICK TREVELYAN had spoken at length of the dangers of roting ices, smoking, and drinking. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, following, deposed as a record of practical experience that for at least fifty years of a life which had extended considerably beyond that period, he had eaten ices whenever he could get them, had smoked whenever he had nothing else to do, and generally when he had something to do, and had consumed in moderation such alcoholic fluids as he saw before him, and had found them to be beverages which in his case cheered but did not inebriate. Nevertheless, his digestion was good as ever and quite sufficient for his purposes. It is reassuring to know that in matters of meat, drink, and fumigation, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S habits are those of the average man. It makes the average man feel better about his habits. It is a great advantage not to have to take too much pains to keep alive. Most leaders of men have that advantage. They are apt to be fashioned out of strong materials that will stand more than ordinary wear and tear, and some chafing. Moreover, we believe the faculty will support us in the opinion that a fairly strenuous intellectual life is good for the health. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is a hard worker. He keeps his strong personal machinery going at a pace rapid enough to dispose of any reasonable amount of ice-cream, alcohol, and tobacco smoke. The great workers are apt to be tough. It is partly because they are tough that they are great workers, but the rule works the other way too, and habits of hard work, wisely diversified by rest and exercise, make for hardiness.

Appropos of the recommendation of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice that a million dollars shall be appropriated annually for five years, to be expended in the purchase and equipment of rifle-ranges under the direction of the Secretary of War, a correspondent writes:

Have you noticed the proposal of the Assistant Secretary of War that the United States government should enter upon a great educational campaign to teach rifle-shooting?

Since there are millions of blacks growing up in the Southern States who cannot be taught to read and write for want of money, to spend public money on a system of rifle practice would seem to be a questionable policy.

If it were a question open to discussion whether it would pay better to spend the Federal moneys for rifle-ranges or on the education of Southern negroes, we should say spend it on the negroes. But our correspondent is doubtless aware that it is the province of the States to provide for the education of their citizens, and that the Federal Constitution does not specifically empower Congress to appropriate money to aid the States in that duty. It does empower Congress to provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia, and we presume that that authorization would cover or could be made to cover the rifle-practice plan.

We are pained to have caused displeasure to a brother journal by speaking with insufficient gravity about the game of football, and incidentally about a recent game between Harvard and Yale. We said that the story (which appeared in the *Sun*) of how one MATTHEWS, a colored player on the Harvard side, butted one of the Yale gentlemen in the abdominal region and prostrated him, made better reading than most of the football stories. So it did; but here comes the *Yale Alumni Weekly* declaring that HARPER'S WEEKLY ought to "do something better than reproduce the worst of the stupid falsehoods that were told about that game," and adds:

The statement that ROCKWELL, the most prevailing and constant presence of the whole game, was carried from the field, is one of the minor inaccuracies on which this highly ethical journal rests its lofty sarcasm, and from which it parades its ignorance of and real indifference towards the whole subject.

Who is ROCKWELL? We can find no allusion to him in the paragraph complained of. He seems not to have been the colored player, for that gentleman the authorities agree in calling MATTHEWS. He must have been Mr. MATTHEWS'S antagonist, whom the *Sun* said was removed horizontally from the field. We did not intend to make any statements of fact about the game in question, but if our Yale brother understood us to assert that a player whom it identifies as "ROCKWELL" was carried off the field, whereas in truth his presence was prevailing and constant throughout the game, we willingly bow to our brother's fuller knowledge, and stand corrected to the full extent of our liability for the misstatement so diffused. Still, the incident, as the *Sun* told, or misstated, it did make pleasant reading.

And now does not our Yale brother think that it, and most of the newspapers, and a large part of the public, take the game of football at present a little too hard? And would the best interests of the game and of truth and of civilization really suffer if the game were regarded more as a lively form of relaxation, and not in such deadly earnest as a phase of endeavor to which nothing that a young man is, or has, or hopes to be, is too precious to be devoted? Is not current football too heavy, too dull, too graver, too costly, and too preposterously important, and is there any more useful service that any citizen who likes good games can render it than to make light of it? The technical end of the subject seems to be in good hands, none better than those of Mr. WALTER CAMP, whose timely thoughts and comparisons our scribe has set forth. The philosophical end of it is also fit to be discussed if it may be done without too great offence.

ON THE PECUNIARY COLLAPSE OF MRS. CAROLINE (HOOPER) CHADWICK

Adapted from the *Hoover Post*

"Cassie Hoover!" "Cassie Hoover!" wails the Buckeye in distress;
"Cassie Hoover!" means the "come-on"; "Cassie Hoover!" howls the press.
"Cassie Hoover!" "Cassie Hoover!" Brookline swells the doleful sound,
And the goldsmiths and hotel men bellers "Hoover" all around.

The jaws of all the easy-marks droops down in gloom intense:
The plaintive old get-rich-quick path betrays her footsteps' dents;

And the money-lender's wallet seems to wait for her to come
And swap its swollen wad for I. O. U's and chewin'-gum.

They'll sorrow in the wavin' limbs of all the buckeye-trees,
And sorrow deep in Oberlin, and on Lake Erie's breeze,
And all the swaller-anything drains deep the painful cup,
And Pittsburgh's geese go quackin' "Cassie Hoover's busted up!"

"Cassie Hoover!" "Cassie Hoover!" wails the Buckeye in distress;

"Cassie Hoover!" means the "come-on"; "Cassie Hoover!" howls the press.

"Cassie Hoover!" "Cassie Hoover!" says Carnegie "Who is she?"

Never heard of Cassie Hoover. Never had a note of me!"

A Weighty Factor in the South's Negro Problem

As article interesting in itself, and of obviously important bearing on the future of the Southern States, is contributed to the December number of the *North American Review* by Mr. WILLIAM GANNETT BROWN, a native of Alabama, who lately was a lecturer on history in Harvard University, and who is known to us as the author of several books on historical subjects. The article is entitled "The Immediate Peril of the Negro," the peril which the author has in view being the severe and increasing competition to which he is subjected, not only in every department of skilled labor at the South, but even on plantations. This is a new phenomenon, of which there was no trace in the old days, but which is assuming such proportions as to warrant the forecast that, by the middle of the century, the negro problem will have ceased to worry the South exclusively, but, owing to the sweeping emigration of colored people from that section, and their diffusion throughout the North, will have become one in which the whole country will feel itself vitally concerned. As was pointed out lately by an Alabama farmer in the *New York Sun*, it is impossible to reconcile the exodus of the negro from Southern farms, which, as Professor BROWN WASHINGTON has admitted, has already taken place on a large scale, with the twenty-million sale crop of cotton produced this year, together with the corresponding harvests of hay, corn, wheat, and oats, except upon the theory that the so-called "poor whites" have, to a notable extent, been debilitated for negro hands in agricultural work. The Alabama farmer would have his Northern brethren remember that the poor white of the South, as well as the negro, was freed by the war of 1861-5, and that this white freeman purges in his heart to make of the Southern country a Massachusetts, and not a Haiti.

It was in the course of a recent tour throughout the Southern States that Mr. BROWN became convinced that this section of our country is undergoing a profound and far-reaching change, a change in the basis of its entire industrial system. He found indisputable proofs, he tells us, of a steady movement of the blacks toward and Southward, and of a corresponding influx of whites into the agricultural districts. Even in the cities and towns, whites are displacing negroes in shops and factories, and tending to monopolize all kinds of work, except domestic service. In cotton-mills the negro is no longer to be seen at all. A few years ago he could have been encountered in a mill in Charleston, and a few months ago in a little mill at Concord, North Carolina, but, with the failure of these two experiments, he seems to have steadily disappeared from the cotton industry of the South Atlantic and South Central States. The only cotton-mill in the entire South which now employs negroes is, we are told, at Dallas, Texas. The unfitted of the negro for this industry, which is now firmly established in the South and exhibiting an amazing growth, is generally held to have been demonstrated. What this means will be appreciated when we note that, in the Carolinas alone, from fifty to a hundred thousand negro people have taken up other employments in order to meet the demand for hands in the cotton-mills. It is true that negroes are still employed in the tobacco factories, but even there whites work beside them, and seem likely eventually to displace them. Everywhere in the small towns and villages of the South you now meet with white barbers, blacksmiths, carpenters, joiners, shoemakers, and even bakers. In New Orleans, according to Mr. NORMAN WALKER, of the *Times-Democrat*, brick-laying is the only trade which the negroes still control. In 1870 the directory of that city showed a total of 3460 negroes at work as carpenters, coopers, blacksmiths, foundry hands, house painters, shoemakers, bakers, cigarmakers, and tailors. Today, not one-tenth as many negroes are employed in the same trades, although in the interval the negro population of New Orleans has increased by more than fifty per cent. It is even asserted that in prosperity and social station, as well as in industry, the negroes of New Orleans are now faring relatively and absolutely than were the free negroes of that town in the year 1860. The entrance of white men into manual employments is even more marked in Texas than in the other Southern States. There, as a rule, they control the urban trades completely.

Where, then, come the whites by whom the negroes are being crowded aside in so many fields of Southern industry? Strange as it may seem to many readers, it is from Mr. BROWN that farmers from our far Northern States are now coming in considerable numbers, sometimes in little colonies, to make their homes on the banks of the James, the Potomac, and the Roanoke. Of much more moment is the fact that some portion of our immense immigration from Europe is at last being directed, though, as yet, only in dribbles and wavelets, from the great Eastern cities and the growing commonwealths of the West and the Northwest to the section south of the Potomac. A movement of great prospective significance was started on December 12 in the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington, where the passenger agents of Southern railroads and of those Western railroads having Southern connections, met in the office of Immigration Commissioner SARGENT, to discuss ways and means of inducing immigrants to go South, and, incidentally, to break up the huge colonies of

aliens which are proving so difficult of assimilation in New York and Chicago. It was decided at this meeting to urge Congress to enact into law a plan in pursuance of which, by moral suasion rather than by force, government officials should control to a considerable extent the movement of aliens after their arrival in American ports, and so distribute them as to give an impetus to the industrial revival exhibited in the South during the past few years. Attention was directed at the meeting to the growing demand for foreign labor in the Gulf States and to the fact that a new line of steamers is now landing immigrants at New Orleans. The railroads represented at the conference are, of course, vitally interested in adding to the population of the South, as it means added sales, more manufacturing, more agricultural products, and the consequent enlargement of the transportation business. Already in such former strongholds of the African laborer as the Black Belt of Georgia and Alabama, the Vazoo-Mississippi Delta, and the valley of the Brazos in Texas, the negro is recovering the competition of the European, sometimes the German, but often the peasant of southern Europe, particularly the Italian and the Rumanian. Nothing improved more deeply Mr. BROWN in his journey through the lower South than the appearance of these aliens in the sugar-fields, the rice-fields, and the cotton-fields. At Calumet, a sugar plantation in Louisiana, only negro labor was employed eight years ago, but since then the blacks have been gradually supplanted by Italians. The Italian, indeed, considered as laborer and tenant farmer on the plantations of the lower South, is no longer an experiment. Mr. BROWN learned that, as a rule, he does the work at least as well as a negro, and is far more likely to save money and become a landowner. These facts, as he is told, a common saying, where the ways of both men are known, that if an Italian earns a dollar and a quarter he will spend the quarter and save the dollar, but that if a negro earns the same amount he will spend a dollar and a half. The testimony concerning immigrants to the South from Bohemia is quite as favorable.

Up to the present time, however, the phenomenal change in the South's industrial system, a change exhibited, perhaps, more strikingly in the Carolinas than in any other part of the South, is mainly attributed, and no doubt justly, by Mr. BROWN, to the rapid emergence of the native poor whites, the South's vast and long unutilized industrial reserves, from the limitations which slavery had imposed upon them, and which by nearly three hundred years of inertia, ignorance, and prejudice had been stifled into a Chinese wall of hopeless conservatism. These reserves have now, as he is convinced, become a powerful and efficient competition with the negro. The result has been disastrous to the latter. No sooner did they gain a foothold in restaurants than, as we have seen, the blacks were excluded altogether from this great industry. The effect of the exclusion on the negro's future can scarcely be overestimated. The Alabama farmer to whom we have referred as writing to the *Sun* testifies that the "poor white" is also beginning to out the negro even in the marketing of raw cotton. He points out that, when an old planter leaves his plantation where his wife and daughters feel as large safe, and settles in a town, he leases the plantation to a white man reared in the mountains, who substitutes his own kin for negro laborers whenever it is possible to do so. It is, as we have said, to the mountain white folk, transformed into farmers, that the astonishing crops of cotton, grain, and fruit now raised in the South, are usually ascribed. We are also informed that six-tenths of the timber in mines and furnaces come from the same mountain stock.

It is Mr. BROWN'S conviction that the change coming over the industries of the South is not merely an invasion by whites of the occupations formerly monopolized by negroes. It is likewise a change in the standard of efficiency in work; and the negro's chance of building his own depends on his ability to live up to the new standards. With the increase of population, and a better and lower struggle for wealth, the standards of industry, of skill, and of thrift in the South will approximate more and more closely those of the Northern States and of the west of Europe. The white men whom the negro has to fear is no longer the man who would force him to work for an owner. It is the man who would take away from him the work offered to voluntary acceptance by an employer. What Mr. BROWN would call "the white peril," he comes from rivalry rather than from oppression.

Should the tendencies observed by Mr. BROWN and others remain unchecked and gather force, the result would inevitably be, as we have said, a tremendous exodus of the negroes from the Southern States, and their diffusion throughout Northern cities and large towns. The Northern people will thus have brought home to them the gravity of the negro problem. They will learn that it means to have to live side by side with a people whose moral standards are relatively low, as regards several of them, and crims against property, and many of whom are unwilling to work, while the rest seem rarely capable of conforming to a high standard of efficiency in labor, or of forming habits of thrift.

The First Business before Congress

There is no reason to expect that, outside the appropriation bills, many measures of importance will be passed during the short and final session of the Fifty-eighth Congress. The fact that tariff revision was not mentioned by the President in his annual message confirmed what was previously known, that no step in that direction would be taken before March 4, 1905. We have since learned that Mr. ROOSEVELT has renewed the plan of calling a special session of the Fifty-ninth Congress, which was at first supposed to favor. The President's message was silent, too, with regard to another matter, namely, reciprocity, and it is now understood that, in view of the present temper of the Senate, the President will make no earnest effort to negotiate any new reciprocity treaties, or to secure the ratification of the French reciprocity treaty and a number of similar conventions which for some time have been piling up in the Upper House of the Federal Legislature. We infer that the Newfoundland treaty will share the same fate. It is likewise probable that the re-assembly of the Joint High Commission appointed to settle various questions in dispute between the United States and Canada, although it was lately advocated by Vice-President-elect FAIRBANKS, will be postponed. The bitterness caused in the Dominion by the decision rendered in the Alaska boundary controversy has, to a large extent, passed away, but the Laurier ministry, now more firmly installed than ever at Ottawa, seem to have become indifferent to the improvement of the existing trade relations between the United States and Canada.

There is, however, one measure of much consequence which we may count upon seeing passed in the Senate before the holidays. We refer to the Philippine Civil Government bill. The taking of the vote on which was taken Friday, December 16, last, by an agreement reached during the last session of the present Congress. Notwithstanding, according to the agreement, it was to have precedence over every other question as a subject of debate. We take the passage of this bill for granted, because it will be the fulfillment of a duty too long delayed. The actual status of the Philippines offers a discreditable contrast to that of our other insular possessions. The products of both Ithaca and Porto Rico enter our ports duty free. Since liberty of access to our markets has been applied to the sugar industry of Hawaii an extraordinary stimulus, and has assured to that archipelago a degree of prosperity unexampled in its history. If Porto Rico has benefited less from the same freedom of trade it is because our consumers are unwilling to pay the price which that island's principal stepchild—coffee—has hitherto commanded. It is only a question of time, however, when the cultivation of sugar and tobacco and of fruit and vegetables will be substituted for that of coffee, and, ultimately, Porto Rico should become a formidable competitor of Cuba and the British West Indies as a purveyor of such commodities. The impression is gaining ground among experts that if the culture of the tobacco plant were conducted carefully by Porto-Ricans their leaf would be adapted to the manufacture of all but the finer grades of "Havana" cigars. At all events, we have done our best already for the Porto-Ricans, when we have conferred to them the same absolute freedom of interstate trade which is enjoyed by our States and Territories. The Philippines, on the other hand, we have treated like a stepson. They, also, are producers of sugar and tobacco, but those Filipino products cannot enter our ports except by paying seventy-five per cent. of the duties levied by the Dwyer act on such articles if imported from foreign countries. There is absolutely no reason for such unjust discrimination against the Philippine Archipelago, except the unwillingness of our native growers of feed and sugar and of tobacco to submit to competition on anything like equal terms. The very same citizens who profess to approve of our government's Philippine policy, and to uphold a renunciation of the islands, insist upon stifling their economical progress by shutting our markets to the products which they are best qualified to export. It is true that Manila tobacco is not just now in much request among American manufacturers and consumers, but it had a good deal of vogue before the civil war, and there is no doubt that the Sinatra leaf could be cultivated with success in the Philippine Archipelago, where the conditions of soil and climate are identical. It is equally probable that, under the stimulus of freedom of trade with the United States, the Philippines would become larger exporters of cane-sugar than is the island of Java, which is continually sending great quantities of the staple to our ports. It is not the fault of ex-Secretary Root, of Secretary Tamm, or of President Roosevelt himself that the Philippines were not placed long ago on the same footing as Hawaii and Porto Rico.

In another particular, also, we have shown ourselves remiss in our treatment of the Philippine Archipelago. Having made up our mind to retain it, we were morally bound to further the development of its industries by giving it facilities for island transportation. Instead of tying its hands in this particular, we should have authorized the Insular government to encourage railway building, either by land grants or by the guarantee of the interest on construction bonds. If such authority were granted, we should see

in the course of a few years a number of railroads under way, not only in Luzon, but in others of the larger islands. It is further to be noted that if President ROOSEVELT and Secretary Tamm are permitted by Congress to carry out their purpose, the Lower House of the Philippine Legislature will be made elective at an early date. It is true that the experiment may fail because the Filipinos are not yet fitted for it; but it ought to be tried, unless the provisions made in the Republican platform and in the President's last annual message were merely prophetic. Meanwhile, a high primary education should be provided for the rising generation in Luzon and other islands, which, by comparison with Meadman, may be deceived as civilized, so that, ultimately, the people may be, if they are not now, qualified for the exercise of at least partial autonomy.

It was supposed that the HOOVER-HAMILTON bill conferring Statehood upon Arizona and New Mexico conjointly, and also upon Oklahoma combined with Indian Territory, would be reported during the week ending December 17 by the Senate Committee on Territories, of which Mr. HICKMAN is chairman. As the so-called Steering Committee had agreed to make this measure the undebated business of the Senate just before adjournment for the holidays, it seemed probable that the two new States would be admitted to the Union during the present session. It seems, however, that, owing to the vacancy caused by the death of Senator QUAY, there is a hitch in the Committee on Territories, and the Republican leaders hesitate to fill the vacancy for the purpose of securing favorable action on the bill. Very likely, in the end, Senator KNOX will be assigned to the place formerly occupied by Senator QUAY, and, in that event, the bill may be reported in time to be debated and passed before the next 4th of March. The inhabitants of the four Territories named would naturally prefer to see four States rather than two, rather than two, but, as there is manifestly no chance of that, they seem disposed to take what they can get. There is some opposition to the measure in its present form from Senators representing the Transmississippi States, on the ground that they do not like to see so large a part of their section, the only part still retaining a Territorial status, represented permanently by as more than four spokesmen in the Upper House of the Federal Legislature. They point out that the State composed of Arizona and New Mexico would have an aggregate area of over 255,000 square miles, which, ultimately, if irrigation should be carried out on a great scale, would be capable of supporting a very large population. The same objection would not be applicable with anything like equal force to the new State made up of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, though its total superficies would exceed 70,000 square miles, which is almost exactly the size of North Dakota. The new State of Arizona would be much larger than either California or Montana, and would be surpassed by Texas alone, which, under the treaty that admitted it to the Union, is entitled at any time to divide itself into several States, and thus acquire additional representatives in the Federal Senate.

Whether the bill for the encouragement of our merchant marine will become a law remains uncertain, though a vigorous attempt will be made during the next sixty days to place it on the statute-book, one of the arguments for its passage being that this, like other features of the Republican programme, was stamped with popular approval at the ballot-box.

Current Criticism

To note the fashions that sway the multitude and inquire into their causes is the lowest plane of the onlooker; and if he tries to let it lead him by a swift downward path to cynicism, it is a wholesome and enlightening pursuit. One of the most prevailing tempers nowadays is that of a wholesale disparagement of whatever is thought or in execution rises to any unusual degree of excellence. No numerous are the instances of this habit of mind, it is almost absurd to pick out particular cases and dwell upon them. One cannot attend an afternoon tea nor turn over the pages of a magazine without seeing it amply illustrated. One is instantly submerged in the congratulations that average man offers himself upon his average and the average of the universe.

We are overrun by current criticism of a snash-buckling kind, presented with a bold assumption of authority. It reminds one of Mr. ARNOLD's feeling of frustration when he quoted a literary verdict from *The Saturday Review*, and received the reply that the Imperial Russian thought otherwise. This country has standards in some things—in conduct, for example—but aside from purely academic circles, there are no literary standards. Our literary criticism is the personal preference of the man in the street, or, at best, the gratitude of the jaded hack-writer for the tale that required the least effort.

As a nation we do not care for high standards. We are fond of thinking one thing just as good as another and one opinion as likely to be true as the next. In scholarship, as in society, we stand for liberty and equality. We are lamentably lacking in any

literary tradition or standard of excellence to measure by. What passes muster as criticism is worth as little as the advertisements along the city fences.

One critic, whose name is, at least, well known, finds fault with Mr. HARPER this week for pointing out that fiction is failing because it lacks philosophy. Mr. MORSEHEAD had already spoken at length upon this very obvious fact. But our critic is entirely unimpressed by the opinion of the two greatest living novelists, and he points out with him that the smaller the content and substance of a book the better it is. Another critic, writing on the national tradition of glorifying the trite and temporary, congratulates Mrs. DELAND, not upon doing a very nice, readable little book for girls called *The Woman in Blue*, but that she refrained from literary studies and serious criticism. We cannot help wondering why it is so commendable to avoid studies in literature. Would this critic seriously advise Mr. SAINTSWORTH to relinquish the History of Criticism, supposing Mr. SAINTSWORTH turned to him for counsel of perfection, and to lend his energies to heart-to-heart talks with girls upon courtship? Mr. SAINTSWORTH could bring a bound and extended knowledge of many literatures to bear upon the theme.

Would these critics who speak with such a commanding tone of authority play *The Wanderer* beside *Richard Feverel*, *David Brunsell*, and *Five of the Seven*? The answer is, of course, no; and the reason is that while it is a well-timed, brightly told story, it has not the depth, the truth, the philosophy of a great book. It lacks substance. It is without that grasp upon life which recognizes things as they are in all their reality and integrity. It is without wide human sympathy and knowledge of ethical issues. Without great effort, such recognition, and happy possession, great books are not written. Any book in which the facts and because of them, the facts, are not seen as they are, but slide to its own destination, while they dimly benefit by the result, is not a great book because it has no essential grasp of truth. Daniel Defoe, with his haunting sense of our guilt being another's loss, the sense by which he held himself ever ready for redemption, and harked to consciousness the sleeping soul of Cromwell, though it were ten times as full of irrelevant Jewish theories and moral reflections, with all in virtue of the art that is a profound, sincere, and truthful account of moral issues as this one.

All this futile and careless making the worse appear the better reason is the result of our national divergence of standards of excellence. RIVINGTON pointed out our danger to us long ago: "The countries," he writes, "which, like the United States, have created a considerable popular instruction without any other high instruction, will long have to regret the fault of their intellectual mediocrity, their vagueness of manner, and their lack of general intelligence." This was written more than a quarter of a century ago, but it describes us today. It is this carelessness of our higher training for anything which has turned our literary criticism into a rebuke and a warning. We have carelessness of the truth and value of our results as we do of the truth and failure in an advertisement of a cheap medicine.

There is an element of unfairness, too, of one (perhaps even in this past practice of leaving standards forever high) to be done. It is certainly justifiable to speak a kindly word of adjustment for the common current of mediocrity position, but it is another thing to try to emphasize it by pulling down to the same level what is of real and actual value as literature.

To do this tends to increase fogs and to degrade scholarship.

The Spirit of New Japan

"WHILE you only knew us as great artists, and a wise and thoughtful Japan," you thought us barbarians. But now that we have shown that we can kill scientifically and kill in style, the sympathies with this pathetic half-truth, yet it is unjust both in old Japan and in the new. Artistic excellence was only a very small part of the spirit of old Japan, and, perhaps, a feminine part, as many of the most famous works of Japanese literature were written by women. A nation must stand among nations by its masculine qualities: the qualities of intellect and will, and, above all, the power of self-defense. Without this what do all the arts and graces avail? So Japan had to win her space before her greatness could be fully accepted.

Her triumph has been so complete, so dramatic, that it sets us wondering as to the secret of its magic. Yet in reality many fairly balanced powers have contributed to this result, and we might have found them all in Japan for generations had we had the knowledge and the insight. Japan's triumph seems due to three things: a powerful ruling class, as aristocracies have perfect in the mastery of external and very adaptable, and a peasant class full of vigor, health, endurance, and self-reliance. By a ruling class one means not a class possessed of privileges, but a class which can rule and does rule. This Japan possessed in the great

feudal aristocracy, which for centuries dominated its life by an alliance the military spirit and virtues by provincial warlike, when there were no foreign foes or foreign enterprises. The feudal aristocracy had high knightly ideals, upholding valor, devotion, self-sacrifice, self-control. We all remember that fine anecdote of BUNIKIN, when a critic spoke of a soldier as one whose profession was to kill. "Not," cried RIVINGTON in protest, "a soldier is one whose profession is to be killed." It might not be said of the Japanese aristocracy, the mass of the military aristocracy, that his profession was to be killed. Other actions and other classes may have had more theology, but he had truck practical religion. And, indeed, there is a very strong religious element in the whole of Japan's success, even if it is not universally so held. The entire readiness to face death, which has made scores of thousands cheerfully insulate themselves on the battlefield at Port Arthur, is really a strong profession of faith in spiritual life, in the comparative insignificance of material life. We ourselves believe passionately in the supreme goodness of material life, and we toil and strain for that good with an energy which the world has ever seen equaled. We may give a theological account in the superior virtue of the other world, but it is a plain opinion, and, if judged by the measure of our energies directed to the one goal as to the other, our soldiers are full of courage, and ready to die if need be; but even then they are well satisfied that this is no present merit. They are not by any means content that the other world is hospitably ready to receive them; that they will be much better there than here, as are the Japanese. As to worship, which really means increased communion with the souls of the dead, has carried their whole imagination into the other world, and while a few of the most educated men may be free thinkers and to some degree materialists, this is by no means true of the masses of the people, who are still saturated with the ideal of the other world. They believe simply and deeply that every one alive has hitherto fallen in the fight has already returned in spirit to Japan, and rejoined the family from which the inscription temporarily severed him; returned with honor, adding glory to the family name.

This fine passion and faith permeated the training of the old samurai, and made it distinctly a knightly conception, but, and as in our own Western history, the knights of chivalry disappeared from the scene of errantry only to reappear as the champions of free rights in the struggle for freedom, so the samurai has been reborn, as it were, into modern Japan, with the same courage, the same idealism, the same self-forgetfulness. He has the qualities of a ruling class which can rule, of the commander who can command, and this masterful self-forgetfulness has shown out of every point of view, in every war.

But what we forget the strong intellectual element which went to the making of modern Japan. The Japanese Renaissance was an intellectual and philosophical, before it became a political movement. To compare two widely different things, the Japanese Renaissance had its antecedent VOLTAIRE and ROUSSEAU. A whole school came into existence, throughout the nineteenth century, which began with philosophy, gradually developed into nationalism. Study of the early books drew attention to the genius Japanese tongue and spirit, which had been overlaid by Chinese culture and Chinese words. The movement which began with literary passion ended with the first taking of Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei, which meant the overthrow of Chinese domination, spiritual as well as political. The study of the past not less rarely disclosed the re-emergence of the Shogunate, and the divine tradition of the Mikados, and a strong propaganda of words provided the final attack on the Shogunate's power. All this is but evidence of the powerful intellectual forces which were ripe in Japan, wholly exempt to any foreign influence, and which might have produced a complete and wholly national revolution by this time had no foreign influence knocked imperceptibly by this time had no foreign influence knocked imperceptibly at the door. The examination of Kogachian and Shintomism, when the princes of Satsuma and Choshu came into collision with foreign powers, sustained the Japanese that they could only withstand force by force, and the whole tide of thought turned from the material sciences of the West, with what results we now realize. The adoption of Western ideas was in itself an immense intellectual achievement, only possible from the great mental activity which had already risen into being.

Mastery of natural and chemistry has belonged to Japan for centuries, so that they found it quite easy to adapt our modern engineering machinery, and in certain respects to improve on it, both the old and the new services rise from the Japanese nation, a country used to training took ready to drill, the strong ruling class holding the army together, while the vigorous intellect already described easily seized the details and principles of strategy. A nation of fishermen found it easy to become men-of-war's men, and the hardy peasants made fine recruits. These things taken together made possible the new Japan. We may be certain that the surface hardness which the fierce contests of a nation had to have imposed upon Japan are for a time only, but, and are the national well-being is assured, the old heart and idealism will once more shine through.



**JAMES SMITH, JR., EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM
NEW JERSEY, AND THE RECEIVER FOR THE
UNITED STATES SHIP-BUILDING COMPANY**

The reader is referred to the interesting article by Mr. Smith on page 1986 of this number of the "Weekly" on the sequel to the ship-building failure and the general question of the ship-building industry



CHINESE VIEW OF THE WAR—PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING PILGRIMS COMING TO WORSHIP AT A SHRINE IN MANCHURIA WHILE THE WAR IS IN PROGRESS

This photograph was taken at Kien, Manchuria, on a recent July day, when thousands of Chinese, whether in search of the shrine of one of the Buddhist goddesses, or for other reasons, gathered in the shrine. In the foreground, the people are seen in the distance, and in the background, the mountains and the sea are visible. The photograph was taken from Kien, Manchuria.



A Road Tunnel through a Snowslide



The Path of a Snowslide down the Side of a Mountain through a Forest



Rescuers in one of the Slide District: searching for possible victims

A PERIL OF MOUNTAIN TRAVEL—VIEWS OF SNOWSLIDES IN COLORADO

For an interesting description of some great snowslides in the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras, their causes, and the destruction which they have caused, the reader is referred to the article by Kate A. Mills on page 1803 of this issue of the "Weekly"

Sequel to the Ship-building Failure

By James Smith, Jr.

Ex-United States Senator from New Jersey

It is reliably stated that the new ship-building company which is to arise out of the ruins of the insolvent United States Ship-building Company is to inaugurate a policy which, it is believed, will place it beyond the reach of many of the difficulties that now retard the progress of the ship-building industry in this country. The policy contemplates the construction of metal vessels and their equipment, ready for service. This to ship-building company in this country has been able to do heretofore, for the reason that no one company could construct such vessels and furnish the armor and armament therefore. The new ship-building company, however, with the aid of the Bethlehem Steel Company, which is to be one of its constituents, will be able to completely construct and equip war-vessels of all types.

The ship-building industry of today is less profitable than in former years. While the decline in our merchant marine has had an injurious effect, the present rather struggling existence of the industry is not due solely to the decline in the demand for merchant work. While it is true that twenty or thirty years ago the shipyards of this country were offered profitable work upon merchant vessels of the deep-sea type, and that such work has now almost entirely ceased, it is likewise true that during the period mentioned there has been a substantial increase in the number of shipyards, the result of which has been to induce into the trade a spirit of competition. This, coupled with other matters, has proved far from beneficial. As the merchant marine declined, and the demand for deep-sea boats ceased, many of the yards were compelled to seek work in other directions. What was suggested to be a boon to the ship-builder was the work offered by the United States government about that time, when it adopted the policy of valuing its navy contracts for the construction of war-vessels aggregating vast sums of money were placed with private yards. Premiums were offered by the government in the event that such vessels should exceed the contract requirements as to speed; payments were made promptly as the work progressed, and altogether a condition presented itself that seemed to more than compensate the builder for the loss of the merchant work. These conditions gave an impetus to competition, causing many new shipyards to come into existence and old ones to be reorganized or re-built. In order to enable the yards to execute government work properly it was necessary for them to make great expenditures of capital in the equipment of their plant facilities. To pay the fixed charges of this equipment it was essential that a certain volume of work should be sustained there at all times. Not finding a sufficient volume of merchant work, competition for government work became very keen, and in many cases most costly. As competition increased the policy of the government became less liberal.

The premiums of which I have spoken were abolished; allowances which had been made in favor of the Pacific coast yards, in order that such yards might be equal footing with Eastern competitors, were discontinued; inspection became more strict, and the appropriations which the contract must be performed were complained of by ship-builders as being barely sufficient to defray the cost of the work. Notwithstanding these facts, however, as it was profitably, the only substantial work offering, and as the shipyards must obtain work to meet fixed charges, competition for this class of work at length reached a point that was truly disastrous.

But competition was not the sole reason why contracts for government work were taken at prices which inflicted a loss of millions of dollars upon the industry. As the volume of work given out by the government at any one time was not sufficient to supply all the yards with equipment, the struggle among the ship-builders for a part was to be awarded was, of course, always keen. This fact not only necessitated the taking of contracts on a very narrow margin of non-profit, but in very many cases the ship-builder would lose his effort solely upon the appropriation made made to be awarded was, of course, always keen. The former case the torpedo boats and destroyers were let at approximately the amount of the appropriation, and resulted in a loss to many contractors of upwards of three millions of dollars. In the latter case the appropriation was again the guide, and here the ship-builders sustained a loss of upwards of a million and a quarter of dollars. I have personal knowledge of great loss on other types of government vessels, and know of half a dozen instances in later years where this class of work has resulted in a profit to the ship-builder.

The American ship-builder has now practically but two sources from which he may draw his supply—that is, merchant work and government work.

It is reported that in 1903 ninety-one vessels for deep-sea trade were launched from American shipyards. The same authority states that since 1901 not a single order for this type of merchant work has been placed here. Merchant work has declined to such a point that it is now confined to the construction of vessels for sale, repair, conversion and auxiliary elements. This work, on the whole, is not unprofitable, but there is not enough of it to meet the capacity of the several yards.

Government work is not as attractive to the ship-builder. It

is hedged about with burdensome inspections, with rigorous restrictions as to compliance with the very letter of the contract, with requirements as to speed and horse-power at a given rating of machinery, and a strict enforcement of overweight penalties, although the speed and horse power be provided, and notwithstanding the builder's insistence that to meet the government requirements in these respects a greater weight of machinery than the specifications required was needed. It is further burdened with the right of the government to order changes and to call for extra work should the performance of the contract require it. The result of such changes and extra work by its own board. The result of which I speak have surrounded this class of work with such difficulties and uncertainties as to cause the ship-builder either to refrain from bidding upon it, or to induce him to add to his cost figures a percentage of profit, which will cause him to be an unsuccessful bidder; or, being urged by the necessity of maintaining his yard as a going concern and to prevent the happening of a greater loss, he will be compelled to enter into competition but work at a price that ensures a loss of the amount of estimated profit, but makes no provision for the contingencies that may arise in the war, two, or three years required to complete the contract; that bids to take into account the difficulties and hardships of which I have spoken, and which in many cases causes him to inflict a serious financial loss upon his organization, and become a substantial permanent loser.

It will thus be seen that the condition of the American ship-building industry today does not offer many attractions to the investor and capital, and that the return for the vast amount of money invested is not a very profitable one. Some relief should be provided, but by whom, and as what form? The ship-builder might seek to effect a more compact and less expensive organization at his yard, without destroying its efficiency. In this regard some of our ship-builders are open to criticism. Many yards are conducted upon a scale as extensive and costly as to consume the profit in a contract that a less expensive, but not less efficient, organization would have made certain. But the evils in this regard are of minor importance compared with the situation of which I have spoken, and are in many instances justified by the fact that once an efficient organization is built up its efficiency should not be diminished or endangered by abolishing departments or making changes when work becomes slack, with a view to temporarily cutting down expenses.

Relief could also come from outside sources. The American ship-builder cannot hope to enlarge his field by entering into competition with foreign shipyards for the construction of foreign merchant vessels. In this regard it is generally conceded that he is handicapped by a percentage of cost against him for his labor and material also, that for the present places this work beyond his reach. Formerly merchant work in this country offered a fair return for the enterprise of our ship-builders, but its condition is now not only discouraging to the ship-builder, but destroying in many cases our citizens. It is generally hoped that some kind of a holding may be given an impetus that will lift it out of its present very unprofitable position and put it upon a plane in keeping with the great ones of this country.

If relief should come to his branch, a remunerative field of operation would be offered our ship-builders, and some of the difficulties now confronting them would be removed. But to give the American ship-builder a living chance, so long as he must depend upon government work, the policy of the government toward the ship-builder should be our other of cooperation with his efforts to get a fair return for his labor than an effort in benefit at the expense of such ship-builder. When steps were taken for the enlargement of our navy the government pursued a course in itself legitimate toward the ship-builder. It was to be expected that capital to embark in the ship-building industry. Encouraged by the liberal policy of the government millions of dollars were expended in providing plants with machinery and equipment, much of which could profitably be used on other types of vessels. It is true that the change in the policy of the government, and all attempt upon its part to foster an industry which had provided it with one of the finest navies in the world was apparently abandoned.

It is conceded now, I think, that the government cannot build ships as quickly or as cheaply as via our private yards. It may be truly said, therefore, that the naval requirements of the government are to a certain extent dependent upon such private yards. This fact would seem to suggest that the attitude of the government toward the ship-builder should be changed. It would seem to suggest that much consideration is due from the government to the ship-builder; and when we consider the vast outlay of private capital expended largely in order that the purposes and aims of the government might be accomplished, it is not surprising that the ship-builder is seeking and is every day in doing for more liberality and less antagonism on the part of the government in its treatment of his interests. The American ship-builder's condition does not entitle us to such sympathy as for justice. He is entitled to the same one of the fairest and the most equitable, and it is a far beyond dispute that many of the vessels in our navy do not represent a dollar of profit to the ship-builder, but, on the contrary, the ill-will of the government in the matter of appropriations has been the cause of the loss of the ship-builder's obtaining war-vessels at prices which have inflicted losses running into millions upon private yards. I have personal knowledge of three vessels recently delivered to the government which represent a



**WITHIN FOUR MILES OF PORT ARTHUR—JAPANESE SOLDIERS
WATCHING AN ATTACK ON THE FORTRESS**

The photograph was taken at a point less than 1000 yards above Port Arthur, and shows a group of General Nogai's soldiers with field glasses watching the progress of an attack. Just above the head of the man at the left may be seen trenches dug by the Japanese. To the extreme right in the background is another group in which are included several war correspondents. Taken at 1000 yards by James C. H. Smith, U.S.A. Copyright, 1904, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

loss in the builders of fully \$550,000. This loss was incurred partly by labor troubles, partly by enforcement of penalties on the part of the government, and partly because the appropriation was so low as to enforce ruinous bidding.

The shipbuilders' relief must come from the government. Now in what form shall it come? Should the government return to its former premiums and privileges? In my opinion a better plan would be for the government to make its appropriations liberal enough to cover the required work, and then, under certain regulations, designate yards or yards that should perform such work. We have many yards in this country equipped for the building of battle ships and cruisers which might be designated by the government as first-class yards. We have others, again, of smaller capacity and equipment which might be styled second-class yards. In the former the larger type of vessels might be built, while the smaller type could be built in the latter class. To these yards the government work might be assigned, in regular order, the work to be done under the supervision of the government officers upon a cost and percentage basis, not in excess of the government.

The government would be receiving full value for its expenditure. The shipbuilder would be encouraged to devote his best efforts to the undertaking, knowing that a fair profit awaited his performance of the contract, while the losses incident to the present enforced cost-thrust system of competition would be eliminated. This is asking the government to adopt a course followed daily in business transactions, and recognized as being fair and equitable. It is asking for a subsidy. It is not urging the government to fritter away money for nothing, but it is a method by which the shipbuilder may be justly and fairly treated. There is much activity in certain quarters in advocacy of a government subsidy in aid of our merchant marine. Many of our government officials favor such a plan. The Hon. Paul Jones, Secretary of the Navy, appeared recently before the Merchant Marine Commission at Washington in support of such a measure. In his address before that board he is reported as having said:

"It is not a question as to what Americans want to do in the building of a merchant marine. There is, to my mind, nothing academic about it. In order to build up a big American shipping interest you will be obliged to meet the competition of all nations. You will be forced in some way to pre-empt the mail contracts, the subsidies, and the premiums of Germany and of England and of other governments, and you will have to give the American owner of seagoing craft an equality in all respects, this to be arrived at by the actual measure of what our competition is."

If the government is willing to render substantial aid in the rebuilding of the merchant marine, why should it not adopt a policy at least of fairness toward one of the prominent factors in this industry? One of the aims of the supporters of the subsidy plan is to encourage the construction and ownership of American-built vessels for the transportation of American products. The shipbuilder, therefore, is an important factor in this plan. The construction of vessels for merchant service would be undertaken by the shipbuilder on far more advantageous terms to the owner, if, in bidding for the work, the builder could feel that it was not necessary to include in the cost thereof a part of the losses which he is now forced to assume on government work. If it is fair and right for the government to grant subsidies for the upbuilding of a merchant marine, should it not, in order to give the same consideration to our industries essential to such upbuilding, make consideration to shipbuilders a part of such subsidies? No special aid is not asked for; special benefits are not requested, but fairness and a "square deal" are hoped for. I have the highest regard for the integrity and business ability of the honorable Secretary of the Navy. In his private transactions I am certain that he would

never enter into a contract to perform certain work for a fixed sum, and agree that many of the details of such work should be performed "as directed" by the other party as the work progressed, that changes and alterations might be made and extra work be added up and that the amount to be added or deducted from the contract price should be fixed by a board of whose composition he had no voice and whose finding would be conclusive upon him. And yet that is precisely what the Secretary of the Navy now is doing when the shipbuilders shall do it. Indeed, he is nominally a party to a greater hardship than this. Under the method of awarding such work he must be paid for his material and labor is not only on a business-like, but is absolutely unfair. The same right is reserved to the government as to what constitutes a breach of contract, so that generally the condition of the shipbuilder as to this class of work may be said to be one absolutely at the mercy of the government. Why should not the appropriations of the government be liberal enough to insure compensation to the builder for what it is to receive? If the government feels that it should surround itself with the protection which it now has in the construction of its vessels, why should it not establish the businesslike and equitable policy of having such vessels constructed upon a cost and percentage basis within reasonable appropriations. Finally, why should not the government display a spirit of liberality in the awarding of such work? I know of no reason why it should not do so that could not be urged with greater force against the present tendency toward government subsidy. If these or similar suggestions for the fair treatment of the shipbuilder in the awarding of such work are adopted, it is certain that the shipbuilding industry in this country would be relieved of many of the hardships which it is now unfairly asked to assume.

The plan that a company should construct and fully equip battle ships and other armed vessels, and offer them for sale in their completed form, involves, in the first place, an almost unlimited amount of capital, but that difficulty overcome, I see no reason why it should not be successfully undertaken. The advantages of this plan are manifold. The yards can be engaged at all times to their fullest capacity; the rigorous inspection which are now so burdensome would be avoided; duplication of design would result not only in familiarity with the work, but a cheapening of the cost to the lowest possible limit, while ability to deliver quickly at an emergency time, that which some country will always be in need of, would insure a substantial profit upon the labor and material employed under the best possible conditions.

This plan, however, would be of benefit to the few companies and not to the country as a whole. It would not be a plan which would be in the country that could be able to carry out such an undertaking. The reorganized United States Shipbuilding Company, with the aid of the Bethlehem Steel Company, will have within its organization the ability to perform such a task, but as to its attitude with respect to such a plan, it is an undertaking.

But the chief to the majority of shipbuilders will not be found in this direction; it must come from some other source. It must come from the government, and I sincerely hope that such relief may not be long postponed.

A Manager's View of the Stage

By Daniel Frohman

"THE best plays to produce, the best manner of their production, and the best players to produce them—these problems naturally interest the American public because they concern a popular and important means of entertainment—but they are questions which fill the daily life of managers, because their solution is to a great extent a matter of experiment, as well as of individual ability."

Many theories have been advanced for facilitating and improving theatrical affairs, ranging from national theatres or government institutions to subsidized playhouses—public or private—operated simply on philanthropic lines. Some of the suggestions might dispose of a few of the minor details of selection and production of plays, and at the same time enlarge the experimental horizon, but the object to be achieved and the means adopted would remain the same. There is but one way to produce successful plays, and that is to sell the tastes of the American people. That is the philosopher's stone. All the rest is subsidiary.

There are no arbitrary fastenings in plays that vitally affect the problem of the selection of the best plays to be offered to the public, beyond the general notion of appealing to human interest and human emotion. National characteristics and the great common-sense composition of the American audience are things to be reckoned with—the interest and approval of the greatest number, where varying tastes are as many as the units of the body politic. Primarily and principally the American manager and dramatist must appeal to the American audience, and, to argue negatively, here may be found the reason for the not infrequent failure of foreign plays, which, built for and suited to the temperament of a different people, are merely transplanted to masquerade before

an audience whose national characteristics and environments were not considered in their original making. Fashions in plays, however, may be of great extent of sale, and it is to be hoped that a people who are becoming more and more a nation of theatre patrons will be brought about by transportation facilities undreamed of fifty years ago, or whether our people are more inclined to alternate amusement and business, the fact remains that it has necessitated improvements in plays and in their manner of presentation which have practically amounted to a revolution in the course of thirty years. The theatre has had to keep pace with other changes in the life of a young and progressive nation, where each step is a historic event, in taste and critical ability, as well as in customs, in language, and national attributes which tend toward improvement and refinement. The dreary stilted scene play of half a century ago could be out of place to-day. "Quick action" is necessary in our amusements, as well as in our business affairs.

For these and many other reasons, a general formula for the selection of a successful play would be of doubtful value. Whatever the theme—whether American or otherwise—the play must conform to our American standards, the standards of race, and must such to be the best of its kind, in taste and critical ability, as well as all races and nations—the low element. Upon that theme the authors may be rung for all time. For the rest, Kipling's recipe for the making of stories holds good in the making of plays: give conditions and characters to conform to what is probable and true and the reader will fill in the logical details from the storehouse of his own knowledge. In facilities for securing the necessary materials no writers are richer than our American authors. The American playwright may take his choice of character of

every sort and degree—East, West, North, and South, from every race under the sun. Even should he not achieve the same of realism, which caused the good old lady to complain that the book only told her about things she could see every day of her life, the condition of success is elastic. The American audience is a critical audience, but the American temperament leans to the realization of familiar things and familiar characters, and the day's work of the West is the sensational romance of the East.

It is a remarkable fact that at the present time, when conditions to dramatic writers are so great—greater, truly, than ever before in the history of the stage—that we get so little good work. In past times, when the pecuniary reward was small, there was no lack of good dramatic material. In the days of the old comedies, when Voltaire wrote and before Robertson began what he called his "Treason and Sinner" dramas, and down through the days of the early Romantic plays, the prices paid were nominal. Today managers are standing ready with purses in their hands—and to-day desirable work is largely deficient in character and preparation.

And, unfortunately, the plays of familiar human interest are not plentiful. If such plays were more numerous, the problem of successful plays would be solved, and there would be more variety in their production. No theatrical scheme can remedy a defect which lies at the heart of the trouble. The result of managerial experience, often said as well as convincing, is the criterion by which the relative value of one sort of language or appeal to our heart may be accepted as a fact that the plays must promise of success are those that depict the human interest element of the life around us; the "heart plays," briefly told, yet leaving nothing essential to be said.

Again, a play may achieve success because it is presented with attractive accessories, or it may depend for its success entirely upon the development of character, sometimes one character, apart from the sentimental aids of scenery or spectacular effects. French plays will succeed because of an absorbing plot, of intrigue, of character, and of sentimental interest. But to assume that a play promises success in America because it has been eminently successful in France or in England or in Germany is to reckon without the host. Like the prudent play, the play depending for acceptance upon perceived sex relations, they may appeal for a limited time to a limited audience—where, by the way, may be an intellectual and conventional as could be wished—but it is an audience that does not repeat itself. So with the foreign mawkish in vogue, who does not speak our sort of language or appeal to our heart interest; he is not promising of long life. The translation simply does not include the translation of American human interest, and so fails to "make good." With the nation, so with the play. The human interest and humane nature displayed—if at all—are not part of the life of the spectator—of the "age that reflects itself." The audience is left cold and unsympathetic, or is merely intellectually critical.

While the American audience prefers plays of sentimental interest, the English audience is more ready to accept plays of conventional interest. The Frenchman wants intrigue, and is willing to accept dramatic literature. The German is fond of stories of strong ethical import, without reference to what we want in this country—action, movement, and life.

It is a fact that in offering a play to an American audience, which has a more cosmopolitan taste than any audience in the world, the manager who wants to succeed, not only artistically, but financially, must first consider his galleries, for if he can please the galleries and upper classes—which, after all, is the heart of the public—he is very likely to satisfy the expensive patron down-classes. If his plays appeal to the select few—the "problem" plays from Norway, France, Denmark, Germany, where you will—he is appealing to but a portion of the public and not to the approval of the middle mass. Yet it is to reach the large middle class of theatregoers. From this class the interest radiates to all classes. The same general argument is true of the purely literary plays, like those of Bernard Shaw or the poetic writers. They are, as a matter



Daniel Frohman

of fact, too limited in number to meet more than literary interest. They do not reach the outlying population. Nevertheless, plays of this class, if they have dramatic quality, would succeed despite the fact that they are heartily written—and because they are. If Shakespeare did not grip the emotion and touch the heart his purely literary work would stand for dramatic interest. The audience must be made to feel. It requires an cultivated taste in appreciative writers—his plays, they are founded on the first primary emotions and constructed on the fundamental laws of dramatic effect.

With the good play—the play which contains all the elements of success—the manager is incidental. Whether it concerns the attention of the playwright, the theatrical manager, or the successful actor-manager. The medium of presentation—whether by the stage or public means—is unimportant. The actor, if he happens to be an "actor-manager," should not be diverted from his work by being compelled to look through the curtain to determine how much money there is in the house, or to be in any way concerned with the business necessities attached to the presentation. There is plenty of work laid on the shoulders of the actor in looking after his own work and considering the characters entrusted to his care and his purely artistic concerns of their plays.

So far as the manager is concerned, he must fail or succeed through his own choice—both of plays and players. If he attempts to produce a play that proves a failure, he has to abide by serious consequences—he is out an expense in time and money that runs into many thousands of dollars. That is why there is an extra amount of care taken in the selection of plays. Possibly American and other playwrights, in voicing their grievance of lack of success in securing the presentation of their plays, fail to take into consideration the great risks assumed by the manager and producer. As a rule, plays are given a presentation in some form or other ultimately, and then the secret of success or failure is out.

It is too often the case that the unsatisfied manager believes he is a failure not because he is not good, but because he has found no one to appreciate his work. Were theatrical conditions perfect beyond the possibility of evil—were national theatres established for the purpose, among others, of insuring such recognition—were there no possible circumstances or conditions to mar the reward of merit and ability—even then the problem would not be solved.

Many efforts have been made to bring forward plays containing new elements of success—plays from the new, but they have seldom proved successful. I am speaking particularly of the occasional novelty, the special moment. When a play is produced in this way, it is safe to assume that it has made the round of the managers, and that the author has finally assumed the production. There is not a manager to-day who would not willingly produce a play that had been selected by a jury of experts, whether from the Dramatist's Club or some other source—to produce it as an experiment—having the production on the judgment of dramatic writers, press men, or authors—a jury which could appreciate the qualities and requirements of a successful play. Unfortunately, such a procedure is impracticable. We are not so well situated as some of our foreign cousins. At the Comédie Française there is a committee that decides on the plays; they are read before the committee, and then the committee decides. That, however, is an unholier theatre. Possible in imitation of this method, or for the satisfaction of the doubt, in England a year ago a manager came forward and offered to produce any play selected for similar means. The jury was formed and all the conditions fulfilled in the establishment of a successful play. The result, and what was the result of the experiment? Out of nine hundred manuscripts submitted and considered solely on merit and

(Continued on page 1599.)



A View of the Horseshoe Falls, showing the Rainbow

The Carnival of Ice at Niagara

By Broughton Brandenburg

I HAD seen the Falls in spring, summer, and fall but I had never contemplated them when their foot was hidden in a mist of ice and their torrents almost blocked in the passage of winter. The result was that the earth, every foot, was getting down from the train on the Ontario side of that tremendous gash in the face of the earth they call the gorge.

A north wind was driving the white vapors and the squally snow clouds south. A moon not yet full had her way to flood the region with a light that was stronger in effect because it fell on a blanket of snow and poured in a thousand places by edges on which the drifts could not hold them down against the wind. Proves of ice deep down in the canyon, frozen points on the fringing slabs above and below, on the islands and on the jam of hummocks caught the moonlight and dispersed it in semitinting showers.

Some one was kindling a huge bonfire at one end of the ice bridge, I could see black bodies moving in a stream up and down each bank and out across the jam. They were people of the region

and strangers from all over the two countries, come to see the stupendous sight. In a few minutes I had joined the procession and was winding down the steep path that descends directly in front of the Horseshoe Falls. Great pieces of ice were coming over one after the other, and the larger of them seemed to be adding more and more to the strength of the bridge by catching against the jam. The smaller went under or were pulverized. A region rumbling and tremor of the jam told of the terrible conflict between matter and gravity-impelled water, going on under noth.

The crowds were steadily increasing. Mittened, muffled, hooded, and stout-shoeked natives were going about offering their services as guides. A big, red-faced, kindly chap, who said he was a resident of the American city, had been explaining some things to me and relating stories of other ice-bridges.

"There is a clever game being worked a little further along," he said, as we stood watching the spectacle. "Step up on this knoll. Now do you see those shanties on the ice over there by the



Half-way over to Goat Island



**THE CARNIVAL OF ICE AT NIAGARA—TOBOGGANING AT THE FOOT OF THE
AMERICAN FALLS**

There is hardly a winter in which the formations of ice do not make an ideal tobogganing course at snow peaks, affording rare pleasure for enthusiastically snow sportsmen with bob-sleds, runners, sleds, and toboggans.

bordered about half-way to shore! There is where you can buy a drink of stiff-veal whiskey for five cents. These shanties are on the exact boundary-line between the United States and Canada, and the liquor dealer has neither rent, called States duty nor license, nor Canadian license to pay. The officers of neither country disturb these fellows, because they would first be compelled to prove jurisdiction, and by the time the courts got around to it, it would be spring, and the ice, shanty, and all would be gone."

The very formation of bridges will afford a painstaking student matter for years of study. The mere freezing power of the coldest water is not able to check in the least the mighty flood that rushes over the Falls. Nor has the agency which serves as a partial check been able at any time to more than reduce for a time the volume going over Horseshoe Falls, even though at the same time the American Falls run but little more water than a creek. When winter night fully settles down on Lake Erie the water freezes to amazing depths in quiet bays, and when there comes one of the piecemeal January thaws, the warmth, the increased height of the water, and the change of wind serve to break these fields up into clumps or banks, when the wind gets around into the southwest, are driven to the foot of the falls. I have stood on the top of the Westborough Observatory, on the roof of a high building in Buffalo, on a clear day, and as far as I could see up the lake with powerful marine glasses it was green, brown, and blue with packed floes.

When the ice comes down slowly enough not to give the lead of the river it is whirled down stream just East from the Falls, and buried over the Cataract. The first few colossal clumps make no impression, but soon the fragments begin to



Ship bows if driven, can break ice up to the Edge of the Cataract Falls.

elaborate at the point where the tail-end of the great power canal lets into the lower stream. An arm of frozen clumps will reach out, and sometimes in a night a field will be formed. Clumps will strike the rocks and obstructions on either side of Great Island, and perhaps cling long enough to catch others and be frozen to them till the whole mass presents such an obstacle to the water that it will be wrenched away, carried over, and, after circling about, come to rest on the edge of the forming field. A down great masses contributed, and the free passage for floating ice is closed. All the ice not carried under thereafter is caught.

Then, should the wind begin driving ice in rapidly at the head of the river, a few hours will see a gigantic pile mounting. First before the American, then before the Horseshoe Falls. Often as the masses strike they shatter with a report like great guns.

I have seen a fragment of ice, presumably as large as a man's body, buried one hundred feet in air by the collision of two huge clumps. When once the ice cannot get away, and the wind holds steady from the west or southwest, a great bridge is assured.

The bridge of 1904 was the greatest in history. Some portions of other bridges have been more remarkable, but in no way have there been such a complete structure as the one of that winter. The sweep of the jam was so great that it is said that on the 14th of February fifteen feet of ice had formed on the very grand old of Prospect Point, placed there for the protection of boats rising the Falls, and this rapidly increased in a few days to a height of twenty-six feet, forming a great nose of snow and ice from which Prospect Point was not delivered until the 25th day of May.

Living in the terrible current the river never freezes below the



A View of both Falls from the American shore, showing ice-hummocks below the Cataracts. At the Right is the end of the Ice-jam.



A Scene in Prospect Park. Here the Snow-covered Trees has formed a Thin Layer of Ice from the frozen Mist



Looking from Goat Island toward the Steel Arch Bridge. On the Right is the Observation Tower

THE CARNIVAL OF ICE AT NIAGARA—SCENES IN PROSPECT PARK AND ON GOAT ISLAND

ice-jam or bridge, but such is the temperature of the water that ice forms on the rocks to a depth of five to ten feet below the surface, and the water congeals instantly when it comes to rest at the head of Lake Ontario in severe seasons, often causing some odd formations. Some years ago, when the water was very cold, the wind was busy elsewhere long enough to allow old Lake Ontario to freeze, and the ice running down from the Falls under the ice bridge was caught at the head of the lake and the jam backed up till above the No-90-ton bridge at Lewiston, being in some places twenty feet to height and at others crowding out entirely over the bank.

Infrequently, a beautiful phenomenon is to be seen in the snow in one of the photographs herewith reproduced. The air was just right to produce mist, the water was coming over in the quantity to make it, and the wind was sweeping it in just such fashion that the morning was a fall on the bank of vapor, creating a rainbow of dazzling beauty. It is sure to be noticed in the steam, except.

There is hardly a winter in which the same band that puts the hub of the ice on the great waterfall does not in some part of the ledge erect an ideal tobogganing course. Sometimes there are two of these slides, and from far and near enthusiastic and daring snow-sporters come with balisles, racers, skis, toboggans, etc., for weeks of rare pleasure.

For several years past there has been an annual theme which caused a partial desamigration of the ledge, followed by a rebuilding of it, and these efforts on the part of nature have achieved some phenomenal effects. Great dumps of ice covered with snow, leaving but the keys of their crevices weakened, will collapse and leave also with the dark water of the stream below at the bottom.

It is not unusual for huge boulders to be split and at the lower

end, leaving exposed strata of different periods of formation, quite different in color and convolutions. Again, boulders, formation forms combine to steadily raise a portion of the jam from a comparatively level to a considerable altitude, a process which may go on for two or three days, rapid enough to be visible in a careful water and felt by any one daring enough to stand in such a spot during its transformation.

There have been very few accidents during the ice season, strange to say, for it is then that bold spirits from both Europe and Asia attempt feats that are marvellous beyond relation. The fact that the bridge is so high and the jump so long, the jump is from a level usually gets very wet, but sees his name many times a year. There is quite a difference, too, in raising the ice-jam or bridge and in making one's way out on the piled-up masses directly below the entrance.

Some day there will be a very different set of formations to be seen. No one living now may behold them, perhaps. The giant boulders below the American Falls are protecting the soft side of the cliff, so that each year the Canadian Falls wears away more of the American. Two hundred years ago the forms of the Canadian Falls was so like a horseshoe that the name was given them. Now the shape is more like a V, and each year seems to increase the depth of the water, which is known to be more than eighteen feet. It is what the waterlogged schooner *Drift*, one of Commodore Perry's prizes, drew when, as an experiment, she was sent over in 1820. The contemplated damming of the Niagara River at Buffalo, to raise the level of the water in Lake Erie, would have the effect of raising the ice at the dam, which would make a serious difference in the winter beauty of the Falls.

Holidays at the Theatre

By James L. Ford

THE ideal theatre audience, according to my way of thinking, would be one composed entirely of children, for they alone go to the theatre in the proper spirit. Their emotions are simple and easily perverted, their perceptions are sure, quick and true, and they go to the play-house to be entertained, not to criticize. Best of all, the stage still holds for them that magic illusion that we who are worldly-wise can never know, any more, and the region behind the footlights is to them a land of enchantment, upon which they gaze with wondering, longing eyes.

It was while watching a representation of "Humpty Dumpty" at the New Amsterdam Theatre the other day and noting the extraordinary aptitude and similarity with which the audience, which was composed in great part of little children, responded to the efforts of the performers, that I went back in memory to that happy period of my theatrical immersions when the stage had lost none of its illusion for me, and the overriding iron of knowledge about the back-drops and the interlarded drama had not yet entered into my soul. We were eager theatergoers in those days, and none the less we became so vitiated a playhouse only about three or four times during the season. It was partly on that account, perhaps, that plays and players made a far deeper impression on us than they do now, and that the actresses who won our infantile affections were loved with a mad intensity that was far greater and deeper than that common adult love which finds expression in mere gifts of flowers and jewelry, or that intellectual approval that is born of a knowledge of them.

We knew nothing then about the theory that it takes a gentleman to play a gentleman, and if we had absorbed that tremendous idea it would have been impossible to realize in that even such aristocratic actors as my Lord Broderick and Veranoth were to be compared in any way with our adored Tony Pastor, elegant and debonair in evening dress and crush hat when singing his ditties and magnificently imposing when seen on Broadway in a splendid seashell coat worn by the first cut. We too, to be advanced of our own stupidly clothed relations after seeing Tony Pastor and Gus Williams walk up the street—the same Gus Williams who concluded with his joke about "all the industries of the season."

Another favorite of those simple times was John E. O'Brien, whose "Solon Shingle" was the literary gem of the less theatrical "Joshua Whitecomb," and the still more effective Dorn-Koster shown us by Mr. Horne in "Shore Acres." "Solon Shingle" was a broadly comic Yankee—a contemporary of the "Widow Bedolt" and "Mrs. Partington" of literature—who was too fat to sell his barrel of apples and eventually found himself in the police court and the central figure in a series of uproarious criminality.

Sometimes I am glad that there was no superior person around then to do the most innocent rejection of the most artificial and stage of stage farmers by telling us that he was not natural, and preferred to enter to the noisy element in the gallery rather than to give an exhibition of "repressed emotion." Theatrical snobism is artificial. "Solon Shingle" may have been, but let it be remembered of him that at least he did not violate the most sacred rural traditions by going first-dollar bills to tramps as "Joshua Whitecomb" did, or by refusing a pension after the manner of the "Shore Acres" farmer.

I think the first theatre I ever attended was the "lecture-room" of Barnum's old Ann Street Museum, and the performer whom I best remember was the "Lightning Calculator," who added up five long columns of figures with a celerity and accuracy that seemed nothing short of miraculous in little chaps like myself who

were just struggling through vulgar fractions. This wonderful mathematician is still alive, and well known to the patness of a certain Boston dime museum as "Professor Hutchinson." His eloquent and scholarly lectures at the establishment, whose relics of the fattened lady, the albino king, and the grotesque living lady command the reverent attention of hothead and enraptured audiences. Then I saw the Revell troupe, in which were the veteran Gabriel Havel—he danced like a cork at fourteen; the famous "Solon Shingle," whose son, Ignazio, still does, and the wonderful Zuerfetta, the father of that exquisitely graceful and not unalike dancer, Anna Angles, of Weber and Fields renown. Some what later I was taken in "The Black Crook" by a male rival, that I had known and known that sort of an entertainment it was, but secured seats in the front row three weeks in advance—and I was not until I was several years older that I was told what sort of an entertainment had filled me with such delight and wonderment. Next, chronologically, I mean, is my memory, comes to me first of a minstrel show, on which occasion I heard Gus Kneass sing "Kaiser, don't you want to buy a dog?" and was crowned with laughter by a series of jokes about a starving and ship-wrecked mariner who was eating "chickens out of the hatchbox," "hoof from the halsauks," and who finally secured an egg in the amusement of the interlender, whose next question disclosed the fact that "the ship lay to and I got one." It is interesting to note, in this connection, that this lovely bit of prologue which I heard the first time I ever went to the minstrels I likewise heard on the occasion of my last visit to that now obsolete form of entertainment. I was still very young when I was taken to see "Humpty Dumpty," in which that matchless clown, G. L. Fox, was the star.

We boys all agreed that "Humpty Dumpty" was the finest spectacle ever seen on any stage, and Fox, with his white face and rubeolous clown suit, the very funniest person that the mind could conceive of, vivid memories of Fox came back to me the other day at "Humpty Dumpty," and certainly there is no one else to-day who to-day who I think if we boys of long ago had been taken to see such a wonderful spectacle as that which was unfolded before me on the New Amsterdam stage, I am quite sure that our minds would have been seriously affected by the glitter and the glare of lights, costumes, and stage properties, and by the marvellous series of tableaux that follow one another with a rapidity calculated to bewilder any infantile mind.

"Humpty Dumpty" is a wondrous rather than a broadly comic entertainment, but a great deal of genuine fun is furnished by Frank Merriam in the character of a cook, who rules not only the kitchen, but the whole of the king's palace as well. It is not as funny as "The Wizard of Oz," but as a stage production, it is a useful color, rhythmic dancing, ever-changing scenes, and extraordinary mechanical properties. It is one of the very few plays ever prepared for a juvenile audience. I think myself that there is a little too much in this version of "Humpty Dumpty," and I am quite sure that the child who sits through the performance—certainly it would be impossible to drag one out of the circle who feels with its bewilderment of a cook, who rules not only the kitchen, but the whole of the king's palace as well, and then again by others until the scene itself vanishes, even when the audience has had time to study out its every detail, and another appears as if by magic in its place.

Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

WE have too few writers in this country like Mr. E. S. Martin. It is the penalty of journalism that it induces a spirit of restlessness and hurry and a wild hurry to "get there on time." Few journalists today seem to graduate into the quieter by-paths of literature. When he does linger in a pleasant backwater to dilate on occasional themes of living interest, there is too often in evidence an impatience and eagerness to get out of it again into the main stream. His manner of writing is alert, rapid, easy, and his perceptions of life shallow and of little value. It is all a vain show; a flash in the pan; a moment's glitter and gloss. His most brilliant efforts have the insolence and impudence of a prattling brook or the mad rush of a turbulent torrent. It is when we enter upon the pages of such writing as Mr. Martin has given us in his latest book, *The Luxury of Children* and some other *Luxuries*, that we realize the truth of Matthew Arnold's complaint as applied to the mind of the age—"No leisure to grow wise, no shelter to grow ripe." No more striking contrast to the prevailing tone of literary journalism which I have just deplored could be cited than in these charming excursions of thought and fancy of Mr. Martin's into a field that is always at our doors. Here there is a world of leisure and spaciousness; an element of play, an absence of haste that invites the mind to pause for a while and rest in calm enjoyment of real delights. His thought lies in deep pools, sunny, serene, exhilarating as a summer's day in June. The flavor of earth and its sensuous beauty pervade the luminous depths of its sleeping waters, and on its bosom is reflected the light and glow of heaven. Nonsense have Mr. Martin's admirable gifts of fancy and humor shown to such advantage or adorned a theme with such an exquisite taste and taste and self-respect as regard as in these delightful chapters appertaining to children, their ways, their humors, their vagaries, their inclinations to stray, and the obligations of others toward them. And Mr. Martin has been most fortunate in his illustrator. The full-page pictures and marginal decorations by Miss Sarah N. Stillwell are a delight to the eye. The love of little children and that rare gift of ready understanding and sympathy which have quickened the writer's insight, have also spurred the artist to an exhibition of childhood. In the nursery, at play during school hours, that appeals to one's warmest affection. One feels, too, in this happily combined achievement of author and artist, the ravishing sense of wonder and gay irresponsibility with which the child looks out upon the world, and which Mr. Martin, too, upon the parents as a plea for greater responsibility and solicitude for the young, on their part. *The Luxury of Children* is one of the most beautiful books of the year, and a most reasonable gift-book.



E. S. Martin
Author of "The Luxury of Children"

A very attractive picture songbook for little boys—and little girls, too, for that matter—is *Waltz Little Boys Sing*, for which John and Rue Carpenter are responsible. The songs are very simple, and both words and music are concerned with childlike self and nature. The entire and expert of the little boys are caught in a vein of humor that is pleasing and novel. A book for little children that is sure of a welcome is *Little Pictures*, a successor to the series of stories with colored pictures for which Miss Gertrude South has become deservedly popular. For older boys and girls who have begun to use their minds, as well as their hands and eyes, there are two books which are especially noteworthy. One of these is Mr. Robert W. Chambers's *Riverland*. Mr. Chambers's previous books, *Outdoorland* and *Oberland*, have made him so widely known to young readers that no commendation is

necessary to put this third book in a unique juvenile nature series into their hands. The other book is by a new writer, who won his spurs in the Middle West, and who is quickly making a deep impression in the East since his arrival in New York about a year ago. Mr. Bert Loston Taylor was associated with the *Chicago Tribune* for some years, and came East to take a position on the staff of *Puck*. He is a writer of refined taste and quiet power. He has a hand in delicious humor, which is his most delightful gift. In *The World in the Wood*, written about a little girl who gets called "just fluddy" because that is the answer she makes to the Yellow Dog and the Lazest Beaver and the Rabbit when they ask for her name, Mr. Taylor has given a fine example of his fun-making qualities, combined with the story-telling instinct. It is one of the best stories I have read in the manner of *Alice in Wonderland*; Mr. Taylor is perhaps a follower of Lewis Carroll, but *The World in the Wood* is not to be judged as an imitation. If other little girls of four six in ten years of age enjoy it as much as I happen to know one of seven did, then the author may feel pleased at his success. The drawings by Miss F. V. Cory illustrating fluddy's adventures in the wood in search of the well are captured with the lens of the text; it is evident that the artist enjoyed the process of putting the author's merry fantasy into her pictures.

Now that the music season has begun the interest in musical matters will be quickened in what our critics are saying about them. Mr. Lawrence Gilman, who has been the musical critic of the *WEEKLY* since 1901, is, I suppose, one of the youngest men in the field, and yet he comes to it with an equipment of knowledge and sympathy and a faculty of musical interpretation which are unusual for his years. The last only to read his volume on *Phases of Modern Music*, recently published, to recognize the freshness of feeling, the fineness and forcefulness of imaginative quality, the grasp of skill and execution in presentation, and the exhilarating sense of an originating and individual power which distinguish the critical work of this young adventurer. In study and handling. But Mr. Gilman is more than a critic and a lover of music; he has a sense of music for language as well, and his well-turned phrases and apt characterization of compositions and composers win for him a hearing with the general music-lover, as well as the student. Among the themes treated by Mr. Gilman are Richard Strauss, Edward MacDowell, Grieg, Wagner, Verdi, "Parafall" and its significance, Edward Elgar, and there is a stimulating chapter on "Women and Modern Music." Mr. Gilman dedicates his book to the veteran music critic, Mr. Philip Hale.

An English writer makes grim mirth out of the statement that when *The House of the Medici* was running serially, one reader begged for advance proofs, pleading that he had heart disease and fearing he might die before the story ended. "I should like to point out to Mr. Thackeray the responsibility that attaches to the writing of a novel so dangerously exciting. What would his feelings have been had the gentleman with heart disease died between the instalments? Could he ever have forgiven himself for allowing a human being to be hurled into eternity with no better preparation than a feverish desire to know what happened in this case? Imagine, too, the horror of his friends, powerless to appease the agonizing curiosity of the dying man. And, by the way, his interest was not, as described, 'heartless.' It was the fear of heartlessness that made him beg so eagerly for the advance proofs."



From "The Luxury of Children"



The "Blue-Jay" and "General Rooster" in "Woodland" at the New York Theatre

"Woodland," described as a "musical fantasy of the forest," by Fiske and Lothrop, is to be transferred from the New York to the Herald Square Theatre on December 28. The scenes of the piece are laid in a mist. All the characters represent birds, and their lives reflect those of the birds of the story of the play.



Lew Fields and Marie Cahill in "It Happened in Nordland" at Lew Fields' Theatre

The new Lew Fields Theatre was opened on December 5 with the musical comedy "It Happened in Nordland," by Gus Warburton and Victor Herbert. The story concerns an American girl who goes to the mythical kingdom of Nordland as an ambassador and by a series of misadventures finally wins the possession of the throne.



Louis Mann in a Scene from "The Second Fiddle" at the Criterion

"The Second Fiddle" is a farce comedy by Hurdon Blake, founded on a book by the same author published some years ago. Mr. Mann takes the part of "Leopold Baron von Hal-

den," a penniless nobleman, who renounces his position as second fiddle in a Vienna orchestra and goes to Paris, where his sweetheart and his opera are both stolen.

MUSICAL AND FARCE COMEDY IN NEW YORK



GEORGIA WELLES AS "PAULA" IN "THE SECOND FIDDLE"

Miss Welles plays the part of "Paula," the foster sister and sweetheart of "Leopold Baron von Walden" (Mr. Mann). Miss Welles was formerly a member of the Castle Square Opera Company

Correspondence

MODERATION OR TOTAL ABSTINENCE?

MR. VERNON, IOWA, December 1, 1901.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir:—For many years I have been a constant reader and admirer of your excellent paper, but I have sometimes wondered if the position that you have taken as advocate for the moderate use of alcoholic beverages is tenable. The effects of alcohol upon the human body, both in moderation and in excess, have in recent years been carefully investigated by competent men of various countries, and their contributions to our knowledge of the subject have shed much light upon the problem. The writer recalls that about twenty years ago the New York Legislature passed an act that required the effects of alcohol and other poisons upon the human organism to be taught in the schools. Other States followed New York's example, and the consequence was that the authors and publishers of text-books in their haste to comply with the requirement often sacrificed accuracy and fell into many exaggerations. A reaction from such teaching was inevitable. But in the past few years, the subject has been approached and investigated in a more judicial spirit. The conclusions reached are generally so accepted as reliable.

Among the many recent works on physiological chemistry, that of G. Ringer, a professor in the University of Jülich, Netherlands, is widely used and recognized as a standard. In his section on alcohol, he does not simply give his own views and the results of his own investigations, but he includes the work that has been done on the subject in England, the United States, Belgium, France, Germany, Austria and other countries. The conclusions arrived at by all these investigations are almost diametrically opposite to the ideas you have advanced in defense of moderate drinking. It is shown that what seems to be the stimulating action on mind and body that the moderate drinker experiences is due to the paralysis of the nerve centers. Also in this paralysis are due the diminution of the sense of fatigue, the temporary relief from trouble, and the feeling of warmth. Alcohol does not improve digestion but retards it. All the evidence tends to show the uselessness and the harmfulness of the beverage even in moderation. Another authority, A. Beer, by collecting a large mass of evidence, shows that soldiers are able to do better service in every climate when entirely deprived of the use of alcohol. It is admitted that alcoholic drinks diminish the metabolic processes, the breaking down of the tissues; but this breaking down is natural and desirable, as it is the source of all our energy.

It can hardly be proved that ordinary food and drink, alcohol excepted, excite a progressive appetite for itself, and the tendency is in no such liquor in excess. Moderate drinking, therefore, is exceedingly dangerous, and with such risk the very doubtful advantages, which are claimed for it, are not commensurate. Many States are as hard hit by that from seventy to eighty per cent. of crime and from two to forty per cent. of the suicides in civilized countries are due to alcohol. A benefactor of the race and a powerful factor in the education of civilized communities, as every great paper is, should not you not advocate a policy of total abstinence as strongly as you have advocated that of moderation?

I am, sir,

NICHOLAS KASHNER,

AS TO "CANDLESTICKS"

MARQUETTE, MICH., December 5, 1901.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir:—In an article in a recent issue of your paper containing an estimate of the late Cardinal Newman, an Illinois man made to "candlesticks" in his comment with Whately is made the occasion of some wandering comment that a man esteemed so great could consider so small a thing important.

The author has overlooked the fact that the total reference Newman made was to the suppression of several Irish hospitals. The use of "candlesticks" in this sense is familiar to readers of the *Harvard* of St. John. "The seven golden candlesticks" were the seven churches of Asia.

I believe I am correct in saying that Newman's sermon to Rome had nothing to do with minor ritual matters. His mental disturbances grew out of such minor serious questions, and all of his previous associates, numbering many great men, from whom he afterwards came to differ, bear witness to the essential largeness of his mind.

I am, sir, G. MARY WILLIAMS.

Presbyterian Episcopal Bishop of Marquette.

HARVARD AND TECHNOLOGY

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

BOSTON, December 6, 1901.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir:—Your editorial of December 3 and various other public comments on the proposed combination of the Institute of Technology and Harvard University appear to be based on an imperfect appreciation of the facts and considerations involved. The matter is much too complicated to admit of such conclusions until the actual plan is presented.

The building up by Harvard of a strong rival to the Institute is spoken of as a "needless duplication of institutions in the same field." If the supply of technological education was likely to outrun the demand, this statement might be correct. But so far from that being the case, the Institute of Technology, like other schools of its type, has been long overcrowded, and the quality of its work has

tended to decline in consequence of increasing numbers, quite apart from the financial difficulty of providing the necessary space. Technological education is largely a matter of close personal relations between teachers and students. This fact makes it increasingly difficult to guard against the acquisition of quality as numbers increase, and at the same time invalidates the argument of economy in combination, since the cost, not only of buildings, but of teachers and equipment, must be increased appreciably in proportion to the number of students. Moreover, a great educational institution is not a mere mechanical "plant" to be indefinitely expanded or combined with other plants, similar or dissimilar. It is a living organism, with its own individuality, traditions, ideals, and normal direction of development. It is this which makes it so perilous to attempt any organic combination of the two institutions, with the consequent sacrifice of independence to one or both, and it is natural that the faculty and the alumni should have the keenest appreciation of this fundamental aspect of the matter. They realize that, while the development of a great educational undertaking may be retarded by lack of funds, an absolutely essential condition for such development is organic independence.

I am, sir,
A GRADUATE OF TECHNOLOGY.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CONSTITUTION

BALTIMORE, December 11, 1901.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir:—For about thirty years I have been a subscriber to your paper with I believe, no break in my subscription. Possibly, therefore, you may think my communication is not worthy of consideration before commitment to the editorial waste-basket.

From time to time references have appeared in your columns from which it appears that you object to the act of Mr. Roosevelt in 1902 in arranging the arbitration commission which eventually stopped the coal strike. I believed that you considered his action "un-constitutional," not questioning its practical benefits in settling the trouble, at that time so alarming.

I think it would interest your readers if you would explain your grounds for alleging the "unconstitutionality" of the act and action of the President, or show why the *Constitution* comes into the case at all. If I mistake not, Mr. Roosevelt did not organize the commission to violate the rights of any authority he had as President, but merely did what was his privilege to do as a citizen of the United States, as you or I might have done. If done by a private individual the arbitration would probably have failed, but the prestige of the President made it succeed, and millions of our people were saved further loss and suffering, but he claimed no "authority" for acting as he did, nor any power to enforce the findings of the commission. There is, I suppose, no claim that the result was not good, but where does the *Constitution* come in or the assumption of authority by Mr. Roosevelt by virtue of his official position?

I am, sir, WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM.

[See this week's COMMENT.—EDITOR.]

HOW SHALL WE EDUCATE CHILDREN?

PARIS, TEXAS, December 8, 1901.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir:—A recent occurrence coming under my observation furnishes food for thought, and raises the question of the advisability of higher education for our boys.

A man in the prime of early manhood having graduated from the universities of Tennessee and of Texas, an original thinker, a most forcible writer, whose literary taste is cultured to the extreme, and a man who has made a comfortable living by the practice of his chosen profession—that of the law—has calmly, deliberately, with malice aforethought, thrown up all these attainments and retired to a rural community—"Pease Gap"—and engaged in a general mercantile business, such as can be run in a country store, the stock comprising beans, coffee, cotton, millinery, ploughs, wagons, water oil, saws, hams, etc.

This move, to me, is a great waste of fine mentality. The apology offered is about like this: "There are fifty lawyers in Paris, work for about ten; the country offers a fine field for energetic men."

The question I would ask of your readers is this: Are our parents called upon to make sacrifices to give our boys higher education, when it is proven, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the professions are crowded and little money made in them. Let me have light upon this subject. I am a widow, with a family that came on before race suicide came into vogue, and with Cornelia, the mother of the Titian, I can say of my children, "These are my jewels." How shall they be educated?

I am, sir, ELEANOR T. KIERPATRICK.

DIDN'T TELL IT

BOSTON, December 8, 1901.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir:—I had the anecdote called "Faithful," published recently in *THE NEW YORKER*, credited to me, in getting pretty well circulated through the country, and I wish to deny ever having repeated any such story.

I therefore wish you would do me the kindness to deny, in the columns of your paper, my responsibility for the story.

I am, sir, JOHN F. FITZGERALD.



"A LA GAUMINE"

By WILLIAM McLENNAN

IF old Nicolas Juchereau de Beaufort had not had so many sons and daughters—there was a royal baker's dozen of them, beginning with Marie Anne, twice a wife, and ending with Josephine, once and forever a nun—his sisters-in-law might have amounted to something. As it was, most of the boys left home and one had to be helped here and another there, so that the daughters, who made fewer demands, had but a meagre enough share, so when Madeleine married Monsieur Joseph Alexandre de l'Estrogien de St. Martin she had to be satisfied with her inauspicious name and her husband's position as the Governor's Guard rather than with the length of her purse or the fatness of his par. However, as "that shears the sheep according to the wind," they had only three children—Joseph, Madeleine, and Francis—instead of seventeen, like her brother Ignace, or sixteen, like her sister Charlotte.

Joseph, Marie Anne Josephine she was christened, the eldest of the family, was a regular gypsy. Her mother declared she was badly brought up; that it was a disgrace for a should-be respectable child to run wild over the whole parish; that she was altogether too familiar with both her father and her mother, who had united in spelling her from her cradle upwards. At these and all similar fault-finding, M. de St. Martin would only laugh and say: "I care but little, so long as her Josephine loved her and admired her father as the best and most lovable persons in the world. And Joseph Alexandre laughed too, for when his little Josephine, his namesake you notice, jumped on his knee and hugged him until his face became redder than ever as he expostulated:

"Oh, M. M., how scarce! We have neither lands nor gold. The children are our only wealth, and a little extravagance in it now and again keeps us from growing too wise or too old."

"You'll both be old enough, some day," rejoined Mme. Ignace, whose husband, M. Duchesnay, was now head of the family, and she, as his representative, was jealous of its dignity.—"You'll both be old enough some day; but I should for the wisdom."

"My Joseph is quite as wise as I'll ever want him," retorted Joseph's wife.

"You are a disgrace to the whole family!" thundered Mme. Ignace. "I don't know how you ever came into it."

"By birth, madame; not by marriage," flushed the little mischievous one, who that her husband had no choice to interfere.

At which Madame Ignace very properly left the house, stating emphatically her opinion of both parents, and prophesying an unpleasant future for their eldest daughter, Marie Anne Josephine de l'Estrogien de St. Martin.

All this was when Josephine was quite old enough to have known better; so were her father and mother; but even when a few years went by and they were all a few years older, they still knew no better way to get their feet out of life than by going on in the same happy-go-lucky manner, a family whose goods were freedom and affection held in strict community.

"Depend upon it, Joseph and Madeleine will some day repent of allowing such nonsense as the children dining when they have company," criticized Mme. Ignace to her husband.

"Surely you wouldn't have the children starve," soberly answered her husband.

"Have some sense, Ignace! Certainly no child should be seen when the Governor is present."

"Well, Josephine is no child now; the Governor said so one day

yesterday he was surprised that St. Martin had been able to keep so pretty a bird in his nest so long."

"That is just what I say! The idea of allowing a great girl like that to be seen and talked to by every Tom, Dick, and Harry who chooses to come out from Quebec with him."

"Do you mean the Governor, ma tante?"

"No, I don't mean the Governor, indeed!—for Mme. Ignace disliked almost all things to be called "ma tante," and M. Duchesnay should have remembered this— I don't mean the Governor, indeed, I mean such trash as that young Moutholton, who comes from no one knows where."

"He happens to come from a place called Paris."

"A pretty place!" she started.

"So I've been told."

"Then why didn't he stay there? M. Beaulard says only the trash come out here."

"M. Beaulard has a fine nose, but he'll get it too high in the air if he turns it up at every one whom he meets from Paris. Leave the lad alone and tell M. Beaulard to do the same or he may run foul of Joseph a second time." And M. Duchesnay ended the discussion by walking off towards the mill.

And M. Duchesnay was quite right as regards Louis de Moutholton, for in spite of 4 and Beaulard's nose, he was a fine young fellow and came of most respectable people in Paris. I'm afraid his fault in the eyes of Mme. Ignace was that he had borne a letter to M. de St. Martin, instead of to some more influential member of the family; that he had found the little house by the church rose to his liking than the manor, and most of all, that he should slighted brother-in-law allowed the handsome young fellow to go in and out at all hours and make one with his family in their excursions into the woods. Of course, had Josephine not been so young it would have made less difference, for Mme. Ignace was fond of her pretty niece in her own imperious way, and M. Louis de Moutholton added a new anxiety to Mme. Ignace which she shared together with her indignation with M. Beaulard, who found all her points well taken.

As for the young gentleman and Mademoiselle Josephine, they were innocent of all cause of anxiety or offence. He was as much at home with M. and Mme. de St. Martin as if they had been his own father and mother, and was like an elder brother to Josephine, Madeleine, and Francis. But gradually there came a change: Josephine became more silent when in his company, she no longer proposed their usual visits to the traps or to the quiet reaches of the Montmorency where trout abound; she preferred to go off alone with her father, and when at home stuck very close to her mother's apron-string.

Louis was somewhat flustered at first, but, having a clear conscience, decided it was only a girl's way, and she would probably come round in a time. So he slowly made no change in his relations towards her, and Josephine gradually became reconciled and in her own good time she came round. Her natural upbringing saved her from all affectation, and, once over her first startled apprehensions of this new element in her life, she fell back into her usual relations without nagging or explanation.

That both the young people were in love was clear, and, being of a suitable age, neither father nor mother made any objection. Louis satisfied M. de St. Martin that he was in an independent position, that his marriage would please his mother, from whom a warm letter of approval was soon received by Mme. de St. Martin—for he had written long before the innocent Josephine had

But Mme. de St. Martin, alas! made no better progress with the unreasonable M. Rouland than had her husband. She returned home, very indignant, but unrequited. All the fighting qualities of the Juchereau were roused within her, and she succeeded to Louis her determination to go with him the next day and appeal to M. Ghinestet, the Grand Vicar of Quebec.

M. Ghinestet was white and musty like his dwelling, and invited neither familiarity nor appeal.

When Mme. de St. Martin began her story, he moved his thin hand and said:

"I have already seen your Curé M. Rouland. He is right in the position he has taken, and there is nothing to be done."

"But, monsieur, allow me to explain," protested Louis.

"You can explain, M. de Montblond, when you produce the certificates required by the Bishop's mandement."

"But, monsieur, 'tis winter now, and though I am perfectly willing I cannot possibly receive my certificates before next autumn."

"That is your affair, monsieur."

"At least allow me to produce my proof."

"What proof?" said M. Ghinestet, leaning forward with some show of interest.

"My mother's letter."

But M. Ghinestet fell back in his chair with a gesture of weariness. "Oh, la, la, la, monsieur, this is an old story. M. Rouland has refused to accept your so-called proof, and I am not going to waste my time nor my temper over such matters. The Bishop's mandement is there, it is perfectly clear. Comply with it and M. Rouland will marry you with all the pleasure in the world. And there's an end of it!"

And M. Ghinestet rose to point his words. Unfortunately it was not the end; for M. Louis de Montblond, burning under a sense of personal injustice, and outraged in his tenderest feelings, gave way to his indignation with words that certainly did nothing to help forward his cause.

Mme. de St. Martin did not accept it on a desert. Soon her influence worked on Josephine, who, after a day or two, went singing about her work. No one in the household could guess what kept Mme. de St. Martin so cheerful or inspired her unflinching assurance that all would come out right.

For her marriage was in the air, so much so that she apparently could leave no single people in peace. No thought Michel Potvin, that staid, quiet-going bachelor with the mature wisdom of forty years and better, when his mistress came into the kitchen one night if the maids had gone to bed and he sat before the fire mending his stockings.

"Michel," she began without preamble, "have you any threat of getting married?"

"Bottiguet's madame. Why should I get married?"

"Because I wish you to."

"Get married, madame? Me?"

"Yes, certainly. Didn't I ask plainly?"

"Poor l'amusé! madame. That is a poor jest to bring to a quiet man in this time of day. I've had trouble enough by myself, and 'tis a poor fool that would doubt it. No, no, have much things to the young people who don't know any better."

"Vendredi! Lévesque's daughter is a good girl, Michel?"

"Then let her be a comfort to her father, madame."

"Now, Potvin, no more nonsense! I wish you to get married and that's all about it. I'll see you have enough to start with, and old Lévesque's daughter is willing. What more do you want?"

"I don't want Lévesque's daughter, madame," said poor Louis, dolefully.

"Good heavens! man. One woman's much like another. Why do you mean?"

"Well, to speak frankly, I don't want any; but if madame is set on the matter—perhaps, Marie Belanger—"

"Marie Belanger be it!" cried Mme. de St. Martin, quickly. "I'll speak to her for her to-morrow, for the banns must be read next Sunday."

"That will make the wedding, madame."

"Early in January."

This important business being settled to Mme. de St. Martin's satisfaction, she then entered into some explanations which so sat-

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THE END OF THE BUFFALO—AN ENGLISH IDEA OF THE
EXTINCTION OF BIG GAME IN AMERICA

Drawn by Paul Bell

ished M. Potvin that every cloud vanished from his face and by the next day his cheerfulness rivalled that of Josephine; he married as ardent a lover as Madeleine Marie Belanger or any reasonable girl could demand, so their banns were duly read in the parish church of Bonaparte by the Curé Bouhard the very next Sunday.

The New Year came with its obligatory round of visits between relations and friends, but no unpleasant remarks were made either at the pre-nuptial or the nuptial; the young people were apparently in good heart, and Mme. de St. Martin had a light of triumph in her eye which nothing appeared to justify, unless it were the approaching marriage of Potvin and Marie Belanger.

The marriage was fixed for Wednesday, the 7th of January. To do honor to their spiritual servant, and to the lady of honor, St. Martin's choir, the whole St. Martin family were in the church with the exception of M. de St. Martin, who was on duty at the Chateau in Quebec.

Louis de Montholon stood beside Josephine, and a very handsome couple they made. The bride and groom were in their proper places, M. le Curé Bouhard officiated, and the marriage was duly performed. He then prepared to celebrate the benediction, but the moment the consecration of the elements was complete Louis de Montholon arose in his place, and bade Josephine by the hand, declared in his clear voice:

"I, Louis de Montholon, before M. le Curé Bouhard and in presence of you all as witnesses, do take Marie Anne Josephine de l'Étréguine de St. Martin as my wife."

Then Madeleine, very pale and trembling, rose, in her turn said:

"I, Marie Anne Josephine de l'Étréguine de St. Martin, before M. le Curé Bouhard and in presence of you all as witnesses, do take Louis de Montholon as my husband."

The consecration was general. M. Bouhard turned as red as his altar cloth; but what could he do, dear man? It was after the consecration and he could not interrupt his mass. He stood still, in speechless indignation, while wisps began to run through the congregation: "C'est mariage à la canaille! Oh, la bonne Magie!" and the like, until he recovered his composure, when, raising his hand to command attention, he went on with his office steadily to the end.

Three outside, every one by common accord waited, eager to see the pair who had awakened such sudden interest in their eyes. Baid by side, hand still in hand, they stepped out of the door and passed at the edge of the narrow platform which ran across the front of the church. Then Louis spoke.

"My friends," he said, "you have seen what has happened. Every step I have taken," continued Louis, "up to the day that I went to ask M. Bouhard to marry me to this lady has been with the full knowledge and consent of M. and Mme. de St. Martin and my mother."

M. Bouhard refused to marry us. Why? Because, he says, I am a Frenchman, because I must bring to him a certificate from my parish priest, from a notary, from some one or other, whom he has not seen—how prove that? That I am not married already. "I have, as a good Catholic, the highest respect for M. Bouhard as a priest, and I now declare that if I have in any way defiled him or such I humbly ask his pardon and forgiveness, but I have done nothing I am ashamed of. I know I am in the right and M. Bouhard will yet say so himself. No man or woman can ever be made to say that any scandal save such as he himself has forced upon us shall ever fall on my wife, for, in spite of all you have heard, my wife she is married by him, in the face of the Church, and I call on each one of you as a witness!"

When he ended there was no doubt of the popular verdict, though some of the elders might shake heads over the scandal, the shaking was more perfunctory than condemnatory. There were few who did not press forward to shake hands with the rebels, and while the feather-brained laughed over the ruse, the more serious eyed the young people of their sympathy and support.

"Dame!" exclaimed Potvin to his bride, "we are very much like the dead man at his funeral—all the compliments for the company."

Music

An American "Carmen"

MISS CLARE FRENSTAD's recent assumption of the part of Carmen at the Metropolitan Opera House has been the signal for a curious determination and, as it seems to us, gratuitous disparagement of Mme. Cabel's famous impersonation of that character. There is no reasonable occasion for such disparagement. Miss Frenstad is playing the part of Blac's inimitable heroine for the first time in America, and her interpretation has been greatly and justifiably successful. Her Carmen is a brilliant, effective, and admirably artistic performance, she acts the part with delightful vivacity and skill, she sings it beautifully, and her magnetic personality invests it with an indelible fascination. It is a pleasure to be able to praise so definitely an accomplishment, but it is neither just nor desirable to forget or to deny that we have known and acclaimed in the past a Carmen which, despite its whimsicalities, pretensions, and extravagances, remains, in its essentials, a magnificent and inseparable achievement.

New Songs by Mr. Loeffler

It has been affirmed elsewhere of Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler, the Boston composer, that he is, in his artistic procedure, "a weaver of dreams"—that, for him, "shadows and dreams are the inimitable realities." And shadows and dreams are the substance of his music—whether forbidding and tragic, as in his mass for Martine's "La Mort de Tintagiles," lively and grimly fantastic as in the "Toujours" for orchestra after Verlaine and Rollinat, or tenderly and ironically as in certain of the songs to words by Rodolphe, Verlaine, and Gustave Kahn. He has little concern with the things that are actual and present in the world of the imagination. The note of regret, of passionate reminiscence, of loss, is persistently sounded. It is music in which the beauty, the emotion, issue from

"A more dream-heavy hand,
A more dream-heavy hour than this . . ."

His inspiration comes to him tinged with the tenderness and the fascination of a spiritual essence, but a solitude whose borderland is peopled with haunting and shadowy presences—presences which loom appallingly abandoned girls and passions and aspirations.

It is a year since Mr. Loeffler's first published work appeared—the *Quatre Mélodies*—a group of songs to words by Gustave Kahn through public performance. Mr. Loeffler has now followed up the *Quatre Mélodies* with another and even more remarkable production—*Quatre Poésies pour Voix, Alto, et Piano*, to words by Verlaine and Rodolphe. These songs bear an earlier origin under the *Quatre Mélodies*, and so evidently antedate them in point of actual composition; yet they are, if anything, even more typical and characteristic than the songs of the later volume. Mr. Loeffler has selected for his texts Verlaine's *Néanmoins, Dansons La Gloire*, and *Le Non du Cœur s'efface Vers la Nuit*, and Rodolphe's *La Flocke-Flocke*; and for these four poems he has written music altogether without an analogue in the literature of the song. We have endeavored to convey a sense of the spiritual and emotional side of Mr. Loeffler's artistic personality as it is disclosed in his work; of its purely musical qualities it is too easy to speak informally without technical specification. Much of the extraordinary appeal of Mr. Loeffler's music depends upon his luminous and subtle use of a certain exotic and extremely effective scale, and upon his command of pitch, significant, and daring harmony and yet, for all his adventurousness and independence, one is continually aware of a reticence, a poised and dignified, which is vigilantly on guard against extravagance and over-emphasis.

Mr. Loeffler has made a place of his own in musical art. We know of few other poets, living or dead, who have wrought more subtly and more individually in their medium—with so distinguished a beauty, and with so fine and rare a confidence.



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LOOKING FORWARD

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COMMENT

During the recent political campaign the person most frequently referred to as "a Wall Street man" was ARTHUR BELMONT. The term is usually meant by those who use it to be opprobrious, but we question whether Mr. BELMONT himself would so regard it. He really is a Wall Street man in the sense that his office is in that vicinity, as was that of his distinguished father before him. In those days an honorable banker was considered to be as reputable as any other citizen. Times have changed somewhat in this respect, but a pleasing indication that they have not gone wholly awry was afforded last week by the unanimous election of Mr. BELMONT to succeed the late Senator HANNA as president of the National Civic Federation. He not only did not seek the position, but was naturally very reluctant to accept it, and would not have done so but for one fact, in which lies the significance of his selection, viz., that the suggestion came from the representatives of labor in the Federation. That it was a meritorious choice is well known to everybody familiar with the admirable manner in which Mr. BELMONT has sustained the reputation of an honored name, but that it should have been made by the courageous spokesmen of an element supposed to regard the Wall Street man with horror is clearly indicative of growing breadth and tolerance on the part of both labor and capital. The personal tribute to Mr. BELMONT is surpassed only by the credit won for themselves by Mr. MITCHELL, Mr. GOWERS, and their associates.

We advise President BELMONT, however, to look sharp. Trials and tribulations are the inevitable accompaniment of high places. He will have to walk the narrow path and avoid his p's and q's. Already the *Bakers' Union* has taken under indignant consideration the terrifying report that, at the very dinner which ended in his election, President BELMONT ate non-union hams. We have never tested the merits of non-union hams and are therefore unable to discuss intelligently the real issue involved. But, collaterally speaking, we deem it probable that Mr. BELMONT may escape condign punishment on one of two plans—first, that he ate the ham before he was elected, or, second, taking a leaf from Mr. ROOSEVELT's book on coal-trike interference, that he ate it, not as president, but as a private citizen, in need of sustenance. Being new at the job, this first offence will probably be overlooked, but we cannot too insistently urge upon President BELMONT the advisability of branding his polo ponies with the union label forthwith, and see to it that each oat hereafter fed to them bears the regulation stamp.

"Mr. FRIDMAN presumes." It is a familiar formula which usually refers to a play. In this number of the WEEKLY, however, Mr. FRIDMAN presents some information and views respecting the methods of managers, of whom he is the kingly pin on both sides of the Atlantic, which possess the peculiar interest always attaching to authoritative utterances. Our

natty friend *Life* will probably take exception to some things he says about the uplifting endeavors of the "stadlers," but for ourselves we fail to see how else the great amount of money required for very expensive productions could be provided. However, we are not going into that now. What we started to say is that Mr. FRIDMAN personally is a loss to the stage and to playgoers. Only last week he deliberately accepted certain failure instead of assured success of a play because he would not present to the American public a vulgar and suggestive, though sensational and in London popular, incident. The elimination cost him a good deal of money, but if he does not get it back indirectly many times over, to wit: the American appreciation of cleanliness on the stage as well as in the public prints. May many years elapse before Mr. FRIDMAN ceases to present.

The Philippine government bill passed the Senate on December 16 by a very large majority—almost two to one—but, having been amended, it had to be sent back to the House, where it originated. We presume that the amendments will be adopted ultimately by the House. Undoubtedly they ought to be. The measure in the form which was given to it by the popular branch of the Federal legislature looked so much like an attempt to exploit the helpless archipelago. The measure would certainly have been condemned by public opinion, and we doubt whether it could have passed the Senate, in the teeth of the vehement opposition of all the Democrats and of many Republican Senators, had it not been materially modified by the amendments which Mr. SPOONER of Wisconsin proposed. Even as amended, so fewer than six Republican Senators, besides the Democrats, voted against it. On the whole, however, we are of the opinion that the amendments went far to correct the defects of the original bill. In its perfected form the measure permits the Philippine government to guarantee interest on railroad bonds at no more than four per cent, instead of five per cent., and also gives the Philippine government a first lien upon the railroad property so guaranteed.

We need not lay stress upon the importance of having the latter provision stated unequivocally. It will be remembered that grave doubt ultimately arose as to whether the money advanced on bonds, presumably first mortgage, by the Federal government to the Union Pacific Railway had constituted a primary lien. Another manifest flaw in the original Philippine government bill was the provision that a railroad could obtain a government guarantee of all the bonds that it proposed to issue as soon as a few miles of its track had been laid. Here was a manifest temptation to fraud. The bill as redrafted by Senator SPOONER prescribes that any railway authorized by the Philippine government shall be constructed in sections of not less than twenty miles each; and that, when any one section is finished, the road may obtain a government guarantee of so many bonds as correspond to the proportion which the outlay on the section finished bears to the whole amount of money needed for the completion and equipment of the entire road. It would be superfluous to enlarge upon the wisdom of this precaution. Still another amendment forbids the Philippine government to deliver guarantees at any one time in excess of \$1,200,000, and further provides that no such guarantee shall continue for a longer period than thirty years. We need not point out that, although the bill, as amended, safeguards the Philippines from being plundered outrageously, there is still left sufficient incentive for capitalists to begin the construction of insular railways on a great scale. We shall indicate the absolute necessity of railways when we remind the reader that even of wagon roads there are very few in the Philippines, and that, for the most part, mule paths and beasts of burden have to be relied upon for the transportation of staples from the interior to the seaboard.

Of course the guaranteeing of railway bonds, which, in the end, may aggregate a hundred million dollars, will constitute a very serious addition to the burdens already resting on the insular treasury. Will it be possible to meet the extra appropriations needed for the service of the prospective railway debt from the existing revenues? At present, we should bear in mind, a large part of the insular income is derived from the duties levied on products of the Philippines in ports of

the United States. The sum collected in our custom-houses is transferred to the Philippine exchequer. Now Secretary TART, with a view of stimulating insular production and export, proposes that all of the products of the Philippines shall enter our ports duty free, except tobacco and sugar, which shall pay hereafter but twenty-five per cent. of the DUTY rates, instead of the seventy-five per cent. which at present they pay. Will or will not the income derivable under the proposed change in the tariff from the two staples mentioned equal the revenue at present received from American custom-houses by the Philippine government? That is manifestly a question of the utmost moment to the Filipinos, and it is one for experts to decide. There are those who think that the revenue returnable from our custom-houses to the Philippine Treasury would be signally increased by a reduction of the rates payable in our ports on sugar and tobacco from seventy-five to twenty-five per cent. of the DUTY demands. There are those, on the other hand, who say that, under the circumstances named, the revenue of the Philippine government would be signally depleted, in which event we cannot see how the laudal government could afford to guarantee the interest on railway bonds in addition to defraying its existing expenses.

In the number of the WEEKLY published on December 24 a valued correspondent, writing from Baltimore, requested us to state the ground on which we described the interposition of President ROOSEVELT in the anthracite-coal strike of Pennsylvania as "unconstitutional." Our correspondent suggests that Mr. ROOSEVELT did not organize the Anthracite Coal Commission by virtue of any authority he had as President, but merely did what it was his privilege to do as a private citizen of the United States. We would respectfully invite our correspondent's attention to a point of law and to a fact. The point of law is that when, in a constitution or in a statute, the powers of an official are defined, the definition is exclusive. As a private citizen, THUDGOT, ROOSEVELT's interposition in the anthracite-coal strike would have had no more effect than ours would have had, or that of our correspondent. It was solely because Mr. ROOSEVELT was President that any attention was paid to his interposition. The Constitution, however, Article 4, Section 4, proscribes, precisely and exclusively, when the Federal Chief Magistrate may intervene in affairs pertaining to the jurisdiction of a constituent State. The section provides that the United States shall protect each of the constituent States against invasion, and, on application of the Legislature or of the Executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened), against domestic violence. It is undisputed that the violence of the local miners prevented the working of the coal-mines and the shipment of the fuel to consumers. It is equally undisputed that neither the Executive nor the Legislature of Pennsylvania requested Mr. ROOSEVELT's interposition. It should also be obvious that not for a moment should a Chief Magistrate be permitted to transcend the powers carefully defined by the Constitution on the pretext that, in transcending them, he is acting singly as a private citizen.

Look, for instance, at the seventh clause of the first section of Article 2, which prescribes that the President shall receive for his services a compensation which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected, and that he shall not receive during that period any other emolument from the United States or any of them. What would our correspondent think of a President who, on the plea that he did so merely as a private citizen, would accept, in addition to his salary, an annual stipend from the commonwealth of New York, or from a syndicate of capitalists? We would further remind our correspondent that the original pretence, that in his interposition in the coal strike Mr. ROOSEVELT was acting solely in the capacity of an individual, was abandoned when he signed the bill passed by Congress appropriating money of the United States for services rendered by the members of the Anthracite Commission. It is most improbable that hereafter an attempt will be made to draw a visionary distinction between the Federal Chief Magistrate *qua* President and *qua* private citizen.

Are we to construct a sea-level canal at Panama, or shall it be a lock-canal, and if so, what ought to be the height of the

summit-level above the sea-level? These important questions, which ought to be answered before a definite plan is adopted and work thereunder begun, are discussed in a report to the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, made by Mr. JAMES F. WALLACE, Chief Engineer of the Isthmian Canal Commission. The plan recommended by our former canal commission contemplated a high-level lock-canal, the surface of the water in which at the summit should be ninety feet above sea-level. The practicability of this scheme depended on the assumption that the proper foundation for a high dam could be found at Bohio, but Mr. WALLACE pronounces the locality unfavorable for the construction of so high a dam. One of the two other lock systems proposed involves the construction of a dam sixty feet above sea-level either at Bohio or at Gatun, which is eight miles from Colon. In either case the dam would have two thirty-foot locks. The other lock system suggested provides for the construction of a canal with only a twenty-foot or thirty-foot level above the sea, and with two locks, one at Miraflores and the other at Bohio or in its vicinity.

Both of the lock systems, and, for that matter, a sea-level canal as well, would require the construction of a dam at Gatun, for the purpose of controlling the Chagres River. This dam, which in any event, unless a ninety-foot-level lock-canal is built, will have to be constructed as a preliminary work, will cost, Mr. WALLACE estimates, upwards of fifteen million dollars, and could not be finished in less than two years. As regards the cost of the three lock systems, this would vary, we are told, from two hundred million dollars for a ninety-foot-level canal to two hundred and fifty millions for a thirty-foot-level one. The sea-level canal, on the other hand, would cost three hundred millions. Mr. WALLACE points out that even a sea-level canal would require a tidal lock at Miraflores, because, although the mean sea-level of the Pacific and of the Caribbean is the same, the tide in the Bay of Panama rises ten feet above mean sea-level and falls ten feet below, whereas the fluctuation of the tide at Colon is less than two feet. Mr. WALLACE does not say how much a ninety-foot-level lock-canal could be completed, but he thinks that a sixty-foot-level one could be opened for traffic in ten years, and a thirty-foot-level one in twelve years. A sea-level canal would not be ready for traffic before the end of fifteen years, and then four years more would be needed to finish it. We believe there is no doubt that a sea-level canal is preferable to any lock system, provided we are disposed to pay the cost in time and money.

It looks as though the House Committee got rather more information out of Mr. WALLACE than he was officially qualified to give. He is, to be sure, the Chief Engineer of the Canal Commission, but it lies with the distinguished engineers who compose the commission to estimate the comparative difficulties of the several methods of doing the work, and to determine what method should be followed. Mr. WALLACE, as we understand it, is not the authorized spokesman of the commission, and it is his own views, and not necessarily the views of the commissioners, that the House Committee has in its possession. It is altogether likely that there will be considerable disparities between his present views as to the time, cost, and difficulty of the various details of the work and the matured conclusions of the commissioners. On these matured conclusions, not yet reached, it will depend what definite plan the commission adopts and puts its engineer to work at.

Senator STEWART of Nevada, affectionately known as the Congressional Santo Claus, has introduced a bill to raise the salaries of some of the officers of government. He is for paying the President \$100,000 a year; the Vice-President, \$20,000; the Speaker, \$20,000; and all the Senators and Representatives \$10,000 apiece. The bill has not been much discussed yet either in or out of Congress, but it deserves to be seriously taken up and wisely dealt with. The President gets along without known embarrassment on his present stipend, but we think the proposal to double his salary would be popular, though the end sought might perhaps be better realized by providing that all Presidents shall have life pensions of \$10,000. The argument for increasing the Vice-President's salary is that the dignity and attractiveness of the office need to be increased. The Speakership is one of

the great offices of our government, and its salary should get within sight of its importance. Another great office is that of justice of the Supreme Court. The justices should be paid such salaries that no man may feel constrained to decline an appointment to the Supreme Court because his acceptance would put it out of his power to make suitable provision for his family. We believe the salaries of the circuit judges (\$7000) are also lower than is a fit remuneration for men of the quality and ability that we need. At present large private means are an indispensable qualification for an ambassadorship, or if a poor man is appointed his friends must furnish him with funds. The people can afford to pay the reasonable living expenses of their foreign representatives, and Congress should see that they do so. The present salaries of the cabinet officers (\$8000) are entirely incommensurate with the value of their services and the cost of such a scale of living as they are expected to maintain. We believe Justice TART, for example, is not a rich man. It would be easy for him to earn a very large income in the private practice of law, but he is not interested in money-getting, and likes to serve the people. His value to the public is enormous. Such a man ought to be paid a decent salary.

When Congress has considered the items on the national payroll which we have mentioned and any other important ones which we may have overlooked, it will be time enough for the members to take thought about their own needs. Senator STEWART suggests doubling the pay of all the Senators and Representatives. In favor of that plan is the consideration that nearly all men need a little more money than they are getting. Against it is the thought that there are nearly 500 members of Congress, and that to pay them \$5000 more apiece would require a considerable disbursement. If the cost of living has increased so much that their salaries have seriously decreased in purchasing power, it becomes them first to consider whether they cannot make living somewhat less costly. Let them carefully cut the tariff schedules, and see whether there are not some just and reasonable modifications which would tend to make fixed incomes go a little farther. There are reasons for keeping the majority of the members of Congress in touch with the simple life which do not apply to the cases of the cabinet officers or judges or ambassadors. Still the thing may be overdone. A million dollars distributed annually among our legislators would give each one about two thousand dollars more than he now receives. It is doubtful whether with that increase the Congressman's salary would buy in Washington as much as his present salary bought eight years ago.

It seems to us that insufficient attention has been paid to the article entitled "A Filipino View of the Philippine Problem," contributed to the December number of the *North American Review* by Mr. JESSE SIMMONS, who is a member of the Manila Bar Association and a professor in the Manila Law School, and who has lately officiated as one of the Filipino commissioners to the St. Louis Exposition. The writer wastes no time in discussing the question, now purely academic, whether the United States acquired their sovereignty over the Philippines legitimately or illegitimately. What he tries to indicate is the actual attitude of the Filipino people, or, at least, of a majority thereof, with reference to their own future. He admits that a good deal of careful investigation is needed to discover the direction in which the preponderant opinion really points. The difficulty of the inquiry is augmented by the fact that, with the exception of the so-called Federal party, there exists in the Philippines to-day no organized political group the aims of which are expressed completely in platforms. The Federal party itself is in the process of reorganization, and may at any moment put forth a new declaration of principles. Mr. SIMMONS asserts with confidence that, whatever other results may be contemplated in the new platform, the idea of annexation to or federation with the United States will not be countenanced. The so-called Federals, we are told, no longer entertain the hope which, for a time, they cherished, of forming a part of the American Union, and no longer look forward to enjoying the same rights as are possessed by the citizens of the United States.

As for the Filipinos that do not belong to the Federal party, Mr. SIMMONS testifies that they are frankly in favor

of independence in short order, and do not care for the process of evolution that is the characteristic idea of the Federals. Not that even the "Nationalists" cling to-day with as much firmness as during the war and for a time afterward to the doctrine of independence, immediate and absolute. The growing rivalries between the maritime powers for ascendancy in the Far East, and the experience that Korea is actually undergoing, have opened, we are told, the eyes of the irreconcilable Filipinos, and have convinced them that of equal importance with the attainment of independence would be the procurement of a guarantee that the independence should not be precarious, at the mercy of the ambitions or the wrong. Outside of the Federals and the Nationalists, there are, it seems, at least nominally, two other political parties in the Philippines, to wit, the Liberals and the Democrats. Mr. SIMMONS avers, however, that the reason for their existence is not clear, inasmuch as the Liberals have aims similar to those of the Federals, and the Democrats are almost as pronounced advocates of nationalism as the Nationalists themselves. As for the so-called Labor party, it forms a group apart, and so far as it takes any part at all in general politics, it sympathizes with the Nationalists and Radicals. To sum up, then, according to this native authority, there exist only two great parties in the Philippines: on the one hand the Federals, who may be described as evolutionists; and on the other those of every political complexion who favor speedy independence, qualified, however, by a species of protection like that which we exercise over Cuba.

It is possible that by the time these lines reach the reader's eye Russia's Baltic fleet, provided Admiral ROJESTVENSKI is suffered to carry out the purpose for which he was despatched, will have reached the Strait of Sundra or the Strait of Malacca, where an encounter with the Japanese fleet will be imminent, if it be true that Admiral TOGO has left the Yellow Sea for Singapore. The two principal sections of the fleet—one of which, under Vice-Admiral ROJESTVENSKI, was to round the Cape of Good Hope, while the other, under Rear-Admiral VUKOLIKOVSKI, has passed through the Suez Canal—have been proceeding in a leisurely way, at a rate, it is said, varying from 200 to 220 miles a day. When last heard from, on November 29, the Cape detachment was at Agaña Pequeña, on the southwest coast of Africa, while the Suez detachment, on December 7, was at Jibuti, a port belonging to France, near the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb. Where the two detachments will meet is, of course, pure guesswork, but naval experts surmise that they have been ordered to rendezvous either at the Chagos archipelago or at Minicoy, a coral atoll, both of which lie off the east coast of Africa. The latter point, however, is only about 350 miles to the west of the southern tip of India. If the two sections of the Baltic fleet shall meet at either of these points by Christmas day—there is no reason why they should not, even when allowances are made for stops and coaling—they should be able to reach the Strait of Sundra or the Strait of Malacca by January 3. Which of these pathways to the Pacific will be followed depends upon whether ROJESTVENSKI would make for Batavia first or directly for the French port of Saigon. Singapore is so placed that if Admiral TOGO should station himself near it, he should be able to intercept his opponent, whichever of the two straits the latter should elect to traverse. If the fleets meet, there will be, of course, a naval battle, about the outcome of which little doubt is felt by naval experts. They expect TOGO to win, although he no longer has all the little-ships and cruisers that he controlled at the beginning of the war. Obviously the Russian fleet outclasses his considerably. But what do warships amount to if the officers, the seamen, and the gunners are notoriously incompetent? That the Russian naval officers and sailors believe that they are going to their death is a fair inference from the panic into which they fell in the North Sea, the international investigation of which, by the way, is about to begin.

To have Congress and THOMAS LAWSON sitting at the same time has induced some strain on the attention of the American people, and it was a relief to have Congress adjourn for the holidays and leave LAWSON the whole of the field. But all by himself he is still somewhat more agitating than is comfortable. When he isn't pounding the market and wounding our sensibilities by making our speculative fellow

creatures suffer, he bothers us by bidding for our sympathies and claiming for himself the compassion that we would naturally bestow on the objects of his wrath. In his advertisement of December 20, for example, he proclaims the awful price—"time, money, misery, perhaps death"—which he is likely to be compelled to pay, for disclosing the recondite and awful facts which he is struggling to bring to our knowledge. Our hearts, already wrung by the predicaments of the speculators, and by our suspicion of the anguish that "The System" must be suffering, must bleed, he assures us, for him alone. Awful things are in store for him, horrible revenges, diabolical persecutions, but we must stay by him and help him in the great work of freeing his mind and relieving his conscience. We are willing to receive his confidences in so far as our other engagements will permit, but really his demands are almost too pressing. We concede that he is a remarkable phenomenon, and that his use of the appliances which the progress of American civilization has made available to persons who appreciate and can handle them is considerably instructive. The first of the great truths recognized that things could be done in this country which had not formerly been practicable, because the conditions were ripe and the tools ready. The first of the truly great blatherkites seems to have made an analogous discovery. None of us knew that so prodigious a dust could be raised by advertising until we saw it done.

Among the staple products of the Philippines are statements and reports that are contrary to expectation and to other reports. We don't remember any important eyewitness assertion about these islands that has not been controverted by other eye-witnesses. Nothing that anybody avers about the Philippines from knowledge, either general or particular, may be safely treated, in the light of our experience, as indisputable. The most recent surprising report that controverts beliefs and principles that were commonly accepted is conveyed by Major CHARLES E. WOODBURY, a surgeon in the United States army, and concerns the use of intoxicants by Americans in the Philippines. When President ELDER of Harvard had occasion to address a group of teachers who were starting for the Philippines, he admonished them, among other things, to abstain from alcohol. Major WOODBURY says that was bad advice. He relates that in 1902, being impressed by the common assertion that alcohol was particularly dangerous to our soldiers in the tropics, he made a study of the physical condition and drinking habits of an infantry regiment that had been three years in the Philippines, and of a cavalry regiment that had been there fifteen months. He found, to his astonishment, and somewhat to his confusion, that 48 per cent. of the excessive drinkers retained their health, 66 per cent. of the moderate drinkers, and 46 per cent. of the abstainers. Of the excessives, 1½ per cent. died; of the moderates, 4 per cent.; and of the abstainers, 9 per cent. His comment is:

It these figures prove anything, they prove that in the terrible depressing, neurotic, anemic conditions brought about by living in a tropical climate, against whose onslaughts we have no protection like the dark-skinned native, a white man who is not assisted by a little alcohol is more harmed by the climate than the man who does get it. Moreover, the damage done to these young men by occasional excess is not so great as the damage done by the climate to the abstainers. What a lot of misstatements have we received from our teachers, text-books, and authorities!

As for the teachers whom President ELDER exhorted, he relates that he was often called in to see them professionally, and that he never encountered a more horrible condition of health in any people as a class. Every woman among them whom he saw was in a wretched state. He says there is less drunkenness among our soldiers in the tropics than at home, and gives statistics. He also insists that Americans need animal food in the tropics if they are to avoid the exhaustions due to the climate and the consequent infections.

These are very grievous as well as surprising reports. We quote them as we find them and turn them over to denial and controversy. What the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM F. CHAPIN, of Washington, will say about them we should hate to conjecture. It is he who is quoted as saying in Pittsburgh on

December 18, "If I were to form a composite picture of the devil as an angel of light and of darkness, I could easily imagine LYMAN ANNOTT and Bishop PORTER in the composite." Dr. CHAPIN will have to let Major WOODBURY into the same group. If the Major's findings are sustained by other observers and investigators, they will help to impress upon us that the conditions of existence are different in the Philippines from what they are here, and that we must adapt our expectations and our judgments to those differences. If Americans in the Philippines need rum, we must resign ourselves to their consumption of it, hoping, nevertheless, that it will not be necessary to contrive for their special use a new moral law with larger loopholes in it than the one we patronize at home.

According to the request of Governor-elect DORGLAS, the President assigned General BRAN to duty as Adjutant-General of Massachusetts. The effect of the detail is to give him the pay of a lieutenant-general in active service, to which Massachusetts adds the \$1600 which she pays her Adjutant-General. The modest total is by a good deal the largest pay that any American army officer is drawing in consideration of military services.

Carliff, South Wales, has published abroad the tale of a new evangelist, EVANS ROBERTS by name, who, from a common collier, has suddenly leaped into fame as almost a second WESLEY. He draws vast throngs to hear him, and not only do his own words thrill and fire his hearers, but he seems to possess the power of conferring upon them the gift of eloquent speech. Old men and nuns, young men and even children, rise and give testimony to the spiritual change he has worked in their lives. This marvellous preacher the gospel of joy. He smiles and laughs in the pulpit, and his services in their gay and festive character are in marked contrast to the familiar lugubriousness of our own camp-meetings, with their weeping mourners, and their overpowering sense of sin. It is said that at many of the factories in South Wales the hands have stopped work to hold prayer-meetings, and the owners complain that they are in consequence put to serious loss. At one of the large triple-factories, when the horn sounded the other morning, the men all dropped their tools, and for three-quarters of an hour they held a prayer-meeting, while the machinery stood still. They prayed for the manager's soul, but he replied that he preferred their work to their prayers. The whole story may remind us that the Celtic character in Wales, as in Ireland or Scotland or Brittany, is singularly prone to waves of religious emotionalism, and goes to extremes in fervent piety.

Dr. LYMAN ANNOTT preached, on December 18, to the Harvard students in Appleton Chapel. "I wonder," he said, "if you students will understand me when I say that I no longer believe in a great first cause. To-morrow the newspapers will brand me as a heretic. My God is a great and ever-present force which is manifested in all the activities of man and all the workings of nature." He went on to tell about the God he believed in, "who is in, and through, and of, everything," who is the one eternal energy, intelligent and possessing personality. To the lay mind Dr. ANNOTT's idea of God, as set forth in the newspaper reports, seems to include most of the elements that are essential. With whatever words my one attempts to define the immeasurable, there will always be more left over than the words include. Dr. ANNOTT seems over-ambitious in aspiring to be qualified as a heretic on the score of his idea of God alone. Nevertheless, he did get into larger type than usual, and our theological contemporary the *Sax* defines him as a pantheist, and suggests that he ought to be "on a platform wholly independent of religion as it was once conceived to be." The *Sax* is eternally solicitous that every seeker after truth should get on the platform where he belongs. We share its solicitude to the extent of much curiosity as to the platform that the *Sax* itself should occupy. It is the greatest defender of the faith among, but somehow half its efforts seem to be directed to demonstrating that the faith is, and must ever continue to

be, indefensible. Dr. Annett's digressions do not convey that impression. Whether his newly defined idea of God is heretical or not, he will probably continue to say his prayers. We have high authority for believing that Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees, but is there any basis to suppose that the Adversary is seriously dismayed when Brother LUFAS expounds theology?

Mr. Pearson, the English publisher, owns a popular magazine, a weekly paper, and nine newspapers, all in England and distributed through London, Birmingham, Leicester, and Newcastle. His list includes papers of diverse styles, sizes, politics, and department. He appreciates and owns all kinds, Tory, Liberal, Unionist, Imperialist, Conservative, and Radical. When he acquires a new paper he aims to keep it in the same groove in which he finds it, and to sell it to the same readers. Therefore he makes no sweeping changes in the staffs of papers that he buys. But in one particular all his properties are harmonious. They all support Mr. Joseph CHAMBERLAIN's protective policy. One of the latest of his acquisitions is the old conservative, free-trade London *Standard*. He decided that it should remain old and conservative, but its free-trade proclivities have made trouble. Not that he pressed the point with undue ardor. He asked all the *Standard's* editors to stay, and most of them stayed. He was willing to let free trade and protection go unadvised for a time, but even that did not satisfy Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the old editor, who declared that he must be outdone, either against Mr. CHAMBERLAIN or for him, and that he was not for him. So Mr. CHAMBERLAIN resigned, and wrote to the *Times* explaining why, and the matter has given the other journals and their correspondents a topic on which they have relieved their minds profusely and with glowing candor.

It is an interesting situation. If a publisher wants to own a lot of newspapers with conflicting views on various subjects, there is no moral reason why he shouldn't. If he has a talent for management, he can manage a group of papers to some advantage, buying his ink and white paper and even his news in larger quantities, and therefore cheaper, than if he had only one to provide for. He can make all his papers reflect more or less his energy and taste and knowledge in many particulars without disturbance, but if he undertakes to make them all support a detail of political policy about which there is intense feeling and almost disparity of public sentiment, of course he must look out for squalls. He has changed the situation. The readers of a paper don't care who owns the ink, so long as it is black; nor do they greatly care who supplies the ideas and convictions, so long as they are to their taste and accord with their expectation. But to swap convictions on them in a vital matter is a critical experiment and usually fitter to be made for conscience sake than in the way of business.

All England knows now, as the result of the affair of the *Standard*, just what papers Mr. PEARSON owns, and that they all support Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's policy. If he intended to publish papers of opposing politics, he ought not to have allowed himself the luxury of having political views. Some of our capitalists have understood the matter better. They have been for both sides. But they have not been successful as newspaper owners, and none of them that we know of has attempted to own a string of assorted papers. Mr. HEARST owns a string of papers, but they are not assorted. They all behave alike, and their owner provides them all with convictions out of the same chaldron, just as he provides them all with pictures, poetry, moral homilies, sporting news, and ink. We think Mr. HEARST's method is wiser than Mr. PEARSON's, but perhaps the distances in England are not great enough to make them practically there. Each one of Mr. HEARST's papers needs territory. Bring them as near together as Mr. PEARSON's papers are, and the combination of convictions might be greater than would be consistent with the public safety.

MILLENNIAL

Td love to have the anti-imperial
Bill Tarr with ASSUALDO on his knee;
Not prone nor backside up, but sitting prim,
While kindly Tarr ameliorated him.

Will President Roosevelt Rule His Party?

MANY observers of the phenomenal majority of both the popular and electoral votes secured by Mr. ROOSEVELT last November were inclined to predict that the leaders of the Republican party in Congress, though they may hesitate and delay, will ultimately carry out any plans deliberately formed and earnestly advocated by the President. It is an interesting fact that the forecast is not warranted by our political history. In 1868 JAMES MANUSCH obtained 122 against 53 electoral votes, yet he was so far from dominating the Democratic-Republican party that HENRY CLAY and other rising men in Congress forced upon him against his will the "Young Men's War" of 1872. Indeed, it looked at one time as if his party would refuse to give MANUSCH a re-nomination. In 1852 FRANKLIN PIERCE got 234 against 42 electoral votes, yet, far from dominating his party, he was dominated by it, the leaders compelling him to champion a repeal of the Missouri Compromise. In 1864 ABRAHAM LINCOLN was re-elected by 232 electoral votes against 21. Did he rule his party? On the contrary, he could not even call his cabinet. In the winter of 1864-5, he read to his cabinet the draft of a message to Congress embodying a proposal to distribute \$400,000,000 in United States bonds among those Confederate States which before a designated date should have taken down their insurgent abolishing slavery. Every member of the cabinet opposed the message, which, accordingly, was withheld. ULYSSES S. GRANT in 1868 received 214 against 80 electoral votes. So far he was, however, from exercising ascendancy over his party that not a few of its most eminent leaders revolted, held in 1872 a so-called Liberal-Republican Convention, and nominated HORACE GREELY for the Presidency. In the year that followed the electoral college gave GRANT 206 against 63 electoral votes, a tremendous majority. In GRANT, in his second term, proved unable to carry out his New Dealings project. Mr. CLEVELAND in 1892 had a majority of 110 electoral votes over his Republican and Populist competitors combined, and, as his popularity was attested by his carrying States never before since the civil war carried by a Democratic nominee for the Presidency, it was taken for granted that he would be able to shape legislation. As a matter of fact, the Wilson tariff bill, which embodied his fiscal views, was subjected at the hands of Democrats in the Senate to a degree of mutilation that the President witnessed not only with disapproval, but with indignation and disgust. So far, then, as precedents go, we cannot assume that, because of Mr. ROOSEVELT's amazing triumph at the ballot-box, he can count upon the obedience of his party in Congress. It is true that he possesses a resiliency of character to which no other President since BUCHANAN or BISHOP GRANT or CLEVELAND, however, were men of sturdy fibre and firm will, comparable with Mr. ROOSEVELT's own; yet both had to succumb, as we have seen.

Unless, therefore, Mr. ROOSEVELT's second administration should prove an exception in our political history, it will depend mainly or largely upon circumstances beyond his own control whether he shall succeed in securing the execution of a programme definitely formulated by him, and commended by him to Congress. On occasion among these circumstances will be the intrinsic merit or political expediency of the policies which he is known to favor. What are those policies? We name, primarily, tariff revision, because, if nothing should be done in that direction by the party now in power before the spring of 1908, it is well-nigh certain that the next Presidential campaign will turn upon that issue. There seems to be no doubt that, before the Fifty-sixth Congress met for its second regular session, Mr. ROOSEVELT was freely alive to the advisability of revising some schedules of the DUTY tariff, and of doing it before the spring of 1906, when the campaign preceding the general election of Representatives in Congress would be at hand. Those who had access to him reported that he was disposed to express his views on the subject in a special message announcing that he should consider in extra session the Fifty-sixth Congress soon after the 4th of March, for the purpose of revising the tariff. What was the outcome, however, of prolonged consultations with Mr. ALDRICH, Mr. HALE, and other leaders of the majority in the Senate, and with Speaker CANNON and other influential Republicans in the House? Instead of converting them to his revision ideas, Mr. ROOSEVELT seems to have become a convert to theirs; or, what practically amounts to the same thing, he has assented apparently to an indefinite postponement of his project. If any ruling has been done in this business, it is not the President who has proved to be the ruler.

We pass to what some would deem the capital feature of Mr. ROOSEVELT's personal programme; certainly, it is the most important feature of his last annual message. We refer to his warmly urged request that Congress should clothe the Interstate Commerce Commission with the power not only to set aside an unreasonable or excluding railway rate, but to substitute for it a rate which in its judgment would be more reasonable. As we have formerly pointed out, bills making substantially the same proposal were already pending in the present Congress, one in the Senate and the other in the House of Representatives. There is no indication that either bill will become a law, or will even reach the

stage of public debate. Moreover, even those Senators and Representatives who are supposed most faithfully to represent the President's opinions—including the Secretary of the Navy, who is a railroad man of much experience—seem inclined to renounce the plan of conferring the function named on the Interstate Commerce Commission, and of delegating it instead to an Interstate Commerce Court. Even the substitute thus talked of, however, is still in embryo; no bill defining it has yet been introduced in either House of Congress, nor is one known to have been prepared. Inasmuch as the present Congress will expire in about two months after the holidays, and inasmuch as none of the great appropriation bills has come up even for discussion, we may dismiss as out of the question the notion that an Interstate Commerce Court, whether the large one suggested by Senator KLAY, or the small one favored by the Secretary of the Navy, will be treated earlier than the winter of 1903, even if the establishment of such a tribunal is seriously contemplated by the leaders of the Republican majorities in the Federal Legislature.

Let us glance at some of the other measures to which Mr. ROOSEVELT is committed, but as to which it remains to be seen whether he can rally his party to their support. There, for example, are the arbitration treaties, of which five have been concluded, namely, with France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and England. We have little if any doubt that a considerable majority of the Republican Senators will consent to ratify these treaties, but whether the necessary two-thirds vote can be secured is by no means certain. In view of the reluctance previously displayed to substitute a general arbitration treaty for diplomatic negotiation and special agreements, made with reference to particular questions as they arise, the Spanish Boundary controversy, we should not be much surprised to see a few Republicans combining with all the Democrats to defeat a ratification of the compact above named. We doubt, at all events, whether any of them will be confirmed during the short remnant of life left to the Fifty-eighth Congress. For our own part, we wish that every one of the treaties might be ratified before the next 4th of March; but a wish is one thing, expectation is another.

If there is one of the appropriation bills in which the President may be presumed to be personally interested, it is that which will make provision for the navy during the coming year. The estimate submitted by Secretary MURKIN to the House of Representatives puts the amount needed for our Navy Department in the next twelve months at \$113,000,000. The estimate contemplates four new battle-ships and six scout-cruisers, besides better deck facilities, navy-yard improvements, and the construction of new buildings for the Naval Academy, and it terms out, however, that several Republican members of the House Committee on Naval Affairs are determined to pare down the estimate, holding that only one new battle-ship instead of four such vessels should be authorized this year, and that more scout-cruisers are not needed at this time. There is some force in the assertion that, since economy is to be the watchword of this session, and since money is inevitably required for rivers and harbors, and for certain public buildings, are to be refused, the appropriation for the navy ought to be diminished rather than increased. Under all the circumstances, the appropriation finally made is not unlikely to fall short of Secretary MURKIN's estimate by from five to ten per cent. Here, manifestly, is another of Mr. ROOSEVELT's policies that Congress will scarcely agree to carry out in its entirety.

We have, on the other hand, no doubt that one of Mr. ROOSEVELT's purposes will be fulfilled, and that in his plan for developing the natural resources of the Philippines, a plan formulated in the Philippine government bill, the essence of which is a provision authorizing the insular administration to guarantee four per cent. interest annually for thirty years on the first mortgage bonds of corporations undertaking to construct railways in the archipelago. We take for granted that the House of Representatives will concur in the prudent amendments made in the Senate, and that the bill thus amended will become a law. The question arises, however, whether Mr. ROOSEVELT's success in securing the assent of Congress to this particular measure will not render impracticable any other project upon which he is understood to have set his heart, that, namely, of admitting to our ports, duty free, all products of the Philippines, except sugar and tobacco, which should be subjected hereafter to twenty-five per cent. of the DUTY rates instead of the seventy-five per cent. which they now pay. It looks as if such a fiscal change might, despite its signals, the public revenue of the Philippines as to put it out of their government's power to sustain the burden that will be imposed by the guarantee of interest on railway bonds. It will be remembered that at present all duties collected in our ports on products coming from the Philippines are turned over to the insular treasury. Suppose that the Philippine government should presently find itself obliged to pay three or four million dollars a year by way of interest on guaranteed railway securities, where would it find the money, if it ceased to receive any considerable income from United States custom-houses?

On the whole, we arrive at the conclusion that while in minor matters Mr. ROOSEVELT's wishes will have much weight with the

Federal legislators, yet in things of far-reaching moment, like tariff revision or the creation of an Interstate Commerce Court, the Republican majorities in the Senate and the House of Representatives are much more likely to be influenced by their own leaders than by the President. After all, that is as it should be, if our Federal Constitution is based on a sound principle—the principle, namely, that the Legislature ought to be paramount, and that to this end no sort of compromise in it should be conceded to official spokesmen of the Executive.

Russia's Prayer for Self-Government Denied

Ever since the spokesmen of the zemstvos, or provincial councils, met in St. Petersburg, and drew up a memorial imploring the Czar to move to a more objective, practical, and effective, there have been in all large Russian towns violent demonstrations, adopted, if not deliberately intended, to alarm Nicholas II. and thus frustrate the attempt to secure representative institutions. There is but too much reason to suspect that the outbreak of tumult and disorder was instigated by tools of the reactionists, by such emissaries, in other words, as the French called *agents provocateurs*. The hand of such agents seems detectable in the resolutions passed at meetings of the extreme Radicals and Social Democrats, who have insisted upon concessions much more extensive than those which the delegates from the zemstvos deemed it prudent to request, and who have coupled such indecent exactions with a peremptory demand for the immediate cessation of the war in the Far East.

One can almost hear the sinister delusions drawn by those who have urged the Czar, to say the least, to allow them to reach his ear, from the violent agitation and the extravagant demands brought about at the very time when the fate of the petition for self-government presented by moderate reformers hung trembling in the balance. The grand dukes, who are inflexibly opposed to any mitigation of the autocratic system, would interpret after their own fashion the history of the French *revolutions*, and point out that that not our Louis XVI. listened to the rebels and called together the States-General, did he enter upon the path that led him quickly to the scaffold. The experience of that sovereign affairs, they would say, conclusive proof that, where a people is totally unaccustomed to self-rule, an autocrat who plunges his foot on the slippery slope of concession to popular clamor is doomed by physico-psychological laws to topple into the abyss. Unquestionably, the rather series of the French Revolution will bear out this view, and we may be sure that, during the last fortnight, his imperial relatives have driven the lesson home to the sensitive intelligence and quaking heart of NICHOLAS II. At all events, the deed is done. The prayer of the moderate reformers is rejected, and the reactionists have triumphed by the same repulsive instrumentalities to which, in desperation, they resorted twenty-five years ago. The Official Gazette of St. Petersburg, which it was hoped, would, on Monday, December 14, the Emperor's five-day, proclaim his assent to the zemstvo petition, published, on the contrary, a circular note, directing the provincial governors to prevent the zemstvos from discussing hereafter the question of a constitution, and holding the governors personally responsible for any breach of the order. Thus end the plans of circumspect reformers to combine progress with peace and to safeguard their country from a bloody revolution.

The members of the autocratic system are too shrewd and too experienced not to couple the rejection of the zemstvo petition for representative institutions with an ostensibly gracious concession of some other kind. They are willing, or professedly willing, to do something for the peasants, who constitute nine-tenths of Russia's population, and who are still loyal to the Czar, or, as they name him, their "Little Father." Now, as a matter of fact, the peasants are subject to grave disabilities, which, owing to economical causes, are aggravated every day. Their status is radically different from that of other Russians. The fact is often overlooked that, in their cities, or village communes, the principle of communism, as distinguished from individual property prevails. Participation in communal rights has hitherto carried with it corresponding obligations. The peasant, although, nominally, no longer a serf, is still, practically, *ascriptus glebe*—that is to say, he is tied to the soil on which he was born. He looks the right owner by other subjects of the Czar to quit his domicile, to move from place to place in search of employment in one or another occupation. Without the permission of the village council he cannot leave his commune, where, aside from a few minor household industries, he has no opportunity of earning a livelihood, except by taking part in the tilling of the common fields. Under the circumstances, and in view of the exceptional fecundity of the Russian peasant women, it is not surprising that the pressure of the agricultural population on the means of subsistence is already severe and rapidly increasing. The grand dukes, therefore, had the sagacity to publish on December 18—the day before the rejection of the zemstvo prayer for a Parliament was to be made known—the report of Mr. WRRG, president of the Ministerial Council, who,

ex chairman of a special committee appointed two years ago, has been investigating methods of improving the condition of the agricultural population and the expediency of revising the special laws affecting the peasantry. The conclusions reached in the report are said to have met with the approval, not only of the Minister of the Interior, but of the Czar himself, on which account they are expected to be made by the commission the basis of new laws. Mr. Witte proposes to complete the emancipation act of 1861 by putting an end to the treatment of peasants as a class apart, and giving them an opportunity of proving themselves forever from the soil, and placing themselves on an equality with all other classes of the population, by removing the restrictions hitherto imposed in their case on initiative enterprise.

No Russian reformer would dispute the equity and the urgency of such a reform. He would applaud a scheme deeming it as at least a step in the right path, but he would, at the same time, point out that there can be no guarantee of the fulfillment of any proclaimed reform in the absence of an effective national assembly, to which legislators should be, at least annually, if not constitutionally, responsible. Russian bureaucrats are past masters in the art of keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hilt.

Those who have no personal acquaintance with Russia, and who desire to learn why it is next to impossible to secure by pacification any substantial and permanent reform, may do well to read a book lately published by the HARRIS, and entitled *The Land of Buddha*, by Mr. HIRSH GINS, a distinguished journalist of Vienna, who, during his recent sojourn in Russia, had exceptional opportunities of obtaining authentic information. His information seems to have convinced him that, so long as the upholders of autocracy can borrow from foreign countries the money needed to defray their expenditures, and, above all, to pay their soldiers, a revolution is impracticable. He asked a well-known and representative Russian landowner in Moscow what he thought about the war as the Far East and the internal conditions of his country. The answer was characteristic: "It is not anybody's business to think, but to obey God and the Czar." The present order of things in Russia rests upon this principle, and on the stupidity of the half-savage Cossacks. Mr. GINS holds, therefore, that, in spite of the many symptoms of bitter feeling, a revolution under organized leadership, and with a definite object, is as yet impossible. At the most, single individuals, or the starving peasantry, might rise up fitfully, only to suffer a sanguinary overthrow. Not yet within sight is deliverance for those most unfortunate of men, the serfs in the life of a nation, as in that of an individual, when the patient must be worse in order to be better. In national bankruptcy alone is a gleam of hope discernible. Therefore it is that so many Russians pray, under their breath, "God help us so that we may be defeated."

Educational Conferences in Virginia

THE recent earthquake which Virginia lately brooked fortunes and devastated lands after the war is shown in the spirit with which she is now facing the industrial and educational problems set her. The great question of how to spread adequate educational facilities throughout the State is being vigorously considered. The Cooperative Education Commission of the State met in Norfolk, December 11 and 12, with Governor MANTON in the chair. The seriousness with which the people view the cause was attested by the great audiences attending these educational endeavors. President ALDERMAN of the University of Virginia made a most eloquent and inspiring address upon "The Education of All the People." Practically all the colleges of the State were represented, and educational rallies were held in all the neighboring small towns. The chief action of the commission was to resolve that a thorough canvass of the State should be made in the spring in behalf of the progressive purposes of the commission, and that the trustees of the State and the president of the university should lead the campaign.

The city educational associations can meet the needs of the city schools in due time, but the question of offering adequate educational advantages to the rural districts is a larger question, and involves more difficult undertakings. The rural schools, even were they in themselves satisfactory, can never have full attendance until there is a mounted, efficient rural police who understand that their duties are as much preventative as punitive. The second great need is the need for good roads. It is doubtless true that much of the best of human material is in the country, and always will be there, quiet and unpolished and only being their own gifts to character, but unless the literacy and education of such living can be accomplished, it will become a difficult matter to keep a rural population on any terms.

There are still in the more aristocratic Southern States a few people left who do not believe in education for the masses. In a despotism or under a feudal system it may be possible to avoid certain inconvenient stages of growth. Where blind obedience to authority prevails the yeast of a little knowledge, which is both

painful and dangerous, may be omitted. In a democracy this is not only unwise, and that is more yeast until the whole lot is leavened.

Even among those who believe education to be an excellent thing for their own children, but a questionable good for other men's children, the question would bring forth a different answer if shifted to the basis of character. Character is admittedly a good thing for all men's children. More and more our deepest thinkers are losing moral character upon the power to think. "To strengthen the will it is necessary to give the person of weak will the power to think correctly, and especially to reach a goal by long and complex trains of means," says Mr. FELIX ADER. A merely emotional religion will not make a reliable man in all people know who have had dealings with primitive races. Morality is progressive, and strides alongside the mental development. It is beside the mark to say that we have known good, ignorant, and bad clever men. Book-knowledge is by no means the only knowledge in the world, and the so-called ignorant man may have funds of observation and carefully thought-out principles, and the so-called clever man may have a natural facility for making a show of a very little superficial knowledge. A point of view is: What is the percentage of crime among college professors and university trained men? Does it or does it not exceed the percentage of crime among the uneducated classes? If one base this question on the lowest rung, a man cannot learn much without burning that honesty and decency are good policy.

And there is another point to consider: Is this matter of a pending money and energy upon education. What are the happy hours when they are the happiest, the happiest, the happiest, the happiest? Say what one will, the world of ideas is the one that never fails a man. Who has learned to live there cannot be crushed by outer circumstances. Things have never yet made a man happy. Wealth in itself is mere raw power, and in the hands of the ignorant or the thoughtless it is a subversive power. The educated man alone can be trusted to find life as an inextinguishable pleasure. A world of noble ideas and interests stand by a man as a solid and lasting consolation; though death may devastate, change only in circles and the years gather little treasures. Who presses alone shall never reach the end of his search nor be overcome by pain, disgust, and boredom.

Beginnings

THAT are moments in the lives of all men when with closed eyes they hear through the silence the pulsing away of the hours and they realize the life beyond time. The smallness of the present moment, made up as it is of half of past and half of future, its whole illusory nature, "so helpless a kitten in the star-spangled universal fog," springs upon one, and the calendar upon which we mark out our sense of succession is a futile blank. Birth itself is but "a sleep and a forgetting." It is not time, but content that counts. The great birthday of the world commences a short life, not so much as half the allotted span of man; a life chequer except for a few short years of arduous service and of suffering. It is not the unnumbered succession of days that is life, but the men a soul covers, its stretch over man and out beyond space and time. It is, humanly speaking, that we tell of growth in time; growth in life, in fullness of consciousness, in abundance of giving. For "the transition," said MARTINEAU, "is more to the large soul than the everlasting to the little."

But we cannot think in terms of the eternal; even so in older myths the gods appeared to mortals only in disguise, so the life everlasting, pitiful of mortals, presents itself to the dwelling on existence under the symbols of time and space. We live in the sine of beginnings and ends. The flower drops its seed into the earth, darkening and appearing, death that a new life and a better life may be brought to the birth.

This is what we mean as we turn aside from our daily need to give at Christmas-time. We are reaching there, with all our hearts, the wonderful paradox of human existence, that what we cling to, we lose, and what we give, we have, and when we die, we live. We are emphasizing the truth that we hear half-broken through the year, that we are, inasmuch as we are in other men. We are making the separate existences all at once itself in the million's life. The fathers of consciousness escape out beyond ourselves, our home, our friendships, and on those few days we learn a little to love humanity entire. We kind closer our relations to all that we have seen and heard, and our good-will stretches over the earth. Humanity wakes on its birthday morn and makes claim not to gain, but to give; not to be loved, but to love; not to be in, but to love the self. This is the culmination of human life. To lay it aside, Greater love hath no man than this, that he die. This is the final ideal that we hold aloft to human nature, and once a year, as far as in us lies, we try to realize and celebrate it. We have had the vision of the perfect human life. And let life come as it will, to the throne or a manger, it comes to perfect itself in wisdom, to serve, unafraid and in all diligence, the Will not its own, and to offer up its life for other men as best it may.



**ROBERT MARION LA FOLLETTE, GOVERNOR OF
WISCONSIN**

For an interesting sketch of the career of Governor La Follette, who has just been reelected Governor of Wisconsin, the reader is referred to the article by Earle Hooker Eaton on page 225 of this issue of the "Weekly."



A Russian Transport at Hsin-min-tsun



Loading Supplies for the Russians at Hsin-min-tsun



Prince Radzivil, with Commissary Wagons, obtaining Supplies before orders were issued forbidding their sale to the Russians

TROUBLES OF THE RUSSIAN FORCES IN MANCHURIA—DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED IN SECURING SUPPLIES FROM THE CHINESE

One of the most serious problems which now confronts the Russian army in Manchuria is the difficulty in obtaining supplies from the Chinese. In a number of towns the Chinese authorities have forbidden the merchants to dispose of goods to the Russians, and Chinese troops patrol the streets to see that these orders are obeyed. These photographs were taken at Hsin-min-tsun, about eight miles from Liao-Yang, just previous to the issuance of an order by the Chinese prefect forbidding the sale of goods.

New Phases of Theatre Management

By Charles Frohman

I DO not know what more effective commentary can be made on the current speculations concerning the American stage, under present theatrical conditions and management, than to point out the constant necessity under which managers labor of giving the public, in the best manner, the best that can be produced in the way of plays, players, and productions. It is the one condition under which theatrical managers are able to do business. If attractions fall short in "drawing" qualities, it is the fault of the supply, not the fault of the managers. The difficulty with the stage of today lies with the playwright. It may seem a remarkable assertion, yet it is none the less true that in our year the playwrights of America, France, Germany, and England have not turned out six genuine plays. The quality of the American drama is certainly small, though we have a number of playwrights in this country who are, in my opinion, equal to any playwrights in the world—and I base this assertion on my acquaintance with the playwrights of the world and on the cosmopolitan character of my work. Such authors as Gillette, Thomas, Fitch, George Ade, Paul Potter, and others, turn out as good, logical, consistent plays as any writers in the world. But with possibly few exceptions our dramatists have not advanced far enough in their work to make it acceptable to other countries; and this notwithstanding the fact that they produce plays of good construction, serious interest, and genuine comedy.

Why the language of "business management" should have become a distinctive question I cannot understand. There is no doubt that the legitimate business management under which the theatres are run today is the best that could possibly be devised. It is the business system which obtains with the large business and banking institutions, and is intended for the best interests of actors, playwrights, and employers. But the business of management is misunderstood, so far as the theatres in America are concerned. There is no "concentration" of managers. We managers have not formed an alliance. The public has been misinformed concerning "theatrical syndicates" and the condition of theatrical affairs.

There has been formed in this country a combination for the sole purpose of representing theatres and of facilitating what is known as the "booking" of attractions for these theatres. This combination has nothing to do with the production of plays, or the engagement of actors, or the running of theatres. The members of this combination work separately, except so far as the "booking" of theatres under their control is concerned. They compete for plays, for actors, and for theatrical work on an equal basis, on other interests in common, and their work is absolutely independent. It is obvious that if a "combination" existed it could not last. For the purpose stated the arrangement was made for five years; it was renewed for five years more, and is now in its seventh year. The indicative satisfaction which the plan has given, if any continue and it may not—that I cannot say.

In the mean time all work independently. As in the case of the other members of the "combination," my successes are my own and my failures are my own. There has been no other interest connected with our productions. The other people connected with the combination are competing with me for plays and actors. The financial success of the productions is not tested in a body of such or a combination representing a number of theatres. Individual experience and facts govern the outcome of productions, whether it be gain or loss. As a manager myself, producing plays in two countries, with probably more "stars" under my management than were ever put together before, I am able to tell at least that in this great work of "stars," plays, and audiences, there is no connection with "play syndicates" or "theatre syndicates."

There is no financial connection between these managers in the matter of productions for the stage. They do not cooperate in engaging actors; they do not cooperate in securing dramatists; nor in producing plays. Their work is separate and distinct, one does not know what the other is doing or intends to do. Each one competes with the other to secure plays, stars, and attractions generally. Whatever the result of the productions, these managers stand or fall by their own work. Their only connection is in handling the various "bookings" throughout the country so that the work will be done in an orderly and skillful manner from New York, without conflict of dates or loss of time in all else they do as business rivals.

This plan, by the way, did not originate in America. It has been going on in London for fifteen years. Over there the managers throughout the English provinces joined together and worked in London through their representative provinces in the same way. If you observe the idea of a "combination" from everything concerned with individual productions—dramatists, actors, plays, management, and all people and things connected with the production—you have the whole story in a nutshell.

The New York manager is especially benefited by the fact that so many of his audiences go abroad and gather greater impressions. Returning home from Paris and other places, they have reason to come back to their own New York theatres with a sigh of satisfaction and phrases as a result of comparisons drawn between the theatres in this country and in other countries. New York today can show more advancement and more improvement in theatrical property—and brought about by the managers alone—than any Continental city.

If all of these things were not done for the benefit of the stage they would have no meaning. And it is surely for the benefit of

the stage to have these perfect theatres and everything else in proportion.

The result of connecting the theatres has brought about a better condition of affairs throughout the whole United States. What we have given to the public in the way of theatres speaks for itself—managers feel now that it is obligatory upon them, beside being a matter of pride in them, to give the public what will satisfy it in these theatres. It is a case where business policy and professional pride go hand in hand.

In the present condition of theatrical affairs in this country as they are being improved, the theatres are open to everybody, and so our managers, the American playwrights more than I do. Thousands of dollars are laid out in this way in advance of any American work. I am constantly making contracts with American authors and paying them money for their time. They have had the best encouragement and the best services, and have been looked with every financial facility. Nothing would be more desirable to me than to secure the best part of my material on this side. Nevertheless, that has never stopped me from producing foreign plays, wherever, as I do, the right to be competition in my offerings. For the past few years I have left New York in January, opened the same month in London, and gone on with my work in the theatres controlled by me there as I do here. Personally, I have not been slow to produce American plays in London or English plays in New York. In fact, the change was one lessened to me. The change has been made, and it has been made successful abroad; that, those plays having succeeded, it is no simple matter for me to produce them in America. Now, merely as a matter of fact and theatrical history, I myself produced one of the plays in London where they came here. It was with many of the plays of Barrie, Jones, Marshall, Jerome, Paus, and others. Instead of securing the plays for America, I went to London and made the original productions there. And to secure the picture, I could mention a number of English plays which I first done here by me. If there is any one who has "ruined the children up" more effectively I would be pleased to meet him.

Foreign plays, if successful, are valuable in America. A successful play, though, is not a question of geography. If a foreign play is successful in its intention and of genuine appeal, it does not matter whether the scene is laid in *Maribor* or in the *Champ de Mars*, so far as an American audience is concerned. An experienced manager does not take that point into consideration, though it may be the fact that it is. The manager has to be satisfied with the success of the scenes held in America; the American audience would be better satisfied, simply because the realization is brought closer home to them.

The successful English play is one that makes for the attraction and attention. That is what is liked in America as well. The French play is passing, so far as the American stage is concerned. The French play begins where our plays stop. With the French play the interest begins with married life and the difficulties surrounding it. In America and in England the interest chiefly centers around people who are engaged in courtship. The French play goes more deeply into life and passion, and is based upon a kind of psychological analysis which is objectionable and obnoxious to Anglo-Saxon audiences. I should say that, on the other hand, it would be difficult for what is known as a "clean play" to succeed in France today. Therefore, I am on the alert for French failures.

The society play in Paris today will rarely succeed in this country. The French society play is almost invariably connected with intellectuality. Speaking of the French stage (which, as a manager, I have watched closely and carefully for a number of years), I should say its products are becoming absolutely indifferent to us. The German play is a very different proposition for our stage. The German audience are following more and more the lines of what is known as "conviviality." The German plays lack situation; in fact, the Germans are arriving at the point where they talk over their plays instead of acting them. That sort of performance does not suit the American audience.

In many European countries the "problem" play seems to have assumed its own individual importance and distinctness. But the French society play, it is not especially adapted to the present stage of the American audience. The French society play is played (as it usually is) by some important "star." It will succeed, in spite of its nature.

The "literary" play is just as certain of success as a play that is full of movement, so long as it is capable of being played in a pessimistic manner, if the play may be judged of without speech—if the dialogue were entirely cut away and it were possible to tell the story in a connected way entirely in pantomime—then that particular play would have a chance of success. However, if the story of the play may be told, it must have a better, the greater object of the manager is to entertain. The audience is in the theatre, primarily, to be entertained, and the manager feels perfectly satisfied if he can secure a play that will meet that purpose in a pessimistic manner. The question of the play is secondary. In my opinion, people do not, as a rule, take the theatre very seriously, and they are not particularly eager for instruction or so much a seat. But they do want entertainment, and the manager must not assume that instruction may be substituted as the purpose of his production.

One of the most radical revolutions brought about by present



OFFICERS OF THE OLDEST ST. ANDREWS SOCIETY IN THE UNITED STATES, WHICH WAS FOUNDED AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, IN 1729

In three days, when meetings and dinners of national importance are being given by the prominent clubs and societies throughout the country, it is interesting to note that the oldest of these societies is known as the St. Andrews Society of Charleston, South Carolina, which was founded in 1729, and recently celebrated its one hundred-and-seventy-fifth anniversary. The officers of this society are: President, J. B. Gordon, secretary, and W. R. Chickens, second vice-president.

theatrical affairs have less affected the actor. Today when the actor makes his contract he can disclaim financial worries. His career depends upon himself. He knows his money is certain when he enters it. All the conditions which affect him are handled according to the best principles. The actor need not walk home now. The old-fashioned hard-luck stories are no more. The position of players has never been better than to-day, and the change is of vast importance to the accomplishment of good stage-work. The comedian is able to concentrate himself on his work. Clean, serviceable, well-arranged dressing rooms are provided, and the day has gone past when the actor was compelled to save up money to buy a wardrobe that is now furnished by the management, and all the old distracting cares are done away with. Like all the environments of the theatre, the profession is clean and wholesome.

Because of the variety of theatres and the enlarged opportunities, more actors are employed now than ever before. There is the high class, the middle class, and the cheaper class theatre, as well as the continuous house, so that the actor has to-day more opportunities than were formerly possible. There are now so many theatres of every grade that the people who used to go into the gallery to see the old-fashioned play can now go down stairs. And because of the many grades and classes the actor can play in all of them, with advantage to his pocketbook and without detriment to his dignity. It is what is called the rank and the class desire the most benefit from present conditions. The days when they were compelled to wait for holiday and special performance are past. The actor's work can be as regular and safe now as that of any business calling. Except for the "star," the actor is not affected by playing in any particular grade.

There need be no apprehension about the condition of theatrical affairs for the public and for the professional. Theatrical people have, through present conditions, assumed a standard higher than ever before. There never was a time when the actor took his work so much to heart and felt the importance and opportunity of it more strongly, or was more ready in his work or more serious in intention. The fact that so many actors are brought forward as "stars" throws a greater responsibility upon the audiences players—far more than when they were doing the same work as leading people of stock companies. In fact, conditions upon the professional tend to best efforts, and there is no fear of "decadence" of the drama or art.

The idea of a "bad act" in the drama exists only in the minds of the very few who feel that the theatre ought to be a classroom of the high-class theatre. As a matter of fact, the class of entertainment that is being given is not only satisfactory to the audience, but is beneficial to their health, and in no way conducive to harm. I am sure that there is more genuine satisfaction and pleasure and help in going to see a George M. play than in sitting through a performance by Mr. Steinhilber. The public seeks entertainment and diversion from work.

In fact, I think that the greatest competitor of the play to-day is the musical comedy. The great appeal of such entertainments is

the possibility of concentrating all that the musical comedy contrasts in one evening—all that attracts the audience, color, "fantasy scenes," revivals, singing, dancing, pleasing, dancing, all that appeals to the multitudes variety and taste of the audience. It is only by the force of a skilful dramatic play and the "drawing" power of a "star" that we are able today to compete with the musical comedy.

Probably in imitation of certain foreign institutions, there has appeared some comment concerning "national" institutions—theatres and schools. I do not believe in the practicability of the so-called national theatre or national school, because I do not know what it means. I do not see how a national institution of any sort could be of more benefit to authors or actors or could accomplish more than can be accomplished by business men seeking the best business methods of procedure. But I do believe in the present theatrical school, because it has brought to some of the best players that are playing throughout the country to-day. The theatrical school is not supposed to make actors or actresses, but it does afford an opportunity to select competent players from a large number of people, and weed out those who suppose that when everything else fails they can still go on the stage. The school selects those that are capable and have ability—managers have an opportunity to judge and select the capable ones from the ranks, namely, those aspirants whose ambition is not to begin by playing Juke, but who are willing—figuratively, and sometimes literally—to make their first appearance carrying a spear. Those are the people who do the honest hard work, and in the theatrical schools they get the opportunity to perfect themselves in the career they have chosen. That is why I believe in the schools. These schools supply the training formerly given by the stock companies. Like all theatrical matters, evolution changed the conditions which obtained with the stock-company times, and schools are the more important in that prospect for the revival of the stock-company system are not ready. The difficulty with stock companies is in order to produce plays with their successfully they are compelled to make "runs" of them. If they fail and you produce a great number of stock plays there is no definite success. We had in the Empire Theatre for twelve years a stock company which contained probably two-thirds, or at least half, the "stars" of the travelling companies of to-day. The success of many plays brought forward so many good actors that those actors became public favorites, and by natural gradation became stars. This deprived us of the possibility of keeping such an organization together.

The "star system" is one of the developments of theatrical progress, and I have the greatest faith and belief in it. I think the public feel that in getting a play—a good play—with a "star," they are getting something of value. They are not getting the value concerning theatrical attractions. I am convinced of that fact the other day in looking over an old magazine—published in this country sixty-three years ago. In it appears an editorial protesting against the "star" system on the American stage, and complaining that "it must die out very shortly." But the system is with us to-day, and it is stronger than ever.

General Jackson's Famous Duel

By F. A. Olds

THE writer has secured from ex-Associate Justice A. C. Avery, of Morganton, North Carolina, a document which is of very marked interest. It is a challenge to a duel.

Andrew Jackson to Colonel Waightstill Avery, the grandfather of ex-Judge Avery. Both Jackson and Avery were men of the highest degree of bravery, and, in fact, it has been said that neither knew what fear was. There are some errors in spelling in the challenge, and in the date, which is August 3, 1798. The challenge is a postscript, and, like the postscript of a woman's letter, it is short, but one of the most important parts of the document. In those days in North Carolina there were large gatherings at the courts, and the tilts between couples were witnessed with great eagerness. In this case there was a large audience, and Colonel Avery, who had signed the War of the Revolution and in the trenches with the Indians on the west-

ern border, used language which Jackson took to be insulting. The challenge is in these words: "When a man's feelings & character are injured he ought to seek a speedy redress; you need a few lines from me yesterday & a duelist's sword would have been at your disposal."

My character you have injured; and further you have insulted me in the presence of a court and a large company. I therefore call upon you as a gentleman to give me satisfaction for the same. I further call upon you to give me an answer immediately without equivocation and I hope you will do so before the sun sets, unless the business is done, for it is consistent with the character of a gentleman when he further calls upon you to give me a speedy reputation; therefore I hope you will not fail in meeting me this day noon at 12 M. M.

Yrs.

ANDREW JACKSON.

COL. AVERY: "F. A. Olds, Evening after report is secured." The facts relating to the trouble between Jackson and Avery were told in



Facsimile of General Jackson's Challenge to Colonel Avery

Colonel A. C. Avery by his father, Colonel Isaac T. Avery, who was the only son of Waighlight Avery. When the latter practiced law in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, he and young Jackson were well acquainted. Avery was elected, in 1777, the first Attorney-General of North Carolina. He afterwards married a lady who lived in New Castle County, and some years after this marriage resigned and settled in Jones, becoming colonel of that county's regiment of militia. His command was not in active service during the Revolution, except in some occasional forays with the Tories until it was called out when Lord Cornwallis invaded North Carolina. It remained on duty from that invasion until the close of the war. His family was sent, in charge of Mr. Williams (the father of a well-known banker of that name of Charleston, South Carolina), to York County. Avery continued, when not prevented by public duties, to practice law in Mecklenburg, Buren, and in the new county of Burke, which was established in 1777. He secured the passage of a bill creating the county of Washington, which embraced the whole State of Tennessee, and then became the leading member of that bar, at Jonesboro, which was the county seat. At the close of the Revolutionary war Andrew Jackson went to Burke County and applied to Waighlight Avery to take him as a boarder at his country home and instruct him as a law student. Colonel Avery told him he had just moved to the place, and had built nothing but cabins, and could not grant his request. Jackson went to Salisbury, studied law there, and settled at Jonesboro, until the new county of Davidson (with Nashville as its county seat) was established. Nashville becoming subsequently the county seat of Tennessee. Just before the challenge to fight was sent by Jackson, Avery appeared in some lawsuit at Jonesboro as opposing counsel to Jackson, and ridiculed the position taken by Jackson, who had preceded him in the argu-

ment. Jackson considered the argument insulting and sent him the challenge. Colonel Avery was raised a Puritan. He graduated at Princeton with the highest honors in 1766, and remained there a year as a tutor, under the celebrated Jonathan Edwards and the famous Dr. Witherspoon, who signed the Declaration of Independence as a representative of New Jersey. Avery was a Presbyterian, and was opposed on principle to duelling, but he so far yielded to the impetuous custom of the time as to accept the challenge and go to the field, with Colonel, afterwards Governor, Adam, as his second. After a usual preliminary, Avery was allowed Jackson to shoot at him, but did not return the fire. Thereupon, having shown that he was not afraid to be shot at, Avery walked up to young Jackson and delivered a lecture to him, very much in the style a father would use in lecturing a young man. Avery was very calm, and his talk to the brave young man who had fired at him was full of good sense, dispassionate and high in tone, and was heard with great attention by the seconds of both parties, who agreed that the trouble must go no farther, but should end at this point, and so then, and there, a reconciliation was effected between these two brave spirits. Colonel Avery took the challenge home and filed it, as he was accustomed to file all his letters and papers, endorsing it, "Challenge from Andrew Jackson." This endorsement appears upon the back of the paper.

In this connection it is interesting to know that there has been quite a dispute between North Carolina and South Carolina as to which State was really the birthplace of Jackson, but this is set aside conclusively, upon the evidence of contemporary records, which show that the Jackson boyhood, in which the great old soldier was born, was on the North Carolina side of the settlement then and yet known as the "Waxhams."

A Personal Sketch of Governor La Follette

By Earle Hooker Eaton

SHREW, courageous, resourceful, eloquent, shrewd, and honest, Robert Marion La Follette, thrice Wisconsin's choice for Governor, is one of the most remarkable figures in American politics to-day. The things he has been fighting for in Wisconsin—the nomination of all candidates by direct vote, the taxation of public-service corporations at the same rate as other taxable property, and the regulation of transportation charges—are issues which he has brought to the front throughout the length and breadth of the nation.

Meanwhile, unmindful to present successes or greater ones in prospect, Governor La Follette is preparing to round out and make fully effective his reforms, and the regulation of transportation charges, and so long. His primary election law, adopted by referendum vote at the recent election, is ready for enforcement, and as it provides that all State, county, and municipal officers save those for judicial places—whose nomination by primary had been provided for by previous statutes—are to be named at the primary elections, its workings will be watched with interest throughout the country. Even United States Senators are to be voted for in this manner, and their names submitted to the Legislature as a recommendation. Victorious in one notable reform crusade, the Governor will now carry on with undiminished energy his fight for the equitable regulation of transportation charges and against tax-dodging corporations. When the people of Wisconsin elected him to a third term they commissioned him to bring about these reforms, and as he usually manages to get everything he is after, they are not likely to be disappointed.

"The election result," he said recently, "not only insures the efficiency of the railway law I have recently adopted, but further legislation with respect to public-service corporations. The next Legislature will give the State a rate commission that will insure reasonable transportation charges, abolish the system of secret rebates, prevent unjust discrimination between persons and places, and bring the public-service corporations back to their legitimate business as common carriers."

Born in a log cabin on the town of Princeton, Wisconsin, in 1855, "Little Bob," as he is called, was lost fatherless when a mere lad, and at fourteen took charge of his mother's farm. Since then he has led the strenuous life of farmer, schoolteacher, student, struggling young lawyer, politician, and reformer. He worked on the farm and attended district school until he was eighteen, and then the family moved to Madison, where he entered the University of Wisconsin. He was the breadwinner of the household and the provider that forced him was "How shall I get a college education and support a family at the same time?" La Follette is he displayed the same courage, industry, and indomitable will power that were later to become such conspicuous factors in Wisconsin's history.

In his speeches of to-day he is wont to refer dramatically to "God's patient poor," and he knows the full meaning of the phrase from personal experience. The college paper was not a financial success, but he thought it could be made so. He bought it, taking all the money the family had on the venture, and then went to work with characteristic energy to build up his new property. He wrote much of the matter the paper contained, hunted for advertising, kept the books, made collections, and even set some of the type. All this was done, of course, in addition to his regular college work, and the result was that the paper pro-

ducedly supported his mother and himself and the younger children during his entire university course, at the end of which it was sold for a substantial sum.

During his university days young La Follette's oratorical powers began to make themselves felt. Born with a gift for public speaking, he speedily developed into an eloquent and convincing debater, and in a conspicuous figure in the literary and debating societies. The interstate oratorical conflict between Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Indiana, Iowa, and Illinois was one of the notable events of the college year, and in 1876 he entered the lists as a competitor. The subject of his oration was "Laps," and even as La Follette, a scrupulous lawyer, a student of history, a lawyer, and an interpreter smoothed his forensic rills, first in the University of Wisconsin contest, second in the broader forum of the assembled colleges of the Middle State, each of which had sent its best speaker, and third in the interstate competition itself when the six champions orators of as many States were pitted against each other on the same platform.

Young La Follette staked everything on the merits of "Laps," won the same oration in all three contests, and carried off the interstate championship with ease. The winning oration, treasured still in scores of Wisconsin scrapbooks, although a quarter of a century has passed, was printed in many Western newspapers, was treasured by ambitious schoolboys for years, and was even said to have given the great Edwin Booth a new conception of the character of Iago.

One of La Follette's classmates at the university was Miss Belle Case, of Baraboo, Wisconsin, an attractive young woman of strong mentality. The two were very congenial. Both were interested in oratory and law, and both were of energy and ambition. They became fast friends, and friendship ripened into love, the outcome of their courtship days grew out of the Lewis prize contest for the best Commencement oration. Only those who stood very high in their studies and in their character were eligible to compete. As she was one of the elect and he was not, he spent considerable time coaching her for the contest. He had already won the interstate competition, and they were the happiest pair of lovers on earth when she supplemented his victory by winning the Lewis prize.

He spent one term in the university law school, then his funds gave out and he entered an attorney's office, where he studied to such good purpose that he was admitted to the bar in six months. In 1881 they were married, and in that year he became Mrs. La Follette. But he continued in the university law school, from which she received the first diploma ever awarded to a woman. From that day to this she has been his ablest lieutenant in nearly a quarter of a century of unswerving political strife.

At twenty-five the young orator lawyer was district attorney at Dane County; at twenty-nine he was sent to Congress, and at forty-five he was first elected Governor of Wisconsin. He served three terms in Congress, and as a member of the Ways and Means Committee framed the agricultural schedule of the McKinley bill. He was elected Governor in 1900, retiring him to private life, and he resumed the practice of his profession. In 1904 he practically began his great fight for the overthrow of the Wisconsin Republican machine, which he alleged was merely the creature and tool of the railroads and monopolies. It was in that year that he lost a prominent part in Nils Hagen's unsuccessful attempt to secure the Re-

provision nomination for Governor. In 1896 he had secured such a strong following that he sought the nomination himself, but was beaten; in 1898 he made a still stronger attempt to secure the honor, but the machine succeeded in defeating him by the rise of adopting his platform, the pledges of which he promptly ignored after the election. Undaunted, La Follette kept hammering away, and in 1900 was triumphantly nominated and elected. Thwarted in his attempts to secure the reforms for which he was battling, he secured a second term in 1902. Again partly thwarted, he sought a third nomination in 1904, and this time the machine, to beat him, lured the State convention and nominated its own man. Meanwhile the regular State convention nominated La Follette. Thus ensued the bitterest political fight in the history of Wisconsin. The turning down of La Follette delegates to the Republican national convention, his shattering conquest of the State, the decision of the Wisconsin court that the La Follette ticket was the regular Republican ticket, and his defeat of both the Democratic candidate for Governor and the so-called "Newland" candidate named by the Republican machine are matters of recent history.

Some men fight for a day or a week or a year, but Governor La Follette fights until he wins. Coming from his lips, General Grant's famous saying would be, "We will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer, all winter, and all the summer and winter in all time to come!" When reverses overtake him they seem only to nerve him for more valiant and determined efforts. This trait was well characterized by an Irishman in Madison the day after La Follette met with one of his worst Waterloo's.

"Well, Mike, La Follette's dead this time, sure!" said a friend, closing one eye in a suggestive manner. Mike doveled.

"Yes, he's dead all right, all right, but he's not dead as yet!"

In 1904, when the House was called for the Union material nomination, La Follette promised his delegates from Dane County. It was a critical time for "Little Bob." Success at the primaries would establish him as Republican leader of one of the most important counties in Wisconsin, and make him a notable figure in the State convention. Failure would be a severe blow to his ambition and to his usefulness. The first night designated for the primaries, half of the entire number in the county were held, and La Follette failed to capture a single delegate for himself. The night was dark, but it seemed like daylight when compared with the political gloom that enveloped La Follette and his friends. About midnight, when the worst was known, he and five of his lieutenants met to talk over the situation.

"It was like a mortal," said one of these present. "Five of us were members and Bob was the candidate for the majority. Half of all the primaries in the county had been carried by the enemy, and we must carry every single primary that remained if Hanger was to get the delegation. We five members, one after another, spoke eloquently at the after hours-council of the fight, and there up the stage. 'Carry all the remaining primaries in Dane County! It simply couldn't be done!'

"'Gentlemen,' said La Follette, 'you can do as you please, but I am going to carry all the remaining primaries in Dane County if I have to crawl to them on my knees!'

"The funeral services were called off right there. Inspired with new hope and new determination we fled out into the night, and 'Little Bob' carried every single remaining primary in Dane County, controlled the delegation for Hanger, won his place as lieutenant on the convention floor, and from that day on this La

Follette's 'unconquerable soul' has led him onward and upward, to matter what obstacles barred the way."

From 1896 to 1899, when he was organizing the forces that were to win for him his future victories, he suffered from a peculiar form of indigestion that compelled him to spend fully half his usual working time in bed. It was a terrible handicap. Doctor after doctor was consulted, but none helped him. His enemies and it was going to die. He had, and for that matter still has, a decided antipathy for anything resembling dilute exercise, but he had that certain heroic guarantee that he would not let his own, he began using them, specially cured his malady, and made himself a veritable athlete. The exercises were rigorous, but his iron will made them a daily duty, and a daily duty they still are.

Graphic as he is, Governor La Follette does not constantly lead the strenuous life, and he is equally entertaining as man of peace and man of war. When he relaxes in the company of his family or intimate friends, his flashes of wit keep those about him in a hour of laughter. His former partner, Gilbert E. Roe, who is now practicing in New York, said recently:

"Governor La Follette has the keenest and brightest sense of humor, and I have often seen him convulse jury and spectators when trying a case. Some years ago we were retained in a proceeding involving the building of a new court-house, the old one not only being worn-out, but absolutely small for the uses of the county. Certain taxpayers objected to the issue of bonds, and procured an injunction restraining the county officials from carrying on the project. We were for the new court-house, and Governor La Follette argued the motion to set aside the injunction in the old building itself. He dwelt at length upon its remarkable condition, upon its smallness and inadequacy for the purpose.

"In view of your Honor's position, you can't lift your eyebrows in this room without raising the roof!"

Governor La Follette has a well-built, athletic figure, is about five feet six inches tall, and weighs 160 pounds. He has a frank, open manner, and is genial and approachable. He makes his friends and better enemies; has the marvelous memory for names and faces that was one secret of Blaine's success; wins and holds the admiration, affection, and respect of his followers, and fights for the things the people demand as their just due. He has an exuberant fund of humor, is rather a socialist, an anarchist, and has no quarrel with honest capital or with corporations that are fair and law-abiding. There has never been a Governor of Wisconsin who lived as frugally as he, and the La Follette home is a house of plain living. When President Roosevelt is in Wisconsin he always visits the La Follette. The friendship began when the President was civil service commissioner and Governor La Follette was a Congressman.

The President tells an incident that occurred at a reception he gave Mrs. La Follette. He invited her to the White House, and she was standing in his outer engaged in conversation and eating vegetables. He was doing the bulk of the talking and she was so attentive and unwavering listener.

"Suddenly," said the President, "that for at least five minutes I had been pouring ice-cream down the front of her handsome evening gown. She had known it all the time, but had not indicated it by even the quiver of an eyebrow or by the slightest change in the smiling, interested expression upon her face, she had been so busy with her vegetables, by word of look or move, no matter what happened to the gown!"

Experiences of an Exile in Siberia

By Isador Ladoff

"WHERE is Middle Kolyma?" I asked of the Russian official who had named this town as the place of my exile by the personal order of the Czar.

It is in the Kolyma district of the Yakutsk province. If I am not mistaken, Middle Kolyma is a Kosak settlement on the Kolyma river about a quarter of a degree beyond the arctic circle. It is one of the furthest and least-inhabited parts of Eastern Siberia. "Darkest Siberia," if you choose to use an appropriate English term.

"What do you know about Kolyma?"

"Precious little, except that a European era hardly exists there for any length of time," was the encouraging reply of the Czar's servant.

In the city of Yakutsk, the metropolis of the province of that name, on the left bank of the mighty Lena River, I did not succeed in getting much information about Kolyma, but learned quite a little concerning the conditions of travel along the road from Yakutsk to Kolyma. I found out that it would take about a month to reach the town of Verkhnyokolyma and another month to reach my destination—it was believed that my journey through the arctic wilderness during the severest part of the winter required extensive preparations.

Following the advice of competent men I procured the necessary clothing and provisions from local dealers.

I bought a "parka"—a shirtlike double fur coat of soft, dark, and glossy reindeer skin supplied with a hood of the same material. The hood (karak) protected the head. A pair of fur stockings (tsharki) and fur boots (tshobosi) were made of the skin

of the feet of the reindeer. The soles of the boots consisted of tanned fish skin. A cap of seal-skin completed my fur apparel. Besides these I was supplied with heavy woollen underwear, a thick woollen suit of cloth, and a warm overcoat.

My supply of provisions consisted of eighty pounds of rye bread, forty pounds of rye biscuit, forty pounds of reconstituted butter, twenty pounds of meat, and a gallon of "vodka" (rye whiskey). I also took with me about eighty pounds of rye flour, a few carpenter's tools, lead tobacco, calico, sugar, an inferior grade of tea pressed in the shape of little bricks, etc., for the purpose of barter with the natives.

I had in my own sled (auras), a vehicle constructed of wooden parts fastened with exceptionally strong strips of skin. The auria, in spite of its rather shabby appearance, was very durable, and spacious enough to hold two passengers comfortably under its cover of reindeer-skin.

I embarked on my long journey in company with an experienced Kosak, a tall, manly, somewhat gruff-looking fellow of about forty years. A Yakut driver also accompanied me.

It was a fearfully cold day. The greenish atmosphere seemed saturated with tiny ice-crystals to such a degree that it was impossible to breathe without the protection of a respirator.

The road from Yakutsk to the Alkha River was across a hill plain almost devoid of snow and strewn with erratic blocks of

stone. The most interesting incident of my journey to Kolyma was the passage over the Werhnyokolyma Mountains, which were about three thousand feet above the level of the nearest point on the

Tubular River. The steep precipice seemed exactly perpendicular from the valley.

The driver supplied us with bag staffs, tied our sarkas together, and drove the reindeer in front of the train. The snow under foot was firm. We had to dig holes in it with our staffs in order to be able to climb and keep our equilibrium.

It was a laborious and perilous task. The false step would have cost our lives. We climbed very slowly. In a short time I felt hot, in spite of the low temperature of the surrounding air. I had to take off my heavy fur one by one. When I finally reached the top of the passage I felt very tired. I put on rapidly the rest of my gear. As exceedingly wild landscape greeted my gaze, the valley of the Lena River, cut in all directions by the tributaries of the Lena, stretched before me to the north. The range seemed to consist chiefly of black soil, and appeared to be more steep to

wards the south. High, peaked, snow-covered mountains, hills of various altitudes and shapes, marshy plains and lakes thronged around me in picturesque confusion as if scattered by some giant in a moment of violent anger.

My contemplations were interrupted by the arrival of an Irkutsk driver, pried retaining with his family to Jolntsk, and ready to descend the passage we had just climbed up.

The reindeer in this case were tied behind the sarkas, and the travellers had to slide cautiously down the steep incline on their backs, storing their way with the staffs. I arrived at the conclusion that the descending was more dangerous than the ascending.

We rested that night in an uninhabited hut called "potarnas." The "potarnas" are built in a rough and hasty manner for the accommodation of travellers. Some of these huts have only wooden boxes filled with soil for a hearth and a square opening in the flat roof as an outlet for the smoke. Some have no fireplace and no outlet for the smoke. The "potarnas" are certainly less convenient than the houses inhabited by the natives. However, the former have one advantage—an unlimited supply of pure air.

In many stations we had great trouble in procuring reindeer or horses for transportation. At some we could not even find a living person willing or able to help us locate the "dubak," or manager, of the station. In such cases we were detained many days until transportation was in some way provided.

The distances between stations on the road to Kolymsk varied from 20 to 225 miles. I will pass here in silence the meetings with drunken Kossaks and starving natives, with thieving criminal settlers and pilly itinerant merchants, and hasten to describe my arrival at Kolymsk. The last few days of travel were especially trying. The long months of monotonous vegetation on the road strained all my nerves. I was yearning for a change. Since I left Jakutsk my mind had been busy with plans of activity in Kolymsk, and I was very impatient to learn to know the place where I would have to pass long years of exile.

When I replied from the distance the steeple of the Kolymsk wooden church I could not abstain from exclaiming:

"At last! God be praised!"

About two o'clock P.M. my sarkas was ushered into the spacious yard of the local chief of police, the highest official in the district, called the *ispovnik*. A crowd of curious people surrounded

me and stared at me blankly as at a strange creature from another planet. The *ispovnik* was absent or asleep. As it was very cold out of doors I entered a neighboring house to warm myself. My Kossak called me out.

"Is the *ispovnik* ready to receive me?" I asked.

"No," replied the Kossak, "but he may be here any moment. And we have to await him in the yard."

I waited in the house for about an hour, after which the *ispovnik* arrived and met me graciously. He ordered a room prepared for me. I then left him to retire for a much-needed rest. The temporary quarters in the hut of a native, assigned to me by the *ispovnik*, seemed to be snug enough for awhile. But I wanted a place for myself, where I could work and study in privacy. I was advised to see the local *trouss*, the merchant Nicolas Matveyevich Birshtoff, the head of the first of text snare, who owned much property in the town. Mr. Birshtoff, a man of some education and natural wit, received me cordially. He told me that the city of Jolntsk was the farthest point south he ever reached.

The furniture and all the other belongings of the Birshtoffs represented a feeble attempt to approach the European standard of comfort. A genuine Russian *trouss*, or "sawyer" (literally, self-boiler) was lustily steaming on the table, covered with a snow-white cloth. The lady of the house served the tea in the most approved Russian style.

We had a pleasant chat before we talked business. When we approached the subject of renting a house, Mr. Birshtoff advised me to look around and choose some one of the uninhabited but well-preserved huts, and he offered to let me have one.

It is up according to my own taste and liking. This appeared to be a sensible plan, but I had to wait for its execution until spring, and try to make myself as comfortable as possible as I could in my temporary quarters.

Unhappily was not considered as essential by the inhabitants of Kolymsk. The air in their dwellings was impregnated with the odor of fish and other unwholesome odors when the sunbathers were kept closed.

What astonished me most during my house-hunting expedition was the apparent indifference of the inhabitants. Besides getting water from the river and frequently wood from the nearby forest, the male population spent their time in gentlemanly leisure,—smoked, chatted, played cards, and drank whiskey,—if this could be procured without much trouble. The occupation of the inhabitants was fishing during the short three months when the waters were free from ice. The primitive fishing-instruments and methods employed by them in their trade was probably the reason why their supply of poorly preserved fish was not sufficient to feed them all the year round. At the time of my arrival in Kolymsk there was a marked scarcity of fish in the settlement, and it was four months before new supplies could be procured. Meat was as scarce as fish. The local merchants, having no competition whatever, asked fabulous prices of the natives, and were both to buy and dealing with me, as they were unable to change me the usual exorbitant prices.

The only way out of this dilemma was to procure my provisions directly of the natives by barter. My attempts in that direction were very unsuccessful from the start, for obvious reasons. I did

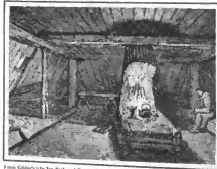
Mr. Canada de nos meilleurs amis, je vous prie de m'excuser de ne vous avoir pas écrit plus tôt. Je suis très occupé par les affaires de mon pays, mais je ne puis pas oublier de vous écrire. Je vous prie de m'excuser de ne vous avoir pas écrit plus tôt. Je suis très occupé par les affaires de mon pays, mais je ne puis pas oublier de vous écrire.

Page of a Letter received by the Author, showing Franco's Pen in his first discovery of Writing



From Birshtoff's "In the Yukon"

Exterior of an Eskimo's Hut in Siberia



From Birshtoff's "In the Yukon and Tundra"

Interior of the Hut, showing Fireplace



Two captured Elk Dead from Exhaustion



Rescuing a broken Antler from a Thrown Elk

Moving an Elk Range

By H. D. Van Eaton

FIFTY years ago immense herds of elk browsed on the Sierra foothills and the beautiful valley of the San Joaquin and its many tributaries. With the rapid advance of civilization the elk disappeared from the lowlands, and twenty years ago probably less than a score remained in all the vast territory still owned in its entirety by the cattle barons. This remnant hung together in the foothills of eastern Kern by night and roamed far up in the Sierra by day, secretly hidden from hunters' least upon extermination. Finally this last year detailed to one or two bulls and half a dozen cows. Then Uncle Sam woke up and set about saving the last of the game which but a few years before fattened on the natural grasses of California's hills and valleys.

Love of home is said to be stronger in the elk's heart than in that of any other animal. It was this characteristic which made them comparatively easy prey for the hunter, for an elk seldom, if ever, abandons the range on which it was born. A law was passed forbidding absolutely the killing of elk—bulls, doe, or fawn—and punishing a violation by heavy fine and imprisonment. So well were the animals protected that even the Digger Indians ceased the chase which had long been a tribal institution.

The result was most gratifying. With the wonderful instinct that rules all game animals during a close season, the elk soon abandoned the mountain fastnesses entirely, even descending into the valleys, and often ranging near houses to settlers whose fields and orchards were protected by mere six foot fences. But no complaint was made, and the farmers joined with the soldiers and vaqueros in the effort to rehabilitate the elk. The herd, tenderly cared for, began to multiply, slowly at first, then more rapidly, until today it numbers over two hundred, despite some mauling by later settlers. During all these years the herd has stuck closely to the Kern range. Near the town of Kittick, in the Kern foothills, is an immense round-up corral, containing 1250 acres, surrounded by a high fence. Of late years the elk have made this corral their nightly rendezvous, entering at an opening three hundred feet wide.

In every herd of elk there are some adventures who wander here and there and get into serious trouble. A number of the elk on the Kern range have chosen to associate with cattle, and it has frequently happened that during the great yearly round-up it has been impossible to separate the elk from the herds, and they have been shipped to San Francisco and sold. Most of these have found their way into private and public parks.

A year ago this herd was formally presented to the United States government by the owners, on the understanding that the animals were to be removed to Sequoia Park in the Yosemite Valley. Under twenty years of rigid protection the elk had become so tame that the government authorities foolishly thought they could drive the two hundred animals north to Sequoia Park, led by the big bull leaders knew nothing of the loveliness of the new home awaiting them and their families, and preferred the range of their forefathers. Two months ago Uncle Sam resolved to make an effort to mend his charges up and whip them by rail. California was counted for its most famous vaqueros, and in two weeks thirty-five gathered at Bakersfield, the county seat, under the leadership of Billy Woodruff and Raphael Quinn, the two most noted lariat-men in all that region. The stirring events which followed will never be forgotten by those who witnessed the great battle waged by the government and its utter defeat. County officials, sportsmen from far and near, farmers, business men, clerks, every citizen of Bakersfield who could secure a horse, accompanied the cowboys. The Kittick rendezvous was reached an hour before day-

break, and the retreat of the herd from the great corral cut off. The plan was to drive the animals into the railroad corral, some miles distant from the main entrance.

The cowboys, led by Woodruff and Quinn, entered the main corral and succeeded in rounding up eighty elk and leading them towards the railroad pens. Once fairly started, the outlaws made wide detours and succeeded in driving in many stragglers. Superintendent James Ogden had given strict orders that ropes were not to be used, and for some time it seemed that they would not even be an occasion for resorting to the lariat. For three miles the elk moved rapidly, but kept well together, and gave little trouble. Then the railroad tracks and county road were reached, and for the first time the leaders seemed danger. Once across the tracks they gradually increased their pace until only the vaqueros with their speedy, trained horses could keep within hailing distance.

Two miles more of the heart-breaking pace and the elk began to grow weary, but the cowboys gave them no rest, and it became a pitiless drive. Suddenly it dawned upon the leaders that they were being driven, and with a loud snort each led his particular family in a wild flight in different directions. Some of the bulls turned upon their torturers so fierce that they had to be roped. The cowboys succeeded in holding together only about thirty of the herd. The others made for the high ferns, which they easily scaled, and dashed away for the range.

The elk which were surrounded seemed infused with new life, and fought their pursuers so hard that they were roped and thrown and dragged towards the railroad pens a mile away. Five magnificent specimens died before the pens were reached. Those which were not thrown were gradually driven towards the corral, but the sight of the high, white-washed fences maddened the animals, and another fierce stampede followed. Some of the bulls were thrown and dragged into the corral. Those which were forced inside, but were not roped, forged their tired legs, and scaling the high fences, dashed away for the hills and mountains.

When night came the pens held just eight helpless elk as the result of the battle. The last to escape was a badly hurt bull known as General Grant. His splendid antlers were broken, his side torn in a dozen places, but he was as defiant and as full of battle as at the beginning. He snorted contemptuously at his enemies cowering on the fence or peering through the rails, stamped the dirt in an angry cloud all about him, and dashed for the white-washed prison wall. He scaled the eight feet with ease, and braved for the mountains, with several cowboys in pursuit.

"Let the General go. He's cornered freedom," cried Ogden, and the cowboys gave the herd the herd a parting cheer.

At daybreak the following morning another effort was made to drive the elk to the railroad corral. The vaqueros rounded up fifty animals that had not been rounded the day before. They started slowly, but soon were obliged to "panch" the elk like wild steers. The work of the day before was repeated: ten were dragged into the pens, but five of these died, and now this method of securing the herd has been abandoned as utterly impracticable. Cattlemen, who understand the animals, declared from the beginning that the attempt would end in a failure. Some have gone so far as to say that the government will have to be satisfied with moving the calves from year to year, allowing the older animals to remain until they die. No attached are the animals in the ranges where they are released, and as accustomed to their covering long distances, that many believe that even though the bulls were landed in Sequoia Park they would lead their families back to the hills and mountains through which the Kern River flows.

The Baltic Fleet

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, December 28, 1904.

THE Baltic fleet has behind it an eventful, if not glorious, past; its present is highly disputatious; its future is big with almost limitless possibilities. With the signing of the Anglo-Russian agreement to deal with the Japanese "Black Incident," its past may be said to have already closed. For the fleet, at any rate, it has ceased to exist: I doubt whether Admiral Horthy's views give a thought to it. Even in England that white-necked goose was an "unpardonable" and "intolerable" "outrage" is now an "accident" simply. The public mind has calmed down completely. At the beginning of November England was as America would have been had the British North American agreement, during the great crisis of the Venezuela affair of 1895, first come and killed the existence of the fleet. But to-day placidity reigns supreme; the enemy, while more than ready to fight if the need arose, is now honestly thankful that war has been averted, and regards the agreement as something all it could reasonably demand. The terms of international conventions as a rule are not very closely studied by the public and are soon forgotten. It is, therefore, well to recall precisely what it is that England and Russia have agreed upon. They have agreed to enter into an international commission of inquiry into the fact of establishing "by means of an impartial and non-partisan investigation" the questions of fact "connected with the incident which occurred during the night of the 23rd-24th October, 1904." The commission is to consist of five naval officers of high rank, four of them appointed by the governments of Great Britain, Russia, the United States, and France, and the fifth either by agreement between these four governments or by the Emperor of Austria. The British and Russian commissioners will be assisted by legal advisers. The commission is to settle its own procedure, and a majority vote of the five commissioners will be held to represent the decision of those all. The object of the commission is to "inquire into and report on all the circumstances relative to the North Sea incident, and particularly on the question as to where responsibility lies, and the degree of blame attaching to the subjects of the two high contracting parties or to the subjects of other countries in the event of their responsibility being established by inquiry." This is all in the text of the convention that really matters. Nothing it will be noticed, is said about the punishment of the guilty persons, or that point England has to rely on the "discreet statement" which Lord Lansdowne declared a few weeks ago had been given to him by the Czar's government that the fleet would be duly punished.

Can this be regarded as a satisfactory settlement of the difficulty? Most Englishmen answer yes; a few say no; while many criticise the workings of British diplomacy in the matter. Looking at the affair as a whole, and by itself, I think that every one who is not a complete Jingis must admit that the settlement arrived at is right, appropriate, and honorable. Those who denounce it do so either for the Bismarckian reason that England should have seized the opportunity of wiping the Russian fleet out of existence, or because they feel that the Russian fleet was being lowered by Donaghy Street's handling of the situation. And probably they are accurate enough in arguing that Palmerston would have acted very differently, the usual spite-fueled Palmerston allowing the Russian fleet to proceed on its voyage unhindered, graciously unopposed. He would have acted upon these theories that any one who ventured to meddle with British subjects should be chased off the seas and that the British navy existed for that express purpose. There were plenty of people who urged Lord Lansdowne to be another Palmerston. He had the courage to refuse, just as the Czar had the courage to stand up to the Anglo-Japanese gun duels. And, indeed, it was not Lord Lansdowne, but Mr. Balfour, who was to blame if British diplomacy seemed to be running on a continuous groove. The famous speech at Southampton in which, while announcing that the fear of war had passed, he meretriciously flayed the Russian admiral and ridiculed his tale of Japanese torpedos, might never have been delivered. When the admiral, a day or two afterwards, calmly watched another Japanese vessel, shooting only two lieutenants to represent his fleet and his country before the international commission, Mr. Balfour looked foolish. Worse still, he made English law look foolish. He accepted too, a turn which almost marks the apex of a British diplomatic defeat.

But there is one circumstance of the whole affair from which Englishmen may do extract comfort. It showed the navy to be admirably organized and admirably ready. No more remarkable naval spectacle has ever been witnessed than when the British, German, and Channel fleets were ordered to render "mutual support and cooperation." A writer in the December *Fortnightly Review* well describes what followed. "Hardly had the instructions gone forth than Lord Charles Berkeley, commanding the Channel fleet, brought his ships into Gibraltar. Admiral Sir (now) Lord Dunsley, who was being lifted in the Adriatic, recalled all his flotillas, and steamed away with the Mediterranean squadron to Malta; while Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson, in command of the Home fleet, steamed from Cromarty round to his base in the English Channel. Portland, where he was joined by a crowd of mosquito craft and the ships of the cruiser squadron. Thus, in a few days, the navy, which is always ready for war, had resolved its war preparedness to open hostilities if diplomacy failed, and the pressure of the fleet being not did provide a solution in the difficulty. The life of the nation went on as usual. Parliament was not called together. The Board of Admiralty merely despatched

orders to three fleets, and they proceeded to their stations; not a single ship was specially commissioned." Six years ago, when war threatened over Fashoda, the Board of Admiralty issued similar orders. Those orders were revised in 1904 by 16 light ships, and in 1904 by 28; six years ago by 13 protected cruisers, and last month by 12 protected and by 13 armored cruisers; in 1904 by 5 torpedo-boats and 20 destroyers, and in 1904 by 63 *divisions*. The fleets of six years ago carried 263 guns; the fleets of last month 600; and the difference in size and equipment is, on the whole, not making compared with the difference in organization and fighting effectiveness. Altogether, England had ample cause to be satisfied with her naval situation.

So much for the past of the Baltic fleet. Its present I have described as highly disputatious. It is so because England, although the ally of Japan, is providing the fleet with the wherewithal to proceed to the Far East; and the Japanese resent the fact. Without English coal the Baltic fleet can never reach Aden waters. This is an undeniable fact, and the Japanese minister in London has been pressing it upon English attention rather sharply of late and hinting that in an ally it is rather queer conduct. So it is, or so, at least, it appears to be. But then it must be remembered that all arguments based on the plea of an alliance between Great Britain and Japan are irrelevant. I have been told by a high authority on international law that it is incorrect even to speak of Great Britain as Japan's ally. The agreement between the two countries merely signifies that each should assume the rights of the other under the provisions of the various international treaties. Those circumstances have not arisen, and until they do arise England's position, like the position of France or the United States, is merely that of a neutral. And the claims of a neutral state have the right to sell what goods they please to belligerents providing they take the risk themselves. It is not the business of the government of the neutral state to stop them from doing so, but of the belligerent who finds himself suffering from the raising of contraband to his opponent. No government could possibly act on any other principle. The Welsh mining magnates would simply laugh in Lord Lansdowne's face if he were to forbid their selling steam coal to the Russian fleet. Moreover, it is well known that the Japanese themselves have taken full advantage of the situation, and are selling like wildfire millions of tons of coal in excess of normal requirements have been sent to Chinese ports within the last nine months. There is no reason why Chinese ports should be in such sudden and overwhelming need of Welsh coal. Practically all that, of course, is sold to the Japanese. The law could only be altered, if at all, against both belligerents. At present it seems to be favoring Russia rather than Japan. Six months ago it was favoring Japan rather than Russia. I will confess that in this matter Albion is "as perfidious as usual." But she should be so. It is making both belligerents pay handsomely for her services.

But if the past of the Baltic fleet has been exciting and its present raises most interesting points of conflict between the two warring empires, the future of the fleet, and the fleet itself, are infinitely more momentous. It is a rather interesting fact that, in spite of the hundreds of thousands of tons supplied by South Wales to the Baltic fleet, the price of coal in the ordinary market is actually lower than it was three months ago. South Wales is of opinion that the greater part of this coal will be thrown on the market within three months and could then be bought up at better prices. In other words, South Wales does not believe that the Baltic fleet will ever reach the Far East or that it ever had any intention of doing so, and that its departure was, in short, a fiasco. Three months ago, I imagine, most Englishmen would have subscribed to this view of things. To-day there is a very obvious disposition, if anything, to overrate the possibilities of the Baltic fleet. These possibilities are contained in the famous speech of Lord Arthur. If Lord Arthur is still holding out for the time the Baltic fleet, having refitted and repaired (let us say) the French part of Nelson, is ready for action. Admiral Togo will obviously be most awkwardly placed. He will either have to raise the Japanese flag and risk a battle with the British fleet, to crash the Baltic squadron, or he will have to run the enormous risk of disabling his already now too powerful force, leaving a few ships to watch over Lord Arthur and taking the rest to make him to make up his mind to do so. The fleet, the fleet, but to make up his mind to do so, the Baltic fleet. The escape of even a few ships and their junction with the Vladivostok squadron would jeopardize the Japanese communications and expose the coast of the island Kingdom to a systematic harrying operation. If he the time the Baltic fleet has arrived in Aden waters Lord Arthur has fallen. Admiral Togo will then be free to concentrate practically the whole of his force upon the new intruder, and to that extent his problem will be simplified. But the Japanese are almost as sure to see the end of the line as the Russian course—rumors of the seizure of a Chinese port and the loss of a German one in Shanghai, and what not. But one thing is made clear—that Japan's ultimate success depends not so much as ever, upon Germany; that the Russian fleet, and that the despatch of the Baltic fleet is a tardy attempt—perhaps too tardy—to retrieve that huge and fundamental error. Even now, though, a Japanese defeat at sea would more than offset—it would wipe out—the Japanese success. So long as the fleet is in the progress of the Baltic fleet must rivet the thoughts and engage the speculations of the entire world.

The American Nation

By C. H. Gaines

NATIONAL pride finds satisfaction in national art, in national literature, in the mastery of all in national history. History makes a nation appear as a living entity. The written record is the nation's self-consciousness, without which it can have no true realization of its own greatness. For this reason, if for no other, the object for which the associated scholars, under the supervision of Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, have collaborated is worthy of all appreciation. *The American Nation* is a worthy monument to our country, more permanent than any material structure, no part of which will ever need to be undone or rearranged.

To write history from a single and restricted viewpoint is but to express an individual opinion of certain phases in a country's life. Such a method reminds one of the dissection of a dead body; the living spirit is absent. A national history should be, like the human mind, "all in one, and all in every part"; that is, it should be complete in every important detail and breathe the national spirit from every page. This is the ideal aimed at in the work under consideration, and it is not too much to say that it has been attained. No phase of the country's life and development has been ignored. The student of political science, the inquirer into the history of institutions, those for whom the significance of the nation's story is bound up in the lives of great men—all will find their specialties fully and entertainingly treated within the scope of this magnificent work; and, best of all, these varying elements are so compounded as to form a complete, harmonious whole, so that one never loses the conception of national entity; never loses the sense of reality through a preponderance of abstract dissection, never loses the main narrative. To read through such a story of our native land is almost to live through the experience of past epochs. We may be sure that the men of former days did not concern themselves, as they lived, exclusively with any one phase of their political existence. It was not politics alone, or institutions alone, or the lives of contemporary great men alone, which made up the sum of their lives as citizens. Therefore, to bring home a realizing sense of our nation's past to the men of today, the second, inductive method employed by the learned authors of *The American Nation* is the correct one.

There is our request in which the writer of history has a distinct advantage over contemporary authors. He sees men and events more nearly in their true perspective, and is able to trace the workings of cause and effect. It is upon this principle that history is interested, and the dialectic value of history largely depends. Without discussion of cause and effect history sinks to the level of the Anglo-Saxon chronicle. This principle has never been lost sight of in the construction of *The American Nation*. There is throughout a true sense of cause and effect, binding events together, and rendering the latter intelligible. Thus the full value of history as national experience is conserved.

As a reference book, and as an ex-laudatory story of *The American Nation* will prove indispensable to scholars, yet it is not for scholars alone that it is designed. In fact, the authors have addressed themselves primarily to the lay reader. Each volume has been written "by an expert for laymen."

In order to gain an adequate idea of the immense scope and importance of this work, a consideration of the methods employed in its construction is necessary. Needless to say, the task would have been too vast for any single person to undertake. Because was had, of necessity, to be thought of as specialization in education. And so matter what may be thought of as specialization in education, there can be but one opinion as to the beneficial effects of specialization in fields of research. The entire subject of American history, including its European backgrounds, has been mapped out and subdivided by Professor Hart of Harvard, who edits the whole series, and each part, constituting a volume, has been assigned to an independent author, an acknowledged expert in the particular field, who has exhausted every source of information bearing on his period. Thus, of the first five volumes thus far published, Volume I, *The European Background of American History*, is written by Edward Potts Cheney, A.M., Professor of History in the University of Pennsylvania; Volume II, *The Basis of American History*, by Livingston Farrand, A.M., of Columbia University; Volume III, *Slavery in America*, by Edward Taylor Bourne, Ph.D., of Yale University; Volume IV, *England in America*, by Lyon Gardner Tyler, LL.D., President of William and Mary College; Volume V, *Colonial Self-government*, by Charles McLean Andrews, Ph.D., of Bryn Mawr College. The remaining twenty-one volumes of the history proper will bear names of equal

importance and authority upon their title-pages. The result of the united efforts of all these scholars is a history of prodigious scope, perfect in every detail, and so well knit that it seems to be the work of one master mind of nimble superhuman grasp and insight.

No small part of the credit of this achievement is due to the intelligent care of Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of History at Harvard University, than whose duty is probably no man living better qualified for the important work of supervising this vast undertaking. As chief engineer of this great enterprise he has mapped out the work in advance, divided the subject into groups and volumes, and given to each cooperator his share of the work. To him is due, in large measure, the exquisite proportion and intimate connection between the various members of the series, which is one of its distinguishing features. Professor Hart is also the author of Volume XVI, of *The American Nation*, entitled *Slavery and Abolition*, and of Volume XXVI, *Ideals of American Government*. It should be said that in his editorial work Professor Hart has been aided by advisory committees appointed from the historical societies of Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Virginia, and Texas—committees which list the names of men well known for historical learning and research. It will be seen that every effort

has been made to concentrate upon the planning and execution of *The American Nation* the utmost historical talent which the country can furnish, and the result is a work of which the American nation may well be proud.

A feature of the history which will commend itself to students is its admirable division into groups, each group containing five volumes. Thus the first group is entitled *Foundations of the Nation*; the second, "Transformation into a Nation"; the third, "Development of the Nation"; the fourth, "Trial of Nationality"; and the fifth, "National Expansion." This classification is natural, and facilitates grasp of the entire subject, but it is only one instance of the perfect proportion which rules in every part of this work. *The American Nation* is a giant among American histories—but not a disproportioned or deformed giant.

Even as embodying the results of the researches of trained investigators, the work is of the first importance. The time is now full upon when the mass of newly discovered material should be incorporated in a work of comprehensive scope, and the views of historical experts should no longer remain scattered in monographs not accessible to the general public. But the narrative would still remain of prominent value even if it contained no new material whatever, for this is the first American history which has ever been undertaken upon such extensive and carefully surveyed lines, and, as such, it fills a place not occupied by any work of its kind.

The five volumes of the first group have been already given to the public, and the next five are soon to follow. It is the intention of the publishers to issue from five to eight volumes a year.

It must be obvious to any one who has been for some time conversant with the fact that *The American Nation* is not only a somewhat more extensive undertaking in itself, but also marks a significant advance in the making of historical literature—an advance characteristic of American spirit and methods. Division of labor has solved the problem incident to so great a task, rendering the knowledge of a specialist at every point. The master minds who have thus far shaped the annals of American history—such renowned historians as Bancroft, Prescott, Hilhath, Fiske—have treated only limited fields or periods.

More searching historical investigation and new methods of study have made the task of the historian who works single-handed well-nigh impossible if he would seek to cover any considerable period of time or delve deeply into his subject. The co-operative method, fully recognized and accepted in the scientific world, has been found a necessity in the working out of a literary undertaking of such tremendous proportions as that of *The American Nation*.

The successful inauguration of this work, as attested by the reception accorded the initial volumes and the high promise of the succeeding ones, augurs the success of an enterprise which for manumit is analogous to the great feat of steel construction of our twentieth century. To nothing else, perhaps, can this work in twenty-eight volumes be more aptly compared than to the great shafts of steel which sink high in the streets of our great cities or to those broad arches which span our rivers—the work of many hands and many brains. As such, it is a triumph of American progress, perseverance, and performance, and a notable addition to contemporary literature.



Professor Albert Bushnell Hart
Editor of *The American Nation*



"Bumpy Dumpty" at the New Amsterdam Theatre
"Bumpy Dumpty" is called a "usual roundy pantomime," and is an Americanized version of the Phantoms production of the same name produced at the Dunc Lane Theatre in London



Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore at the Lyceum
Following his production of "David Garrick" at the Lyceum, Sir Charles Wyndham and his company are appearing in "Mrs. Farringham's Avenger," a comedy by Robert Henry Davis, author of "Countess Kate" and "Cynthia"



A French Play given by the Cercle Français at Harvard
"Les Poltes Amoureux," a comedy in three acts, by J. P. Regnard, was recently produced in Cambridge and in Boston by students of Harvard University. The play was given by the Cercle Français of the University. It was the eighteenth annual

dramatic performance given under the direction of this society. The production also marked the two-hundredth anniversary of the play, which was originally produced in France in 1704

SOME RECENT THEATRICAL PRODUCTIONS



**VIOLA ALLEN AS "PERDITA" IN "THE WINTER'S TALE" AT
THE KNICKERBOCKER**

Miss Viola Allen began her New York engagement in Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale" at the Knickerbocker Theatre on December 28. Before coming to New York, Miss Allen made a tour of Western cities, where the production was favorably received.

Correspondence

APPROVAL

NEW YORK, December 11, 1891.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR:—The article in your last issue defending the action of the President of the United States in shutting off the means of information from the paper whose representation, either under the influence of stimulants or else gifted by nature with a mind unconscious of rectitude, published an article without even a shadow of fact, and tending to place not only the head of the family, but the junior members of it, in an unfavorable light, deserves the commendation of every right-minded person in the United States.

The length to which this so-called "freedom of the press" has gone is becoming a blot on our Americanism. We are to-day treated to the spectacle of two individuals, one in the honored literary centre of the United States, the other in the metropolis of the United States, vilifying each other in the public prints, where the names har, third, soldier, and cheat are handled as though they were the newest drop of the venom spewed out of the mouths of the authors. A fine spectacle for the youth of the day, a lesson in manners in education, in the refinement that is supposed to be begun in our schools and finished in our colleges, afterwards to be of use in our commercial life!

We take off our hats to the scoundrel of this country where not law, but the tone of the community, prescribes a code of honor that tempers language and makes the public press a medium for discussion and not an outlet for filth.

It is high time action were taken to bring certain papers under the ban of the law, or else let us compel the law against defaming and go back to a system which will give some protection to a good name.

I am, sir,

A CONSTANT READER.

FROM AN OLD SUBSCRIBER

CLEVELAND, N. Y., December 8, 1891.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR:—Being an anti-slavery man in *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, and having been such continuously since that time, and having preserved in book form every number thereof since 1858, ought to be concrete evidence of my appreciation and admiration of your unique and matchless publication. It wields a tremendous power and only at times, but almost, and I believe it stands on a loftier plane today than ever before. But I must confess I have not always been in accord with its political views and theories, especially so during the Presidential campaign just closed. That previous year—consistency—is often lacking. You have a peculiar way of striking the fur smooth with one hand and railing against it with the other. I have been both an ardent, pious and depressed, with some of your comment and editorials, but taking your utterances in their entirety they often cause me to ponder the point and truth that those of some of your contemporaries, and had a most potent and powerful influence in bringing about the desired result. Pursue your independent and frank—rather—giving advice and taking advice in all things pertaining to the welfare and prosperity of the whole country. Above all, assist in breaking down the imaginary barrier between the so-called North and South, and let it be one people with one aim and one hope—United States in the true and fullest sense of those words. I rejoice the caricatures of Nast and the influence they wielded in their time—not only among the lettered, but unlettered people, and I hail with pleasure the space allotted to "Irresponsible." This new departure is a most commendable act of your management and adds much to the value of *HARPER'S*.

I am, sir,

GEORGE J. MACKAY.

WELCOME

PHOENIX, ARIZ., December 4, 1891.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR:—I most heartily concur in the deserved compliments that are appearing in the correspondence page of the *WEEKLY*, and I often wonder at the age of the "old subscriber," as my subscription, without missing a single issue, dates for over thirty years, and my father, I believe, began with the first issue. His absence would appear to me like the loss of both father and child, of all the thousands who weekly are cheered and elevated by its coming I doubt if any has a kinder feeling or gives it a warmer welcome than I.

I am, sir,

T. L. GARDNER.

THE STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 1, 1891.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR:—Your position as regards the statue of Frederick the Great is a strong one and unassailable by any editorial comment I have noted on the question. Nevertheless, residents of the Mississippi Valley, who revere the memory of Pitt and Forbes, and western Pennsylvanians, who feel honored that the dust of General Braddock is mingled with their soil, might plead historical justification as against the more abstract claims of military eminence—for they incline to accept Parkman's dictum that the Seven Years' War "supplied to the United States the indispensable condition of their greatness, if not of their national existence."

That Frederick enjoyed great popularity in America during revolutionary times seems indisputable, and it may well have

been due to the part he played in the Seven Years' War, and it may have been well understood that he could not consistently with his honor take open part against the nation to whose subsidies he owed his existence as an independent sovereign, no matter how much he might dislike the then king and his ministers, despite the fact that England was indebted to his army for her ability to contend on equal terms with France in America by being freed from the necessity of bearing the brunt of the war on the Continent.

I am, sir,

H. L. CLARK.

A SOUTHERNER'S VIEW

ATLANTA, GA., December 5, 1891.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR:—is a recent issue you say "would that while he was about it, President Roosevelt had carried the other Southern States and given us a united country, that could in due time break apart on new lines." With an enormous majority now in Lower House, and the probable large gain from contested seats, and in addition the cutting down of the representation in the South (as introduced by General Keizer), is not the solid South already disintegrated?

Absolutely powerless, the small minority, although led by competent leaders, can do nothing. Whatever measures the dominant party desires to pass can be done with the greatest ease and the least amount of friction. I see no hope for the formation of a new party.

Secretly entrenched, an enormous majority in the governing power behind them, in my judgment the Republican party will be the dominant party for years to come. The South must continue to miscegenate and develop its great natural resources, and be content therewith.

I am, sir,

GEORGE H. PALMER.

STILL THE GOD OF BATTLES

CHICAGO, ILL., December 5, 1891.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR:—There is no such term as the "God of Battles" in the Bible. At least I have never been able to find it. The only reference I know of is in Shakespeare's play of "Henry the Fifth," Act IV., Scene 1, in which King Henry prays before the battle of Agincourt:

"O God of battles! Steel my soldiers' hearts!
Possess them not with fear; for thou art here,
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Flurk their hearts from thee!—Not to-day, O Lord!
If not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!"

I am, sir,

E. F. TROT.

THE ENGLISH PRESS

MANLY BATH, MICH., December 6, 1891.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR:—I was glad to read in your number of December 5 and to preserve for future reference Mr. Sidney Brooks's article, "The English Press," containing a valuable characterization of London newspapers. The world looks in vain in the usual books of reference for the information which he gives as to the standing and policy of the several London papers. Almost immediately comes an opportunity to make use of this information.

Among to-day's London despatches is one which quotes the comments of the *Standard Reviewer* and the *Speaker* on President Roosevelt's recent message to Congress. Both are ill-timed, and that of the *Speaker* is abusive and in bad taste. Turning to Mr. Brooks's article (p. 1890) we read:

"The *Standard Reviewer*, which was an organ of some authority, but is no longer, and the *Speaker*, which is a sort of weekly edition of the *Daily News*, are also published weekly."

"The *Daily News*, after being brilliantly edited for five years by one of the keenest and most catholic minds engaged in English journalism, Mr. E. T. Cook, changed hands a year or two ago, and is now the rallying point for all the 'bores' of the extreme Radical party. For this reason and for its utter antipathy to imperialism, the *Daily News* nauseates the statesmanlike majority of Englishmen, and has ceased to be a paper that is worth any body's while."

Mr. Brooks thus enables us to assign the *Standard Reviewer* and the *Speaker* to its proper place—the wastebasket.

In conclusion, I would suggest that a similar article from Mr. Brooks or another of your European correspondents dealing with the Continental press would be read with interest and would help many of us to a more intelligent reading of foreign newspaper comments, whether on things American or European.

I am, sir,

J. F. B.

EDITORIALS

UPPER MERID, December 2, 1891.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR:—The editorials in *HARPER'S* are a source of great pleasure to me.

I am, sir,

E. T. H.

THE SONG OF HYACINTH

BY JOHN OXENHAM

KATHERINE caught her breath. For a moment, which had in it the elements of eternity, it seemed to her that her heart stopped beating and fluttered in her throat. Then her breath came again, in a sigh whose only expression was the quick rise and long, slow fall of her bosom. Her husband, bending over her with the usual letter crumpled in his hand, saw it, and the twist of pain which wrung his heart for her was like the throat of a bayonet.

He bent lower and kissed her tenderly. His face was very grave, lips tight set under the thick mustache, jaw squared to the facing of a soldier. The greater face below bore the same signs—on a softer scale, but with as less determination. The tightening of the stout lips thrown into prominence the traces of her Northern descent, and disturbed the delicate sweep from eye to chin which was one of Captain Charles's memories of the early days when he used to sit and worship her at a distance. He caught the pathetic foreboding in her dark eyes, and, soldier though he was and fearless for himself, his own eyes were misty for a moment as he kissed her again and said:

"It is hard on us, dear, but the post will always be ours, and we will hope for the best. Promise me, Kate, to hope for the best," and his manner implied how much the post had held for them, till the hope he urged upon her be himself showed little sign.

"If only—" she began, and then shook off her useless hangings and said, more valiantly, "Yes, dear, we will live upon the post until—until we are together again." And the thought in both their hearts was that in this world that might never be.

They had been married scarcely a year.

He had that moment received orders to proceed to the front with his regiment.

And she—she was looking forward, with such spirit as she could muster, to a campaign of her own of quite a different character—its object the going, not the taking, of life, she herself the sole campaigner, and likely

now, she said to herself, to be the certain victim. She had looked for the comfort and bartenment of his nearness when the time came, and now—she must go and she must face it all alone.

If she had looked forward with anxiety before, now her fears were doubled. For her mind would be full of forebodings on his account, and if anything happened to him, truly her only desire would be to join him as quickly as might be. Nay, she had, in her thoughts, already discounted the worst. Already she was saying to herself that when they parted now they parted forever, until they all three met where partings have no place. And she knew that it was as hard for him to leave her to face it alone as it was for her; that the dangers of the field would be to him as nothing compared with the anguish of anxiety he would suffer all the time on her account.

But in becoming a soldier's wife she had accepted all the possibilities. Her own fears for herself must not add to the burden of his fears for her. He would carry weight enough as it was. A burden of men must wear no cheerful face. She would do her best to bear herself bravely during the days that remained to them. She would have days enough when he was gone to grieve for his going and to gaze into the hollow face of the future. Happy the warrior who carries his family inside his helmet. So, for these days that were left to them—full, busy days for him, and, for her, treasureless as waning days to shipwrecked sailor—she gave a brave nod and bore herself bravely.

And he and all the hosts of his preparations,—for the call had been an unexpected one consequent on a distant disaster,—bent true to being her in thing after thing that caught his eye as he hoped to and for which he thought would cheer and amuse her in his absence.

She was passionately fond of fancies. Winter was coming, till all the winter blossoms, her favorite was the hyacinth, growing on the window-sill while all the outside world was bound in ice and snow or smothered in fog and mud. He would fit her out with the first hyacinths he could find, and they should whisper of him when he was gone.

As he sped, one day, through the parkland that he loved, Pierdilly and the Strand, with hyacinths lurking in a corner of his brain, his eye lighted and dwelt on a row of glasses, which looked in him like something new in hyacinth glasses, in the window of a shop. He stopped his cab and went in.

"Those," he said, pointing to them.

"What are they for, and how much?"

"Ah!" said the old man in charge, "they're nukes, they're nukes, they're nukes!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Quite nukes! Not another set for you in the north, I'm for I know."

"I see. What are they for?"

"Glasgow things."

"I reckon. They come from Holland, where they're great of that kind of thing, I'm told."

"How much?"

"There's right of 'em. I want five bob apiece. As I say, they're nukes. Take the set and we'll call it thirty shillings."

"All sound!" said Captain Charles flicked one lightly over and there with his finger.

They rang true and sound,—full, sweet, long-drawn tared notes which still hummed on the air of the dark little shop while the two men went on talking.

"All sound," said the old man. "Take 'em!"

"Yes, I'll take them if you can pack them so that they won't break."

"Right!" and the old man hauled out a flat wooden box and pro-



She was saying that when they parted now they parted forever

needed to pack the glasses with much precaution and an ample supply of fine wood shavings.

Katherine had expressed the pleasure she had done her best to feel in many of the things he had brought her. But when he carefully unpacked those old glasses and set them up in a row before her there was no slightest recreation in the gaudiness of her enjoyment.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she cried. "And how very odd! Where on earth did you get them, Charles?"

"Picked them up in a curio-shop. Odd, aren't they? I thought you'd like them."

"I have never seen anything like them. They are delicious."

"The old chap said they were ugly, quite ugly. I thought they'd please you. Listen!" and he rang them one after another with a flick of the finger.

Katherine sat listening to the sweet quivering notes. Then she swiftly changed the positions of the glasses and said, "Now again, please!"

He tapped them one by one all down the row, and said, "Well, I'm blundered!" and stood staring at them. For the glasses sang the notes of a perfect octave, had the sweet tones rang out soft and round, and seemed to rise and fall in slowly lengthening, slowly dwindling vibrations, till at last they died away. And the silence they left seemed the sweeter for their having filled it.

And Captain Charles, drawing a pencil from his pocket, proceeded to pick out on the row of glasses, with a stumple here and there, the one time he knew on the piano, "Home, Sweet Home," and before he got through he regretted that he had begun. For his own eyes were misty at thought of it all, and he did not dare to look at Katherine, and the last notes got somewhat mixed in retrospection.

"I am so glad you got them," she said at last, when the mellow tremors of the last treasured tune had died away. "They are quite the dearest things you could have got me. How very odd they are!"

And truly they were odd. Down below they sprang out in beautiful flowing curves, widening at the base into glides of all sizes, all fluted with tiny volutes, which swept round and round and upwards towards the neck, where they were no more than the trailings of a hair. Above the neck the delicate flutings grew again, and widened and deepened, and swept round and round the waving curves of the cup till they melted out of sight and were lost in the convolutions of the down-turned rim. No two of the cups were quite alike in shape, and all the glasses were widely distinct in color. They looked so like great southern sea-shells, with their whorlings and flutings, that Captain Charles placed one to his ear and heard therein the sound of the tireless sea.

As they stood in their octave, the one that sang the highest note was white-clear white, not opaque—and flecked with silvery notes like unexpected snowflakes falling through the thin white sunshine of a young spring day.

And the next was clear, bright yellow,—not the faded yellow of age, but a vivid, vital blaze like the early morning sunbeams.

And the next was sweet pale green, like the first tender flushing of the woods in the spring.

And the next was blue like the cloudless sky of summer.

And the next was blue like the Riviera sea.

And the next was orange, like the amber glow of sunset.

And the next was royal ruby red.

And the eighth and last was glowing purple.

"They are wonderful," said Katherine. "They grow upon you the more you look at them. Will you get me bulbs for them, dear?"

"I've got them," he said. "The very last they had. I hope they'll do well, and you'll think of me every time you look at them."

"I'll think of you in any case," she said, with an April smile which held the hint of tears.

He had been gone six weeks, and her

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

January, 1905

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Executive Secretary of the Southern Education Board.

WORLD POLITICS

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spirits had descended as steadily as the thermometer from the moment of their parting.

She had a cheery letter from him at Madeira,—God knows how he managed to write it, for his spirits were as low as hers,—in which he strenuously insisted on her keeping her heart up, both for her own sake and somebody else's. Then a mile from Cape Town notifying his safe arrival, and now she was looking forward to his first letter after landing. After that she knew that letters might be few and far between. He would write whenever opportunity offered. That she was sure of. But the mischance of war might prevent what he wrote ever reaching her, and her fears would fill all the gaps in their correspondence with the most dreadful possibilities. She would strive against it, but she knew it would be so. She was only human, and in circumstances such as these poor humanity has a bias towards the shadowy side of the road.

With his last kiss on her trembling lips, which would not keep straight, for all her efforts, and the thrill of his passionate embrace still about her, and that deep, longing look in his eyes, which was more of a prayer for her than any words that ever uttered, she had said to herself: "It's good-by forever. I shall never see him again, until—until—"

And when, in spite of herself, she could not but think of all he was going to, it seemed to her impossible that it could be otherwise.

How could a wala possibly come through it all alive?

None did—no one. But how very many did not. Half her acquaintance was in mourning. She had seen Joseph Garibaldi drive past within an hour after Charlie's parting from her. They were married the same day, and Jack Garibaldi lay under the velvet and Joseph lay back in her carriage, dead. If white under her little black bonnet, with great black eyes under her eyes, and the eyes themselves such wells of hopeless grief that even casual passers-by, when they saw them, said to themselves: "Poor young thing! The war's again!"

And Katherine said to herself: "Any day, any day, and I shall be like that. Poor Joseph! Poor Jack! My poor, poor Charlie! And my poor little baby that is not born! Oh, the war, the war! God have mercy on us all!" and then she would lie down on her couch and cry her heart out for the bitterness of it all.

The baby hyacinths in their heavy gray cradles were weaned at last from their cooing in the dark, and gladdened her eyes with their vigorous nodding. The lower globes were filled with the wretched entanglement of twining white coils and tendrils, and the bulbs themselves showed prospective stirrings of life up above. In the two days they had been out of limbo she had learned their larval characteristics by heart, and had got on friendly terms with them.

Charlie's letter was long of coming. Four or five hours after day after day she lay on her couch listening wistfully for the postman. She heard his official knock far up the quiet square. She heard him rap-rapping himself nearer. He stopped at her door with everything but the one thing she wanted. Then he was tramped, in listless ignorance of the hungry heart which his passage left a little more empty and hungry still.

Fortunately for Katherine, she had at hand the next best thing to a mother—her own old nurse, Mrs. Pinner, who had carried

her as a baby, who tyrannized her yet, and still regarded the man of war as something of an interloper. The one great fear of Pinner's old eye was to nurse Katherine's children as she had nursed Katherine herself, and she hovered about her and mothered her as an aged hen might mother a baby duck.

The long-delayed letter began to get upon Katherine's nerves. Her imagination flamed the darkest reasons for the delay. He had had an accident on board ship. He was dead. She would never see him again.

She was lying on her couch before the fire, thinking doubtful thoughts such as these, very late one night (for there was still to come), when a faint sound fell on her ear,—the faintest of sounds, no more than a tiny scratch on the rim of the elbow and the darkness. And yet hardly a scratch, for there was in it a latent sweet resonance, the sweet impression of a musical bow. It was like the fine thin piping of a very small insect, but on a very much higher note than she had ever heard insect pipe before.

Besides, there were no insects at this time of year.

She thought at first that it must be the indistinct of some far-distant noise, and then it seemed to her that it was certainly inside the room.

She sat up and listened. It died away at times, and then began again, faint, low, long—drawn, rung and falling, just one high sweet note, thin and clear and hardly to be heard; and yet she seemed it when it sank below her hearing.

It was certainly in the room. She decided that it was one of the strings of her either in its wooden loom, singing sympathetically to some unseen, unseen vibration too fine for her senses to detect.

She lay back and listened intently. But she was in that state of high-strung nerves in which even so small a thing as this may not be passed over unexplained. The infinitesimal piped died away and left the darkness dead.

It came again, and to her straining ear seemed to swirl round this time before.

She got up and moved slowly to and fro.

To the piano. She laid her ear against it. It was mute.

To her mirror. She opened the case and went over it. The sound was outside it.

To and fro she went, slowly following the excitement of the tiny piping. To and fro, till she stood at last before her row of hyacinths, their great globes swelling with the bulbs above well sweetened and bright.

And as she stood gazing down at it, the faint sweet song of the newly stirring life, communicated in some mysterious way to the resonant cup in which it lay, and by it transmitted to the ear. Look out again, faint and fine and ineffably sweet. She bent and softly kissed the nothing hope, and said aloud: "Dear little truer! I too will hope." And just then the



The days dragged on and brought no news

postman's knock rang through the house, and in a moment the boarder's letter was in her hand and everything else was forgotten.

How many times she read that letter! Till she knew it off by heart almost, and some parts of it quite. In between times the ugly thought would come, now and again, that four weeks and more had elapsed since the letter was written, and in four weeks much may happen at the front. Four weeks! Ah, (four—four hours! four minutes! four seconds! and any second of them all sufficient to end that dear life. He might be lying dead even now as she read his words of hope and cheer for the hundredth time, and his spirit might be watching her as she read.

The days dragged on and brought no news. He had told her not to be disappointed if no letters reached her. But she lay expecting them even while she told herself they would not come, and in spite of her faith and her prayers her spirits drooped daily.

For the shadow of the valley towards which her pulses were racing lay heavy on her, and at times almost overcame her.

She was lying on on her couch one night, with an unexpressed look to her hand, thinking, thinking, and praying at times, when her thoughts got too much for her and coming away and leaving her clinging to reason by a prayerful thread.

Suddenly she caught once more that fine sweet thrill of sound which had tantalized her so that other night. This time it was a pure delight. She lay listening intently and scarcely dared to breathe.

For it was not a single note she heard now, but several, and she knew that in others of the battle the struggling life had broken its trammels and was striving hopefully upwards to the light.

She lay for a long time listening, till the meanings of those wordless songs worked into her soul and she knew that they were good. And she said to herself: "If these can have hope and confidence, shall not I? If these can have hope and confidence, shall not I?"

And that night she slept as she had not slept for many weary nights.

Each night now the stirrings of life in the byerinth gave her hope to her. Every one of the eight had lost its female and joined the chorus. And hour after hour she lay listening to them, and never in her life had she heard music half so sweet.

And so Katherine drew nearer and nearer to the Valley of Shadow—the valley into which she must descend alone, hoping by God's mercy to come through into the sunlight beyond.

One morning Katherine's paper was not in its usual place alongside her cup.

"Why, what has become of my paper?" she asked, and caught a tremulous look on Pfunder's gray face which was not usually there.

"Get it for me, please," said Katherine, gently, and to herself she said, "He is dead!"

"Died?" said the old nurse, as she reluctantly brought her the paper. "He is—"

"I know," said Katherine. "He is dead."

"No, no, not dead!" cried Pfunder, moved at her composure. "Wounded, dearie only wounded, and it doesn't even say severely. Maybe it will bring him home. I do hope it's just bad enough to bring him home."

"Now leave me, Pinner dear, and let me read it for my self," and she sent the old woman away, and read the account of his wounding as if it had been a chapter in the Bible.

She was surprised herself at her own calmness. But truly she had been daily expecting news of his death. Since the day he started she had said to herself that she would never see him again, and now the letter, when it came, was so much lighter than she had feared that it left her steady and almost unmoved.

Now, her first feeling was one of grateful exultation. He was no longer exposed to the deadly risks of the field. In capital surely the chances were in his favor. It was no longer thousands of treacherous bullets seeking his life, and any one of them sufficient to end it, but careful doctors and patient Sisters striving diligently to ward off death. Oh, surely the chances were in his favor now! Then she thought of the

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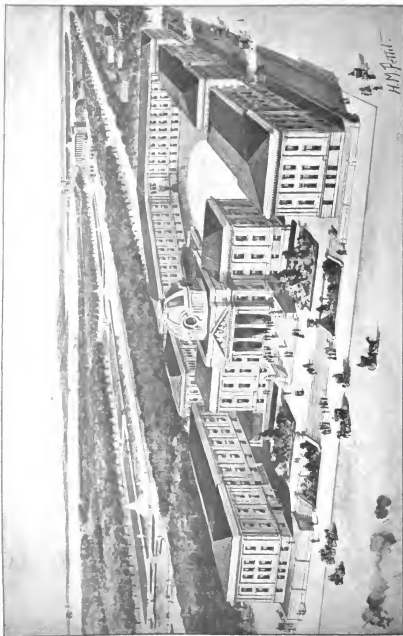


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Progress of Science

The Mont Blanc Railway

many deaths in hospital, the frightful ravages of enteric, and are begun to doubt, after all, if he would not have been safer in the field. The towing in and out of her from that mind was rapidly working her into a fever, when her doctor came in to see her, at the instigation of the anxious Pfimder.

He probed the idea of greater risks in hospital than in the field, and gave it as his opinion that the war was almost over, and that she would be better out of it. At which Katherine clasped her hands ecstatically.

Still more to the point, seeing the state she was in, he offered to cable at once for fuller news, and left her eager and hopeful. But the hours passed and no answer came, and that night was surely the longest she had ever passed.

Her thoughts swung back to their lowest depths of fearful foreboding. He was dead, the count to dead, or he would surely have replied. And now all she had to do was to follow him as quickly as possible.

Twice during the evening the doctor called, and rose, to learn if any reply had come to his cable. He did not go up to see her, lest his face should betray his anxiety. For he said to himself that Mr. Pfimder was right in his line, though he did not say it in words to her:

"If good news comes, she will get through all right. If bad, she will not. I will kill her. And in this case no news is best news."

She woke with a start the next morning in the gray of the dawn with the rebuke of a heavy knock on the street door in her ears. And presently Pfimder came in on heavy tiptoes, in a wonderful dressing-gown, and after a searching glance at her face, fanned her a half-cant yellow envelope, with a hand that shook in spite of herself.

And Katherine rose lit open with a steady hand and read: "Wounded, lost, dead will, flower soon as can travel."

"Thank God!" she said, and then went white in the lips and fell back on her pillows. And Pfimder ran to the door, where the doctor was waiting as if he had never been out of the house, and he nodded cheerfully, as much as to say:

"All's well, Pfimder! All's well! God's in His heaven, after all, Pfimder!" As though he knew perfectly well all that was in that telegram.

And Katherine slipped gently down into the Valley of Shadow.

Six weeks later Colonel Charles sat by Katherine's couch, looking worshipfully down on his little daughter, and the baby shared back at him with eyes like velvet pomegranates, and apparently found it very difficult to account for him.

He was lean and brown of face, and thin and work of body, and one of his arms was permanently out of action, the sleeve hooped up to his elbow, as he used to hunt again.

And Katherine herself was thinner, he thought, than he ever remembered her to be, but the sweet thin face, lined and discolored to a still rarer delicacy by its passage through the valley, shone with a radiance the like of which he had never before seen. And as he looked on mother and child there was that within him which made his own less fear sorrow—breaking-point almost. The grin lines which the close companionship of death and wrought there were like themselves and before this wonder of creation, and a glory akin to hers shone dimly through.

"What shall we call her?" he asked, as his daughter clutched anxiously at the brown finger he tendered her.

"Her name is Hyacinth," said Katherine, softly.

"Business"

WILLIAM NORRIS, the actor, tells of a variety actor who was speaking of the way he and his partner were always hunting for new "business."

"We have just changed our act all around," he said. "Everything is now brand new."

"What have you done?" asked Mr. Norris. "Oh, we've done enough. We recognize that the public demands novelty and we supply it. My partner used to go on the stage first, and when I appeared he came out with a club. Well, I go on first now, and when he comes on I hit him."

Weather Forecasts from Humming

The attention of many persons has often been directed to the humming of telegraph and telephone wires, but it has only been recently that a connection has been found between this phenomenon and weather conditions. Professor F. Beck, of Babenhausen, Hesse, has found, after a study of the subject, that it is possible to forecast local weather conditions by observing the humming, and that properties holding good for several days may be used if certain rules are followed. The plan is to observe the humming twice or three times daily, preferably at 11 A.M. and 5 P.M., and the best results for local forecasts are obtained when the phenomena are interpreted in the light of the official forecasts for a large district. The humming is, of course, influenced by the strength of the wind, the tension of the wire, and various causes, which in turn are affected by temperature and other atmospheric conditions. It is said that the best forecasts have been obtained on the humming on wires proved quite successful, and the interest of meteorologists has been aroused in their Beck's method of observation.

Overland Wireless Telegraphy

A development in wireless telegraphy has been the successful transmission of messages on a practical scale between St. Louis and Chicago, a distance of some 500 miles, and it is hoped that wireless communication can be established between New York and St. Louis, a distance four times as great. The transmission of wireless messages on land involves difficulties not encountered at sea, and constantly the range is much more restricted. Between the St. Louis and Chicago stations both either interval, but the country was free from hills and mountains, being practically level. Experiments have been made in sending messages between the Mediterranean and England, where several hundred miles of land intervene, but these were transmitted only in a single direction, and communication has been maintained between Jersey City and Philadelphia, a distance of about one hundred miles. In the St. Louis-Chicago experiments quite an elaborate equipment was required, including more than two hundred feet in height, carrying twenty vertical conductors. It is the ambition of one company to colonize the relation between Seattle and the Philippine Islands, and predictions have been made that this can be accomplished.

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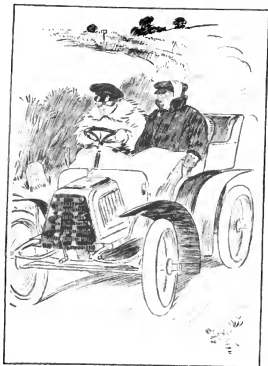
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

for 1905

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The plans for the coming year are, however, so far perfected that it is possible to outline some of the features for 1905.

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world, Mr. James MacArthur, former editor of the *Bookman*, will write an interesting story each week of the new books published, stories of authors, and in general will keep before our readers the week's literary news. Mr. MacArthur's literary news will appear regularly in the WEEKLY.

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There will be, also, in each issue a page of correspondence from our readers, in which an opportunity will be given to everyone interested to express his ideas upon any subjects of moment and to take a personal part in the success of the paper.

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In every issue of the WEEKLY there will be at least one short story, written by a well-known writer. In addition, an important series, which will run through several issues and which will be one of the most interesting contributions of the year to fiction, is now being arranged for.

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“CABAÑAS”

cigars are known to almost all who have any knowledge of *fine* cigars, as the one Havana brand that unvaryingly holds its exceedingly high standard of excellence and mildness. The highest percentage of fine and mild tobacco from San Juan and San Luis sections of the Vuelta Abajo district that is grown in Cuba, goes to the world's most discriminating smokers in the CABAÑAS brand. The characteristic traits of the CABAÑAS brand are its aroma and mildness, what the Spaniard calls “suave.” It has made its reputation on these qualities more than on any others, so difficult is it to find a *mild* Havana cigar that has character; that is not neutral, yet not so pronounced that it is unacceptable:—that is really mild and yet has individuality. It has taken more than one hundred years to bring the CABAÑAS brand to its present perfection, and the fact that it is to-day the most aggressively imitated brand in Havana is the strongest evidence of its *established, continued and present excellence.*

Dealers who are not interested in substituting brands made to imitate the CABAÑAS brand will confirm these statements and recommend the CABAÑAS brand to you for these qualities.

All known sizes are made in the CABAÑAS brand.

H. de CABAÑAS Y CARBAJAL, Manufacturers,

LEOPOLDO CARBAJAL, Marquis of Pinar Del Rio, President.

Zulueta 10, Havana, Cuba.

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